A Short History of Bryson City

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Bryson Family History

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The Autobiography of

Edwin C. Bryson

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A Short History of Bryson City

Much of the material used in this chapter was taken from the Official Centennial Publication: 100 Years of Progress, Bryson City, N.C., Centennial 1889-1989, *as well as from* The Heritage of Swain County, N.C., 1871-1987.

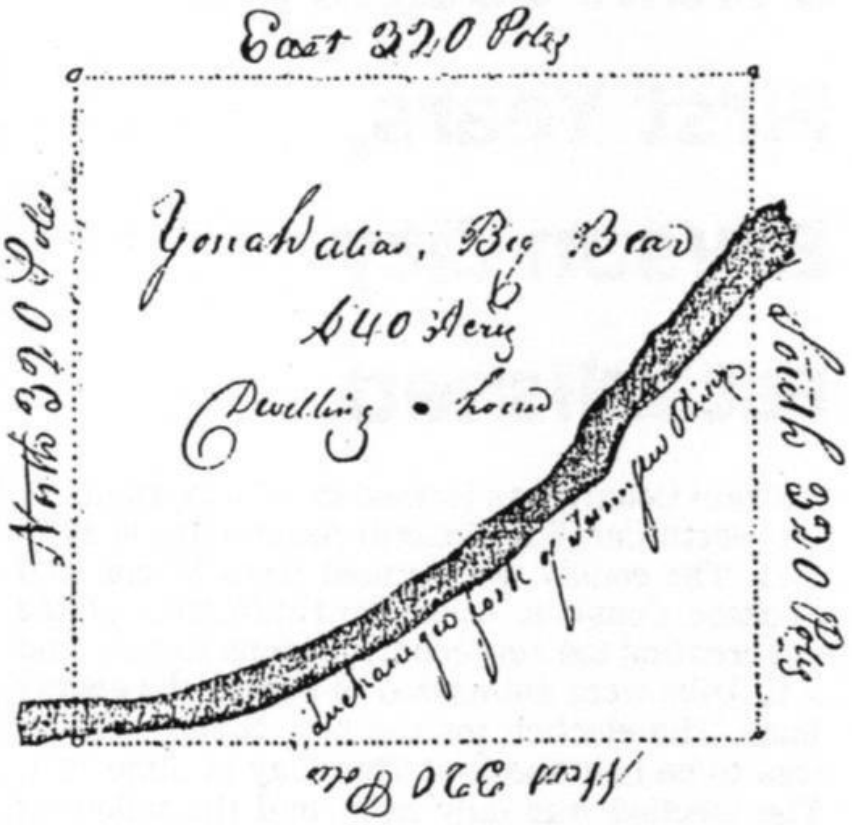
The following articles tell the story of the early history of the town of Bryson City. They describe how the Indian village of Tuckaleechy evolved through sometimes questionable transactions and legal proceedings into the community called Charleston which was created in 1871, and incorporated as a town in 1884. Two years later Charleston was renamed Bryson City in honor of my grandfather, Colonel Thaddeus Dillard Bryson.

Chief Big Bear Owned 640-Acre Domain In 1820

In 1820, Tuckaleechy Town was the domain of Chief Big Bear. or Yonaqua, and his Cherokee subjects in what is now Swain County. One hundred and sixty-nine years have passed, although not nearly all that time was necessary for the transformation. Swain was created in 1871 from Macon and Jackson counties. Tuckaleechy Town is Bryson City, a modern, picturesque town, known throughout North America as the eastern gate of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. This year will mark the 100 years since Bryson City was formed from Charleston, in 1889. Tuckaleechy became Charleston which was incorporated in 1887. Often confusion resulted from the name Charleston in North Carolina and Charleston in South Carolina, and the name was changed to Bryson City.

The account of how Chief Big Bear came in posssession of his vast holdings: In the Treaty of July 8, 1817 between the Cherokees and the United States, Article 8 states: "and to each and every head of any Indian Family residing on the east side of the Mississippi River, on the lands that are now, or may here after be surrendered to the United States, who may wish to become citizens of the United States, the United States do agree to give a reservation of 640 acres of land, in a square, to include their improvements, they will have a life estate, ect." Big Bear was allotted a reservation in fee simple of 640 acres, a mile square, of land lying on the Tuckaseigee River and including an old town called Tuckaleechy. This reservation included the land and water rights of Stockade Branch. The reserve included the land west of the mouth of Deep Creek, for one mile. Big Bear is supposed to be buried at Bear Spring under a huge boulder. It is close to the home of the late Col. Thaddeus Bryson for whom Bryson City was named. Stockade Branch flows through the northeastern part of town.

Big Bear sold a part of his reserve to Darling Belk, the deed being dated November 1, 1819. It was probated April 12, 1827 and recorded May 8, 1827. Another portion was sold to John B. Love in November 1822, probated July 1823, recorded February 9, 1824. A deed for the remainder was made to John B. Love, probated and recorded 1826, Haywood County, North Carolina. There were no counties west of Haywood at that time, Haywood was formed from Buncombe in 1808.



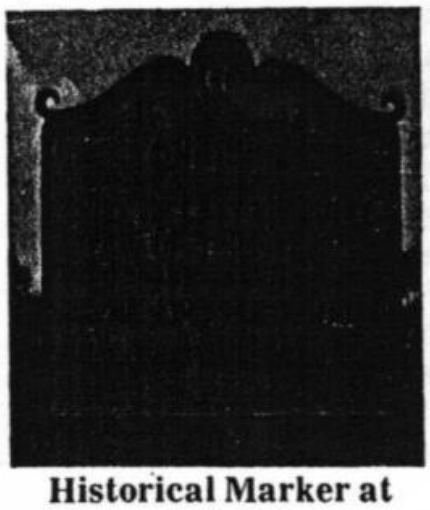
Macon was formed from Haywood county in 1829 Jackson was formed from Haywood and Macon counties in 1850, and Swain County was set apart from Jackson and Macon in 1871.

In 1834 Darling Belk instituted an action of ejectment in the court of Haywwod County against John B. Love for the possession of the 640 acre tract and was succesful in his action.

In 1840, Love filed a bill of equity in the court of Macon County against the heirs of Darling Belk, who died in 1820, asking that they convey to him all right and title in the land which they claimed under the conveyance of March 1, 1819. Love won his case.

Col. Thaddeus Bryson bought the part of the reservation on the north side of the Tuckaseigee River from James Shuler and Diana Q.T. Shuler in 1868.

From the time it was owned and inhabited by the Cherokee Indians, Bryson City has been a beautiful and scenic place. It grew from the little Indian village of Tuckaleechy of yesterday to the Bryson City of today.



Historical Marker at Governor's Island.

Historical Marker on the square, Bryson City.

Swain County's First Years, Bryson City Established

Swain County was formed in 1871 by an act of the North Carolina General Assemblies of 1870-1871. The county was formed from Macon and Jackson Counties. Upon the ratification of the act creating the new county, Joseph Keener and J.R. Dills were authorized to survey the county lines. The election for the new county officals was to be held the first Thursday of June 1871. The election was duly held, and the following men were elected to office:

County Commissioners: W.M. Enloe, William A. Coleman, John DeHart, B. McHan an N.S. Jarrett. These men were sworn into office June 19, 1871, with B. McHan chosen Chairman. Register of Deeds: Thomas H. Parrish; Clerk of Superior Court, Henry J. Beck; County Treasurer, Samual Monteith. Epp Everett was appointed the first Sheriff and A.A. McCoy was named County Surveyor. The county was divided into townships, and these, in turn, were numbered and divided into districts.

The most pressing concern for the commissioners as the selection of a site to become the county seat. The name Charleston was selected. On June 26, 1871, the commissioners' court was held at Lucy Ann Raby Cline's small store in the small village of Bear Springs. Lucy Ann was the widow of Alfred Cline who had purchased the land from a relative of John Shuler. Mrs. Cline offered to donate twenty-five acres of land to become the new county seat. She reserved lots 1, 2, 3 for herself and her children. The majority of the Commissioners gladly accepted the offer. The acceptance was marred only by the resignation of N.S. Jarrett, who was disgruntled by the selection of the land.

Having aquired the land for the county seat, the commissioners hired Joseph Keener for the sum of $46.40 to survey the tract and to divide the property into lots. Mr. Keener was assisted in this employment by James Raby, who was paid $2.50 and Samuel Conley, who was paid $3.00. The first lots were sold at a public auction on Sept. 11, 1871. The title to the property was made when the purchase money and any interest due was fully paid.

Bryson City, present county seat of Swain, was first called Charleston. The county was created in 1871, and Charleston was incorporated as a town in 1887. After two years, Charleston was renamed Bryson City in honor of Colonel Thaddeus Dillard Bryson.

The town square was laid out on the south side of the Tuckaseigee River with the main street paralleling the river and extending an equal distance east and west from the square. Everett Street extended across the river which was spanned by a wooden bridge, as far as the present location of Shuler Furniture Store.

The first post office was in a corner of the D.K. Collins store, with Mr. Collins serving as postmaster. Later the post office was moved to a building on Everett Street and was run by Philetus Ferguson and his wife. Telegraph service was established in 1884.

For many years after Swain County was created, Bryson City had only dirt streets, which were often muddy, and there were no sidewalks. The first sidewalks were built with the property owners sharing expense on a voluntary basis. Consequently, some had sidewalks and some had none. There was no stock law at that time, so the streets and sidewalks had livestock running loose over them.

The early economy of the new county was farming, trading, merchandising, and manufacturing. D.K. Collins built the first general store and Lucy Cline and Epp Everett also had stores, with living quarters attached to the stores. The three-story frame house of Billy Cline was built on the square, where the Chamber of Commerce is now located.

Due to the location of the railroad, most of the industries were located on the north side of the river. Before the railroad, all travel was by stage, wagons, or horseback. The railroad reached Bryson City in 1884. A lot of the work had been done with convict labor. Before long, the railroad was extended westward through the Nantahala Gorge to Murphy and there were four passenger trains, two each way operated daily, between Asheville and Murphy.

The first bridge across the Tuckaseigee River was built about 1884, and was taken out by the flood of 1890. An iron bridge was then built, at a cost of $35,000 dollars, and it was replaced in 1918 by a larger bridge.

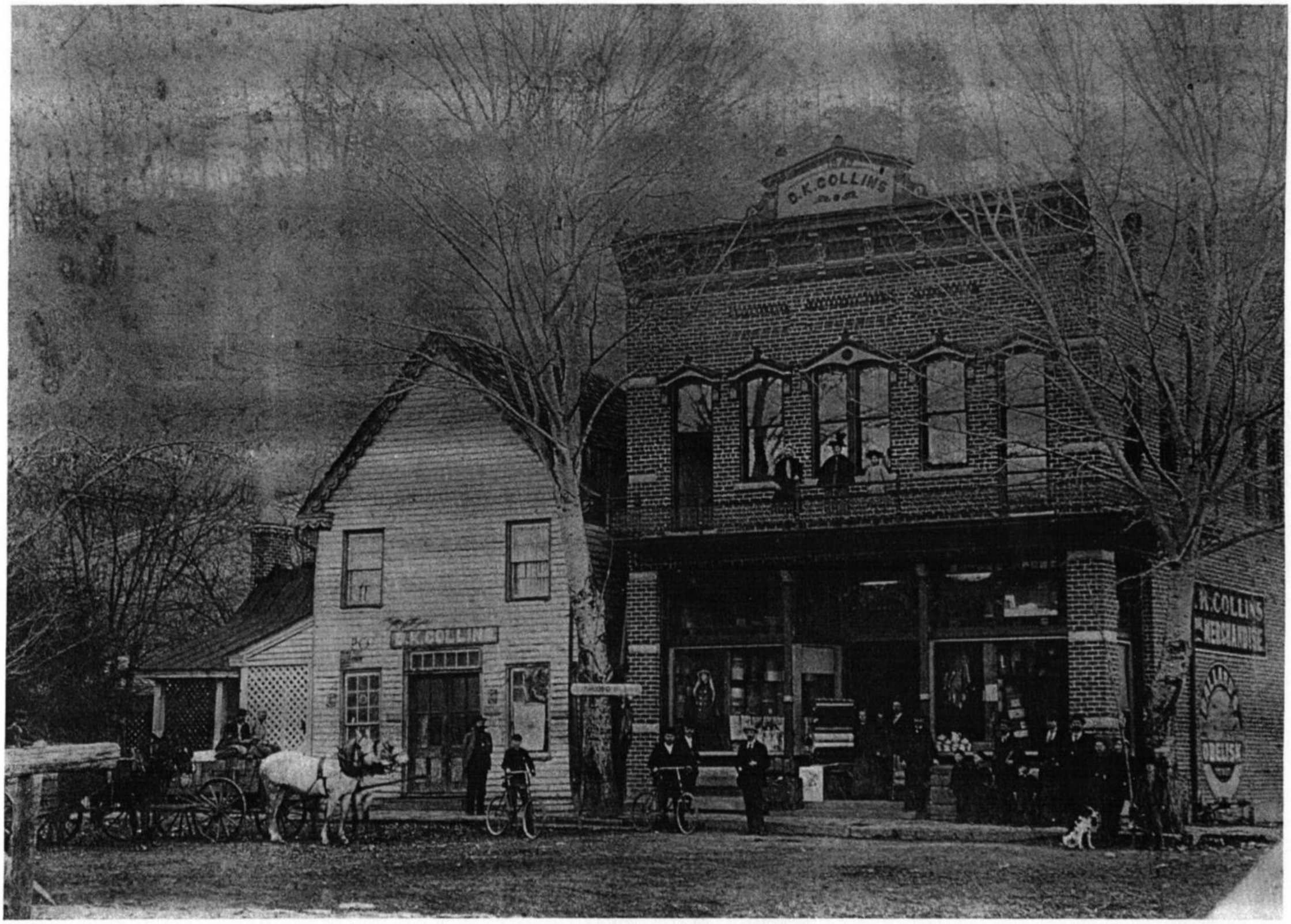
Trail Of Tears

In the year 1838, the U.S. Government uprooted 13,000 Cherokee Indians from their native land and forcibly exiled them to Oklahoma Territory, clearing the way for white settlement in what was left of the Cherokee Nation. For the Cherokee, the dismal journey marked the fall of a once-great and powerful people. "The Principal People," as they called themselves, a tribe whose vast territory had once spread over much of the southeastern U.S. The cross-country march, much of it made during mid-winter, was an exodus of sorrow and despair — a "trail of tears."

This article is included since the "Trail" along which the Indians were moved ran through the community called Charleston (which was incorporated as a town in 1887. Two years later Charleston was renamed Bryson City.)

Mr. D.K. Collins built his store in 1876. It is noted that he traveled to Maryville and Knoxville, Tennessee, to purchase merchandise to replenish the store. He traveled over a wagon road down the Tuckaseegee and Little Tennessee rivers, crossing the mountains into Tennessee through a gap through which the latter river flows.

All of our school supplies were purchased at Mr. Collins' store.

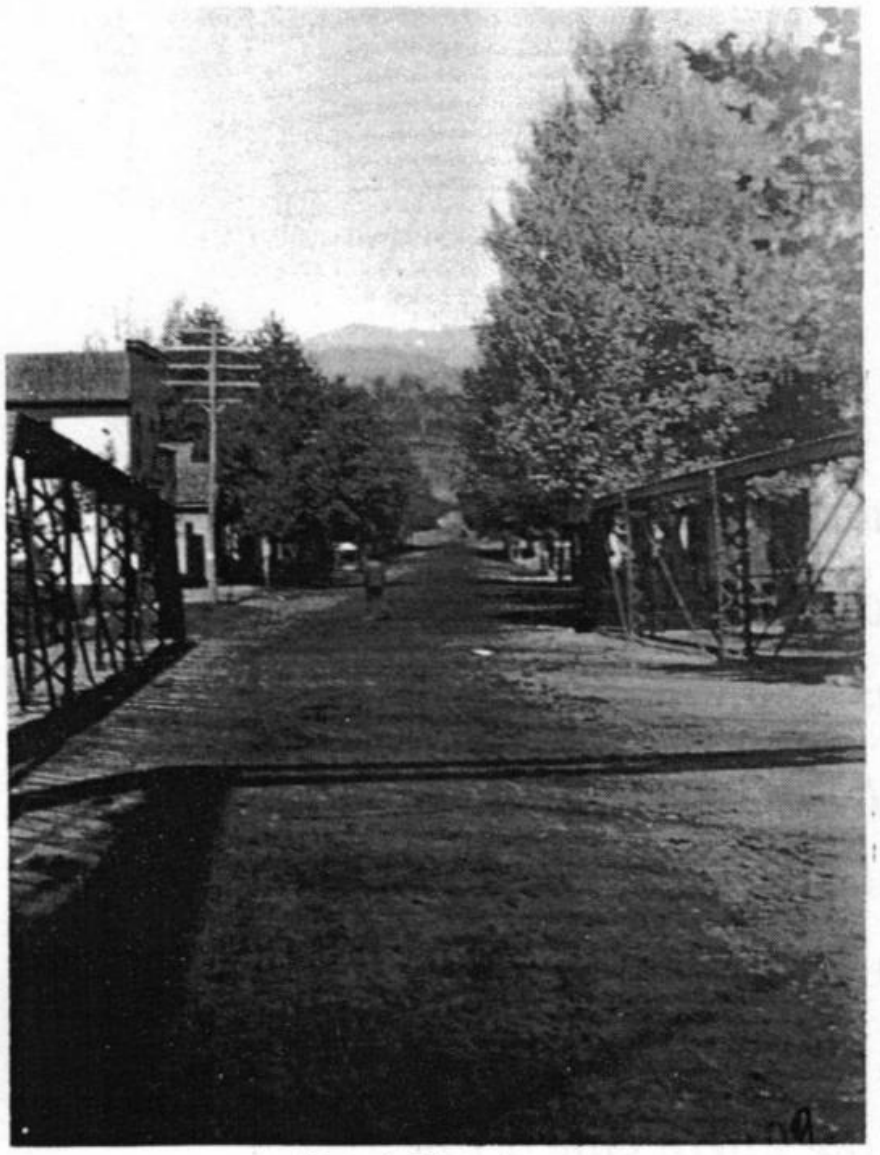


One Of The Oldest Street Scenes of Bryson City shows the D.K. Collins Store which was located on Main Street where First Union Bank now stands.

A bar in Bryson City in early 1900.

I was very surprised to find this picture, since to my memory I never heard of a bar in Bryson City!

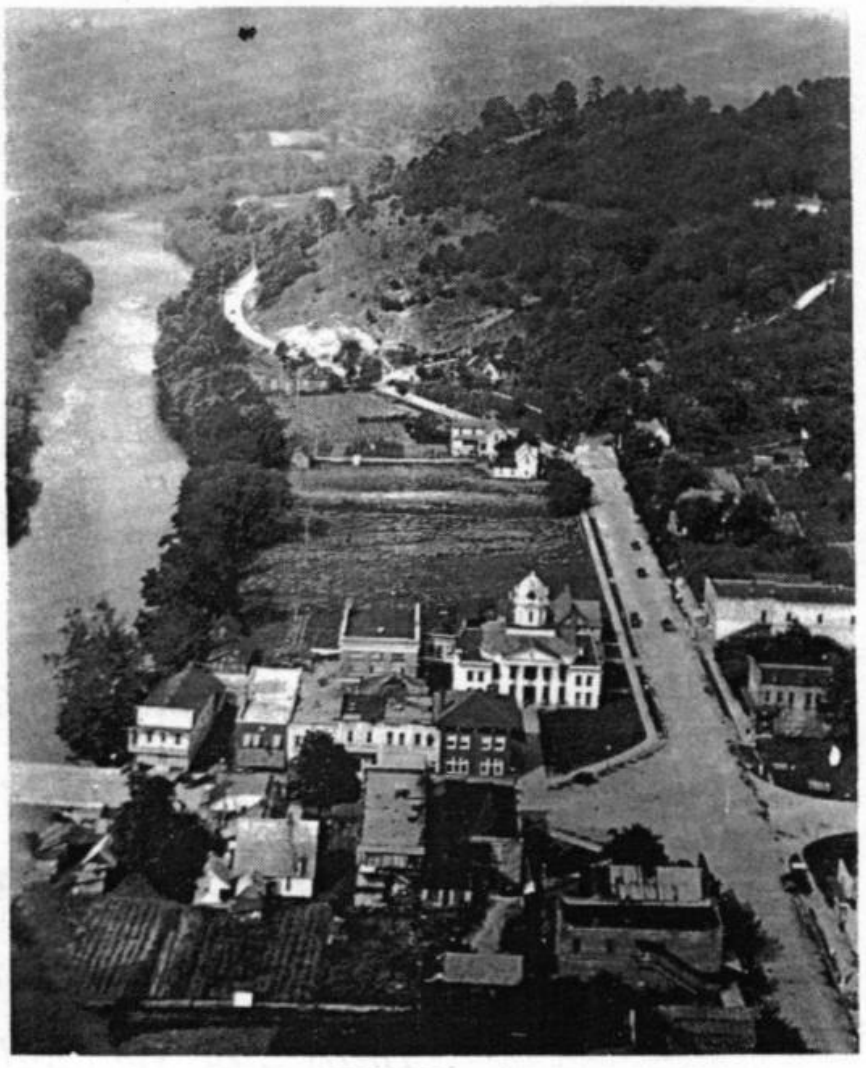
Ca. 1915



Depot Street

This picture shows part of an iron bridge that was built in 1890. Notice also the dirt street with no sidewalks.

Town Square



Main Street

Fryemont Inn

THE MAIN LODGE

The lodge was built in 1923 and is listed in the National Register of Historic Places. It has 37 chestnut paneled guest rooms, each with private bath. Ceiling fans and old fashioned pocket windows keep the room cool. Some of the bathrooms have antique pedestal bathtubs. The lobby has a television, two game tables, an enormous stone fireplace, a library of books and a covered rocking chair porch. The main lodge is open from mid-April through October.

The river crossing shown in this picture was called the Bear Ford, named after the Indian chief Big Bear, who is supposed to have resided nearby. History has it that Dr. J.F. West, the first resident physician in Bryson City, who lived on the south side of the river was called to see a patient who resided on the north side. Out of necessity he forded the river at the Bear Ford. The river was swollen from recent rains, and on the return trip the buggy was swept downstream and Dr. West was drowned.

During The Big Flood of 1940, it was no use trying to open for business. Looking down Everett Street, the old Conley's Store can be seen on the left.

A Typical River Crossing for wagons and buggies: heavy rains and strong currents sometimes made crossings dangerous.

Bryson City, a small town with a population of 1261, is the seat of local government for Swain County. It is on the edge of the Great Smoky Mountain National Park and only a short distance from the Cherokee Indian Reservation.

It is interesting to note that there are supposed to be four hundred twenty four thousand acres in the National Park, two hundred fourteen thousand of which are located in North Carolina. Forty percent of those acres are located in Swain County.

It is also interesting to note that eighty percent of the land in Swain County is owned by the Federal Government.

It has been said of Swain County that it is "land that is uncrowded, unhurried, unspoiled, and uncommon."

Bryson City today

MAYORS OF THE TOWN OF BRYSON CITY

Mayor	Term
E.P. Everett	1880's
L. Lee Marr	1908-1909
T.G. Picklesimer	1909-1911
H.H. Hyde	1911-1913
J.H. Wilson	1913-1915
John Burnett	1915-1917
O.P. Willimas	1917-1919
Thurman Leatherwood	1919-1921
D.R. Bryson	1921-1923
Kelly E. Bennett	1923-
Information not available	
E.C. Bryson	1927-1931
T.D. Bryson, Jr.	1931-1935
W.E. Elmore	1935-1936
I.C. Crawford	1936-1937
T.D. Bryson, Jr.	1937-1938
E.B. Whitaker	1938-1941
E.H. Moody	1941-1945
J.C. Keeter	1945-1947
Kelly E. Bennett	1947-1955
(Resigned Jan. 1, 1955, elected member of the N.C. General Assembly)	
John L. Orr	1955-1957
W.T. Hyams	1957-1967
(Died in office, wife appointed mayor)	
Mrs. W.T. Hyams (Ellen)	1967-1973
P.R. Bennett, Jr.	1973-

Addenda

These happenings are of particular interest to me. I hope my readers will find them interesting also.

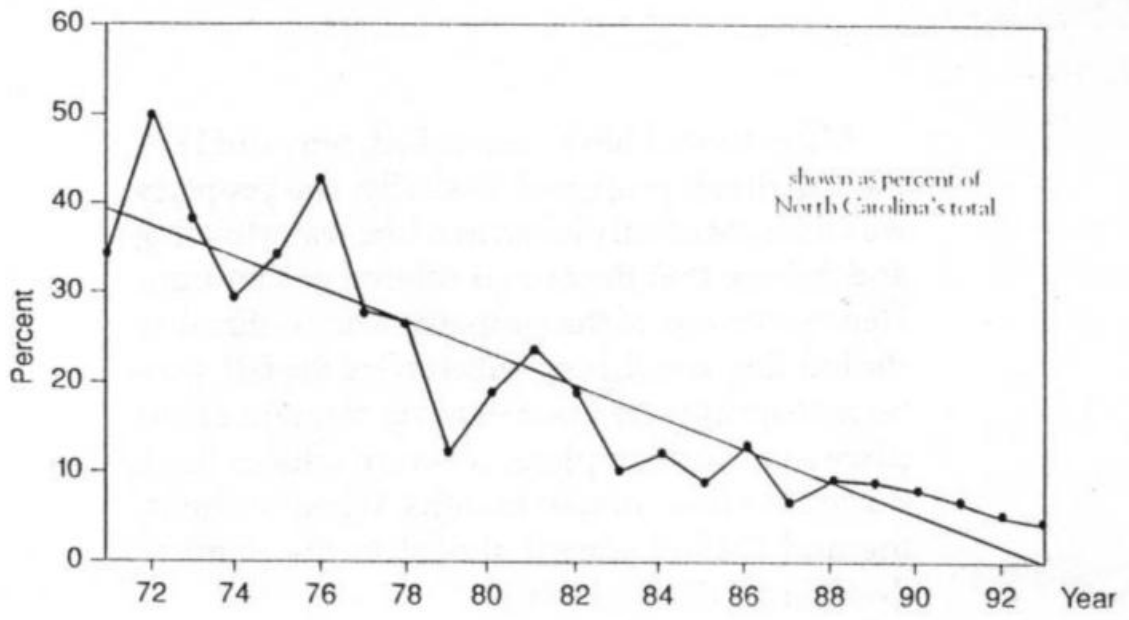
The Hanging Tree

On the corner of Greenlee and Bryson streets near the old Baptist Church, stood a large tree known as "The Hanging Tree."

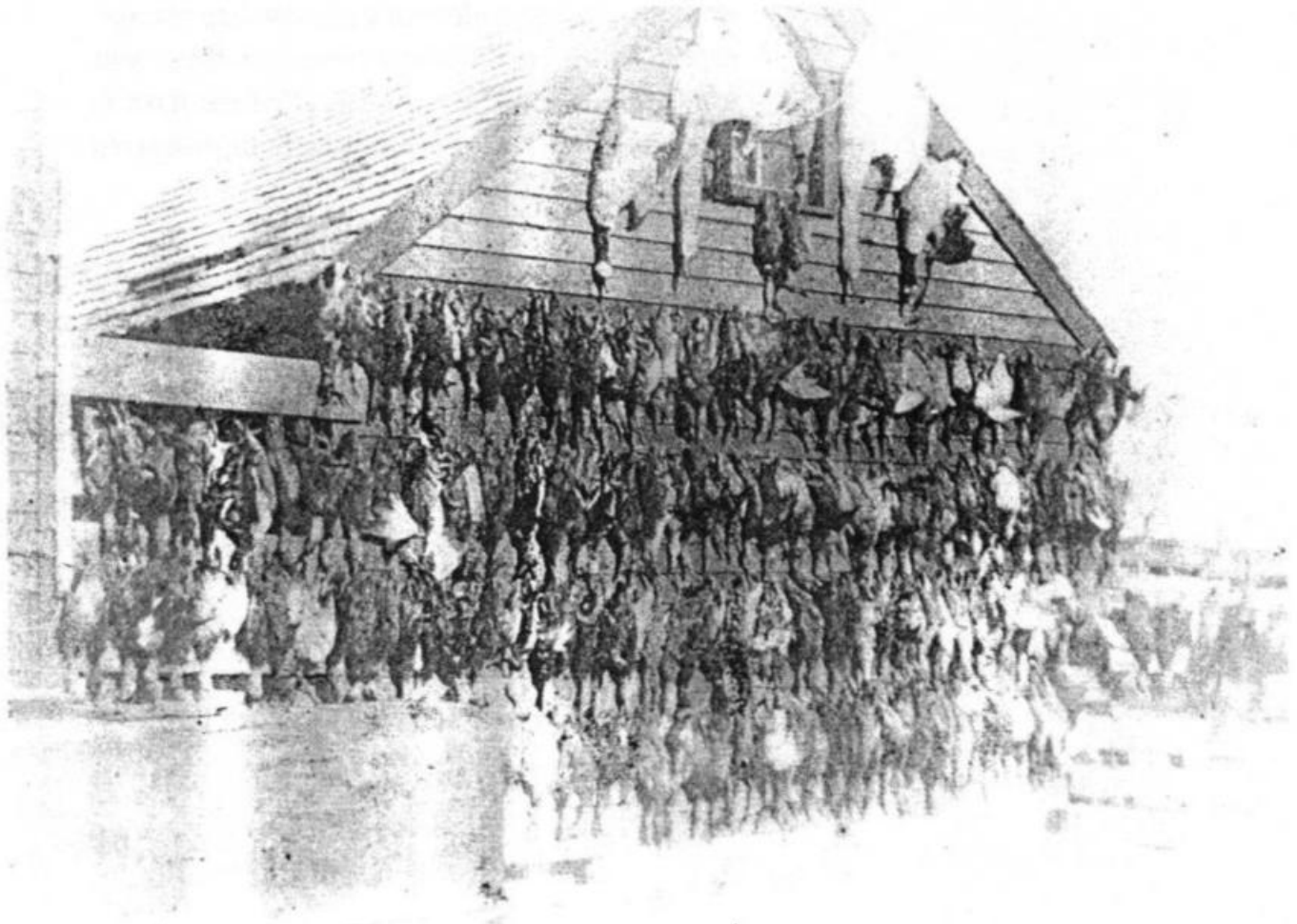
Hanging from a tree was carried out by tying a rope around the neck of the person to be executed, then pulling a sturdy branch or limb downward from the tree and tying the other end of the rope to the limb. On release of the limb, the upward jerk was of such force as would snap the neck or cause strangulation.

History has it that, in 1883, Jack Lambert was hanged for the murder of Richard Wilson. Lambert, part Cherokee, was convicted and sentenced to death by hanging (the legal method of execution at the time) for killing Wilson during a drinking spree. Lambert, maintaining his innocence to the end, rode to his execution seated on a casket made especially for him. It is reported that he sang a hymn as he neared the hanging tree.

Currituck's Plummeting Waterfowl



North Carolina's wintering waterfowl are increasingly less interested in Currituck Sound as a destination, according to midwinter waterfowl counts made since 1971. In the 1970s, the sound often hosted 30 to 40 percent of the state's ducks and geese. In the 1980s, state waterfowl totals fell sharply, and Currituck's percentage of this number continued to plummet. Last year, only 4 percent of the state's waterfowl wintered in Currituck.



◆*Photographed on November 11, 1901 by Moses Williams, was the largest single day's hunt at the Swan Island Club. Killed were 414 ducks, geese, and swans. Five blinds were used that day. From one blind, North Raymond Pond, 165 ducks and 1 goose were killed. Note swan, geese, and ducks hanging from an outbuilding near the clubhouse.*

The Human Fly and the Bryson City Courthouse

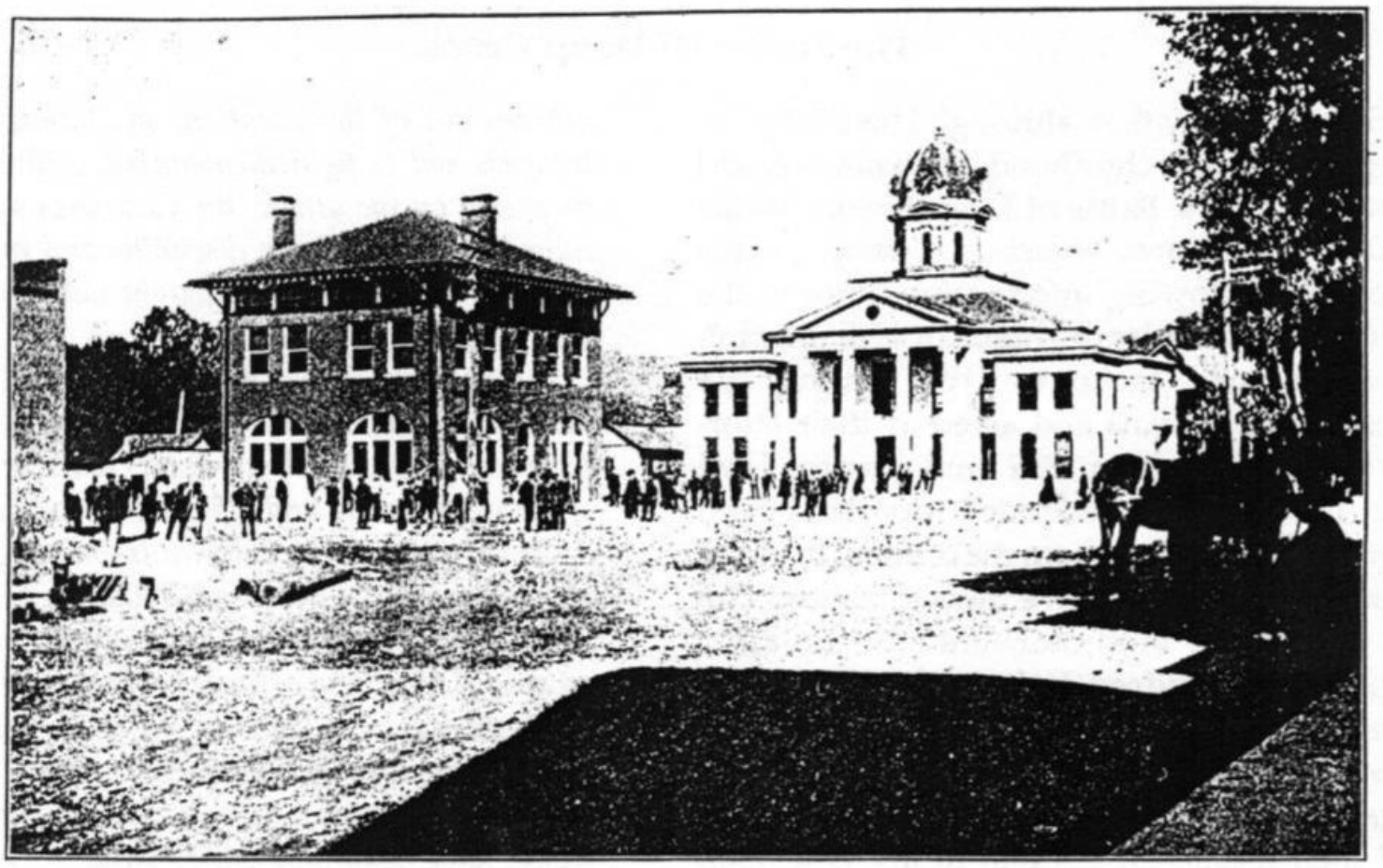
My memory has withstood many stories, but in this case I am fairly certain this event occurred either in 1914 or 1915.

The City Fathers had planned a large celebration on July 4th. At that time, there was a character whose trade name was "The Human Fly." His boast was that for a fee he could climb the tallest building in any city. So the City Fathers, after "passing the hat" throughout the community, collected enough money to pay the price. This was to be the gala event of the celebration and was scheduled for two o'clock p.m.

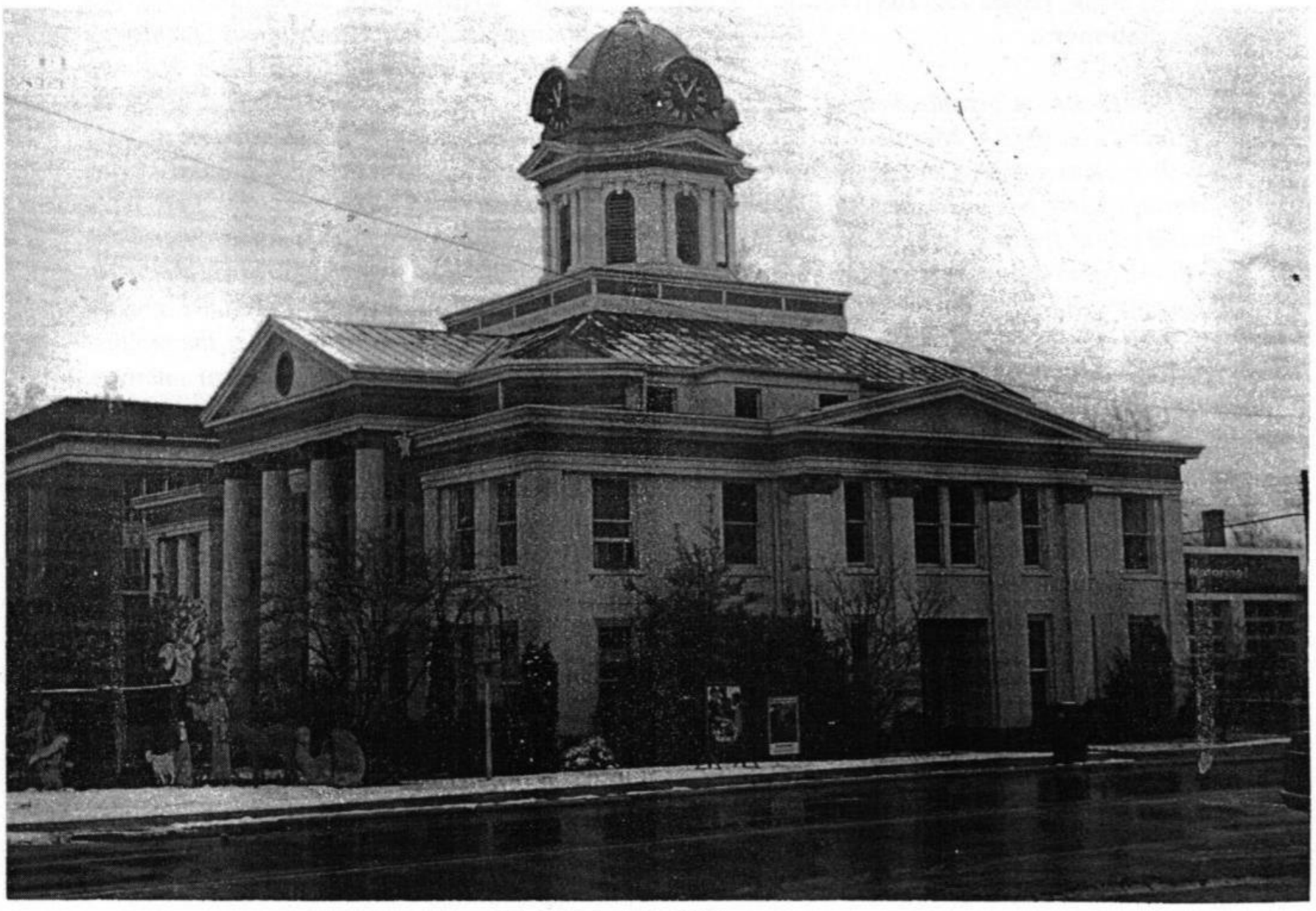
The building to be climbed was what is now called the "Old Court House," a beautiful building built in 1908 consisting of two stories with a large dome on top with four large clocks, North, South, East, and West, capped by a small dome about the size of, or a little larger than, a basketball.

The plan was for the Human Fly to tie a rope around his body and to scale the building to the small dome. Then a person standing on the roof of the second floor would tie a chair to the other end of the rope which would be pulled up by the "Fly" and placed on the small dome. Then the "Human Fly" would stand on his head in the chair. All went well to a point. But when he mounted the chair with his feet pointed straight to the sky, the chair collapsed and "down came Human Fly, chair and all."

I was selling ice cream cones for the Baptist Church at the time and had a "ringside" seat to the event.



Courthouse in 1908 during Court Week



Courthouse in 1971

The Battle Of Deep Creek

Strange to say that, although I had fished in Deep Creek since childhood, I had never heard mention of "The Battle of Deep Creek." While reading *The History of Jackson County*, I came across the following information: Prior to the Civil War, a man by the name of William Holland Thomas came to live among the Oconaluftee Indians and acted as their attorney and advisor from 1832 until after the Civil War. Thomas, a Confederate supporter, hoped to protect the Indians from the brunt of the Civil War. He arranged to have them mustered into the "Legion of Mountaineers and Indians." About four hundred Indians fought for the Confederacy. Although used mainly as a Home Guard, the Cherokee soldiers fought in several engagements.

I then recalled that I had in my War Book collection a paperback entitled: *Bushwackers: The Civil War in North Carolina: The Mountains."*

In this book, pages 107-108, I found the following statement:

> *There was a sizable Federal cavalry command stationed at Maryville, Tennessee, south of Knoxville. On the first day of February 1864, Major Francis M. Davidson moved out at the head of a 600-man column with orders to 'pursue and destroy' Colonel Thomas's entire force. Once he had moved into the hill country, Davidson picked up an advance guard of 40 to 50 local Tories who acted as guides. They had no trouble penetrating the mountains. Thomas had grown so passive by this time that he had neglected to maintain rigorous security even in the passes leading to his own headquarters – even though, in his reports to Raleigh and Richmond, he was still claiming that his men were constantly on duty and continually 'fortifying' the gaps.*
>
> *Davidson's force followed the Tennessee River until they picked up the Tuckaseegee branch, then emerged from the forest near Deep Creek, a few miles below Quallatown. Thomas was caught flat-footed. The terrain made a calvary out of the question, so Davidson's troopers had to fight dismounted. Although surprised by the attack, the Cherokees again rallied with remarkable discipline and in the words of one eyewitness "fought nobly until their ammunition gave out."*
>
> *Davidson crowed excessively about his victory, and his account was picked up by the Northern press, which gave him credit for one of the most daring and effective cross-border strikes of the war. The "bloodthirsty savages" were eliminated, he claimed: 200 of them had been killed, 54 captured, and only 50 or so escaped. Those figures seem not just inflated, but ludicrous, as Thomas's entire command on that day probably did not much exceed 200 men, and Davidson's body count, if true, would have made this paltry little skirmish the biggest and bloodiest encounter ever fought in the mountain region. In his own report, written three weeks later, Thomas admitted that he had heard about Davidson's claims, and he quietly denied them. His own force, he said, had suffered only five casualties, and he estimated they had inflicted at least twice that many on the enemy. Simple logic, the matter-of-fact tone of Thomas's documentation, and the fact that the Indians could still field a 300-man force would all seem to indicate that Thomas's figures are reliable, and that Davidson's were either the product of inflamed imagination or rampant ambition.*

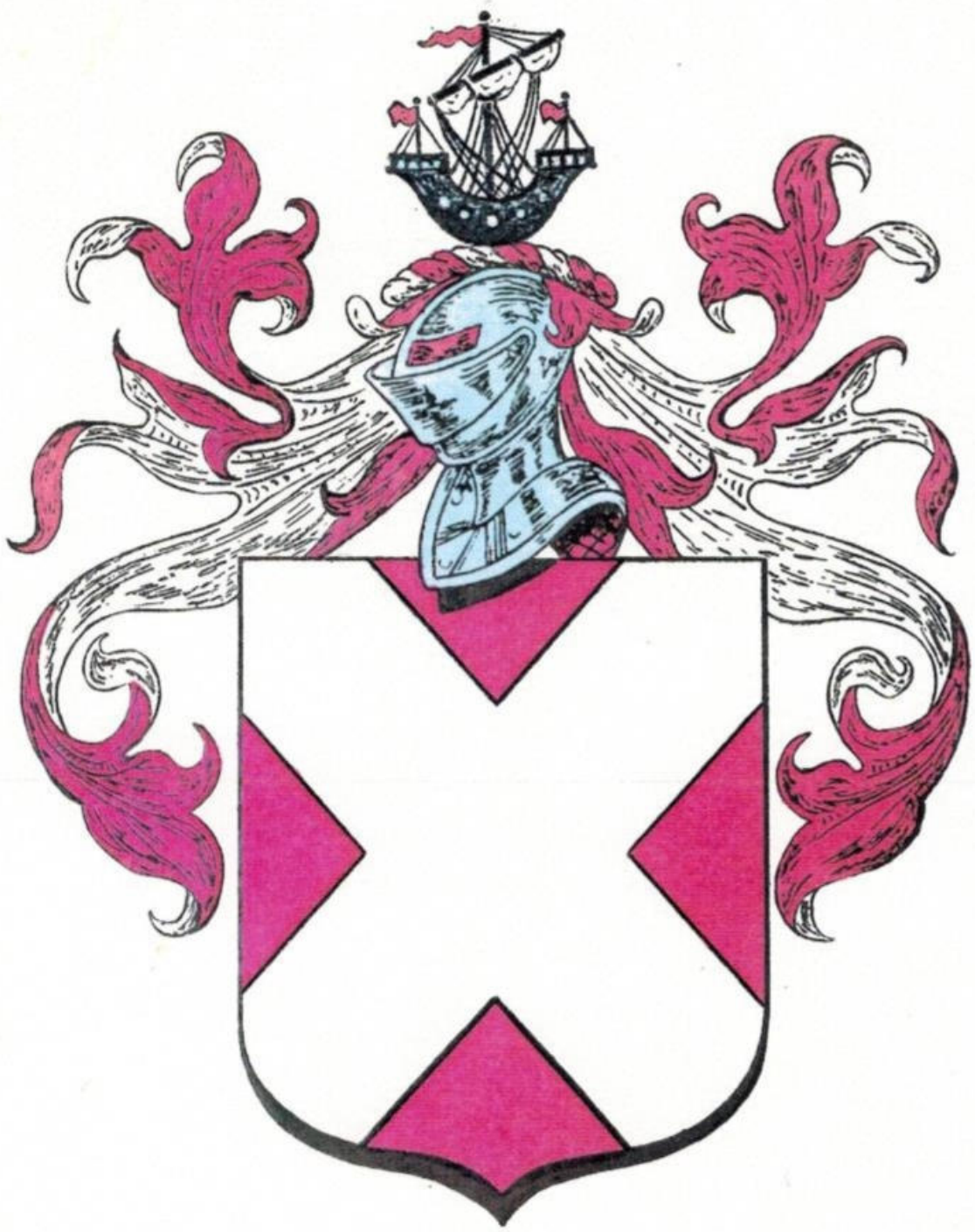
Quallatown was, in those days, the name of an Indian village located two miles east of Bryson City where there is now a small community known as Governors Island.

Deep Creek runs into the Tuckaseegee River approximately a quarter of a mile east of the main bridge which crosses the river in the center of the town of Bryson City. However, the main stream of the creek continues around a wooded area consisting of some eight or ten areas to a point where it enters the main stream of the Tuckaseegee, as shown in the picture of the island.

This island located just below the mouth of Deep Creek was included in the tract conveyed to Yonah Bear as hereinbefore set forth. It later came into the hands of my grandfather and was known as Bryson Island. My father, my Uncle Dan, and my Aunt Mary Tipton conveyed the land to the town of Bryson City in 1925.

The island at the point where Deep Creek flows into the Tuckaseegee.

Family History



Bryson

Family History

It is impossible for me to say whether this is a completely correct line of the Bryson family with which I am connected. Although I have seen slightly different versions of the Bryson family tree, the facts included herein are correct as far as I can ascertain.

Part of the material regarding the early Brysons came to me purely by chance. My granddaughter, Katharine Bryson Winchell, while a student at Durham Academy became acquainted with Randy D. Bryson, a resident of Durham and a member of the faculty at the Academy. He suggested to Katharine that he had some material relating to the Bryson family and would furnish her a copy of the same, which he did. When I compared this material with information obtained from histories of Haywood County and Jackson County (both in North Carolina) and with material I had assembled in preparing an article concerning the Bryson family (included in the Heritage of Swain County, North Carolina, published in 1988), I concluded that the material furnished by Professor Bryson quite accurately provided information regarding my ancestors.

Early History

The Bryson family migrated from Scotland to Ireland in the late 1600s. In the early 1700s, several brothers came to America from Antrin County, Ireland, and located in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. One of the brothers was named William. His mother was a Scottish woman from County Down, Scotland.

William Bryson

William Bryson married Miss Isabella Holmes of Lancaster County. To this union six sons were born, namely John, Samuel, Daniel, Andrew, James Holmes, and William. Three of the brothers, James Holmes, Daniel and Andrew came south and settled in the Anderson District (now county) of South Carolina. The particular line of our family concerns us with James Holmes.

James Holmes Bryson

James Holmes Bryson was born November 28, 1745, in Mt. Joy, Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. He was a Revolutionary War soldier. In the literature there is reference to a Major James Holmes Bryson. He married Isabella Countryman, the daughter of Elizabeth Countryman, who family history says carried water to the American soldiers at the battle of Cowpens, South Carolina and lived to the advanced age of 110 years. James Holmes moved from South Carolina to Western North Carolina in 1799 and settled in Richland Valley in what is now Haywood County. He and Isabella had ten children, one of whom was named Daniel Granderson.

Daniel Granderson Bryson

Daniel Granderson Bryson was born in Kings Mountain, South Carolina, May 23, 1787, and died July 27, 1880. He moved with his father to Haywood County, North Carolina, when he was eleven years old. He married Artis Virginia Dillard who was born on September 9, 1791, and died on August 6, 1875. In 1811, he moved his family across the Balsam Mountains and settled on Scotts Creek in an area which later became a part of Jackson County and is now called Beta. Their children were: Mary Talitha, who married Joseph Allen; Dorcus, who married Allen Fisher; Artis, who married George Clayton; Thaddeus Dillard who married Mary Charlotte Greenlee; and Daniel Granderson, who married Lucinda Caroline Buchanan.

According to the Jackson County North Carolina Census of 1860, D.G. Bryson was 73 years of age, a farmer who owned real estate of the value of $11,300 and personal property of the value of $25,000. He was also a slaveholder with 18 slaves.[1] At that time, the lifestyle of the tenant and small farmer was often misunderstood and described in derogatory terms by travelers from outside the region. For example, in 1848, Charles Lanman, a journalist, described his journey up the Tuckaseegee River:

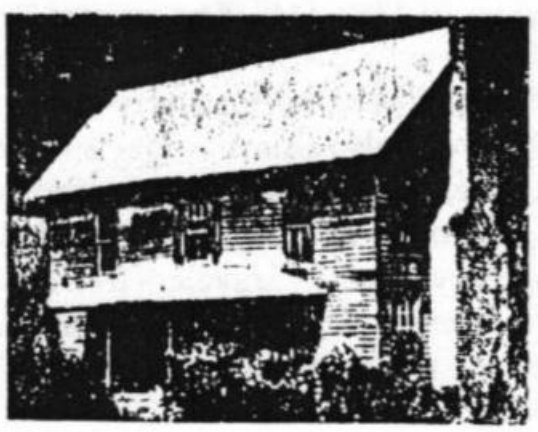
> *The river to which I alluded is the Tuck-a-sa-ja, which empties into the Tennessee. It is a very rapid stream, and washes the base of the mountains, which are as wild as they were a century ago. Whenever there occurs any interval*

land, the soil is very rich, and such spots are usually occupied. The mountains are covered with forest where wild game is found in abundance. The fact is the people of this whole region devote more of their time to hunting than they do to agriculture, which fact accounts to their proverbial poverty. You can hardly see a single cabin without being howled at by a half a dozen hounds, and I have now become so well educated in guessing the wealth of a mountaineer, that I can figure his condition by ascertaining the number of his dogs. A rich man seldom has more than one dog, while a very poor man will keep from ten to a dozen. And this remark, strange as it may seem, is equally applicable to the children of the mountaineers. The poorest man without any exception, whom I have seen in this region, lives in a log cabin with two rooms and is the father of 19 children and the keeper of six hounds.[2]

The author of *History of Jackson County*, from which the previous quotation was taken, comments, "Lanman misunderstood the local economy and overlooked the importance of herding. He also seemed oblivious to the existence of prosperous farmers such as Daniel Bryson of Beta."[3]

The following is of interest in showing the part played by Daniel Granderson in the history of Jackson County:

An act to provide for the holding of county and superior courts in the seventh judicial district, ratified December 27, 1852, it is provided that: the first County Court of the County of Jackson shall be held at the dwelling house of Daniel Bryson, Senior, and thereafter until the Court House is built.[4]



Daniel Bryson's house, located in what is now the Addie Community, was the site of Jackson County's first court sessions. Courtesy *Sylva Herald* centennial edition

On March 21, 1853, in obedience to the provisions of a statute of the General Assembly, a Court of Law and Equity for the County of Jackson was held at the dwelling house of Daniel Bryson, Sr., which was located in the present day Beta community in the vicinity of the southeast corner of U.S. Highway Bypass and Cope Creek Road intersections.

It is also interesting to note:

"On March 23, the third day of court, Thomas Gribble, Jesse Ash and Daniel Bryson were appointed to serve one year as a patrol committee and charged with the movement of slaves."

Before the court adjourned, the state, county and poor taxes were levied as follows:

"$1.00 on every $300 worth of land, 18 cents of which was for state, 16 cents for the poor, 5 cents for a lunatic asylum, and the balance for county purposes."[5]

It also appears that Daniel Granderson owned a store as the following indicates:

Retailing was also a major service in the county. Traders to the Cherokees hawked their wares as early as the 1750s. One of the first actions of the new county court in 1853, was to issue permits to 'hawk and peddle' for a year. The court issued permits to Daniel G. Bryson.[6]

Before the Civil War, blacks had belonged to the predominantly white churches and after the war continued to attend them. In May 1871, several former slaves received permission to create their own congregations and the Scotts Creek Liberty Baptist Church with its ten members became the mother church. A log cabin on property donated by a prominent Baptist layman, Daniel G. Bryson, was the first worship site.[7]

Both Great-grandfather, Daniel Granderson, and Great-grandmother, Artis Virginia, are buried in what is called Old Field Cemetery near Beta.

Since the article "Roaming the Mountains" gives us a very good description of the early ancestors and particularly of my great grandfather, Daniel Granderson Bryson, it is included at this point.

"ROAMING THE MOUNTAINS"
JACKSON COUNTY LANDMARK IS GONE

By John Parris — The Asheville Citizen Times — August 2, 1990

Beta - The historic old house went first.

And now the site where the first court in Jackson County convened 117 years ago is being obliterated and relegated into the limbo of forgotten memories.

The storied plot of ground is being swallowed up by the construction of a link of the Appalachian corridor highway.

The house and the land formed the last visible connection with the founding of Jackson County.

It all started with the Brysons who were among the first settlers in Western North Carolina.

The patriarch of the clan came from Ireland, from County Antrin.

William Bryson, II, and his five sons—Daniel, Andrew, John, Sam and James—first settled in Haywood County shortly after the American Revolution.

When the boys grew up and married, they decided to strike out across the Balsams on their own.

Each was a pioneer and each had a dream.

And they staked their dreams on their rifles and their Bibles, their axes and their plows.

They came seeking freedom and wingroom, and they found a wilderness of both. Enough liberty to terrify an anarchist.

They said, "Here we will put down our roots. Here we will work and prosper."

Daniel settled here on Scotts Creek and John on Cullowhee Creek. Andrew stopped on Sugar Creek in Macon County, Sam on Cowee Creek and James on Cartuge Creek.

Daniel came here in 1811. He moved his family and his household goods across the Balsams in a sled. He staked out his homestead at a site barely a mile from the boundary with the Cherokee Indians.

His nearest white neighbor to the west was a man named Foster who had built a trading post just inside the white man's side of the boundary. Daniel took his broadax and hewed logs out of virgin timber and grooved them together. He had no nails so he used wooden pegs. He built himself a one-room log cabin that sheltered his family that first winter.

But the next summer he started a more pretentious structure. This turned out to be a nine-room dwelling that came to be known as the Old Dan Bryson Homestead, standing at the side of the road on the Beta side of Cope Creek.

By standards of that day here in the highlands, the Bryson home was a mansion. It boasted two fireplaces and a handcarved mantel. The mantel was carved by Eli

Arrington, a school teacher who also was a gifted man with an ax and knife.

When Daniel came to this section, his family included his Grandma Countryman. She was in her nineties and lived to be 110 years old. She was the first person to be buried on the Bryson farm. Her grave is on a hill back of a building that used to be Snyder's Store. Daniel had five children. One of his sons was Thaddeus, the founder of Swain County, the first representative of Jackson County in the State General Assembly, and the man for whom Bryson City was named. From the beginning the Bryson home was the gathering place for all the folks of the region.

It became a stop-over for judges and lawyers and others taking the stagecoach from Asheville west.

Neighbors would gather at his place when they heard the coachman's bugle far up the road and be there when he pulled in to get the news and gossip.

And it was in Dan Bryson's house that Judge John W. Ellis, who later became governor of North Carolina, convened the first court in Jackson County.

The date was Monday, March 21, 1853, just two years after the founding of the county.

That was the same year that Webster became the seat of county government and a log courthouse was erected. The building stood until 1868 when it was replaced by a brick courthouse.

When the county seat was moved from Webster to Sylva in 1913 the old brick courthouse was abandoned and finally torn down in the '30s. But the old Bryson house hung on.

When Daniel died, the house became a rental property. For his sons and daughters all had their own homes and didn't want to move back to the old homeplace.

But the years began to take their toll of the old place.

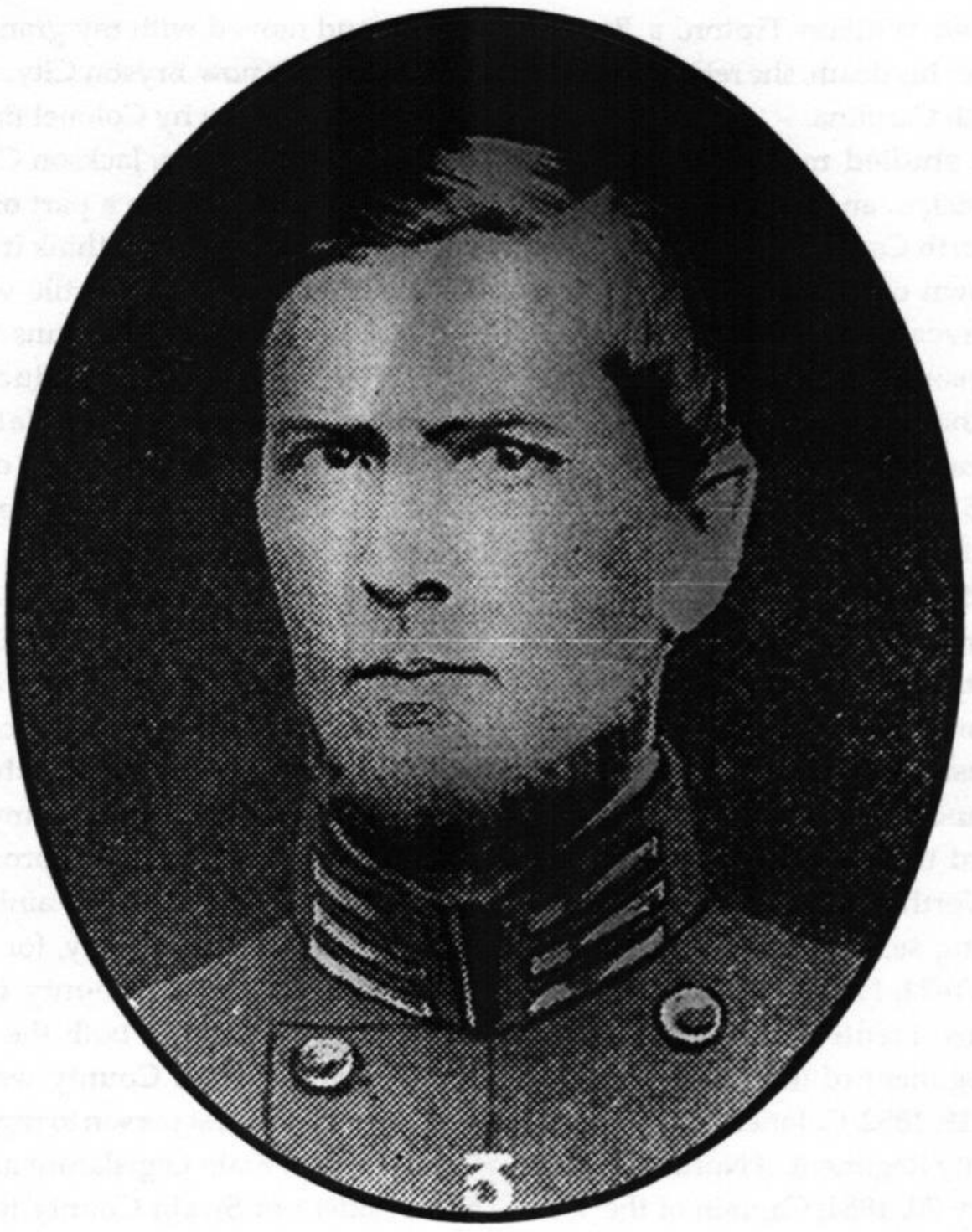
Time weathered and wrinkled its boards, gave its frame a stoop and a sag, then began eating it away and made of it a place where human footsteps no longer excited its floorboards.

In 1956 the wreckers moved in and tore it down before anybody thought of preserving it as a historic monument.

The land whereon it stood was plowed and sown in grass and the county purchased the plot of ground three years later with an idea of developing it as a sort of historic shrine.

But now the land is being swallowed up by a highway.

And soon the site where the first court in Jackson County convened will be obliterated and relegated into the limbo of forgotten memories.



Colonel Thaddeus Dillard Bryson

My grandfather, Thaddeus Dillard Bryson, sometimes referred to as Colonel Bryson, was born February 13, 1829, and died June 2, 1890. He married Mary Charlotte Greenlee of McDowell County, North Carolina, who was born April 29, 1845, and died November 25, 1887. Since he was sixteen years older than Mary Charlotte and lived in Beta and she lived in McDowell County, which is some one hundred miles from Beta, you may wonder just how, when and where they met.

The story is that when Col. Bryson and the troops in his command were passing through the area where Mary Charlotte lived she presented him with some flowers. Whereupon he said to her, "What a pretty lady you are," or words to that effect, "and when I come back, I am going to marry you." And he kept his promise.

To this marriage, four children were born: namely, Harriet, Mary, Thaddeus Dillard Jr., and Daniel Rice. Harriet died at an early age.

Mary married William Tipton, a Baptist missionary. After his death, she retired in Black Mountain, North Carolina.

Daniel Rice studied medicine, became a practicing physician, and lived out his life in Bryson City, North Carolina.

Little is known of my grandfather's early life. You will recall that his father, Daniel Granderson Bryson, crossed the Balsam Mountains in 1811, and Jackson County, which included the area where he settled, was not formed until 1851. Grandfather was twenty-two years old at that time.

Prior to 1865, there was no real system of public schools in Jackson County. Even though some communities had made efforts to educate their children, many more did nothing at all. Grandfather must have had some education but I wonder how and where it came from.

It is of record that he represented Jackson County in the North Carolina Legislature during the following sessions: 1854-55, 1858-59, 1865-67 and 1870-72. He also held the following commissions: Lieutenant Colonel of the Eighty-Sixth Regiment of the North Carolina Militia, August 19, 1852; Colonel Commandant of Jackson County Regiment of North Carolina Militia, February 20, 1854; Captain of the Volunteer Company of Jackson Guards, June 8, 1861, and Colonel in the Twentieth North Carolina Infantry of the Confederate Army, September 7, 1861. The following information is also of interest:

APPENDIX I - CENSUS OF 1860
T.D. BRYSON, Age 30 farmer
Value of Real Estate - $13,222.00
Value of Personal Property $2,000.00 [8]

I recall that there was a small house a short distance behind the big house in Bryson City, and an old colored woman, affectionately called "Aunt Hannah," lived there. She may have been a slave and moved with my grandfather from Beta to what is now Bryson City.

Just when and why Colonel Bryson moved from his home in Beta, Jackson County, to the area which later became a part of the town of Bryson City, is not clear. I think it can be safely assumed that the broad fertile valleys of the Tuckaseegee River, which runs through this area, could have been an inducement to an unsettled person as Grandfather Bryson apparently was at the time. It is of record that he acquired a tract of land from John Shuler by deed dated June 13, 1868.

The history of the tract is of genuine interest and is set forth in the article "Chief Big Bear Owned 640-Acre Domain in 1820," which appears herein. Colonel Bryson bought the part of the reservation on the north side of the Tuckaseegee River, which by my calculation would have amounted to approximately 440 acres. At that time, he was certainly considered a resident of Jackson County, for he served as Representative of that county in the North Carolina Legislature in both the 1865-67 and 1870 sessions. Swain County was formed in 1871. He was the first person to represent Swain County in the State Legislature and he had to be a resident of Swain County to do so. This would indicate that he moved to Swain County late in 1870.

Some information concerning Colonel Bryson's activity during this time appears in an article entitled "The Life of Berry Howell," written by his daughter, Elvira Howell. The Howells were black people. I was extremely pleased to locate this article, and I know you will be interested in reading it. I remember Elvira very well, and the article gives me information from which I can calculate approximately when Colonel Bryson actually settled in the area that was later given his name. My only concern is this statement: "He traveled horseback to Raleigh as there wasn't no rail-

way then. . . ." I do know that the railway did not reach Bryson City until 1884. I have heard that he did ride his horse part of the way. But how far, I just do not know.

Below follows Elvira's account:

THE LIFE OF BERRY HOWELL

Berry Howell was born in Cherokee County as a slave on April 18, 1857 in the home of Mr. Utie Hyatt, my master. I was five years old at freedom and I lived there more than a year after I was free with my mother. When Col. Bryson was a representative he traveled horseback to Raleigh as there wasn't no railway then and automobile like they have for traveling now. I was sixteen years old when Col. Bryson had this county made. He took some of Haywood, some of Macon, and some of Jackson and made Swain County. Col. Bryson was at this time a representative of Jackson County, and this county was called Jackson before he had it divided. He drew up a petition to get this county and all citizens signed it and he carried it down to Raleigh and got this county. He named it Swain. At that time he was a young single man and his home was at Scott Creek. He came down here and bought this farm from the old man John Shuler and moved with him, his mother and father. His father was named Daniel and his mother was named Artie. He brought several of his father's ex-slaves with them to work on the farm and his mother's slavery cook, to cook for them. Her name was Viria Bryson. Col. Bryson called this Charleston then. Several years later it was changed from Charleston to Bryson City in honor of Col. Bryson because he made this county and was a great leader.[9]

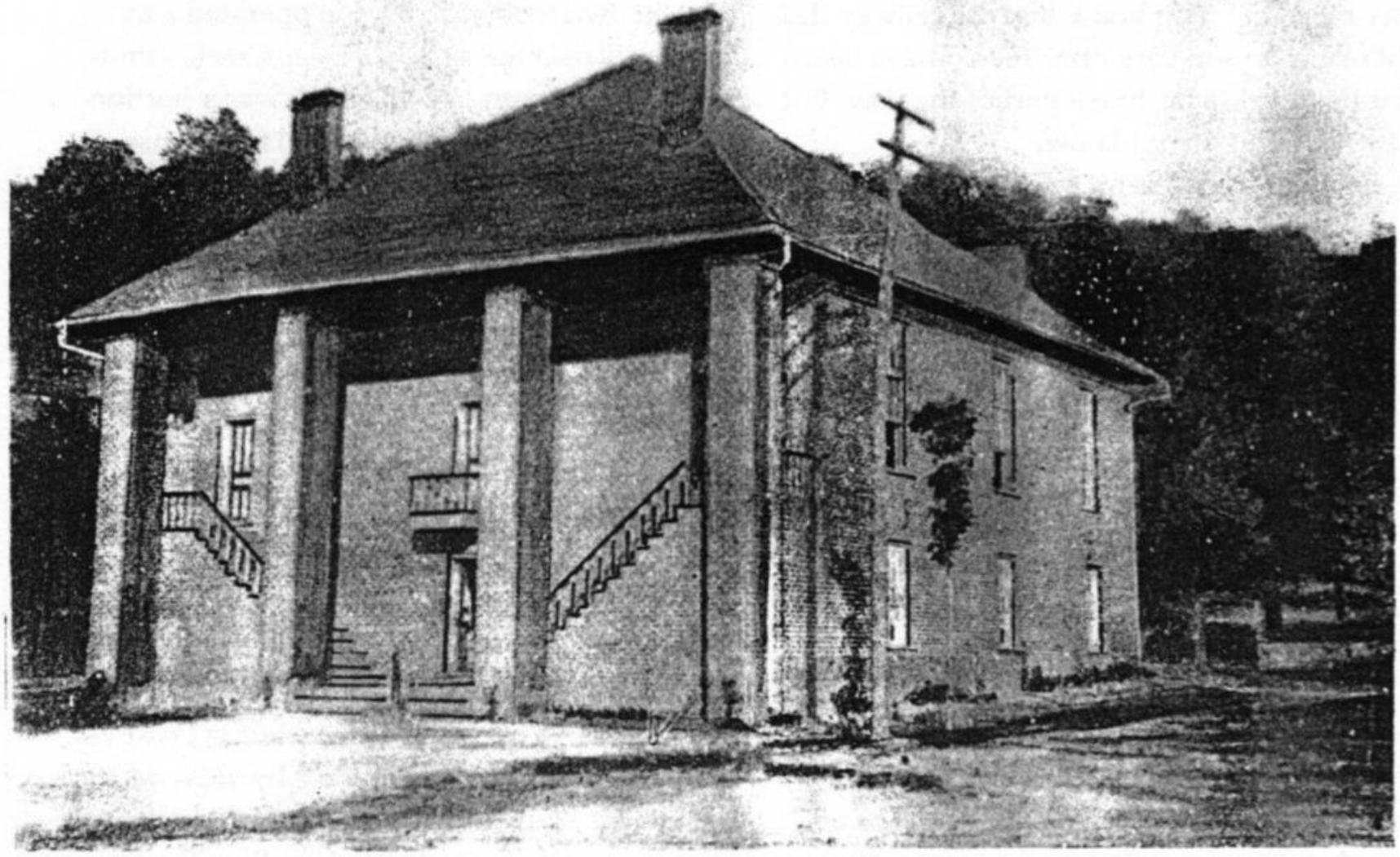
Nearly all the people engaged in pioneering businesses, did some farming. Some of the settlers, like Col. Bryson, were principally farmers. At least, they produced a good portion of their own food. Col. Bryson operated a merchant mill near the mouth of Deep Creek, grinding meal and corn. A toll, which was a portion of the finished product, was paid for the use of the mill. Behind the mill he had a sash-saw which was also used by the public on a cash or toll basis.

He was also a contractor, as the following will show: "Construction on the new courthouse began in April 1881 on the square in Charleston. It is a sturdy, two-story structure made of well-burnt brick, fronted by four large columns and surrounded by a brick walk; T.D. Bryson was the lowest bidder and had the building finished and accepted by May 1882.[10]

He was instrumental in organizing the First Presbyterian Church.[11] The Charleston Presbyterian Church was organized by Rev. M.R. Kirkpatrick, evangelist of the Mecklenberg Presbytery, Charlotte, North Carolina. The first member, Col. Thaddeus Dillard Bryson, was baptized and taken into the Franklin, North Carolina, Church. Charter members on Sept. 9, 1881, were Col. T. D. Bryson (Elder) and Mrs. M.C. Bryson. Services were held in the Old Court House, session meetings were held in Col. Bryson's home. Col. Bryson gave land to be sold, the monies to be used toward construction of the church building.[12]

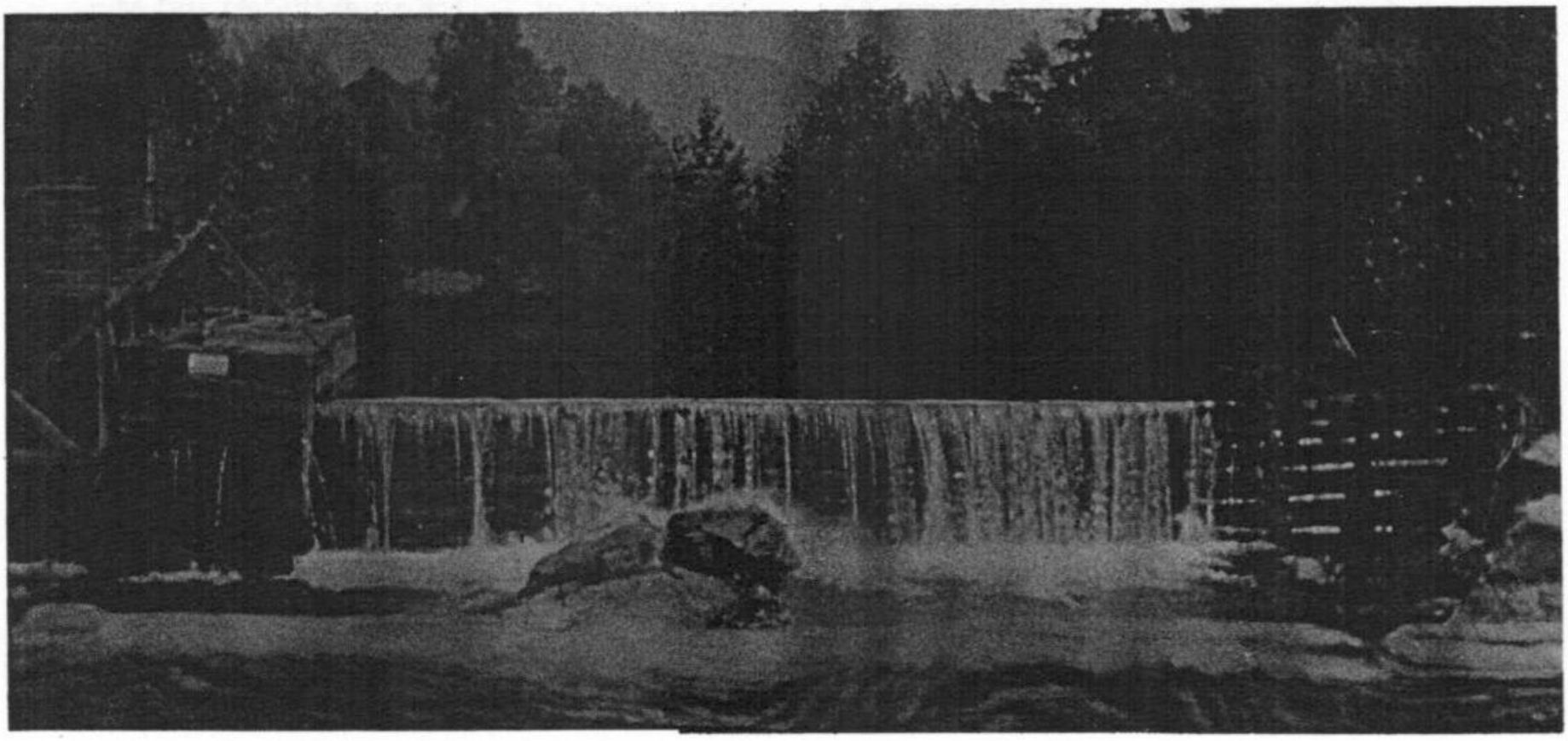
I recall a story concerning Grandfather involving the Bryson Place. On this occasion while roaming the mountains, he became tired and decided to take a short nap. He lay down beside a log and when he awoke he was covered with leaves. Speculation was that some wild animal, bear or panther, had covered him up with the idea of returning later with young—or what have you—for an evening meal.

Grandfather died January 2, 1890. He is buried in the cemetery in Bryson City. His portrait hangs in the Swain County Administration and Courthouse Building in Bryson City.



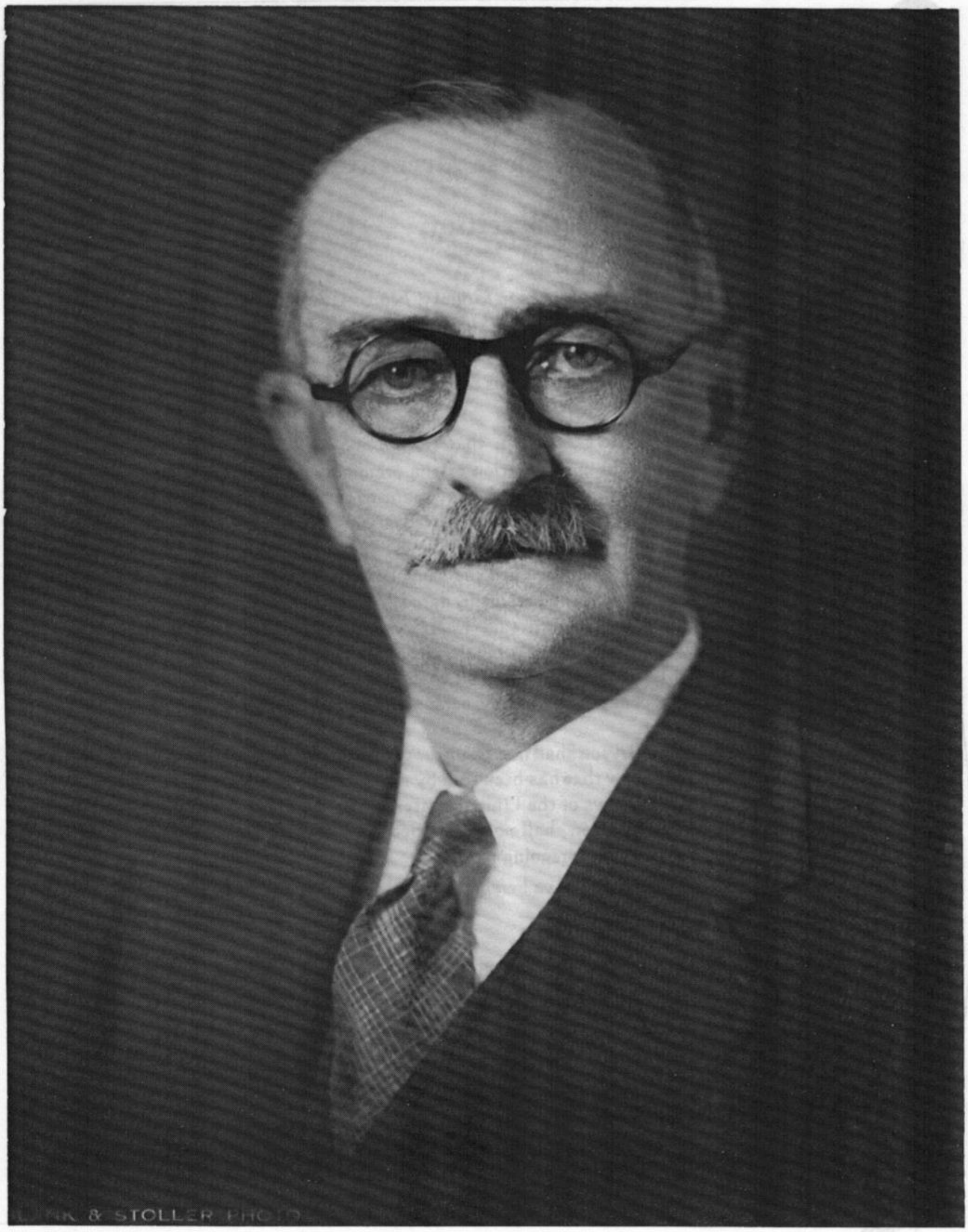
Sketch-Enhance Photograph of Swain County's second courthouse.

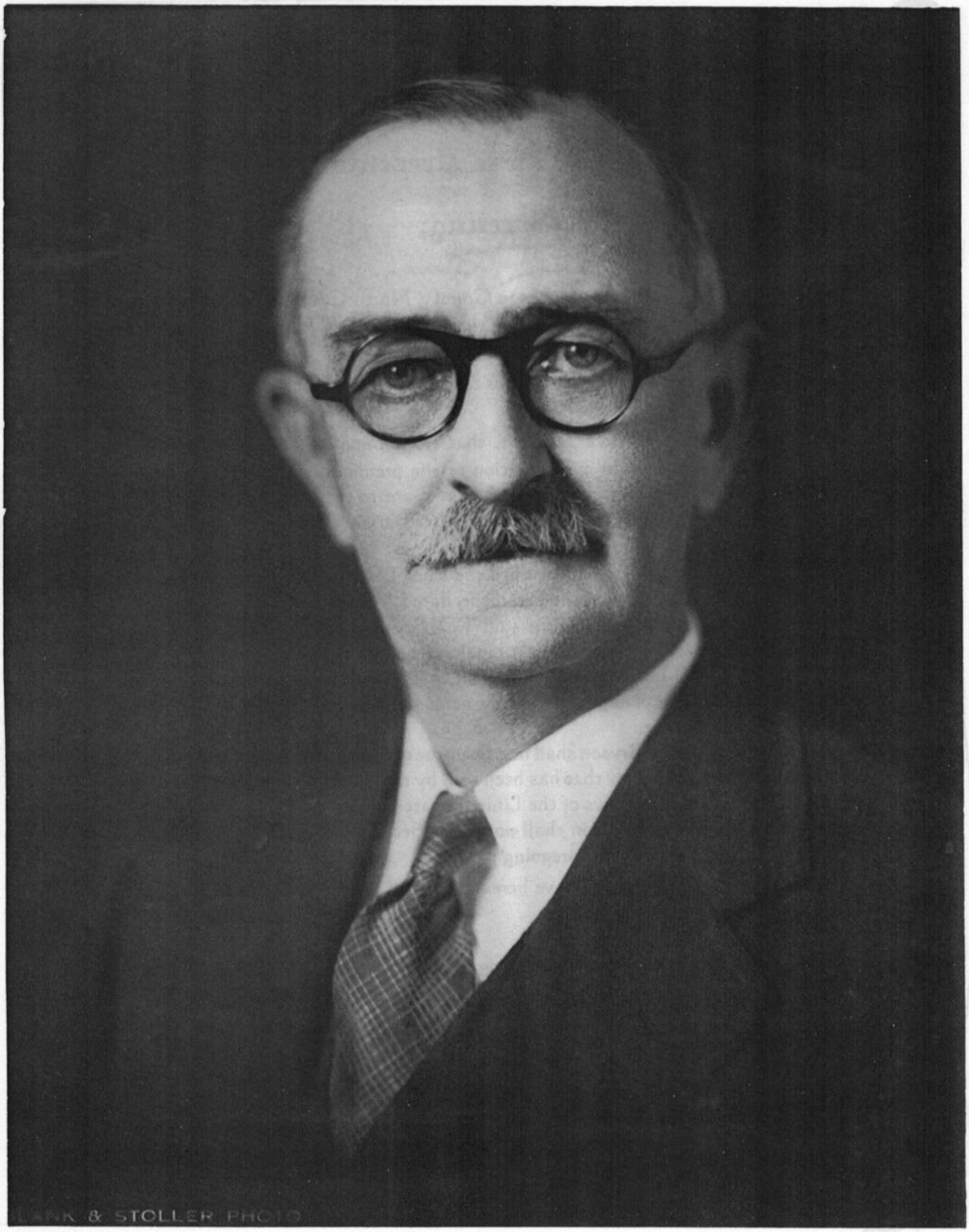
Grandfather Bryson was the contractor.



A Spillway Dam and mill at the mouth of Deep Creek.

Grandfather Bryson built the dam.


& STOLLER


& STOLLER PHOTO

Judge Thaddeus Dillard Bryson, Jr.

My father, Judge Thaddeus Dillard Bryson, Jr., the son of Colonel Thaddeus Dillard Bryson and Mary Charlotte Greenlee Bryson, was born October 4, 1873, in Bryson City, North Carolina.

He married Amabel Black, daughter of John Edwin Black (1843-1936) and Ellen Jane Findley (1851-1910), on December 18, 1895, in Bridgeport, Illinois. She died February 18, 1920. Both are buried in the Bryson City Cemetery. To this union eight children were born: Helen, born November 12, 1896, died November 23, 1900; Edith, born October 11, 1898, died October 13, 1917; Dorothy, born July 3, died August 29, 1902; Thaddeus Dillard III, born October 15, 1903, died September 7, 1976; Edwin Constant, born October 6, 1905; Marion, born June 27, 1908; Florence Amabel, born September 10, 1910, died July 14, 1913, and Kathleen, born June 13, 1913.

Father and Mother in 1898

After the death of my mother, the Judge, as we usually called him, married Zulia Ketchie, of Mount Ulla, North Carolina, on July 16, 1921. To this union two children were born, Lillian and Elizabeth.

The Judge was educated at the Bingham School, Emory and Henry College, and the University of North Carolina. Admitted to the bar in 1895, he entered the practice of law in Bryson City, North Carolina. He served as Solicitor of the 20th Judicial District, which is now the 30th District, for several years. In 1918 he was elected Judge of the Superior Court, in which capacity he served until 1925 when he resigned to enter the practice of law with his son, Thaddeus D. Bryson III, in Bryson City.

In the early days of my father's law practice in Bryson City, which is the county seat of Swain County, there lived a man in the foothills area by the name of Mack Barber, affectionately known as "Uncle Mack." There were many chestnut trees in the area where he lived, and if a term of court was in session during the fall of the year, he often brought a bag of chestnuts in and sold them in front of the courthouse.

"Uncle Mack" was a law abiding citizen, and serving on the jury was his specialty. After selling his chestnuts, he made his way into the courtroom, hoping that in some manner he would be called on to serve on the jury, and this usually happened.

Unbeknownst to the lawyers who lived in adjoining counties and always covered the courts in each county in the district hoping to pick up a case, "Uncle Mack" held my father in high esteem. It is rumored that if my father was involved in a case and "Uncle Mack" was on the jury that just before the jury began its deliberation, he would ask one question: "Which side is Thad Bryson on?"

In late August 1927, my father received a letter from Dr. William Preston Few, President of Duke University, asking if he would meet with him at Lake Junaluska, North Carolina, for a conference. My recollection is the letter did not state the purpose of the conference. My father readily consented, and I drove him to Lake Junaluska on the date agreed.

After my father conferred with Dr. Few for an hour or so, we returned to Bryson City. On the return trip, my father told me that Dr. Few had invited him to join the faculty of Duke University School of Law and to become Attorney for the University. To say that he was quite surprised is to put it mildly. His first reaction was that he should continue the practice of law with

his two sons. I had then been a member of the firm since February 1927. He knew that we both, being fledgling lawyers, needed his counsel and guidance in the days ahead. Nonetheless Brother Thad and I agreed that this was such a well deserved opportunity and honor that Father had no choice but to accept the invitation, which he did. In September 1927, he moved to Durham, North Carolina, and became a member of the faculty of the School of Law of Duke University and Attorney for the University, which positions he held until his retirement in September 1947.

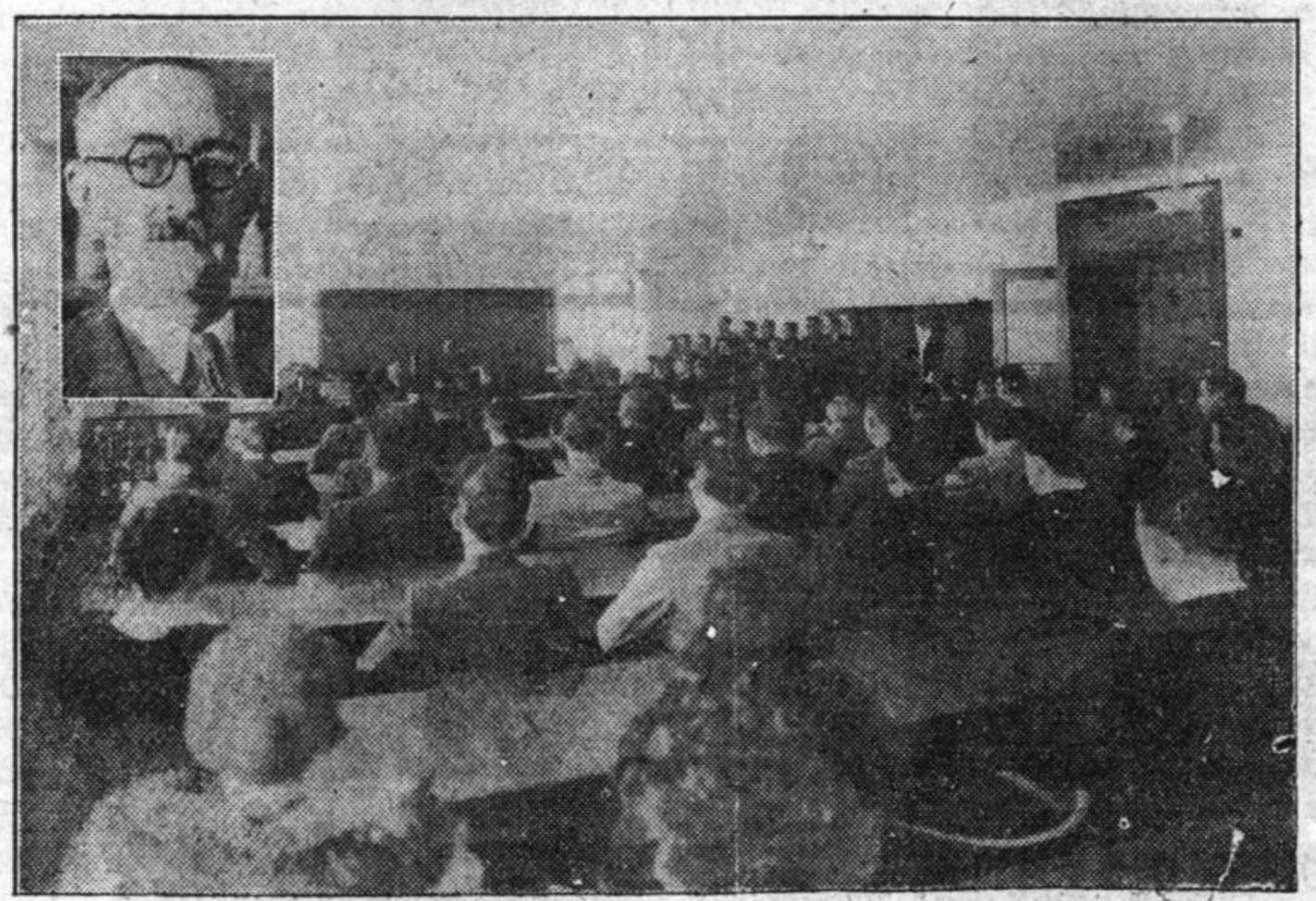
The question has often arisen in my mind: How did this all come about? I think the answer can be found in the following statement:

> *While searching, mostly in vain, for substantial new endowments, Few temporized concerning the law school. The law students had to be taught, however, and Mordecai's death in 1927 left a void. Few took one measure to alleviate the situation by making two appointments. The first in July, 1927, was W. Bryan Bolich, a Trinity alumnus who had gone on to take, with high honors, degrees in jurisprudence and civil law at Oxford University before entering the practice of law in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. The other appointment was Thaddeus D. Bryson, a graduate in law from the University of North Carolina who had become widely respected in the state as a judge of superior court. Bryson's appointment was partly a bid for recognition and support for Duke's law school from the North Carolina bar and, as such, it worked indeed well. Among others who praised the appointment, Angus W. McLean, governor of North Carolina, considered Bryson one "who understands fully the genius of our people" and the appointment "most fortunate for Duke University and the State."*[12]

Feb. 8, 1931.

GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS. SUNDAY, FEBRU.

EX-JUDGE PRESIDES OVER STUDENT COURT



Judge T. D. Bryson, for eight years judge of the 20th district of the North Carolina Superior court, is presiding over another type of court in the Duke university law school in which he is a professor. It is the student practice court in which every appointment and procedure follows that of a regular tribunal. Shown above is the permanent courtroom in the Duke law school building, and in the inset is Judge Bryson.

As I look back many, many years for an overview of my father's life, I see him coming from a backwoods area. True, he had practiced law in a seven county area, but there was no such practice as we know law practice today. In 1918, he was elected Judge of the Superior Court. This called for him to go into the heartland of North Carolina to such cities as Charlotte, Winston-Salem, and Greensboro, where the cases for trial were much more involved and the lawyers who handled them were much more qualified insofar as experience and legal education were concerned. Several years ago, I searched the record and found that during his term of six years as judge, 125 cases heard before him were appealed to the Supreme Court of North Carolina. His decision was affirmed in 91 cases and reversed in 34. Truly an outstanding record.

When my father was selected as the second member of the reorganized Law School faculty, I am sure that President Few had in mind the Seventh Article of the Indenture of Trust establishing the Duke Endowment:

> *I have selected Duke University as one of the principal objects of this trust because I recognize that education, when conducted along sane and practical, as opposed to dogmatic and theoretical, lines is, next to religion, the greatest civilizing influence. I request that this institution secure for its officers, trustees and faculty, men of such outstanding character, ability and vision as will insure its attaining and maintaining a place of leadership in the educational world.*

I know my father had never before heard of the Indenture of Trust, but I am sure he read it many times thereafter. In the office of legal counsel, he acted as advisor to the Officers of the University, to the Board of Trustees, and to others when legal matters affecting the University were involved. As Professor of Law, the courses he taught were in the fields of Civil and Criminal Procedure. He also established a practice court in which every appointment and procedure followed that of a regular tribunal. During the summer, he met at scheduled times with graduates of the Duke Law School who planned to take the North Carolina bar examination.

My father was raised in the Presbyterian Church, but when he married my mother, he became a Baptist, for he was not narrow in his devotion and insisted that his children be baptized in the Baptist Church. When he moved to Durham in 1927, he returned to the Presbyterian Church, where he taught the Big Brothers Bible Class for many years. Concerning matters of a religious nature, he was reverent in a dedicated manner. Indeed I was forty-five years old when my father died and I had never heard him utter an oath. He had little in common with a Doubting Thomas.

While my father enjoyed many hobbies, fishing was his favorite. I can well recall in the early days of my youth the trips he, my brother Thad, and I would make to the Bryson Place on Deep Creek. Wading the stream with me on his back and brother Thad holding on to his belt, he used his fly rod in a very artful manner, and, as a result, many rainbow trout ended up in his creel. After I moved to Durham, many were the trips we made fishing in the Atlantic Ocean out of Morehead City and Ocracoke Island.

My father, in his early hunting days. He is in the middle and my Uncle Dan is on the right.

The black man seated in front of the Brysons and the unidentified fellow at left is likely Julius Pinkney "Jule" Gibson. He is mentioned in a newspaper account of a bear hunt on Deep Creek in 1929 as the hunt's driver. The driver handled the dogs and was critical to any hunt's success. All of the hunters needed to be fit, but the driver in particular. (Note by DAC)

On one of our last trips to Ocracoke, an incident occurred which best describes him as the tireless fisherman he was. We had engaged the services of a guide and would leave the dock early in the morning, returning late in the afternoon. Each day my father engaged in conversation with an elderly resident who was always there to see the fisherman go out and return and to inquire as to their luck. On the day of our departure, we arrived at the dock very early to engage passage on the mail boat for the mainland. Our friend was there as usual. He stated to my father, "Well, I guess you are going after them again?" My father replied, "No, we are going home." Whereupon our friend said, "I know these fish will be damn glad to see you leave."

My father was also an avid crow hunter, particularly during the spring of the year. On any given Saturday, long before my waking hour, I might hear a firm knock on my front door and an unmistakable demand to "get up." "Can't you wait until after breakfast?" I would wish. "You don't need any breakfast" was his usual response.

Ira Shields was his crow-hunting companion. Ira had purchased a ticket in the Irish sweepstakes and had won enough money to hunt for the rest of his life. My part in the hunt was to act as chauffeur and to keep account of the crows killed. One day we killed one hundred twenty-five. Crows are pests as far as farmers are concerned and we had no trouble in securing permission to hunt.

My father loved baseball, as did Dr. Flowers, President of Duke University. During the spring of the year, if you had business with either of them, you probably would have found them at Coomb's Park watching the Blue Devils play.

My father retired from Duke University on September 1, 1947. Within thirty days, he had sold his home and returned to Bryson City and his beloved mountains to spend the remainder of his days. He died August 28, 1950. He is buried in the Bryson City Cemetery. His portrait hangs in the Duke University Law School and in the Swain County Administration and Courthouse Building in Bryson City.

To give you a picture of my father as viewed through the eyes of his colleagues in the faculty of the Duke University School of Law, I have borrowed from an eulogy delivered by a dear friend and colleague, Dr. Hersey Spence, at his funeral held in Bryson City on August 30, 1950:

> *The records will show that he was a careful and tireless lawyer, a great judge, a wise teacher and a model citizen. His broad and profound knowledge of the law, gained not only from years of careful study but also from a long successful career at the bar, culminating in a term of service as a Superior Court Judge, equipped him as the effective educator he early became. His uniform courtesy, his sympathetic dealing with students who sat under him, his wise counsel and his generous spirit endeared him to all his associates and made him a beloved and respected figure in the Duke University Law School.*

My father was a great man, a great lawyer, a great judge, a great teacher, but most of all he was a great father. I am deeply honored that my portrait hangs beside his in the Law School Building and in the Board of Trustees room in the Allen Building at Duke University.

Reception honoring Judge Bryson on the occasion of his retirement. Seated from his right to left: President Dr. Robert L. Flowers, Mr. B.S. Womble, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, Judge Bryson standing, Harold Shepherd, Dean of Duke Law School and H. Claude Horack, former Dean.

SUPERIOR Court Minutes File # 84-M-7

BRYSON CITY, N. C. Seat of Court Film # 89-2-223

SPECIAL Session

DATE	PROCEEDINGS
May 26, 1984	A special scheduled session of the Superior Court is now open in the Swain County Administration and Courthouse Building in Bryson City, North Carolina on this the 26th day of May, 1984. The Honorable James U. Downs, Superior Court Judge, for the 30th Judicial District, is present and holding this special session of Court. The Honorable Marcellus Buchanan, District Attorney for the 30th Judicial District is present. The Honorable Sara H. Robinson, Clerk of Superior Court for the County of Swain is present and keeping the records of this Court. The opening comments and introductions were presented by Joseph A. Pachnowski, County Attorney. Edwin C. Bryson, and Edwin C. Bryson, Jr. delivered the attached remarks of the lives of their Grandfathers in Swain County, and presented portraits to the people of Swain County to be installed in appropriate places in the Swain County Administration and Courthouse Building. Court is now adjourned. Helen C. DeHart Assistant Clerk The portraits were a gift of Judge Bryson's children. EWB

AOC-L Form 58
12/66

Five generations of Brysons

Amabel Black Bryson

My mother, Amabel (Amy) Black Bryson, was born November 19, 1872, in Bridgeport, Illinois. Mother and Father were married December 18, 1895. You may wonder how they became acquainted, living so far apart. The answer is that she came to Western North Carolina for reasons of health. There was some suspicion that she might have a tubercular problem and Western North Carolina was noted for the treatment of such cases. Fortunately, it developed that such was not her problem.

My mother was a Baptist and was very much interested in church affairs. She always insisted that her children attend Sunday School. Brother Thad and I wore long black stockings with our knee pants, and if a hole appeared in a stocking and there was no time for mending, black shoe polish was used to cover up the hole. Consequently, we could not escape Sunday School because we were not well dressed.

Mother, Sister Marion, and Sister Kathleen

I recall the trips we would make to Asheville, North Carolina, by train, for the purpose of shopping for Christmas. With two or three children in tow, Mother would go from store to store, purchase as much as we could carry, return to the hotel to unload, and go forth again. This was always an overnight trip, and we would take our meals at the hotel where we were staying. I recall on one occasion at dinner—supper we called it in those days—I received a sharp tap on my head when my mother saw me "licking" the catsup bottle.

I remember another trip, this one to visit my grandparents who lived in Illinois. I was seven or eight years old at the time. My mother had just bought me a new cap of which I was very proud. Our travel plans called for us to change trains in Asheville. After we were comfortably settled on the new train, I happened to be sitting next to the window. While we were chugging along, it occurred to me that, if I raised the window, I could look out and see the engine as we rounded curves. This I did, but I leaned a little too far and off went my new cap into "the wild blue yonder." I'm sure that if my mother had been sitting next to me, I would have gotten a "pop," but perhaps on the rear end this time.

During the late teens, my mother's health became a matter of much concern. Lacking medical diagnostic facilities in Bryson City, my uncle, Dr. Dan Bryson, strongly advised that she be taken to Asheville, N.C., the nearest place where such facilities were available. Accordingly, she was carried to Biltmore Hospital in Asheville. There it was determined that she was suffering from cancer which had reached an inoperable stage. On the trip to and from Asheville, she was placed in the baggage car on a cot. The trip consumed four hours. You can imagine the suffering she endured. On the return trip home, she was accompanied by a nurse, Miss Mamie Lineberger, who stayed with her for some two months.

During the last year of her life, someone gave Mother a large Maltese cat named "Uncle." What a strange name for a cat! "Uncle" slept on her bed most of the time and was a great comfort for her.

I have the original of the eulogy delivered at her funeral and written by my father. It best expresses the dear person that she was. Part of the eulogy reads as follows:

As a wife she was a kind, loving and faithful companion, always ready with a smile and loving words to drive away the clouds of discouragement or disappointment, scattering sunshine down the path of life's journey.

As a mother she was tender, loving and compassionate, finding her chief job in the happiness of her children and always solicitous for their welfare. No little joy was too trivial for her participation.

As a friend she was kind and considerate, meriting and receiving the friendship and esteem of all those with whom she came in contact. No one came to her for sympathy that was not cheered and comforted. No one applied to her for assistance that was denied.

Of her it may well be said – she was a Christian lady, a devoted self-sacrificing wife and mother and a kind and loving friend.

In the printed copy of the eulogy which appeared in the local paper, a paragraph was added as follows:

By request of the deceased, while the grave was being filled the colored people to whom Mrs. Bryson had been a helpful friend sang some appropriate selections.

With four children in school and Father, who was a Judge of the Superior Court, away from home for weeks at a time, it became obvious that we needed someone to look after the affairs of the household. Two or three years prior to my mother's death, two ladies, Zulia and Dix Ketchie, sisters who lived in Mount Uilla, North Carolina, had taught school in Bryson City boarded at our house. My mother had been very fond of them, as were we children. My father contacted them and learned that Zulia was not teaching and could come live with us. This was arranged and worked out extremely well.

Brother Thaddeus D. Bryson, III

Sister Edith, Brother Thad, and me

During our early years, brother Thad and I were almost constant companions. He was two years older and grew much faster, hence there were very few arguments between us. If other boys were not satisfied with what I was doing, he always came to my rescue. But there were few other boys around. I remember a family of black people (colored or darkies as they were called in those days) who lived in a house my father had allowed them to build on land he owned, which was only a quarter of a mile away. Two boys named Ernest and Irwin, who were the same ages as Thad and I, were members of the Taylor family. During warm weather, many were the days Thad and I and Ernest and Irvin spent together fishing, swimming, fighting or doing anything else that came to our attention. I recall my mother, dear soul that she was, always settled our disputes and fixed lunch for us. When Thad reached high school, he decided that it was more fun to play with girls than with brother Ed, so I had to fight my own battles from that point on.

However, insofar as hunting and fishing were concerned, we spent many days together, particularly at the Bryson Place on Deep Creek. The trip involved a three hour hike. Our luggage would consist of our fly rods, fish baskets, a piece of fat back for frying fish, salt, a loaf of bread, and a box of matches. Hobnails in our shoes were a must to prevent us from slipping on the rocks when we were wading the creek. There were plenty of fish, and since we were both gifted in the use of our fly rods, we seldom were hungry.

Snakes, yes, there were rattlers and copperheads, and occasionally we would spot one. I will never forget the day when brother Thad and I had quit fishing and were walking back to our camp along a very dim trail. At one particular spot, there were two rocks in the trail twelve to fifteen inches apart and ten inches high. Thad was in front and had just stepped across the rocks. I did not notice anything unusual on his part. As I stepped on the first rock and was in the act of stepping on the other rock, I happened to look down and there, stretched out between the rocks, was a large rattlesnake within a few inches of my foot. Most fortunately, the snake did not strike as I was wearing short pants and had little protection in the way of clothing above my shoe top. Also, we were fifteen miles from any medical aid. After taking care of the snake with our sidearms, we proceeded to camp. In such cases, it is usually the afterthought that produces fright. You can be sure I walked with extreme care during the rest of the trip, for if the snake had struck me I would not be writing of this exciting experience.

Father, Brother Thad, and me in the front yard of our home

When I left Bryson City to enter U.N.C., Thad turned to other companions insofar as hunting and fishing were concerned. One of them was an older person by the name of Mark Cathey. Here follow some stories about Mark Cathey wherein brother Thad was involved. They appeared in the April 4, 1994, edition of the *Asheville Citizen-Times*. I hope you enjoy them as much as I have. I should add that the article was written by John Parris who also wrote the article "Roaming the Mountains."

Indian Creek's Mark Cathey was the best dry-fly fisherman in these mountains

Indian Creek – There are a thousand and one stories about Mark Cathey, the mountain hunter and fisherman who was the peer of Boone and Crockett and the greatest dry-fly fisherman these mountains ever produced.

Born around 1860 here on Indian Creek, back in the Great Smokies above Bryson City, this was still the pioneers' preserve when he came along, a wilderness of tall trees and laurel hells where the cry of the panther and the howl of the wolf could still be heard and the streams were pure and rippled with speckled trout.

...

Another time, Mark and a bunch of fellows he hunted with went on a bear hunt to Swan Meadows over in Graham County. Mark had just got him some new store-bought teeth. In the group was a fellow by the name of Fons Hollifield who also had just bought some new store-bought teeth.

They had invited Pat Griffith, who was Graham County sheriff at the time, to join them, and he had showed up with a mule-load of whisky.

Well, along about sundown, Mark and Fons walked down to the spring where Thad Bryson, a young Bryson City lawyer, and one of his buddies were sampling some of the peartenin' juice.

Mark and Fons told them they both had new store-bought teeth and that their gums were hurting them. They decided to take out their store-bought teeth and put them on a stump for the night and rest their gums. That they did and went on back to camp.

Thad and his friend looked at the store-bought teeth sitting on the stump and figured they would have some fun with Mark and Fons. They switched the plates on the stump, putting Mark's where Fom's had placed his and moved Fon's where Mark's had been.

Next morning Mark was up early and washed up at the spring. When he finally walked back into camp, Thad saw that Mark had his pocketknife out and was whittling on a set of teeth.

Thad asked him what he was doing.

Mark shook his head and said, "Ain't it funny, my damn teeth shrunk on me last night and I'm tryin' to make 'em fit."

Thad and Mark were great friends and Thad took him down to Proctor Creek once on a bear hunt. Thad had a new pair of shoes

and he told Mark they were too small for him and were hurting his feet.

Mark told him he would wear them up the creek the next day and break them in for Thad. Thad didn't see him all next day until later in the afternoon when Mark came walking down the railroad grade barefooted and carrying the shoes.

"My God A'mighty," Mark said. "Why'd you give me these shoes? I couldn't wear 'em at all. Cut out the toes and cut slits in the sides and they still hurt my feet. You can have 'em back."

On the same trip, they had a truckload of bear dogs and Mark decided he would handle them. One old dog that had ridden all the way from Bryson City to Proctor Creek raised up and growled.

Mark got mad and hit at him. He missed the dog and hit the side of the truck and threw his thumb out of place and couldn't hunt for two days.

Another time they were on a bear hunt up on top of the Smokies at the head of Hazel Creek when they got snowbound. They were in the Hall cabin, a small herder's shack Thad recalled as being not much bigger than an outhouse. There were 54 in the hunting party, including U.S. Rep. Zeb Weaver of Asheville.

Mark cooked the meals for three days with one frying pan and one coffee pot. Thad Bryson slept on a pile of potatoes with Mark for three nights.

Mark had a time feeding them on what rations they had. And they were few, for they had meant to spend only one night. But there was so much snow they couldn't get off the mountain.

Mark said it was the only time he ever approached the Sermon on the Mount – feeding 5,000 with four loaves and five fishes. He fed them with one pheasant and gravy and had plenty of bones left over to feed the dogs.

Somebody asked Mark how cold it was. He went to the door, opened it and went outside for a moment.

When he came back in, he said he couldn't rightly tell how cold it was.

"When I hung the thermometer on a nail outside the door," he said, "the mercury dropped so fast it jerked the nail right out of the post.

Another story about Mark Cathey must be told. On a day in May in the late twenties, Brother Thad, Mark and I decided that we would amble up to the Bryson place on Deep Creek and see if the rainbow trout were biting. The day before our trip, I visited a local grocery store to purchase some groceries to take on our trip. While browsing around, I happened to see some small boxes of raisin bran. I thought this would be a good addition to our breakfast menu, so I purchased three boxes.

Tin cups and tin plates were the only utensils we had for eating purposes. The next morning while we were eating breakfast on the front porch, I asked Mark if he would like some raisin bran. His reply was, "I have never tried it, but if you say it is good, I will take some." With that I filled a cup with bran, poured some canned milk over it, and handed the cup to Mark. Soon I noticed that after almost every spoonful, he would turn from the table and appeared to be spitting something out. After breakfast, I asked Mark if he liked the raisin bran. He replied, "Yes, Ed, I thought it was good, but I do believe rats had been in it."

Mark will long be remembered as the great hunter and fisherman he was. He is buried in the Bryson City Cemetery. On the tombstone is the following epitaph:

MARK CATHEY
1871-1944
Beloved Hunter and Fisherman
Was Himself Caught by the Gospel Hook
Just before the Season Closed for Good.

In a more serious vein, brother Thad lived his entire life in Bryson City. He was married to Carolyn Forbell of Long Island, New York. Of this union, four children were born: T.D. Bryson, IV, Ann, Gail, and Rick. Other than engaging in the practice of law, Thad served as Mayor of Bryson City, Representative from Swain County in the State Legislature, Solicitor or Prosecuting Attorney of the Thirtieth Judicial District, and Judge of the Superior Court of the District. In the two last mentioned offices, he followed in the footsteps of his father.

Other Relatives

My grandparents on my mother's side were: J. Edwin Black, who was born on March 10, 1843, in Laurenville County, Illinois, and died in October of 1936; Ellen Jane Finley, who was born on January 15, 1831 and died May 13, 1910.

I recall my Grandfather Black's visits when I was five, six or seven years old. On arrival at our house, the first thing he would do was to challenge me to a foot race around the house, and he always won. Finally, the day came when I won the race, and that was the end of our racing. He never challenged me again.

My Grandmother Black died in a tragic accident when she was fifty-nine years old. She was riding in a buggy when the horse became frightened and ran away. She was thrown from the buggy and killed.

It is interesting to note that shortly after my mother's marriage, her brother Stanley W. Black came to Bryson City to visit. During the visit, my father, who was an attorney, suggested that Stanley use his books to study law under his tutelage. Stanley took advantage of his suggestion and later received a license to practice law. My father and Stanley then formed a partnership under the firm name of Bryson and Black. Later Marianna Fischer, who lived in O'Fallon, Illinois, and had been a classmate of my mother's at Shuntleff College in Upper Alton, Illinois, came to Bryson City to visit my mother. There she met Stanley, and they became engaged to be married. Later, at the suggestion of his father, Stanley moved to Tupelo, Mississippi. However this move did not work out, and Stanley returned to Bryson City and resumed the practice of law in my father's office under the firm name of Bryson and Black. A few years later, he and Marianna were married and lived the remainder of their lives in Bryson City.

Uncle Stanley and Aunt Marianna will be remembered in the growth and upbuilding of the town of Bryson City.

The Old Bryson Home

Just when the old home was built is not clear. If I had to guess, I would say 1875. A statement written by Mrs. Joel Gibson, whom I well remember, states: "When we arrived in Charleston in 1878, there were only nine houses, two small stores, an empty store building and the courthouse. The population consisted of Mr. and Mrs. D.K. Collins, who had built the first house; Capt. and Mrs. Everett who had built the second; Col. and Mrs. Thaddeus D. Bryson, Mrs. Mel Raby, Mrs. Lucy Cline, Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Shuler, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Collins."[13]

When you look at the picture of the Old Bryson home, I know you will wonder what happened to it. This is a sad story. When my father moved from Durham to Bryson City, the house was empty, but in remarkable condition. At first, he secured living quarters which were quite suitable in an apartment in a home owned by a widow. Apparently he discussed the matter of living quarters with his brother, Dr. Dan Bryson, and they decided to tear down the old home and build what Uncle Dan described as a "lean to," that such was all my father needed. When I heard of this, I argued as stressfully and tearfully as I could, that the old home which had stood for almost a hundred years and in which two generations of Brysons had been born should not be destroyed. My pleas fell on deaf ears. The old home was torn down and replaced by a small cottage. My father died approximately two years later, and my stepmother, Aunt Zulia, as she was known by his children, moved to Winston-Salem approximately two years after his death.

Item II of my father's will reads as follows: "I will, device, and bequeath to my wife, Zulia Ketchie Bryson, for and during her natural life and upon her death to my son, E.C. Bryson and his heirs, the Bryson homeplace located in Bryson City, North Carolina."

When my stepmother moved from Bryson City, she executed a deed to me of her interest in the property. But, alas, there was no old home and even the "lean to" had little or no value. I conveyed the property to my brother, Thad, who lived on adjoining property.

I do not hold these happenings against my father for it is evident that at the time he prepared his will he fully intended that the old homeplace remain in the family. During this time I know that his thinking processes had become seriously impaired, which was the reason he retired from Duke. My conclusion is that he acted under the influence of Uncle Dan Bryson, who had no children and perhaps thought lightly of sentimental values.

Many times I have been asked the question, "What would you have done with the house if it had remained standing?" Would I have moved back to Bryson City and followed in my father's footsteps? I doubt if I would have. One thing is for sure. It certainly would have provided a wonderful vacation place for my children and grandchildren, for I certainly would not have sold it. With the help of a landscape gardener, it could have been made into a beautiful place. But why speculate now? The question is "moot," as the lawyers would say.

I can best describe the old home and the surrounding buildings as follows:

The old home faced in a southwardly direction and was located approximately one hundred yards from the railroad and three hundred yards from the Tuskaseegee River, both of which ran in an east-west direction.

The original structure was three stories high with four large rooms on the first and second floors, each with a fireplace, and a larger attic on the third floor. As the picture will show, there was a full length front porch on the first floor and a small porch on the second. There were also porches on the rear of the house. After city water became available in 1910, a two-story wing was added, a kitchen and pantry on the first floor, and a bathroom and storage room on the second floor. The framework was built with oak beams put together with locust pegs.

Back some thirty feet or so stood a smokehouse with a dirt floor where meat, mostly hog meat, was cured and stored. The woodhouse, where the wood for the fireplaces and the kitchen stove was stored, was fifty feet or so directly behind the big house. Also a small house was built for Aunt Hannah. Then, most important of all, the outhouse was located approximately two hundred feet to the rear of the big house, quite a long walk on a stormy night.

I should also mention the spring house, which was located approximately one hundred feet from the west side of the house, and which contained a spring which furnished enough water for kitchen and household. The spring house was built of brick with a concrete floor, through the center of which ran a trough, ten or twelve inches wide and deep, in which the spring water ran. There the milk and other perishable products were kept.

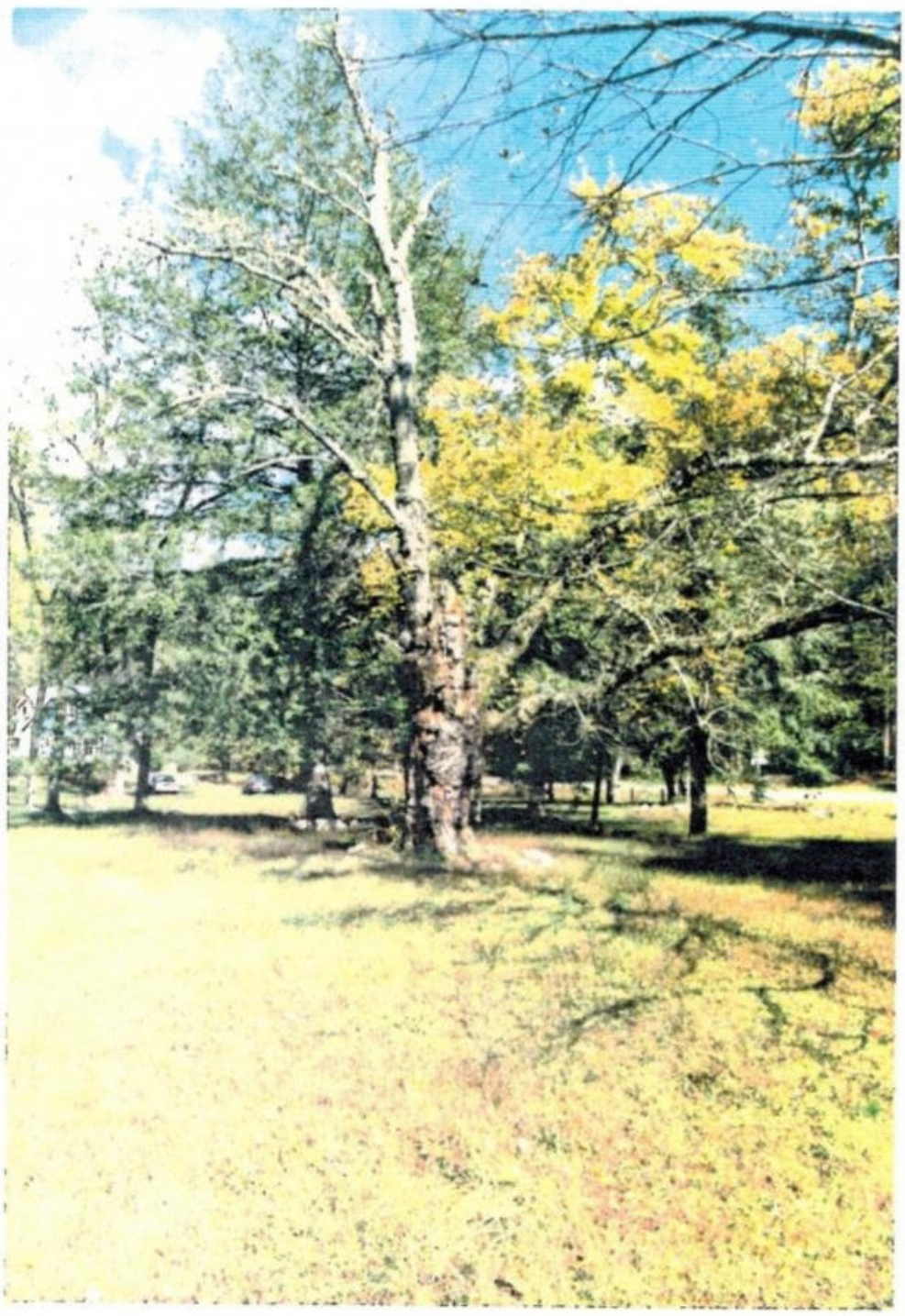
Lastly, there was the barn located one hundred yards behind the house where the horses and cows were housed together with the feed—hay, corn, etc. Connected with the barn was a fenced-in area through which ran Bryson Branch, in case the stock should get thirsty.

There is one happy thought about all this. Near the barn stood a chestnut tree and in the fall of the year after a frost or two, the chestnut burs would open and the chestnuts would fall. On school days, I would visit the tree on my way to school and fill my pockets with chestnuts which I would eat to stimulate me on my walk.

One or two other things concerning the old home may be of interest. Just a short distance away, there was a holly tree with yellow berries. People would come to see it, saying they had never seen or heard of a yellow berry holly. A hundred yards or so from the house was a spring called the "~~Big~~ Bear Spring." (You will recall that at one time the property was owned by the Indian, Yonah Bear.) There were two or three large stones near the spring, and Yonah Bear was supposed to have been buried under one of them. This was included in the tract which my grandfather, Col. Bryson, purchased from James Shuler.

The era between 1910 and 1915 brought many changes, some of which I have already mentioned, to the early lifestyle of the Brysons and to most of the people living in Bryson City, such as: the construction of an electric power plant on Deep Creek two miles from the outer limits of the town; the availability of city water to residents on the north side of the Tuskaseegee River; the paving of most of the streets and sidewalks in the town, and the linking up of State Highway No. 10, at that time the principal state highway across North Carolina to the Atlantic Ocean.

Old Bryson Home, Ca. 1870



This gnarled old maple tree is the only vestige of the home place and the beautiful home that was located nearby where two generations of Brysons were born and which was so uselessly torn down.

The Bryson Place

I have many fond memories of the Bryson Place and Deep Creek.

Sometime prior to the turn of the century, my Grandfather acquired a large tract of land which later became a part of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. On this tract, he built a house or cabin later known as the Bryson Place. At that time, the houses or cabins at such a location were usually built of logs. The spaces in between to be chinked, that is to be filled in. Few houses or cabins were thoroughly chinked. The idea was not to build: "Yo Pen so almighty tight as that you won't git no fresh air man's bound to have ventilation."[14]

Hunting from the Bryson Place, particularly bear hunting, was very popular. While I was not a bear killer, I did enjoy listening to the dogs fight the bear. On one occasion, I saw three dead bear which had been killed during the morning hunt hanging in the yard in front of the cabin.

Horace Kephart, author of *Our Southern Highlanders* which deals with the Great Smoky Mountains and the mountain people, chose the Bryson Place as his favorite campsite. The first edition of his book was published in 1913 and was read and acclaimed by people across the country. Reprints of the book appeared as late as 1967. Mr. Kephart moved to Bryson City in 1910 and lived there until his death in 1931. Set in an old grist mill stone at the Bryson Place is a marker which reads as follows:

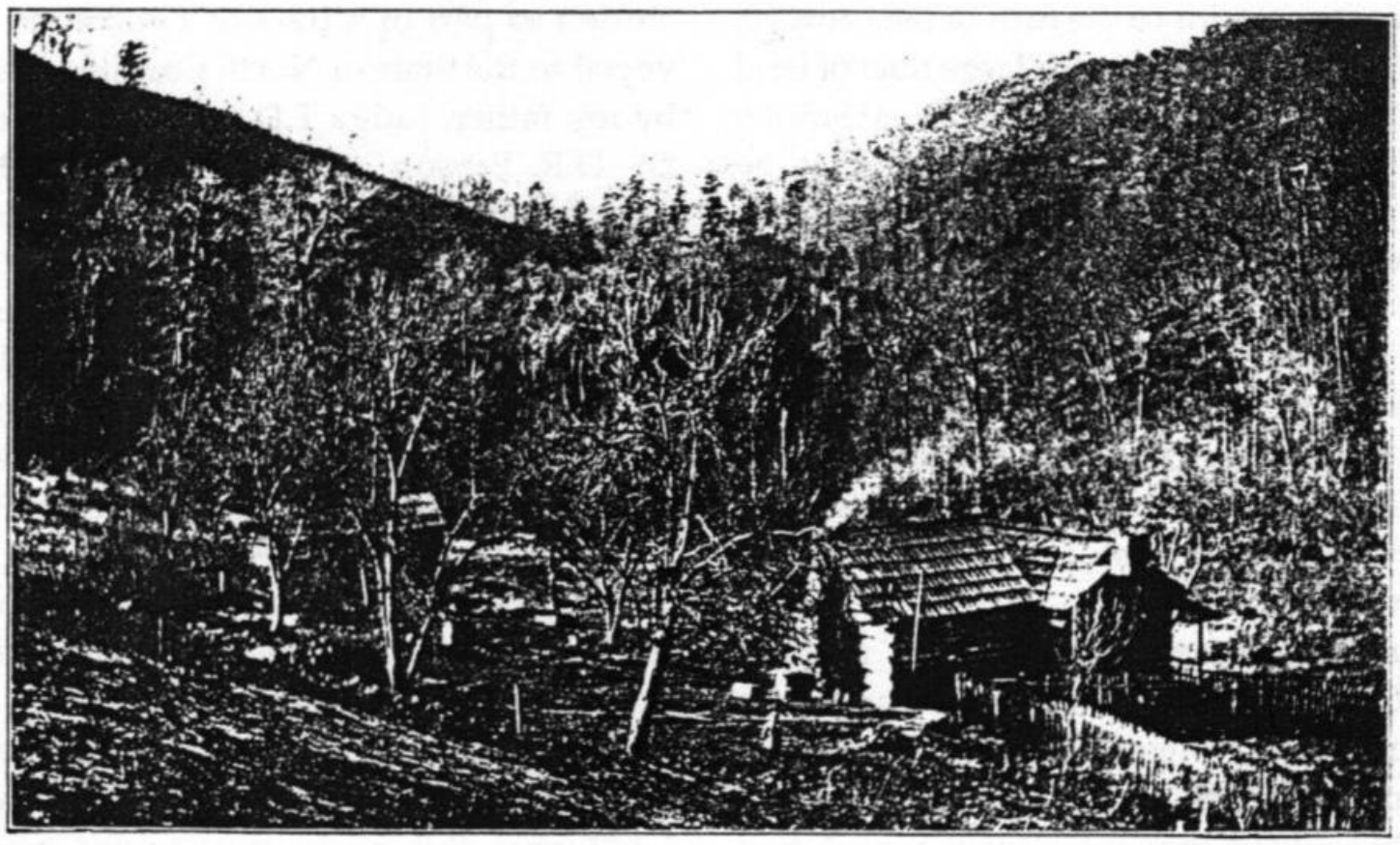
> *On this spot, Horace Kephart, Dean of American Campers and one of the principal founders of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park, pitched his last permanent camp. Erected May 30, 1931 by Horace Kephart Troop, Boy Scouts of America, Bryson City, North Carolina.*

The Bryson Place is now a part of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. It was included as part of a tract of 1,300 acres conveyed to the State of North Carolina in 1927, by my father, Judge T.D. Bryson, my uncle, Dr. D.R. Bryson, and my aunt, Mrs. Mary Tipton, who had inherited the land from my grandfather, Colonel Bryson.

I have been unable to find any record of how and when grandfather acquired this property. From the information in hand it must have been acquired through the entry and grant process. Since the property in this area was owned by the State of North Carolina, I must assume that grandfather had a survey made and then petitioned the State for a grant of title. You will note the survey calls for 10,075. It could be that through the entry and grant system he was allowed only the 1,300 acres. But, again, this is pure speculation on my part.

My translation of the nearly illegible survey:

> *Near Franklin, N. Carolina*
> *Nov. 30, 1867*
>
> *I certify that I have carefully examined the County Office and a Books with regard to lands formerly taken up within the boundary recently surveyed by me for T.D. Bryson in the Smoky Mountains Range and from all the information I can get it appears to amount to ten thousand and seventy five acres (10,075). The whole boundary comprises seventy thousand two hundred acres (70,200) leaving sixty thousand one hundred and twenty five (60,125) acres unencumbered.*
>
> *(Signed) G.S. Siles, CF*
> *for Macon Co., NC*



A Mountain Home

This is the same cabin shown on the opposite page. The only difference is the angle from which the pictures were taken. The house actually had three rooms—two "all purpose rooms," each with a fireplace, and a third room or kitchen with a small "cook stove" and a table with benches instead of chairs. You will note a small shed-type building which was used for storage purposes. A small stream, or branch, ran between the house and the shed, the water from which was used for many purposes, drinking included, but the branch was not large enough for fishing. Apparently, the mountaineers took great pride in their drinking water in those days, and nothing but the purest and coldest would satisfy them. Note the picket fence around the garden which was supposed to keep the wild animals out.

Note also in the picture the small child. She was the adopted daughter of Bob and Sarah Barnett who lived there at the time. I have heard that my grandfather paid the Barnetts fifty dollars per month, but I do not recall the purpose of their occupancy.

The Bryson Place

The following statement is included for it gives you an excellent description of the Bryson Place, and of the fishing and camping facilities there or nearby, at the turn of the century.

Some Memories of the Smokies and of Horace Kephart

Deep Creek.

Many years ago, about 1912 or 1913, a small party of us, six in all, were camping up on Deep Creek at the old Bryson Place, about ten miles from Bryson City, the County seat of Swain County. Deep Creek runs into the Tuckasegee River just east of Bryson City, a beautiful and rushing mountain stream and at that time was full of speckled trout also some rainbow trout. It was really a wild and fascinating trip to the Bryson Place — from Bryson City — in those days. We went up in a high stout wagon, with two big strong horses to pull us and Mack Thomas, from Bryson City, to drive us. He often acted as a guide in the Smokies, knew all the trails and streams, was a fine fisherman and a good shot and knew all about camping and could also cook. A fine fellow to have along.

Deep Creek is a very turbulent stream, clear as crystal and deep in spots. We forded it about eighteen times on the way up and some times the water would come into the high wagon. No outdoor fireplaces or tables — We had one good tent, blankets and plenty of good food along, wore old but good shoes — no boots — and hobnails in the shoes to prevent slipping on the rocks while fishing. We had blue flannel shirts and khaki knickers, and sweaters, and some light warm clothes along to change to and sneakers (tennis shoes). We did rough it, sleeping some nights in the tent, but more often right out in the open on the bank of the creek, which lulled us to sleep. We put down a blanket on some pine or hemlock boughs and had two or three blankets to cover us. It was cold up there at night. Of course we had our rods and reels and many good flies, the Coachman, Royal Coachman, Black Gnat, Queen of the Waters, etc., such pretty flies — I understand that nowadays a fly called the "Female Adams" is a great favorite with the trout fishermen. There were some fine fly fishermen in our party — My husband, Henry Grinnell, was an expert — We really never lacked for fish, often eating four or five trout each for supper. I caught one speckled trout myself that measured sixteen inches, which is large for a speckled trout. The Rainbow are larger. We often caught as many as fifty or seventy-five fish a day, in all. Very often at night we would hear wild cats screaming around our camp, or near it, but they never came up to our camp fire. Such big camp fires we had, logs burning. It was a pretty sight, those camp fires on the bank of that lovely mountain stream. The sound of the water would send us to sleep at nights, after an all-days fishing, a good supper and maybe four or five cups of good strong coffee. Drinking coffee did not keep any of us awake then. We often fished from 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 or 7:00 P.M., just taking along a few biscuits and some cheese for lunch. As I think of it now, I wonder that I did not get killed — or hurt — wading that stream all day. Deep pools, rough places and slippery rocks. I had a hard time getting through some spots and was alone the greater part of the time, as we did not fish near each other. Providence must have been with me. There was no limit in those days on the number of fish one could catch. We did throw back any very small fish. I understand that now the maximum catch in a day is five and that no fish less than seven inches long may be retained. It was a long time ago that we fished in Deep Creek. I understand that fishing at certain seasons is still allowed there.

We never saw any rattlers in or near the streams, but Mack Thomas killed three while we were on that trip, on the trails near our camp. He saw several copperheads one day while on a hike up to what was called the "Poke Patch" some miles above the Bryson Place. Such a dense and wild spot, dark, a very entrancing one. A good many snakes up there, but we never seemed to think much about them. We did see a few, and Mack Thomas killed one copperhead. There were some

very dense thickets of "Dog Hobble" (Leucothoe, sometimes called Poison Hemlock), near "Poke Patch", hard to get through, especially with a fishing rod along. The men had their guns, pistols, along, just in case a rattler or a copperhead might be on the trail — nice old trails and many lovely flowers up there and a great variety of trees and shrubs. We got into some virgin timber one day on a long hike. Sometimes we would walk ten miles in a day. All of us were good walkers. Walking is not tiresome on a cool and dark trail in the Smokies. I think one gets a sort of second wind.

I shall never forget the first time I met Horace Kephart. He came strolling up to our camp fire one evening, two days after we set up our camp at the Bryson Place, he and a friend of his from Massachusetts, J.B. Anderson. Both men had a red flower, I think an Indian Pink, in their shirt button holes, and Mr. Anderson had his ukulele under his arm. We had just finished our good tasty supper of speckled trout, bacon, cornbread, Edam cheese, and biscuits and jam for dessert and plenty of good coffee, so they helped us to clean and wash the dishes — put more wood on the fire. Then we all sat around that pretty camp fire and had a delightful evening — talking. What Mr. Kephart always called a good "Gab Fest". We had some music too. Mr. Anderson played his ukulele well and could sing. From that night on Mr. Kephart and Mr. Anderson were our fast friends. They were at our camp every evening. Would eat supper with us and then sitting around the camp fire until about eleven o'clock.

Mr. Kephart would tell us of his experiences while living alone in his little cabin way up in the Smokies, on Sugar Fork, in the Hazel Creek country. I think that was where he wrote his book, "Our Southern Highlanders". He told us about the beauties of the Great Smokies, about the people living out in the mountains and their lives and hardships — about bear hunts and camping out on the mountains. We never tired of listening to him. He was fine company and a friendly and likable man. He appreciated the mountaineers and liked them and they liked him. If the mountaineers like you, they will do anything for you. They make good friends — and if they don't like you, it's just too bad. They have a lot of pride, are very independent and do not want to be patronized. Mr. Kephart and Mr. Anderson were staying at the time with Bob Barnett and his wife in a little cabin on the Bryson Place, near our camp. The Barnetts were good friends of Mr. Kephart. He often stopped with them. Some years later the Barnetts moved away from Deep Creek and went to live up at "Aquone" on the headwaters of the Nantahala river. Bob was a big strapping, fine looking fellow, a great fisherman and hunter — and Mrs. Barnett a friendly and pretty woman. She too loved to fish. She would bake biscuits and bring to us and give us honey and even brought us a few berries. The Barnetts were hospitable and nice people. We enjoyed them. Mr. Kephart was not so keen on fishing. He was an expert shot, and knew all about guns and camping. He also knew well the trees, shrubs, wildflowers and ferns. He did love the Great Smoky Mountains — and the mountain people. Well, those were happy days that June up on Deep Creek. I wish that I knew how to better describe our two-weeks camp there. Mr. Kephart named the Bryson Place "Heaven". We were lucky in having good weather. Only a few showers that made the fish strike faster! We often had a good hot toddy after wading all day in that cold water, but no heavy drinkers in our party. Of course, Bob Barnett had corn liquor at his cabin and would bring us some, but it was too strong for me.

Mr. Kephart gave me a copy of his book, "Our Southern Highlanders" which I value much. To me it is the best book written about the Smoky Mountains and the mountain people.

After two weeks of heavenly days and nights we sadly broke camp on Deep Creek, and drove back down to Bryson City. Mr. Kephart and Mr. Anderson, going along with us. They stopped at the old Cooper house in Bryson, and we stayed there too for ten days and did enjoy our stay. Jack Coburn and Mrs. Coburn were living in Bryson at that time and we had a most pleasant ten days

there. Good eats at Cooper House. I well remember that delicious Sourwood honey, on the table for every meal. The honey out at Bryson City always seemed better than anywhere else. The Cooper House at that time was a well-known and popular place, an old rambling house with nice porches, many interesting people stopped there. Mr. and Mrs. Cooper were very friendly nice people and knew how to make people real at home. And Bryson City was to me the most attractive little mountain town I had ever seen, different from all the rest. It had much charm. That beautiful river, the Tuckasegee, flowed right through the middle of the town and the bridge over the river was a great meeting place, a good spot to hear stories of bear hunts, coon hunts, trout fishing, etc. Many interesting people lived in Bryson. The place fascinated me.

Jack Coburn and his wife were great friends of Mr. Kephart and of mine, and they did everything to make our stay in Bryson most enjoyable — in fact Jack Coburn and Mr. Kephart really introduced my husband and me to the Great Smoky Mountains and they took us later on several wonderful trips that I shall never forget. Jack was the first one to point out to me what they call out there "the old Smoke Lead" — meaning that long even line of the Smoke divide, seen at several points above Cherokee, on the Ocona Lufty River, a thrilling sight to me. Bryson City always seems to me the real entrance to the Smokies. The town was named for the Bryson family. Mr. Dan Bryson and Mr. Thad Bryson, his brother and a very able lawyer, were also friends of ours, and owned the land on Deep Creek where we camped several times, so that first trip up Deep Creek was not our last. The Bryson Place is now in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. I understand that camping is allowed there but there is no road up to our old camp site at the Bryson Place at present. There is a very attractive public picnic, or camp ground, on Deep Creek, two and a half miles from Bryson City and a paved road leading to it. One would have to walk up trails, or possibly an old narrow dirt road, from the camp ground to the Bryson Place. I am told there is still good fishing in Deep Creek. There have, of course, been many changes since I camped and fished there. And Bryson City has changed too — the old Cooper House, where Horace Kephart lived for many years, after leaving his cabin on Sugar Fork, has been torn down. The Tuckasegee River is still there. The town has grown much and there are many attractive and good places to eat and stay. The Fontana Lake comes up near to Bryson. The Tuckasegee River now empties into Fontana Lake. The building of the Fontana Dam, of course, made many changes. I remember that one December day I drove all the way from the Grange, near Fletcher, in Henderson County, out to Bryson just to get a little bit of yellow holly — there was one holly tree below Bryson, on Mr. Thad Bryson's land, that had yellow berries — the only yellow holly I have ever seen — It was not as pretty as the red holly and has much fewer berries. It is rare.

I was reading in the Asheville Citizen not long ago an article by Mr. John Parris called "Father of the Smokies" — Mr. Kephart — and I think that most interesting of our camp on Deep Creek and of Horace Kephart such pleasant memories have of both.

I have read somewhere that "Memory is a Bridge" and writing this sketch seems to send me across the bridge back to Bryson City and the Great Smoky Mountains.

Dodette Westfeldt Grinnell
The Colonial Inn
Asheville, N.C.
July, 1955

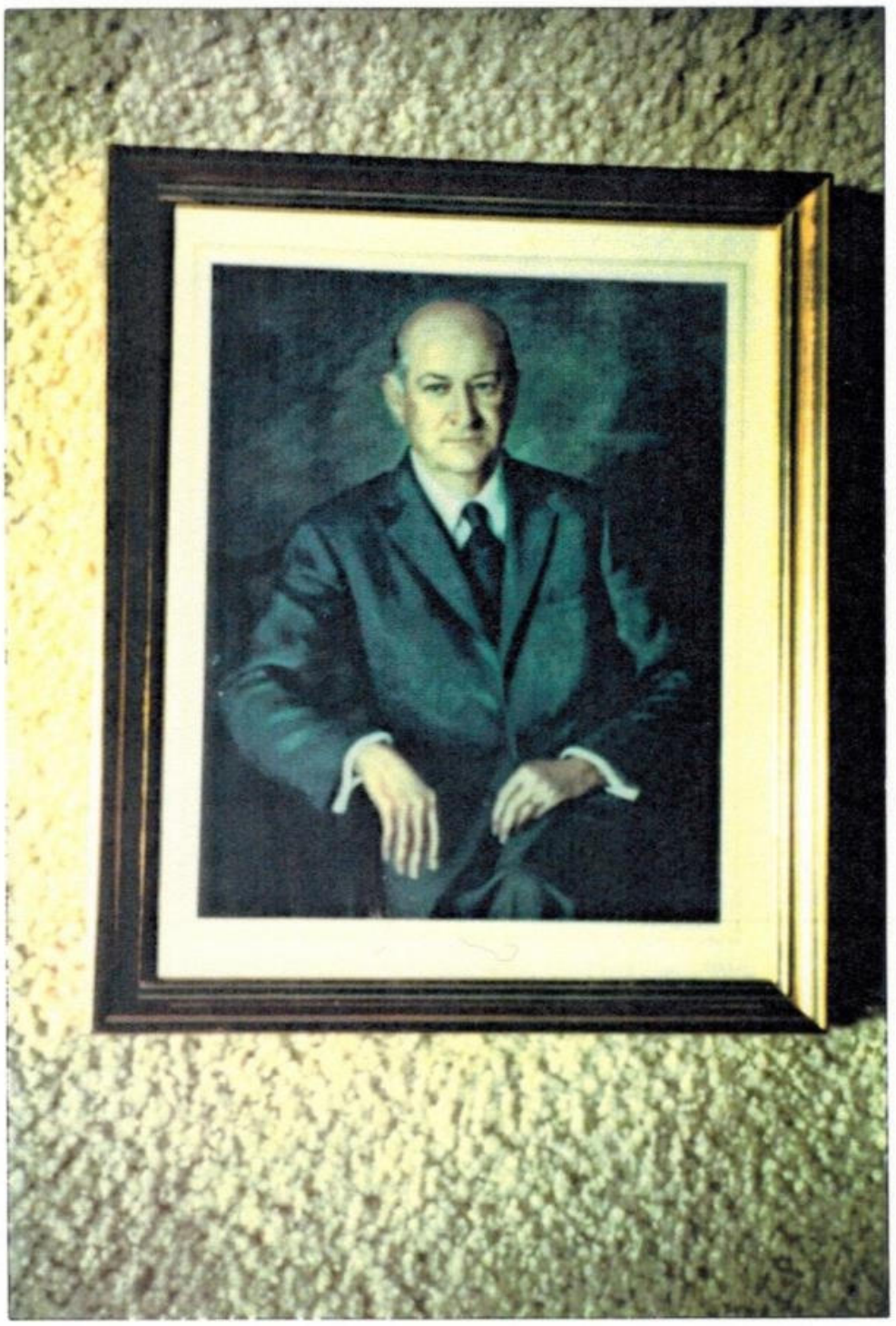
(Note — Copied exactly as written by Mettha Westfeldt Eshleman, 1978.
Original in Pack Memorial Public Library, Asheville, N.C. North Carolina Room.)

Footnotes

1. History of Jackson County, pp. 546-547.
2. Ibid., p. 85.
3. Ibid., p. 86.
4. Ibid., p. 107.
5. Ibid., p. 108.
6. Ibid., p. 172.
7. Ibid., p. 263.
8. Ibid., p. 547.
9. The Heritage of Swain County, p. 182.
10. Official publication of Bryson City Centennial.
11. Swain County Early History, by Lillian F. Thomason, p.63.
12. The Rebuilding of Duke University's School of Law 1925-1927. Robert F. Durden, The North Carolina Historical Review. Volume LXVI – Number 3, page 328.
13. The Heritage of Swain County, p. 20.

The Autobiography of

Edwin C. Bryson



My portrait which hangs in the Law School Building at Duke University beside the portrait of my father.

Preface

Someone has said, "We do not have to count a man's years until he has nothing else to count." After eighty-nine years plus, by looking back, reminiscing, and summing up, I have attempted to write something worthwhile for my children, for my grandchildren, and for my great grandchildren, with the hope that they will read these pages with pleasure and understanding.

My earliest memories are of things that occurred when I was six or seven years old.

The old Bryson home had no heat, except for a fireplace in each room, no lights except oil lamps, and no water except such water as was brought in with buckets from a nearby spring. Our nearest neighbor lived a quarter of a mile away, and the only method of travel was on foot on a dirt road, which would get very muddy after a rain or snow. So when I was a child, there was little to do and little to see, and no playmates.

My first recollections are of Christmas. I must have been at an age that I could write or print. For a week or so before Christmas, we children would write or print notes to Santa, telling him what we wanted for Christmas. We would then take the note as far above the blaze in the fireplace as we could get it and turn loose. If the note caught in the draft, it would go up the chimney, and we would know that Santa would get it. But if it dropped back into the fire, we would write another.

Our Christmas tree was decorated with candles in clips and popcorn strung on strands of thread, which was our tinsel. On Christmas morning, we would find our stockings filled with apples, oranges, and nuts, and there would be a larger present suited to each child.

Christmas dinners were rotated between our house, Uncle Dan and Aunt Anne and the Blacks, Uncle Stanley and Aunt Marianna. Usually getting from house to house was a chore, for there were no cars. The first car to reach Bryson City was a Model T Ford in 1914.

School was always a problem, as far as getting there and back home was concerned. The schoolhouse was located about one mile from home, with the last quarter up a hill called "School House Hill." Climbing that hill carrying books and lunch, wearing heavy clothes during bad weather, was really a chore.

Until I was eight years old, the only ice cream we had was during the winter time. The train engines at that time were powered by steam which was generated by water and coal. Hence, a large water tank thirty or forty feet high had been installed by the side of the railroad track which ran some two hundred yards in front of our house. During the winter, large icicles would form from water leaking from the water tank, so we would take the wheelbarrow and an axe to chop off the icicles and make the ice cream.

I am sure my children and perhaps my grandchildren have had the pleasure of making ice cream and know the mechanism used in making it. Of course, I am not referring to the freezing compartment of the modern refrigerator. In the old days, the children would draw straws to see who would get to lick the dasher.

One event which occurred in my early life still stands out vividly—the death of my baby sister Florence Amabel, whose nickname was "Birdie." Birdie was born September 10, 1910 and died July 14, 1913. I was eight years old at the time.

On a Sunday afternoon just three days before her death, my father suggested that we walk up to the apple orchard, which was only a short distance from home, to see the apples. Under one of the trees, which was loaded with red apples, we saw a small green snake. When we returned to the house, my father said to Birdie, "Go upstairs and tell your mother what we saw under the apple tree." Birdie started crawling up the steps, when suddenly she became absolutely limp. My father immediately called my Uncle Dan, Dr. D.R. Bryson, who arrived a short time later. After a short examination, he called the only other doctor in town, a Dr. Bennett, but he could not make a diagnosis either.

Birdie lay in a coma without any sign of life, but small bubbles which kept coming from her lips. On the third day, with the entire family gathered around her hoping and praying, she passed away.

This made such an impression on me that in later years, I have recited these facts to doctor friends, including those in my own family, but always the same answer came back, "Based on the facts you have given me, it would be sheer speculation to even hazard a guess as to the cause of death."

During my early years, I grew rather slowly. Even so I was always busy. When I reached the age of 10, my father bought a pony for we children, but I was the only one who showed any interest in Trixie, as we named her. My father had a large apple orchard, and during apple season I sold apples to the neighborhood and delivered them in a pony cart. My asking price was seventy-five cents per bushel, but I would take anything I could get. I also sold a weekly publication called "The Saturday Evening Post," which I delivered on my bicycle.

Fishing was always a hobby, even catching bullfrogs, the legs of which I sold to Mr. Amburn, the town's only barber, for ten cents a pair. Mr. Amburn was crippled to a point where he could hardly walk. His shop was located in a building next to the river which ran through the center of town. The bridge had a wooden floor with iron railings on the side. Mr. Amburn would bait his hook and tie his rod to the railing. When he saw the rod bending as if a fish was on, he would leave his customer, hobble over, and pull in the fish.

My father purchased the first family automobile, a Hupmobile, in Charlotte, N.C., in 1916. My father, my Uncle Dan, brother Thad and I went to Charlotte on the train, where we spent the night. The next day we drove back to Bryson City, a distance of 160 miles. Driving time: ten hours. Can you imagine that?

When I had reached the age that I was permitted to drive a car, I was hired by a man who owned a Model T Ford to haul drummers, as we called the traveling salesmen back then, to sell their wares to the stores which were operating in the lumber camps located some fifteen miles distant. Each fare paid ten dollars per trip, and my cut was fifteen percent, so some days I would make as much as two or three dollars, which was big money for me.

When I was sixteen years old, I owned—though not in the usual sense of the word—my first automobile, but only for a short time. At that time, my Uncle Dan owned a Hupmobile touring car with right-hand drive. He had just bought a new Hanes and had little or no use for the Hupmobile. He had no children, and he and I were about as close as uncle and nephew could be. So one day, while he and I were looking at the cars, out of the blue, he said, "Ed, I am going to give you that car, the Hupmobile, if you would like to have it." I was so shocked all I could say was, "Gimme the keys."

Well, the first thing I did was to drive the car home, get a wrench and disconnect the exhaust pipe, and go back to town roaring up a storm. I went by Uncle Dan's house on the first run. Then I turned around to go back home and shine up my new car. When I came back by Uncle Dan's house, there he was standing in the middle of the street. All he said was, "Take that car back to your house, put the exhaust pipe back on, bring it back here and give me the keys." Which I did. Now I can understand my feelings toward "hot rods." I hate them.

My father always raised hogs to provide meat during the winter for our family and a black family or two that lived close by. When my father was away, I played the part of the executioner by using a twenty-two rifle. This was not a pleasant job, but a necessary one.

I cannot recall any girl friends during high school days, but why I just cannot remember. Perhaps it was because there were no street lights and walking home in the dark was too scary. I know there were pretty girls then, and I know there always will be when I look at

my four beautiful great-granddaughters, Kate, Charlotte and "K.J.," and Ashleigh.

When I think of schooling, high school days must be reviewed, and here I have a real problem. I have heard people say that high school days were their happiest, insofar as schooling was concerned. Anne thought so. But with me it was the same old thing. It was just like climbing the old familiar ladder except starting on a higher rung. Walking all the way, carrying books and lunch, all classes in the same room. To my best recollection, there were only ten students in the graduating class.

We did have a basketball team, but the court was outdoors with sidelines marked with lime. The basket was no basket; it was an iron ring fastened to a backboard which was fastened to a two-by-four which was driven into the ground—no net. I wonder how Bobby Hurley or Grant Hill would have performed on that court.

My first pair of long pants, britches, as we called them, I remember well. My measurements were taken by the owner of our grocery store and ordered from some place, and I wore them for the first time at graduation.

At that time, my father thought that I was a little on the young side to enter the University of North Carolina and perhaps a little prepping would be to my advantage. With that in mind, we surveyed the prep schools in North Carolina and decided on Oak Ridge Military Institute, which is located near Greensboro, N.C. I enrolled there.

I recall the first football game I ever saw was a Carolina-Davidson game in Winston-Salem in 1921, while I was a student at Oak Ridge Military Institute. A friend who lived in Winston-Salem invited me to his home for the weekend. When lunch time arrived, my friends' plans called for lunch downtown at a cafeteria. I had never been in a cafeteria. I was told to get in front, which I did. I always liked soup, so I picked up some crackers and a glass of water and moved on down the line thinking, perhaps, there would be something I would like better, farther on down. But the line did end, and there I was, left with a few crackers and a glass of water. My friends' trays were loaded, so they inquired, "What was the trouble?" "Well," I said, "I am really not hungry and I have a headache." To tell the truth I did not have any headache and I was "starvin'."

When I was home during the Thanksgiving holidays, my father and I discussed the matter of my returning to Oak Ridge and decided that since I had enough credits to enter U.N.C., I could forget schooling until the next fall. So the question was, what to do in the meantime?

My father had made a trip to Ocracoke Island the fall of 1921 and had experienced the fabulous hunting there, so we decided that another trip to Ocracoke was in order. After a four-day trip consisting of two days by rail to Beaufort, N.C., one day by mailboat to Ocracoke, and another day in the guide's boat, we arrived at the campsite, which was a one room houseboat anchored in the marsh. The shooting was fabulous. The sky actually appeared to be filled with ducks and geese.

After five days of hunting, we returned home with sore shoulders and a small barrel of game. Before leaving I purchased two ducks which had been "wing shot" to the point that they could not fly, with the hope that they would live through the four day trip home where I would join them with a flock of home-grown mallards. One did survive and one did not. I had assumed that the duck that survived would integrate with the tame ducks, but not so. The next spring I was informed by some of my colored friends, who had been fishing in the Tuskaseegee River, which ran approximately two hundred yards in front of our house, that they had seen "Mistah Ed's" duck in full flight headed north. Apparently, "Mistah Ed's" duck had caught migration fever.

During the early twenties, we did have a baseball team in Bryson City, and I played center field. I was no bambino with a bat, but I was death on fly balls. So much so that my nickname was "Tar Bucket."

In my athletic career, golf came next. My Aunt Mary owned a large piece of land on the outskirts of town. My Uncle Dan, was her property manager and he liked to play golf, so we fashioned a golf course on the property rent-free. What a course it was! Our fairways were worse than present day rough, and our greens were not green—they were just plain dirt. We had no rules. You made your own rules as you "hacked" along. I always tried to do the best I was capable of, so I subscribed to the American Golfer Magazine. I would study the pictures of Bobby Jones, Walter Hagen, and other famous golfers to get some ideas as to how to swing a club. As a matter of fact, my brother-in-law and I drove all the way to Augusta, Georgia, to see Bobby Jones play. At that time, some of the main roads ran through the country and were just plain dirt roads, and some of the farmers did not pen up their chickens and their chickens scratched in the road. When I stopped at the golf course, I had two hens on the bumper of my car.

Later on, some of the small towns in extreme western North Carolina had fairly good courses, all with sand greens. Usually a tournament was held at one of the courses on the Fourth of July. In 1926, the tournament was held in Franklin, N.C. I won the tournament and received a leather golf bag. Few people in Bryson City had ever seen a leather golf bag, so I was asked to leave the bag on display in the window of the town drug store for a few days.

By this time, I had outgrown my shyness and girls were on my mind, at times that is. I heard that a new girl had just moved to Sylva, which was only twenty miles east of Bryson City; that she was the new Methodist preacher's daughter; that she was a blond and was right pretty and was of "courtin'" age. After much contemplation, I decided the best way to handle this situation was to drive up to Sylva, locate the Methodist parsonage, and just plain walk up on the porch, knock on the front door, and see what came out, and I did. Well, sure enough this beautiful blond opened the door. I looked at her and she looked at me, and I thought, "I have really struck gold." Well, I really struck gold all right. I noticed her left hand on the door knob, and on that certain finger was a ring with a diamond as big as an acorn. What did I do? Well I just did a "Rhett Butler" bow, and said, "Excuse me, I must be at the wrong house." Her reply, "I am sure you are."

Later on during the summer, while at a dance in Waynesville, which was some thirty or forty miles east of Bryson City, I met a very nice looking brunette named Mary Barber. I was a good dancer back in those days and so was she. Before I left, I mentioned that I would like to call on her later and her reply was, "That will be fine."

I had always heard that her father had the largest apple orchard in western North Carolina, but I hasten to say that it was not apples I had in mind at the time. Two or three weeks later, when things were very dull in Bryson City, the thought came to me—why not call Mary Barber, make up some reason for being in Waynesville on a certain day and ask her to have dinner with me. So I called Mary, told her I had a legal matter to attend to in Waynesville, (which was not true), and would like her to have dinner with me. She said she would be pleased to do so and gave me directions to her house. So on the agreed day, I picked Mary up around six o'clock and out we went. We had a very nice dinner and returned to her house, which was really a beautiful place. She ushered me into the parlor, which we called the "courtin'" room in those days. I looked to see if the shades were up or down, and then I looked for the settee. And you won't believe this, but there sat a live

monkey in the place where I expected to sit. I could not believe what I was looking at. Mary immediately noticed my consternation, so she said, "That is my pet monkey and his name is 'Sam,' named for a former boy friend. Sam is perfectly harmless and you can pet him if you would like to." Well, I thought to myself, "I ain't interested in pettin' no monkey. I am interested in petting 'you know who.'" We sat down, but the closer I moved to Mary, the beadier that monkey's eyes got—as if he was trying to tell me, "Get no closer." Well, dear reader, I know you are thinking "What did you do?" To tell you the truth, I "jest set there and et apples until going home time." As my dear old black nurse, "Aunt Hannah," would say, "Folks, dats de God's truf, if eber I told it."

Another experience which was very memorable was my participation in the Bryson City Band. My memory fails me somewhat at this point, but my best recollection is that during the year 1922, a man by the name of Bob Curry moved from Asheville, N.C., to Bryson City and set up a plumbing business. Bob had been a member of a band in Asheville and was quite a gifted musician. That is, he could play most any kind of horn. So the word went out: Why not organize a band here in Bryson City?

Surprisingly enough, it developed that there were a number of people, some in surrounding communities, who had experience in band work and readily volunteered. One, I particularly recall, was a Cherokee Indian named Carl Standing Deer, who played bass horn. There were others, like me, who were willing to try to learn. So, within about a year or so, Mr. Curry had himself a band of sorts, aptly named Bryson City Band. I played trumpet.

In 1923 or 1924, the band was invited to participate in a Fourth of July celebration in the Town of Andrews, which was some twenty-five or thirty miles west of Bryson City. A large truck was readied which could carry fifteen members of the band selected by the band leader, Mr. Curry. The program called for the band to play in a bandstand during the morning and in the parade during the afternoon. The route for the parade involved a short ride over an unpaved street and when the parade ended our bass player, Carl Standing Deer, was missing two front teeth. This may not sound funny to some people but the opinion of the band members was that someone had given Carl a shot or two of "white lightning" which is what the Indians called corn whiskey and which made Carl a little careless in blowing into the mouthpiece, which was made of heavy metal.

A few years later, I played trumpet in a seven piece orchestra we had organized in Bryson City, principally to play at dances at Fryemont Inn.

During the winter of 1924-25, while I was a student at U.N.C., together with several fraternity brothers I attended a dance at the Sir Walter Raleigh Hotel in Raleigh. It was a very cold night, and I had borrowed a top coat from a fraternity brother, Henry Foscue, well-known to Dan and Mary. When the dance was over, we proceeded to the cloakroom to obtain our coats but our coats were nowhere to be found. So, I sold my trumpet to obtain money to buy Henry Foscue another top coat. Thus ended my musical career.

The Year 1927

As I look back over my early life, the year 1927 stands out.

I entered the University of North Carolina in the fall of 1922. After three years of undergraduate work, I transferred to the law school. After one year I decided not to return to law school but to study in my father and brother's law office. In December 1926, I took the North Carolina bar examination. Luckily I passed and I was licensed to practice January 31, 1927.

I was officially sworn in to practice at the May term of court. Before I could get out of the courthouse the judge appointed me to represent a backwoods man who had been asleep by the side of a public road and was charged with public drunkenness. The evidence on the part of the prosecution was that the defendant was found asleep, that his dog was tied up and his horse was loose, and that he, the sheriff, thought he smelled whiskey on his breath.

I did not put on any evidence, but argued that the fact that the defendant had tied up his dog and let his horse run loose was conclusive evidence that my client was not drunk, for he knew that if he had let the dog run loose, the dog, being a hound dog, would have been after a rabbit or some other game, and nowhere to be found. I knew that most of the jurors knew the ways of hound dogs and horses, and in five minutes they returned with a verdict of not guilty.

So, I won my first case. Not by reason of any law I knew, but from my knowledge of the ways of horses and dogs.

It was also during 1927 that I was elected mayor of Bryson City. Bryson City was in those days a very small town, and mayor was not a very high office. As I recall, some time before the election, I was approached by half a dozen people, including my uncles, Dr. Dan Bryson and Stanley Black, and asked whether I would be willing to run. I responded that, if no one else was interested, I would be willing. As I was the only candidate, I was elected. I was told at the time that I was the youngest mayor in the country. I served as a judge for minor affairs, often sentencing offenders to community service such as cleaning the streets. I was also on the City Council and presided over the meetings of the Board of City Aldermen.

During the summer of 1927, Uncle Dan told me that he had been reading about a motorcade commemorating the completion of a paved highway to be known as the Atlantic Scenic Highway, which ran from Quebec to New Orleans. The motorcade would begin in New Orleans and would follow the course of the highway north to Quebec. To my amazement, the highway ran through Bryson City. Actually, the first and only stop in North Carolina would be Asheville, which is only fifty miles east of Bryson City. The plans further stated that the group would travel in tandem, escorted by local highway police officers, and would be entertained each day at lunch and dinner by a local organization. Uncle Dan and I calculated that if four of us went on the journey, our individual expenses of one-fourth of the expenses of the car and the night's lodging, as well as breakfast, would not be a bad deal. My Aunt Annie and her friend Mrs. Ora Lee Daugherty were pleased to make the trip, so we signed up.

The motorcade arrived in Bryson City on schedule which, as I recall, was early in September. This happened to be a thirty minute rest stop, so I, as mayor, welcomed them to the metropolis of Bryson City, and they were served soft drinks. Some of the men inquired as to that "mountain moonshine" they had heard a lot about. After a cursory check of the car, particularly the tires, we roared away. I should point out that at each state line we were joined by a mechanic with a van loaded with equipment in case of any car trouble.

After two or three days, we learned that there were many, many celebrities in the group, including two or three governors, legislators, mayors, and the celebrated Bobby Jones, the world's champion golfer at that time. It happened that as we were driving through Virginia, the driver of a car entering from a side road, apparently excited by the long line of cars, bumped into the car (a Pierce Arrow) in which Bobby was riding, which was some car back in those days. However, no problem, he was furnished with another Pierce Arrow at the nearest city where one could be located.

After an overnight stop in the state of Pennsylvania, Uncle Dan decided that he would take over the wheel and do some of the driving, since I must be getting tired. In spite of Aunt Annie's protest, he established himself under the wheel, but not for long. Our car was parked behind the hotel, and as Uncle Dan drove into the street, he bumped into a street car. No damage was done, except to his pride. However, he was directed by Aunt Annie to turn the driving chores over to me, which he did for the rest of the trip.

Soon the day arrived when we crossed the border from the United States into Canada, and the first big sign we saw along the road was "Drink Canada Dry." Of course, the reference was to ginger ale, but not so for many of the gentlemen in the group, from the looks of the line that formed early the next morning in front of an ABC store directly across the street from our hotel.

Our well-conceived plans of the night before to get up early, sneak across the street to the ABC store, and get back to our room went for naught. When we opened the door of the elevator, our booty under our arms, heading back to our room, there stood Aunt Annie and her companion, waiting to go downstairs. But there comes a time when all sins are forgiven. Perhaps Aunt Annie realized that this was not only a sight seeing trip but a fun trip as well.

The next day our trip ended, and what an ending. We were all staying at the world famous Chateau Frontenac Hotel. Such elegance. The dinner, which actually was a dinner dance, was certainly a gala affair, attended by those in high office. We were certainly accorded a royal welcome and a royal goodbye.

The next day, the group parted, each going his or their own way. Our return home had been routed for us by the Automobile Association of America (AAA) and presented no problems. However, one further incident must be told. It was my job to get the car each morning and to gas up or whatever was needed. Knowing that we would enter the United States by way of Rouses Point, New York, and that the U.S. Customs Office was located there, I inquired of the garage attendant as to their practice. Were they tough insofar as imposing duties was concerned? The answer was "yes," but I was told that if I would get a bottle or two of strong drink, he would fix it so it would probably get through. Thinking such would be a souvenir for Uncle Dan, I proceeded to get two bottles, and the attendant crawled under the car and wired them to the framework. I should also say that I had purchased a fox fur neck piece as a Christmas present for my South Carolina girlfriend, and I was sure I would have to pay tax on this.

When we reached Rouses Point, there was a line of cars in front of the Customs Office, and all we could see was bags being pulled out of cars and opened. It immediately appeared that all they were looking for was bottles, and we learned that for each bottle, regardless of the size, a fine of $5 was levied. And what a pile of bottles. I heard a stern-faced lady from New York exclaim, " I will never stand up again when I hear the Star Spangled Banner!" No attention whatsoever was paid to my fur piece, so I got through scot-free. When we stopped for lunch, I excused myself for a few minutes, removed the bottles from under the car with a pair of pliers, and placed them in my bag where they remained until we reached Bryson City. A few days later, I gave them to a much surprised Uncle Dan.

This was a very enjoyable trip for me in many ways, for I certainly saw a lot of country at a comparatively small expense.

By far the most important event that occurred during my term as Mayor was the dedication of the Bryson City and Sylva dam and electric power plant. The dam is located on the Ocona Lufty River which runs into the Tuskeseegee River at the small community of Ela, just three miles east of Bryson City. The Ocona Lufty is a beautiful stream with headwaters in the Great Smoky Mountain National Park. It runs through the Cherokee Indian Reservation. The Ocona Lufty and its tributaries are noted as splendid rainbow trout fishing streams.

Citizens of Bryson City and Sylva at the dedication of the electric dam, Ela. The group includes Clarence Angel, Dr. Kelly Bennett, Dr. A.M. Bennett, Stanley Black, Sr., Robert Lee Sandidge, Jr., Ed Bryson, Mr. and Mrs. McGee, Dr. Bryson, Dr. Ann Bryson, Harry Ditmore and Jack Coburn.

I am in the front row, second from the left.

Horace Kephart

Great Smoky Mountains National Park

In 1923, a movement had begun for the establishment of a national park in North Carolina and Tennessee. The writer Horace Kephart, whose book *Our Southern Highlanders* won its author the Patterson Memorial Cup, has been credited with being of great assistance in creating the movement.

In October 1929, Honorable Harold Ickes, Secretary of the Department of Interior, and several members of his staff visited Bryson City for the purpose of viewing the area proposed for the Park on the North Carolina side. I was mayor at that time, and it was my job to arrange a program for a dinner to be held in the auditorium of the high school. Selecting a principal speaker was no problem at all. Horace Kephart who was living in Bryson City at that time readily agreed to "fill the bill" and no one could have done a better job, for the Great Smokies had been his home for many years. He presented an overview of the mountains, the high peaks, the streams, and the thousands of acres of virgin forests. The thrust of his talk was what a wonderful vacation land this would offer to the vast majority of the people in the United States who live east of the Mississippi River. He described the lumbering being carried on at that time with little or no reforestation programs. Mr. Kephart felt about trees like Beverly Bryson feels about wild geese. His catch line when speaking of timber was: "Did anyone ever thank God for a lumberman's axe?"

My committee arranged for Mr. Ickes and his party to go horseback, if necessary, to the best viewing spots during this three-day visit. From their remarks at the time of leaving, we felt that they were much impressed. It later turned out that they were.

The Park, now containing more than 500,000 acres of federally owned land, was formally dedicated by President Franklin D. Roosevelt on September 30, 1940.

On April 6, 1931, I married Mary Elizabeth Lintner of Portland, Oregon. I met her when the Lintner family moved to Bryson City in early 1928. Mr. Lintner was in charge of construction work in the development of a hydro-electric facility near Bryson City. This work was completed in 1930, and the family returned to their home in Portland.

Three children were born of this marriage: Mary Constance, born May 8, 1932; Edwin Constant, Jr., born July 16, 1936; and Daniel Rice, born March 22, 1941. Many years later this marriage ended in divorce.

Mary Constance Bryson Dickinson

Mary and Edwin, Portland Oregon, 1936-37

Mary, known as Mimi to immediate family and several of her other relatives, was born on Sunday, Mother's Day, the 8th of May 1932. You may wonder where the name or nickname came from. Actually, from Mary herself. At a very early age, when someone would ask her what her name was, in trying to say Mary all she could come out with was "Mimi."

When Mary was just a "high chair" child, I would always feed her her breakfast, which usually consisted of pablum. During those days, the *Durham Morning Herald*, on the comic page, carried a picture of a rabbit called "Uncle Wiggly" and a short story about Uncle Wiggly. I, of course, was much more interested in the sports pages than I was in Uncle Wiggly. But if I stopped reading Uncle Wiggly and turned my eyes to the sports page, Mary would stop eating and with her finger pointed to the Uncle Wiggly story and her head shaking, she let me know in no uncertain terms that the sports news could wait.

As a child, Mary always liked to go to Sunday School. My father, at that time, was teacher of the Men's Bible Class at the First Presbyterian Church. On Sunday morning, I would drive Mary to the church. After Sunday School, my father and Mary would go to his home in Hope Valley where her mother and I would join them for the noon day meal.

By this time, we had moved from Hope Valley to an apartment on East Campus of Duke, and we had hired a maid by the name of Lulu. Lulu's job was to do some house work, but also to take Mary out on the campus each afternoon to ride on her tricycle or in her little red wagon. Lulu got much pleasure out of the "fuss" the girls who lived on East Campus made over Mary.

After we had lived two or three years on East Campus, Duke decided to take over the building we were living in, so I rented a small house on Chapel Hill Street in an area where there were very few houses. The owner we rented from was a farmer, after a fashion, who had a flock of ten hens which I bought for one dollar per hen. Mary was very much interested in the hens, particularly in gathering the eggs which she called "ops."

One day I noticed we were not getting many eggs and our hens looked rather "droopy." I had a friend who lived nearby who had a large flock, so I asked him to come over and take a look. The first thing he did was to pick up one of the hens. I noticed a rather strange look on his face as he inquired, "What are you feeding

these hens?" When I answered, "Oh, table scraps and such things," he replied, "Mr. Bryson, you are starving these hens. Come with me and I will give you enough feed until you can get to the store and buy some." In a few days, Mary was able to find many more "ops" than she had been finding.

During our early years in Durham, we always seemed to be on the move—the reason being that I was always looking for a bigger house in a better neighborhood. Finally I bought a house on Sycamore Street which was in the Forest Hills area. This was actually the first house I owned.

One day, Mr. Shaw, our neighbor, gave me a white rabbit which he had already prepared for cooking. When we were eating supper and the dinner plates had been served, each with a piece of the white rabbit on it, Mary eyed the piece on her plate and said, "Daddy, what kind of meat is this?" I replied, "Mary, this is country style fried chicken." With that assurance, she ate most of the piece on her plate. A few days later when talking to Mr. Shaw, he asked her, "How did you like the white rabbit that I gave your father the other day?" Mary came straight home and really gave me a piece of her mind. "I cannot believe," she said, "that you gave me a piece of one of those beautiful pink-eyed rabbits to eat."

I remember another incident that Mary laughs about now, but she didn't laugh at the time. When she was barely a teenager, she and some of her friends were having a marshmallow roast in the Forest Hills Park. While the party was "getting a glow on" it was also getting dark, so I strolled down to the park and up near the fire. Mary saw my beckoning finger and came along peacefully. Peacefully, she did not speak to me for a month.

Mary's primary education came through the public schools in Durham. She always enjoyed an interest in Student Government. She was president of Carr Junior High Student Council and secretary of Durham Senior High School Student Council.

In the summer of her senior year in high school, Mary was selected to attend the North Carolina Girl's State, a high school leadership training session for high school students. From that group, she was chosen as one of two students to attend Girl's Nation in Washington, D.C. It was at this time that she was introduced to President Harry Truman at a ceremony in the White House Rose Garden.

Also during the summer of her senior year, she was selected to represent the city of Durham in the Bright Leaf Tobacco Festival. The highlight of the final day was a parade in Raleigh and the crowning of the Queen of the Festival. Mary was second choice. The winner, whose name I cannot remember, was chosen Miss America a few years later.

Mary was graduated from Duke University in 1954 with a degree in political science. While there she continued to be active in student government. She was a member of the beauty court during each of her first three years and Queen of the Court her fourth year. She was a member of Pi Beta Phi sorority.

In her senior year, she was one of seven women to be tapped into the White Duchy, the highest honorary society at Duke. She was also selected for membership in *Who's Who in American Colleges and Universities*.

In 1956, she married William Andrew Dickinson, a graduate of Virginia Military Institute and Duke University Medical School. After six years of medical residence and military service, they settled in Virginia Beach, Virginia, where Andy is a practicing cardiologist. They have four children: Dr. William Andrew, III, an anesthesiologist, who also practices in the Virginia Beach area; Dr. Daniel Jackson, who is the Public Health Director for the Eastern Shore of Virginia; Susan Heckard, a CPA and mother of two little girls, Kate and Charlotte; and Mary Payton, an attorney practicing in Virginia Beach.

Mary is very active in her church. She is also a dedicated Duke basketball fan. There must be something very special happening elsewhere for Mary and Andy to miss a home game.

If you happened to be in Virgina Beach and wanted to see Mary, you would most likely find her in her kitchen, in her flower garden, or on the golf course. She is an excellent cook, has a beautiful garden, and is an avid golfer.

Edwin Constant Bryson, Jr.

Edwin was born July 17, 1936, in Durham. Three months later, Edwin, his sister Mary, and their mother would board a train in Durham—destination Portland, Oregon. There they would spend the next nine months living with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Lintner. I was at that time enrolled in the Law School at the University of Oregon which was located in Eugene, Oregon, some seventy-five miles away. I will leave to Edwin to describe in his memoirs, which someday he will write, the pleasantries of that trip.

Edwin's first schooling was at Mrs. Twaddell's kindergarten and from there to Morehead School. I usually rode the bus with him on my way to work at Duke. As Edwin grew, his mother hired a black lady by the name of Drucilla Wade. Edwin will recall that one of Drucilla's jobs was to take him to play in nearby Forest Hills Park. I recall one evening after a dispute as to the way she had cooked something for dinner, I fired her. After a few sharp remarks pointed at me by the "lady of the house," she was immediately rehired.

While we were living on Sycamore Street, Edwin and Macon Patton, a neighbor of the same age, became fast friends. While they had some differences, they always teamed up when neighbors Allen Umstead and Tommy Wilkinson came on the scene.

During grammar school days, Edwin enjoyed very much serving as "bat boy" for Coach Jack Coomb's Duke baseball teams.

While in Junior High School, Edwin began to show a decided interest in athletics, and this interest definitely increased as he moved into high school. Throughout his schooling, his mother and I had no complaint as to his grades.

After two years, Edwin seemed to tire of Durham High School and strongly indicated that he would like to go away to school. His mother and I decided that under the circumstances this course would probably be best for him. So, Edwin, his mother, and his sister Mary visited several schools and finally decided on Baylor Military School, located in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He enrolled there in the fall of 1952. Things seemed to be going well until he returned home for Christmas vacation. When time arrived for him to return to Baylor, he told me that he was not going back to Baylor, instead, he was going to re-enter Durham High School. I told him in no uncertain terms that he was going back to Baylor and to pack up his clothes, that his mother and I were going to drive him to High Point where he would join other boys who also attended Baylor. I can assure you that the trip to High Point was not a pleasant one. Edwin told me later that my firm stand on that occasion was one of the best things that ever happened to him. During the two years at Baylor, his grades were very good. He excelled in athletics, lettering in tennis and baseball, and becoming co-captain of the basketball team.

Edwin enrolled in Duke University in the fall of 1954 and graduated with a degree in Business Administration in 1958. He was on the Dean's List during his last four semesters. He also lettered in basketball. He was a member of the Kappa Alpha fraternity.

Edwin was always very aggressive in anything he attempted. To illustrate: Harold Bradley, the basketball coach at Duke, once said to me, "If ~~Art Heyman~~ Jim Newcomb [a scholarship player] was as aggressive as your son Ed, or if your son Ed had as much talent as ~~Art Heyman~~ Jim Newcomb, I would have an All-American player." Now it is golf, and he plays every chance he has.

Edwin became a member of the platoon leaders corps, U.S. Marine Corps, while at Duke and at graduation received a commission as Second Lieutenant and was sent to the Marine base at Quantico, Virginia. From Quantico, he was transferred to Camp

Lejeune and from there to Paris Island, South Carolina, where he was discharged from active duty with the rank of First Lieutenant. He served on reserve duty as Captain from 1961 though 1964 when he received an honorable discharge.

Edwin entered law school at the University of North Carolina in September 1961, and graduated in 1964 with a record as one of the top five students in his class. While he was in law school, his mother and I saw very little of him. At that time, we lived on Anderson Street. Over the garage was a small bedroom and bath where Edwin camped. We saw him only at breakfast and dinner. The same was true during the summer of 1964 when he was studying for the bar examination. In connection with the bar examination, Judge Marshall Spears who lived in Durham was a member of the Board of Examiners and a very good friend of mine. It was the policy of the Board not to release the names of persons who passed the exam to callers, but instead by publishing the names in the *News and Observer*, a Raleigh paper. I said to Judge Spears, "Judge, I know you cannot tell me whether Edwin passed the exam, but suppose I call you and say that Edwin and I are planning a fishing trip, and if he passed, you could reply by saying, 'That would be a good idea, and I wish I could go with you.'" Well, my plan worked and I was elated.

Edwin was admitted to practice in 1964, and joined the firm of Newsome, Graham, Strayhorn and Hedrick in Durham. In 1969, he became a partner in the firm.

During this time, as Attorney for Duke and Professor of Legal Medicine, I was keeping a close eye on the field of medical malpractice. I noted the alarming increase in the number of cases being reported in legal journals. In fact, Duke had two or three pending. Edwin's firm, Newsome and Graham, was involved with me in the trial of these cases. Edwin sat at the counsel table with Jim Newsome and me, and I noted his interest in the trial of the cases. I have always thought this was the beginning of a career in the malpractice field in which he has had tremendous success. His "trial record" is outstanding.

On October 1, 1992, Edwin joined and is now a partner in the firm of Patterson, Dilthy, Clay & Bryson, 4020 W. Chase Blvd., Suite 550, Raleigh, NC 27606.

Edwin is a member of:

* AMERICAN COLLEGE OF TRIAL LAWYERS
- The North Carolina Bar Association
- The North Carolina State Bar Association
- The North Carolina Association of Defense Attorneys
- The Association of North Carolina Hospital Attorneys
- The International Association of Defense Attorneys.

On August 14, 1965, Edwin married Katharine Lee Pickrell. They have two children:

Katherine Elizabeth, born December 20, 1967. She graduated from Brown University, 1990. She married Andy Vaughan Winchell, June 23, 1990. They have a daughter, Katherine Adele. They live in Los Angeles, California.

Edwin Constant, III, born March 21, 1970. He is entering the University of North Carolina School of Dentistry, class of 1999.

Edwin is a member of Hope Valley Club, is an avid golfer, and plays every chance he gets. He and Kathy own a cottage at Hyco Lake which is some twenty or thirty miles from Durham. They spend many of their weekends there. I believe Edwin is more interested in the wild geese that inhabit the lake than he is in water skiing.

He still maintains his interest in basketball. He and Kathy never miss a Duke home game.

Daniel Rice Bryson

Dan was born March 22, 1941. He was named after my uncle, Dr. Daniel Rice Bryson, who lived in Bryson City and had no children. When Uncle Dan heard of Dan's arrival, he immediately boarded the train for Durham. He appeared so pleased with his namesake that he referred to him as Daniel Rice Bryson, Jr.

We were at that time living on Sycamore Street which is located in the Forest Hills area. Our house was a one-story brick house with a small back porch. However, the lot dropped off in the back and from the back porch to the ground was approximately fifteen feet. There were stairs leading down to the ground with a guard railing on the side and with lattice work from the stairs to the ground. Rose bushes had been planted by the lattice work. One day when Dan was at an early age, he apparently decided to go visiting. Mary was the only other person at home. Hearing Dan screaming, she rushed out to the back porch and saw Dan lying between the rose bushes. He had fallen from the back door to the ground. She immediately ran to the house directly behind our house, where Mr. and Mrs. Tobe Shaw and their daughter Jane lived. She told Mr. Shaw of her plight and ran back to the house and telephoned me at work, saying, "Daddy, Dan is dead." I rushed to my car, drove home at breakneck speed, rushed into the house, and there sat Dan with a few scratches on his face, but otherwise very much alive.

As he grew older, Dan always seemed to be able to find friends. Among others, there was Teddy Johnson who lived nearby and Jane Shaw who was somewhat of a tomboy. I remember one day Dan and Teddy wandered a short distance from our house to where a family named Pollard lived. Dan and Ted ran home very much excited and told me that the two Pollard boys, who were not much older than Dan, were fighting and throwing knives at each other and that he and Ted were not going to the Pollards to play anymore.

Mr. Shaw had a pen of white rabbits and also raised quail. Dan was quite interested in following him at feeding time. Mr. Shaw was quite a gardener. I also liked to garden, and since there was a vacant lot next to our lot, I did plant some things with Dan's help. The trouble was that Dan often said to me, "Daddy, Mr. Shaw's garden looks much better than our garden," which was probably true.

For several years, Dan, like his brother Edwin, was a bat boy for Duke coach Jack Coomb's Blue Devil baseball team. Some of the stories he would tell about the coach's words to his players were at times cause for "ear closing."

Dan's early schooling followed somewhat the same pattern as his sister and brother: Twaddell Kindergarten, Morehead School, Carr Junior High School, and Durham High School. Under the watchful eye of his mother, Dan always came up with good grades. While at Carr Junior High, Dan played on the football team and on the golf team at Durham High.

Dan was always interested in Currituck and his visits with our neighbors, particularly with the O'Neals who were our closest neighbors.

Dan's incentive came in high school in the form of one Beverly Vaughn Weeks. Dan was one year ahead of Beverly in school. When Beverly entered Duke, her challenge was that she would finish at the same time Dan finished, and she did. Shortly after graduation, they were married. Dan then enlisted in the U.S. Air Force and was sent to Officer's Training School at San Antonio, Texas. After three months training, he received a commission as a Second Lieutenant and was transferred to Nellis Air Force Base, Las Vegas, Nevada.

Dan's mother and I visited the family while Dan was stationed there. The sights in Las Vegas were just unbelievable. After four

and one-half years with Uncle Sam, Dan retired and came back to Durham.

Note: Here I must insert a story which, to my mind, had a great impact on Dan's life.

During my first year (1923) at the University of North Carolina, I joined Theta Chi Fraternity. It happened that a student by the name of Henry Foscue, who lived in High Point, NC, was also a member of the fraternity. Not only were we close as fraternity brothers, but we became very close friends. After graduation, Henry went into the furniture business with Globe Parlor Furniture Company which was located in High Point.

When I became associated with Duke and moved to Durham in 1931, we renewed our friendship. During the football season, if the Duke-Carolina game was played in Durham, Henry and his wife Val would spend the day with the Brysons. When the game was played in Chapel Hill, Henry would obtain rooms at the Carolina Inn and entertain the Brysons there.

Henry had a fancy for big cars and always owned one. When the Foscues would arrive at our house, Dan would always go out to see what kind of car Mr. Foscue was driving and to discuss the car situation. They became fast friends and usually upon leaving, Henry would say to Dan, "Now, Dan, when you graduate from Duke, you be sure and come to see me."

When Dan retired from the Air Force and after a brief vacation, he called on Mr. Foscue. True to his promise, Dan was immediately offered a job. After a training period, Dan was given a territory which included Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, and Missouri, and his family settled in Kansas where they now live.

Job-wise Dan has not been stationary. From Globe, he moved to Burlington Furniture, to Turner Furniture, and is now with Stanley Furniture which is located in Stanley, Virginia. During his last two years with Burlington, Dan was the only salesman to receive a "Distinguished Service" Award. At Stanley, there is a Masters Program to honor representatives who meet or exceed their quota. Dan has been selected in five of the six years the program has been in existence. Truly a remarkable record.

Dan and Beverly live in Olathe, Kansas, which is located in the Kansas City metro area.

They have three children:

Daniel Rice, Jr. who married Jani Pospsil. They have two children, Nathan Thomas and Ashleigh Danielle. Danny and Jani have their own company, Glacier, Inc., which represents products associated with the frozen food industry.

Edwin Randolph, who married Mary Madden, graduated from University of Kansas. He is a marketing representative with U.S. Sprint. Mary is in the interior decorating business.

Albert Vaughn who graduated from the United Air Force Academy in June 1992 is a First Lieutenant and is a contracting officer.

Dan and Beverly have a beautiful home with a large pond in the backyard which is frequented by large numbers of wild Canadian geese which at times are almost pets, so far as Beverly is concerned. So much so that her grandson Nathan often speaks of her as "Grandma Goose."

Dan carried his interest in hunting from Currituck to Kansas and has been able to locate some excellent hunting spots, particularly for wild ducks, quail, and China pheasants.

Fortunately for them, his Dickinson relatives, being great hunters and excellent shots, have been able to share the hunting with him.

Edwin, Mary, Dan, and me in front of the portrait of the Colonel which hangs in the Swain County Administration and Courthouse Building.

On June 12, 1969, I married Anne Osteen Yarborough of Florence, South Carolina.

Anne's Children

From a strictly legal point of view, I suppose I should think of Anne's children as step-children and talk about them and introduce them in that manner. Certainly such is not the case. My relationship with them involves no formality whatsoever . . . to my mind, I really think of them as among my very best friends. I love them all.

Beth Yarborough Snowden

Beth, her husband Roger, and her two daughters, Anne and Harrington, and their children live in New York. I have never been much of a New Yorker, having been there only a few times when I was working at Duke. Anne kept in touch with them, and in this way I was in touch with them also.

Beth's son James lives near Charleston, South Carolina. During occasions when Anne and I were visiting her son Henry, we saw much of James.

James was severely handicapped physically, but in spite of his disadvantages he held a job, drove his car, and supported himself. He had many friends and was always a part of every party.

Anne (Tunky) Riley

The highlight of the year 1979 was the election of Anne's son-in-law, Richard W. (Dick) Riley, to the office of Governor of South Carolina. I always thought that Anne Bryson was part politician herself for she and her daughter Anne (Tunky) Riley had a great time riding the campaign trail.

Dick and Tunky Riley were a gracious host and hostess, and the welcome mat at the front door of the Governor's Mansion was truly an expression of hospitality and greetings with pleasure.

Since Anne was a native of South Carolina and had lived there all of her life, the mansion served as a very hospitable place for her to reunite her relatives and friends. Hence, we visited there on many occasions.

Governor Riley tells the story of a dignitary who was visiting at the mansion and while seated at the dinner table remarked, "Dick, I understand that here in the mansion, most of your help in the kitchen, maid service, etc., comes from the State Prison." Dick replied, "Yes, that is true. For example, the waiter who is serving you tonight is in prison for committing murder." From that point on, the guest appeared much more interested in watching the waiter than in eating the delicious food that was always served at the mansion.

Another matter of interest is that the mansion chef was at one time chef for the German General Rommel of World War II fame.

Dick Riley served two terms as Governor of South Carolina. He is now Secretary of Education under President Clinton.

Dick is known in Washington as one of the quietest cabinet members, but also among the most effective. His motto is: "Do all in my power to help all children have a better education." If it can be done, Dick Riley will do it.

Tunky tells me that she enjoys Washington very much, that as a cabinet member's wife, most of the time there is something exciting going on of which she is a part. She is also very pleased that daughter Anne Smith and family have moved to Washington. Also, her son Hubert and family live there. Her son, Ted, a fledgling attorney, lives in Columbia, South Carolina, and is associated with the firm his father was a member of when he moved to Washington.

Edward Yarborough

Edward is a highly successful lawyer with offices in Columbia and Greenville, South Carolina. He has two sons, Hubert and John. At the present time, he is "without wife." He has an apartment in Columbia and a house at Caesars Head. His house is very unique in that the back porch appears to, or does, hang over a cliff, and the view is something to behold. Looking straight down, it appears that you can see "out of sight." I have high altitude phobia, and I have to hold on when viewing.

Anne loved Caesars Head for several reasons. She lived in South Carolina until she moved to Durham. Also, she attended Converse College, hence she had many friends, some of whom had cottages at Caesars Head. There was always a round of entertainment going on, and Edward also provided one of those "any time" bedrooms for her.

Edward loves to fish. So much so that he trips to Wyoming every summer to fish some of the world-famous trout streams located there.

Edward and Henry, Anne's other son, were in service in Viet Nam at the same time. Can you imagine a mother's consternation during such a time?

Henry Yarborough

Shortly after Anne and I were married, we invited her son Henry to spend Christmas with us at Currituck. Henry's favorite sport was duck hunting.

On the day set aside for the hunt, I arranged for Herman Sears, a guide who lived nearby and who kept my dog Princess, to act as our guide.

When we arrived at the boat dock, Mr. Sears said he thought his boat was too small to carry the four of us, Princess, and our decoys. So, I suggested that I would stay behind and he, Anne, and Henry would go ahead, tidy up the blind, and set out the decoys. Then he could come back for me. The trip back for me and the return to the blind consumed about an hour.

I thought I had heard some shooting in the direction in which the blind was located, but thought nothing of it. When I arrived back at the blind, to my consternation and to Henry and Anne's delight, Henry had killed his limit, Anne's limit, and most of my limit. This was certainly a memorable day for all of us. Anne loved to tell this story.

Henry was a very successful salesman and had a host of friends. To use that time worn cliché, so true in this case, "Everyone who knew him loved him."

Henry's first wife, Jan, and their two sons now live in Brooklyn. His second wife, Martha, a dear lady, lives in Manning, South Carolina.

Henry fought a gallant fight to live, but the odds were against him. He died December 7, 1991, several months before his mother's death. I never told her.

Anne and Henry, Durham, 1972

Duke University Years

When my father joined the Duke University Law School faculty in 1927, the law school was beginning a rebuilding program, following James B. Duke's creation of the Duke Endowment in 1924, whereby Trinity College became Duke University. The law school opened on the newly built West Campus in September 1930. One of the appointees to the faculty was Professor John S. Bradway, who was an authority in the legal aid field and who had organized a legal aid clinic at the University of Southern California Law School. The clinic approach in teaching law was at that time regarded as quite an innovative method. One of the purposes of the clinic was to give students, under the supervision of the clinic staff, direct contact with clients. Such clients had to be indigent and could not have a case which involved a contingent fee. This required the hiring of attorneys, who would work with the students in the handling of cases. Through my father's influence, I was offered a job as a staff attorney in the clinic in August 1931. The law business was extremely poor in Bryson City and since my brother Thad was the older member of our firm, I gladly accepted the offer and moved to Durham. I resigned as mayor of Bryson City and Thad took on that job as well.

After two or three years in the Legal Aid Clinic, working in an academic atmosphere, the fact that I did not have a law degree began to bear heavily on my mind. So I decided to take courses in the law school when time would permit. This I did until I reached the point where I needed a full year of study to qualify for a degree. But it all required planning for I now had a family consisting of a wife and two children to care for. The problem was solved when Mr. and Mrs. Lintner, my wife's parents (known as Guy and Granny to some of my readers), who were living in Portland, Oregon, offered to care for the family while I attended the University of Oregon Law School. I was able to arrange for a leave of absence and a small loan from Duke University, and I accepted the offer, moved my family to Portland, and entered law school in September 1936. I will never forget the kind and gracious manner in which the Lintners came to my assistance and cared for my family.

After a year's study, I received the LL.B. degree from the University of Oregon Law School. I returned to Durham in September 1937 and resumed my work in the Legal Aid Clinic.

During 1945, my father began to show signs of failing health, and on occasion I was asked to substitute for him in his classes. His condition grew worse, and he retired as Professor of Law and University Attorney, September 1, 1947.

Shortly after my father's retirement, Duke University President, Dr. Robert L. Flowers, called me to his office. He told me what fine work my father had done as University Attorney and what a great loss his retirement was to the University. He then said, "Ed, would you like to succeed your father as University Attorney?" I was so surprised I was hardly able to respond. I am sure Dr. Flowers noticed my dismay, for he said, "Think it over for a few days, and come back to see me."

When I recovered from the shock, I tried to consider the offer in a constructive manner. I knew I had worked with my father on legal matters in which the University was involved, and my thinking was that if my father and President Flowers had enough faith in my ability to handle the job, then I should have enough faith in myself to undertake it. I saw President Flowers again, and in a gracious and humble manner, I told him I would gladly accept the appointment. The appointment was approved by the Board of Trustees, and I became University Attorney, October 1947.

The Office of University Attorney was changed to University Counsel by amendment of the By-Laws in 1962, and the University Counsel was made an officer of the University. It was a new experience to attend meetings of the Board of Trustees and of the

Executive Committee of the Board. The majority of the eleven members of the Executive Committee were lawyers, and meeting and working with these distinguished persons was certainly an education in itself.

Upon my father's retirement, the work in the Practice Court which he had set up and had carried on in such a grand manner was, in part, merged into the course in Legal Aid Clinic and, to take up the slack, a course styled North Carolina Practice and Procedure was included in the curriculum in 1947. I was asked to teach this course and given the title of Associate Professor of Law in 1947, and promoted in 1954 to Professor of Law.

Prior to his retirement in 1947, my father had established a custom of meeting several times each week during the summer months with Duke Law School graduates who planned to take the North Carolina Bar examination in the fall. I continued this practice on a voluntary basis until the early 1960s. My reward was the fact that we had very few failures during those years.

From 1951 through 1954, I taught the course in Practice and Procedure at what is now North Carolina Central University in Durham. This work proved very interesting.

The fact that I was legal counsel for the University also involved me in legal matters which concerned the hospital and the medical school. In the '50s, while reading articles of interest in various law reviews as well as advance sheets dealing with cases involving medical malpractice, I noticed what appeared to me to be a rising tide of cases in this field. I brought this to the attention of Dr. W.C. Davison, who was Dean of the Medical School, with the thought that it might be a good idea to work out a series of lectures which would be given to interns, residents or house staff involving related actual cases. Dean Davison thought this a good idea. In 1960, I was appointed Professor of Legal Medicine, and for a number of years I gave lectures not only in Duke Medical School but in the Veterans Hospital, which is located near Duke Hospital. The curriculum of Duke Medical School includes courses in Hospital Administration, and during the summer, graduates from this program returned to Duke when seminars in the field were given in which I participated.

During the early 1950s, and here again my memory is very hazy, I received letters from attorneys representing colleges and universities suggesting that an association of such attorneys should be formed and inquiring whether I, as an attorney for Duke University, would be interested in attending a meeting of the group to consider the idea. I then discussed the matter with the president of the university and several lawyer members of the Board of Trustees and all thought the idea was a good one. I then contacted the attorneys who had written me and stated that Duke University would certainly want its attorney to be a member of the organization if and when it was formed. In reply, I was invited to attend a meeting of the group which was to be held at (to my best recollection) the University of Michigan. At this meeting, the idea was unanimously approved, and steps were taken in the organization of the National Association of College and University Attorneys. Some 1,400 campuses (about 660 institutions), represented by more than 2,600 attorneys, comprise the membership today. I note, with pardonable pride, that I was a Charter Member of NACUA and president of the organization in 1965.

An occurrence I shall never forget that happened during my years at Duke was my first airplane trip which was to Asheville, North Carolina, in the late 1940s or early '50s.

Dr. Charles Carrol, who owned Highland Hospital, a psychiatric hospital located in Asheville, had given the hospital to Duke University. A meeting of the Board of Trustees had been scheduled which Dr. Davison, Dean of the Medical School, Mr. A.S. Brower, Comptroller of Duke, G.C. Henricksen, Business Manager, and I, as University Counsel were to attend.

At that time, there were three ways to go — by car, by train, or by plane. We chose to go by plane. Durham had a very small airport at that time. I am not sure whether the runway was paved or not. The plane we were to travel

on was a small two engine, twelve- or fourteen-passenger model with pilot and co-pilot. It was raining when we reached the airport around six o'clock in the evening, and I was hoping that we would be told the flight had been cancelled. But no such luck.

At take-off time, we were the only passengers and up we went. Since Dr. Davison is the chief character in this story, I should point out that he was no small person. Two hundred pounds at least, perhaps two twenty-five or more. It so happened that we were all sitting in the rear of the plane. As we sped along, I noticed that the co-pilot kept looking back at us. I could not imagine the reason, but I soon learned. When he came back, he said to Dr. Davison, "Mister, would you come and sit up front. The plane is out of balance."

Imagine my thoughts when I learned we were flying over the Smoky Mountains in an out-of-balance plane.

During the middle 1950s, it became apparent that the physical facilities of the law building at Duke were far too small. Professor Elvin R. Latty became Dean of the Law School in 1958. One of his prime objectives was a new law building. I was appointed Chairman of the Building Committee. Together with the architect, Dean Latty and I visited several law buildings in various parts of the country for ideas. Primarily through Dean Latty's efforts, the present building was built and was dedicated on Law Day 1963. I should note that an addition to the building is now in place.

While I have heretofore stated that the years from 1947 to 1960 were relatively quiet, this is not to say that I was not busy with university matters. See the article which appears herein entitled "Duke University Counsel Retiring."

During early 1965, student unrest which was prevalent on some college and university campuses reached the Duke campus. While at this distance it is impossible for me to write in detail, some episodes come to mind on which I will comment briefly.

There was a long-standing rule that prohibited the possession and use of alcoholic beverages but the "when and where" of the rule were never clearly defined. In April 1964, after discussion with various groups, the President relaxed the rule to permit the possession and use of alcoholic beverages in West Campus dormitories. Immediately clarification was requested by the student newspaper and the local newspaper. The Methodist Conference passed a resolution asking that Duke reconsider its recently established policy. It was pointed out that the penalties for violation were not clearly spelled out and, further, that the Woman's College and the School of Nursing were not included. Discrimination in favor of West Campus was charged. At this time, I was requested to prepare a memorandum concerning the laws of North Carolina in regard to the sale and possession of alcoholic beverages to or by minors. I assumed that the legal category of "minor" would include a large number of Duke students. My memorandum was received with amusement by many of the students who, like college students today, had no intention of paying attention to the alcohol laws.

Without doubt, the most significant experiences I had as University Counsel were in connection with the "Vigil" in April 1968 and the "take over" of the Allen Building in February 1969. The demands by the students for greater participation in university governance, for greater freedom from social regulations, for social justice and a more satisfactory system of human relationships, especially between whites and blacks, were beginning to be felt as early as 1965. As time passed, the demands of students took a more strident tone, especially as they became deeply concerned about Viet Nam and the draft. Criticism of administration policies and advocacy of new ones were expressed with increasing frequency. Outside events, in particular the explosions at Berkeley after 1964, found sympathetic reflection on the campus. In applying our policy at Duke prohibiting the blocking of passageways to buildings and preventing the occupation of such buildings, we experienced the explosive trend. Along with Taylor Cole, the University Provost, and Hugh

Hall, Acting Dean of Trinity College, we prevented the blocking of access to a room in Flowers Building where a Marine recruiter was holding interviews, and on another occasion, to the Engineering Building when other recruiters, allegedly of the "military establishment," were present. The first of these episodes led to the prolonged trial of two major violators of the picketing regulations. The second had no aftermath, though I was somewhat surprised when the 90-100 threatening "blockaders" opened the path to the building when given "exactly five minutes" to do so. Some of these participants were militant non-students.

In early April 1964, demands on the part of non-academic employees, racial tensions, and more importantly, the assassination of Martin Luther King and the reaction which followed, prompted a series of demands on the part of students which resulted in a march to the President's house by several hundred students. Due to a rainstorm, they were invited in as guests, but then refused to leave. I, together with a number of University officials, was called on to consider appropriate action. Several courses were considered, including the use of force. However, the final decision was left to President Knight, and he decided against the use of force. A day later, the students, learning that President Knight was ill with hepatitis, vacated the house, leaving only a "clean up" detail. They returned to the campus, and set up a "silent vigil" on the grass in front of the Chapel. To complicate matters, a strike was called by dormitory and dining hall workers. During the days that followed, there were several meetings of various groups culminating in a meeting of the full Board of Trustees on April 14, 1968, which set up a special Employee Relations Advisory Committee to take charge of the matter. The problems were finally settled to the satisfaction of the various groups involved.

Another event of great concern occurred on February 13, 1969, when in the early morning some forty black students arrived on campus in a large trailer truck, entered the front door of the Allen Building, and secured the building by nailing bars across the front and back doors. To complicate matters, the offices of the President and other officers of the University were located there, as well as rooms containing valuable and unreplaceable records of the University. President Knight immediately summoned the officers of the University and set up a command post in a building near the Allen Building.

The first action taken was to notify the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and the Governor. The Chief of Police called a meeting and it was decided to place a cordon of police around the building to see that no other person entered the building. The presence of Durham police officers on the campus immediately aroused the ire of the students.

The next decision to make was whether to have the police storm the building and evict the students by force. However, we immediately decided against this course, reasoning that if some of the students in the building were armed, serious consequences could result. We then discussed the motives the students might have. This brought us to the decision to find some person who might have some influence with the group, so we could determine what the motive was. We finally found a communicant but this, at first, did not produce the results we were interested in. During the evening, the Duke students who were moving closer to the building were warned by the police to move back, and upon their refusal to do so, two or three canisters of gas were fired into this area. This further aroused them to the point of demanding that the police be ordered to leave the campus. Our group, in further discussion, decided to inquire of the students whether they would return to their rooms or leave the immediate area if we requested the police to leave the campus. To this they agreed. Since I knew Capt. Seagroves, who was in command of the police force, I was directed to confer with him. His response was that the University had requested police assistance, and if we thought we could handle the matter, the police would

gladly leave. The students agreed and that problem was settled, for the students did vacate the area, leaving the matter in the hands of the University Administration at least for the moment.

During the second day, pressure came from many sources, particularly the Trustees. Some of the older hardliners demanded, "Throw them out and prosecute them for trespass." Others, "Do not resort to force. There must be a way." Early in the morning of the third day, to our great surprise, the students vacated the building. Sadly, much damage had been done inside. The students had carried food inside to last for several days and had broken up furniture, for what reasons we could not fathom other than to use pieces for weapons if an attempt had been made to force them out.

The question then arose what steps, punitive or otherwise, should the University take with regard to the students. I was called on for an opinion, and I stated to the Board of Trustees that I had researched the question as best I could, and I had found that both federal and state courts had held that in such cases the students were entitled to an "on campus" hearing and could not be expelled in a summary manner. My opinion was seriously questioned by some of the older members, but was finally accepted. Consequently the President named a five-person hearing committee. A hearing was held, presided over the the Dean of the Law School. The students were represented by attorneys of their own choosing. At my suggestion, the University was represented by a member of the Durham Bar.

The judgment of the hearing committee was that the students were guilty of trespass, and they recommended a probationary type of sentence. Such a sentence was imposed, which meant that any future violation of University regulations would result in immediate expulsion from the University. Thus the case was closed.

I have fond memories of my many friends in the University community, particularly in the law school, the medical school, the clinics and the hospital. I have been asked the question: "When you were University Counsel, how many assistants did you have?" My answer was always the same: "Just as many as there were professors in the Law School faculty." During my service as University Counsel, when questions of law would arise and there was doubt in my mind, I sought their advice. I was always welcomed into their offices, and I always came out a better informed person.

I have always been tremendously interested in athletics. As a matter of fact, I served on the ~~Academic~~ Athletic Council at Duke for a number of years. Coach Wallace Wade and Athletic Director Eddie Cameron were close friends. We were golfing companions on many occasions. Both of my sons, Edwin and Dan, served as "bat boys" for many of Coach Jack Coomb's baseball teams.

I remember so many friends among the black employees. When they came to my office seeking advice, they were never turned away and they were never charged a fee.

On September 30, 1971, my tenure with Duke University came to an end. However, I continued to serve as University Counsel until December 31, 1971, pending the appointment of a successor.

Here I would like to note with genuine affection and pleasure my acquaintance with and my service under the following presidents of Duke University: Dr. William Preston Few, Dr Robert Flowers, Hollis Edens, Dr. Deryl Hart, Douglas Knight, and Terry Sanford, 1932-1972.

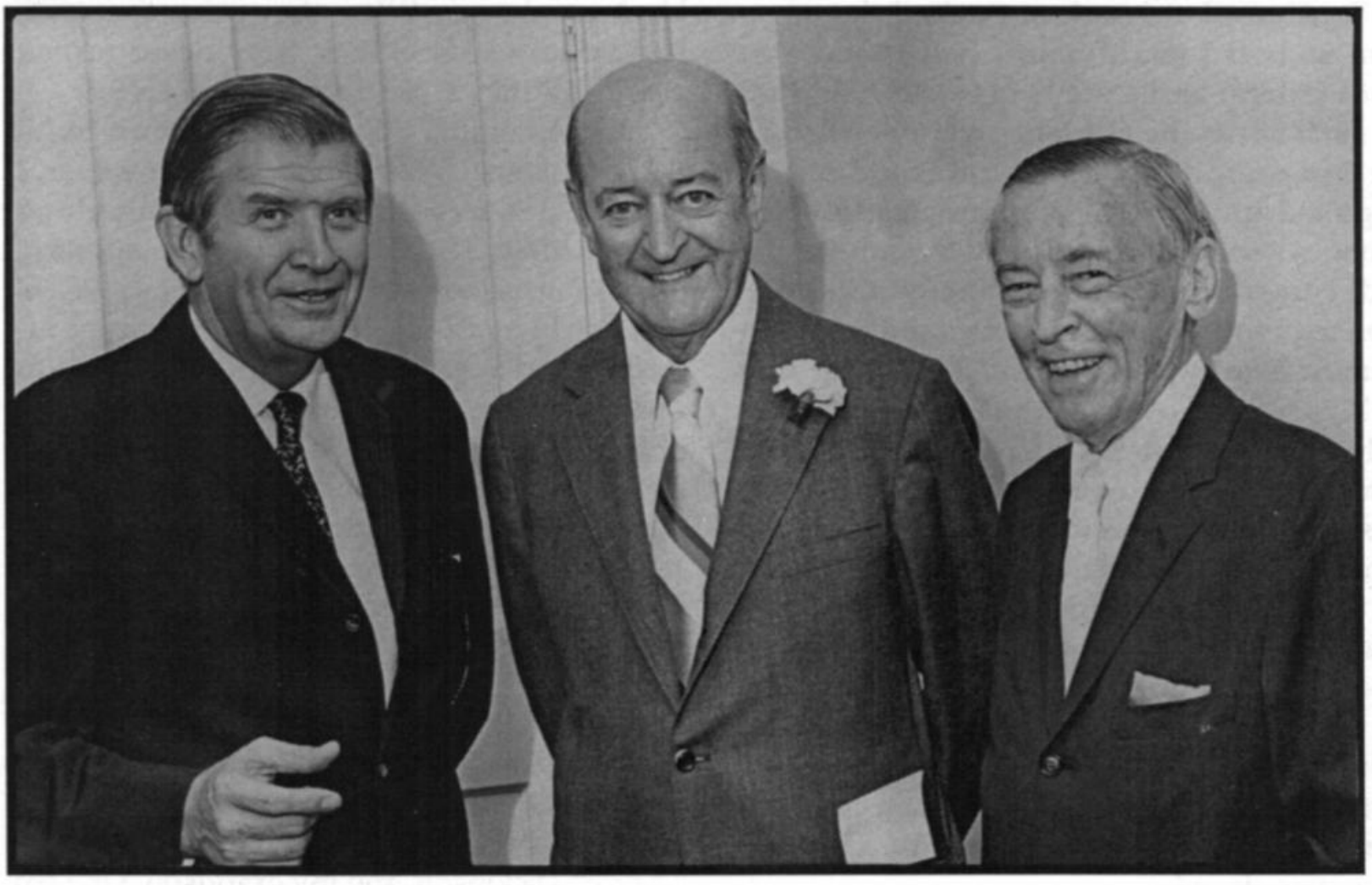
When I consider that my father gave twenty years of service to Duke University, that I have given forty years of service, that my three children are graduates of Duke; that my grandson, Edwin III, is a graduate of Duke, that my daughter-in-law, Beverly Bryson, is a graduate of Duke, that my son-in-law, Dr. "Andy" Dickinson, and my grandson, Dr. Dan Dickinson, are graduates of Duke University Medical School, is it any wonder that I stand with pride to the sound of "Dear Old Duke?"

On October 5, 1971, I was honored by a retirement party given by President and Mrs. Terry Sanford. I was charged with preparing the guest list, with no restrictions as to names or numbers. This was certainly a gala affair. Members of my family and close relatives, officers of the University, faculty members with whom I had served, and persons whose friendships I had cherished, were invited.

Mr. and Mrs. Terry Sanford
request the pleasure of your company
at dinner
on Tuesday, the fifth of October
at seven-thirty o'clock
West Campus Union Ballroom
to honor
Edwin Constant Bryson

Regrets Only
684-6116

Cocktails at six-thirty
President's Room
West Campus Union



BRYSON HONORED—Edwin C. Bryson, center, chats with Duke University President Terry Sanford, left, and Dr. Barnes Woodhall during a ceremonial dinner honoring Bryson Tuesday night. Bryson retired as university attorney Sept 1 after 24 years in the post. He was presented with an inscribed silver tray at the dinner. Woodhall, former Duke chancellor, was the speaker for the ceremony.

Post Retirement

In October 1972, I was appointed Chairman of a Land Commission by the Chief Judge of the Federal Court for the Middle District of North Carolina to hear condemnation cases which were pending, or to be instituted, involving land lying within two large dam and reservoir projects in the district, wherein the Federal Government and the land owners could not agree on the price to be paid for the land taken by the Government. During the period from October 1974, through May 1987, the Commission heard and decided ninety-six cases involving several millions of dollars. Appeals were taken from the decisions of the Commission in only four cases. The decision of the Commission was affirmed in each of those cases.

Another interesting experience during this time was serving as Trustee in a Bankruptcy Proceeding, technically known as Chapter 11 Reorganization Proceeding, wherein a Trustee, under the watchful eyes of the Bankruptcy Judge attempts to reorganize a business experiencing anticipated or threatened bankruptcy. Over a period of four years, the company was reorganized and is now a leading construction company in the Durham area.

Prior to my retirement at Duke, I had worked with both the medical and surgical clinics in the Medical Center in legal matters of concern to both Duke and the clinics. Shortly after my retirement, I had a conversation with Mr. Ralph Hawkins, Associate Director of the Medical PDC, about the matter of delinquent accounts. He inquired whether I would be interested in the collection of some of these accounts. Actually I was not interested in legal work of a demanding type at the time, but since Mr. Hawkins had stated that it was not the policy of the clinic to resort to litigation, this seemed to be the type of work that would fit my situation.

Furthermore, it so happened that an office building had just been opened up only a few minutes' walk from where I lived. Anne and I discussed the matter and decided that not only would this give me something to do, it would not tie me up insofar as traveling or whatever we wanted to do, so I accepted the offer, rented an office, hired a part-time secretary, and found myself in business again.

At that time, part-time secretaries were hard to find. After two or three years, I was informed by a friend that a Mrs. Earl "Polly" Stevens might be interested in the type of work I was doing, so I contacted Mrs. Stevens. After an interview, Mrs. Stevens stated that she was in a position to work with me, and this proved to be most fortunate. Not only was "Miss Polly" a most efficient secretary, but a very delightful person to work with. This relationship continued until I closed my office in 1984.

A most interesting and enjoyable event occurred on May 9, 1970, when Anne and I were invited to a reception at the White House given by President Nixon, honoring the members of his Duke Law School graduation class of 1937 and members of the Law School faculty at the time of his graduation. I had the pleasure of sitting by Mrs. Nixon at dinner.

DINNER AT THE WHITE HOUSE
Tuesday, May 9, 1972
at 7:30 o'clock

The President & Mrs. Nixon

The Secretary of State & Mrs. Rogers
Mr. Justice and Mrs. Powell
The Secretary of Health, Education & Welfare & Mrs. Richardson
Hon. & Mrs. Robert H. Finch
Counsellor to the President
Hon. & Mrs. Kenneth Rush
Deputy Secretary of Defense (Mr-Faculty-1937)
Hon. John D. Ehrlichman
Assistant to the President for Congressional Relations
Hon. & Mrs. Clark MacGregor
Counsel to the President for Congressional Relations
Hon. & Mrs. Louis Patrick Gray, III
Assistant Attorney General and Acting Director of the FBI
Hon. & Mrs. Charles W. Colson
Special Counsel to the President
Hon. & Mrs. Harry S. Dent
Special Counsel to the President
Hon. & Mrs. Richard A. Moore
Special Counsel to the President
Hon. & Mrs. Caspar W. Weinberger
Dep. Dir., Office of Management & Budget
Hon. & Mrs. William J. Casey
Chmn., Securities & Exchange Commission
Hon. & Mrs. William Hill Brown, III
Chmn., Equal Employment Opportunity Commission

Captain Frederick S. Albrink
Norfolk, Virginia (Class of 1937)
Mr. & Mrs. William J. Baird
Pikeville, Kentucky (Mr-Class of 1937)
Professor & Mrs. W. Bryan Bolich
St. Petersburg, Florida (Mr-Faculty-1937)
Mr. & Mrs. Arthur A. Brooks, Jr.
West Covina, California (Mr-Class of 1937)
Mr. & Mrs. Lyman H. Brownfield
Columbus, Ohio (Mr-Class of 1937)
Mr. & Mrs. Edwin C. Bryson
Durham, North Carolina (Mr-Faculty-1937)

Reception at White House. President Nixon is seated near the fireplace (in front of the man who is standing by the fireplace). Anne is seated in forefront. I am seated at far right, just in the picture. Mrs. "Pat" Nixon is seated on my right.

As heretofore noted, I moved from Bryson City to Durham in September 1931. Since fishing and hunting had always been a part of my life, I started inquiring as to where such could be found in the area to which I had moved. Some of my friends were primarily fishermen and duck hunters, and I learned that Currituck Sound located in Currituck County, which geographically, is the easternmost county in North Carolina, was a mecca for both sports.

My first trip to Currituck was in June 1934. On this trip, my friend and I stayed at a boarding house at the little village of Poplar Branch. Our guide was Capt. Ellie Saunders who was well known for his guiding services for both hunters and fishermen. He carved his own duck decoys and built his own boats. I am sure he did not realize at that time that his duck and goose decoys would later become collector's items. I now have some of his decoys in my collection. Capt. Ellie was the father of Blanton Saunders, who at that time was known far and wide as one of the better guides on Currituck Sound.

The bass fishing was beyond belief. A strike on almost every cast.

During the next several years, the thoughts of owning a place on the Sound became a matter of much concern to me, and my thoughts were made known to my newly made friends who lived there. In the fall of 1946, word came to me that a small farm on the Sound near Aydlett, which is three miles north of Poplar Branch, could be purchased. I immediately drove to Aydlett and contacted the owner, a Mrs. Girtie Stevenson. Mrs. Stevenson, a widow, was interested in selling the farm and moving to the State of Washington, where her daughters lived. The farm was actually divided into two sections. The smaller section containing seven acres faced the sound with a 35-foot frontage on the water. A larger section of nine acres, located a short distance away, contained mostly pine trees. Also, located at the back of the smaller tract was a small house of four rooms, with no electricity or plumbing. Mrs. Stevenson and I had no difficulty in agreeing on the price, and I was quite elated with the purchase.

After buying the property, the first task was to move the house to a spot nearer the water, and then to add a bathroom, install a water system, and wire the house for electricity. These were factors which were time consuming since finding this type of labor in the community was a difficult undertaking. Most of the men were either farmers, hunters or fishing guides. During the spring of 1947, I learned that a man by the name of Elwood Parker, who lived at Nags Head and who was also a hunting guide, did plumbing and electrical wiring during the off season. I immediately contacted him and arranged for him to do this work. By 1947, the house had been made livable.

Some time later, in a conversation with my uncle, Dr. Dan Bryson, I mentioned the fact that I had purchased the property and was in need of carpentry work. A few days later, I received a call from him telling me that there was a man living in Bryson City by the name of Henry Heron who claimed to be a carpenter and who had never seen the ocean, and that if I would find room and board for him and pay his expenses for travel he would be glad to come to Currituck and do some of the work for me without further charge. I then made arrangements for Henry to board with Mark Doxey, a near neighbor, and his offer was accepted.

Some three or four weeks after his arrival, Henry informed me that the air was just too salty for him and that for health reasons he would have to return home to the mountain air. I agreed and Henry returned home. I am not so sure that it was the salt air that motivated Henry's return home, for I later learned that within the appropriate time frame another member was added to the Heron family. It should be noted that very little carpentry had been added to the house while Henry was there.

Several years later, Anne and I decided that the house needed a complete renovation. To do this work, I hired a man by the name of Tommy Cross who lived in Coinjock. Tommy had just retired from the Navy and proved to be quite gifted in this type of work. He started work in July 1972, and when Anne and I returned from a trip to Europe around the last of September,

he had almost finished the work, with which we were very pleased.

An event of major importance to Currituck Sound in which I played a very important part occurred in the 1950s. An Alabama corporation filed a petition with the North Carolina Department of Conservation and Development for a license or permit to dredge Currituck Sound for oysters and such other shells as might be found there. The shells would be processed into chicken feed. The main selling point, insofar as the C.D. Department was concerned, was that the petitioners would build a factory where the shells would be processed, and this would bring a new industry requiring the hiring of many local people.

When I heard of this, it immediately occurred to me that the granting of such a license would amount to a disaster insofar as Currituck and adjoining counties were concerned. Furthermore, I was a party in interest, for not only was I a property owner but Currituck Sound was my favorite hunting and fishing place.

I immediately contacted my friend Orville Woodhouse in an attempt to find out what was "going on." Was there any organized opposition? Had an attorney been employed? And so forth. When the answer came back "No," I immediately offered to represent "the people" in an effort to stop this thing "in its tracks." My offer was accepted.

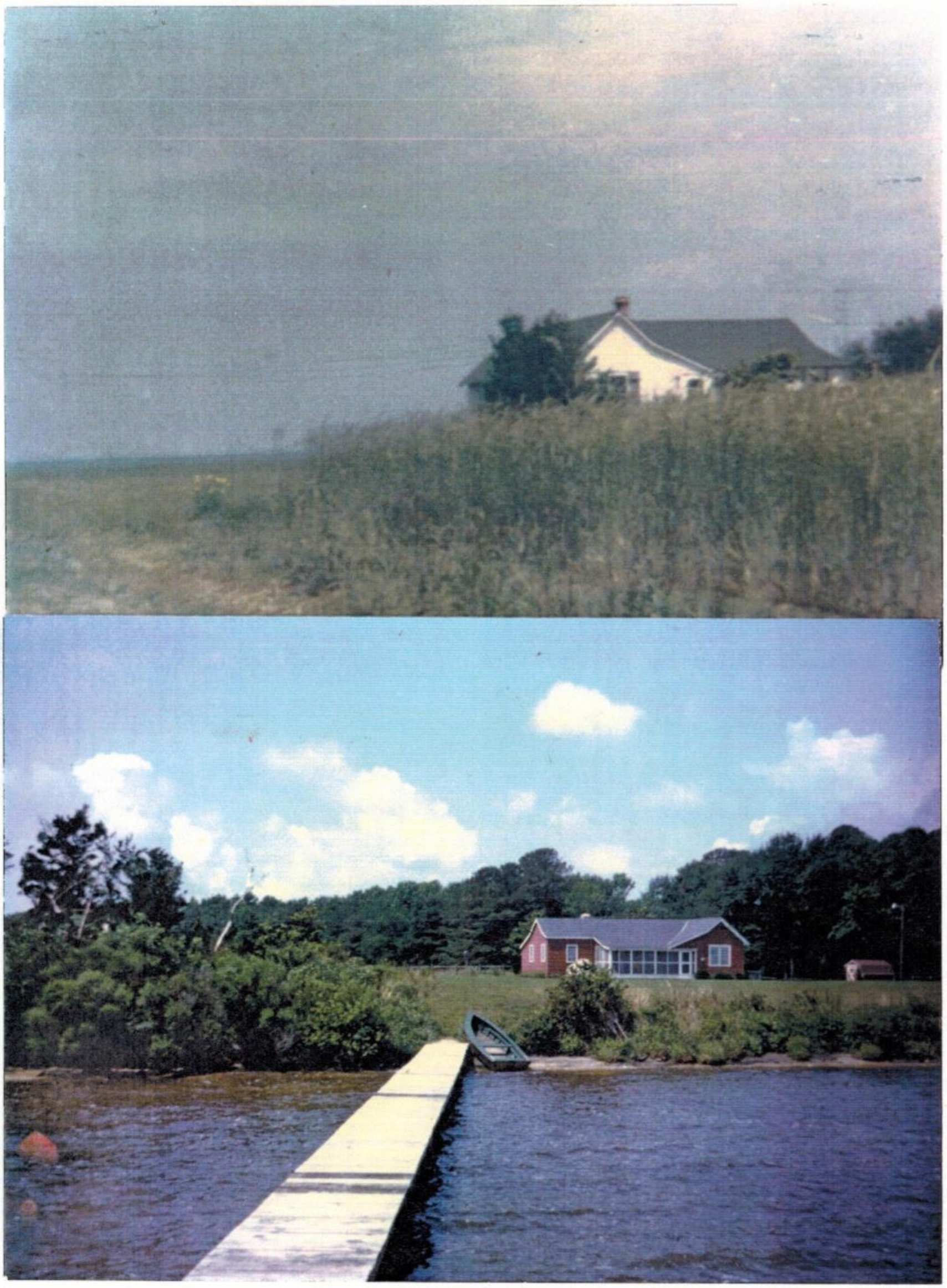
My first move was to arouse the ire of the people, the guides, hunters, fishermen, club owners, etc. In preparation for the hearing, I contacted the legislators, both state and federal who represented Currituck and adjoining counties, also the Wildlife Clubs in Eastern North Carolina and even Ducks Unlimited. The hearing was to be held in the Courthouse in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, and on the day of the hearing the Courthouse was packed. After a reading of the petition the Chairman of the Commission called on the petitioners to present their case. The thrust of the petitioners' case was that Currituck, being a small county, needed some form of industry other than hunting and fishing, and that the Sound would not be irreparably damaged.

When the time came for me to develop the opponents' testimony, I could already sense the feeling of the Commission, so I introduced the witnesses to the Commission and, to use an old expression, I just "turned the horses loose" and offered my witnesses, including the legislators, representatives of the various wildlife clubs, experts in the field of ecology and local persons who had done some dredging around their docks. This evidence clearly established the fact that to dredge Currituck Sound would make of it a "dead sea."

When the evidence was finished, I asked the Chairman of the Commission, Charles S. Allen, Sr., if it would be permissible for me to have a showing of hands from those in the audience who were opposed to the petition. Practically all of them raised both hands, whereupon the attorney for the petitioners stated to the Commission, "Petitioners wish to withdraw the petition." He then turned to the audience and stated, "You people will not hear from us again."

My "fee"? A lot of satisfaction plus A STEAK DINNER.

Currituck, Before and After



A bulkhead extending 350 feet, the entire length of the lot, was built in 1985.

Our Currituck Friends

Perhaps our earliest friends at Currituck, particularly during the periods of acquisition, renovation, and moving were the Walkers and the Doxeys. The Walkers, Mr. Harry and "Miss" Carrie, lived at Poplar Branch, which is located two miles to the South, where they ran a clubhouse called Caroland Farms which catered to hunters and fishermen. Besides taking care of many of the chores in the clubhouse, "Miss" Carrie also taught school. But regardless of the situation there was always room for the Brysons.

Mark and Edna Doxey were practically our nearest neighbors. Mark was a farmer but during hunting season, he did some guiding. He certainly was adept in the use of a wrench when matters of plumbing or the like were involved, and he always answered when the call for help was sounded. As for me as a plumber, I recall one occasion when I attempted to thaw a frozen pipe with a torch made of newspapers, and had it not been for my sons, Edwin and Dan, the house would have gone up in flames.

Capt. Wallace O'Neal was our nearest neighbor, and while he had little formal education, he knew the ways of the Sound. Edwin and Dan loved him. He taught them how to pole a boat, set a fish net, and he answered all of their questions regarding fishing and hunting. Capt. O'Neal died of cancer at the age of 80. At his funeral, he was eulogized as "one of the last of the old-time Currituck Sound guides, and one of the best."

Mr. Orville Woodhouse was perhaps my closest friend in the Currituck community, and for good reason. Orville was born in Grandy, where he lived all of his life. He died January 7, 1983, at the age of 73. He was active in civic and political affairs during his entire life. He served as a member of the Wildlife Resources Commission for 26 years. For whatever the reason, Orville had shooting rights in several choice duck ponds nearby.

I first met Orville during the hearing before the N.C. Conservation and Development Commission on a petition to dredge the Currituck Sound. Later, while on a duck hunt, he mentioned the fact that the county had had a very bad year cropwise, that he had furnished many farmers with seed and fertilizer, and that because of poor crops, many of them were unable to pay him. He had applied for a loan from the Small Business Administration, but had been turned down. He inquired if I could help him. I suggested that he furnish me with all the data, and I would see what I could do. In short, not only was I able to obtain the loan but a renewal of the loan a year later. I might add that there were no legal fees involved. Of course, thoughts of the best duck shooting to be found anywhere for the men in my family and the Dickinson family did not enter my mind. In this connection, it should be said that when serious sickness entered the Woodhouse household, Dr. "Andy" Dickinson was usually consulted.

While Orville loved to duck hunt, I think it can be truthfully said that his favorite sport was coon hunting. While he did not follow the dogs on foot, he rode around in an old stationwagon. He was so well acquainted with the roads in the area where the hunt was being held that he could pretty well follow the chase in his stationwagon until the coon decided to seek safety in the top of a tree. When Orville died, the members of the Wildlife Society decided it would be entirely fitting to arrange the casket in a setting which would portray Orville as the coon hunter he really was. The setting provided for a tree placed at the rear of the casket with limbs extending out, a stuffed coon on one of the limbs and two cardboard look-like dogs at the foot of the tree. At the front of the casket was a plywood improvised old station wagon. I know this is just the way Orville would have wanted it.

When I think of my friends at Currituck, my black friend Howard Jones certainly stands high on the list. Until the early sixties, I had tried to keep the place looking respectable. But as time passed, the problems became more acute. There was a Mr. Matthews who lived

nearby. He had a team of mules and a mowing machine. On occasions, I would rent the rig and do the mowing. But this proved rather tenuous. Apparently the mules did not understand my interpretation of the words "gee" and "haw," for when the job was finished it looked as if a snake had established the guidelines. In an effort to solve my problems, I contacted my friend Orville Woodhouse, and he directed me to Howard. So I decided to call on Howard, who lived on the main highway from Virginia to the Outer Banks, and approximately ten minutes from our house. When I drove into the yard I thought, what a sight.

Howard and his wife Penny, who was quite a bit overweight, were there, and five or six small children introduced as grandchildren. There was an array of fowl, including chickens, ducks, geese, a turkey or two, and several guineas. In the animal category, there were two or three dogs, a goat, and pigs. When I made known the purpose of my visit, Howard said that he needed work because he had to support some of his grandchildren. He also asked me if I had a power mower, for he had back trouble. I told him I would supply the mower, so we agreed on terms. From that day on, Howard was my helpmate.

A story that Howard told me must be retold. When I was at Currituck on the days Howard worked for me, I always picked him up around seven o'clock in the morning. One day when he got in the car he said, "Cap'n, you know I have been tellin' you 'bout that big buck deer that has been walking through my yard early in the morning. Well, when I was sitting on the porch this morning waiting for you, that buck walked right by the porch and he went up to the side of the highway and he looked both ways before he crossed." I have often wondered if deer observed the "Deer Crossing" signs we often see on our highways. Now I know they do.

Howard and I always planted a vegetable garden in the spring, some for me and some for him. Anne always said we raised the best white potatoes she had ever tasted. There was one thing Howard and Penny excelled in, and that was "pickin'" ducks. They lived quite comfortably during the hunting season from "pickin'" ducks and geese and selling feathers.

When I told Howard in June of 1988 that I was going to sell the property, I also told him that there were some things in the house I did not intend to move to Durham and he could have them. When moving day arrived, he drove up in a truck large enough to move the entire house, and with five or six helpers. Most of my time was taken up by answering the movers' questions. "Does this go?"

I happened to have a decoy that I had picked up somewhere, and I said to Howard, "Howard, here is one of my decoys that I want to give you so that you will have something to remember me by." He replied, "Cap'n, I's got lots of things to remember you by but I 'preciate it."

Several years later, when I was visiting in the Currituck area, I stopped by to see Howard. Upon my leaving, he told one of the grandchildren to bring him the decoy. Whereupon he said, "Cap'n, I wants to give the decoy back to you to remember me by."

The incidents I recall here concerning Howard I mean simply as a tribute to a faithful friend, who did for me that which was best in his contemplation of the theory of life and unselfish service. At this writing I am not sure whether Howard is still with us, but if he is not, may God rest his good soul.

There were many other friends I could mention. Judge Chester Morris, who lived at Coinjock, was a very special friend. Many were the times when Judge Morris would call me while he was holding court in Durham during the hunting season, to say that he was going to adjourn court at 12 o'clock on Friday and for me to meet him at the Court House and we would drive to Currituck, hunt ducks on Saturday, and return to Durham on Sunday.

Colon and Dorothy Grandy, who operated the Caroland Farms Clubhouse at Grandy, were very close friends, and Anne and I enjoyed many delicious meals at the clubhouse.

During these times, hunting, particularly duck hunting, was truly outstanding. Practically all the land between the Sound, that is, marshes, ponds and dunes, was owned by hunting clubs. Across the Sound from where our cottage was located was one such club, called "The Currituck Gunning Club," which owned hundreds of acres. I mention this club for the reason that my friend Orville Woodhouse had a very close relationship with it due to favors bestowed while he was Chairman of the North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission. Don't get me wrong—there was nothing under the table. Thus Orville had access to several ponds on the club property.

One such pond was called "Pillintary," a favorite pond to the fast-flying ducks such as ring necks and blue bills, the so-called "Diving Ducks," which we called "Jets" because they flew so fast. You could actually hear the sound of their wings as they passed by the blind. And were they hard to hit! If you did not aim two or three feet in front of them, you would not even get tail feathers. Pillintary Pond was also fairly good for mallards and other ducks known as "Puddle Ducks," as contrasted with the ring necks, which were known as "Diving Ducks." I do not recall ever shooting a goose at this pond.

Another pond located nearby was called "Black Duck Hole," which I shot at on several occasions with Mr. Woodhouse. This pond was his favorite, although the shooting was usually very slow. For some reason, only black ducks used this pond.

Of all the ponds, I believe my favorite was South Pond. This pond was on the west side of the main road, or as it was sometimes called, the North River side. There were no other ponds nearby. Hence, you were never disturbed by other gunners. I had the exclusive use of this pond, which was easily reached in a skiff with outboard motor. Or, if you wanted to, you could walk through the marsh, which we did on occasion. South Pond was practically owned by Green Wing Teal. Anne also liked it best of all, for the reason that Teal ducks fly in a bunch, and they sort of dart in and dart out. Just before they light, they bunch up, and if you shoot at or into the bunch, rather than aiming at a single duck, you most always got at least one. Anne had a very lightweight twenty gauge Franchi, an Italian-made gun, with a short stock, which she later sold to Andy when, because of her back problems, she was unable to get out to the ponds.

Practically all of our hunting at Currituck was duck hunting. However, there was a field located on the alternate road between Aydlett and Grandy, which Mr. Woodhouse had under lease and in which he usually planted soybeans. The beans were harvested in the fall, and I have known times when the machine was out of order to the point that the harvesting was not as clean as it might have been. A blind had been set up in this field, and a few canvas decoys were set around it, plus a live goose aptly named "Old Bill Bailey," that had been housed in a wooden box and placed not too far away when you happened to be hunting there. Old Bill Bailey was supposed to "sound off" when he heard geese flying nearby, but most of the time he did not. I don't think he was too happy with his living quarters.

I cannot remember, at least when I was there, a single time Dr. Andy Dickinson hunted there that he did not get a goose.

I have hunted ducks many, many days and in many, many places, and if I had to pick two days that were very, very special (while this would truly be a very hard thing to do), I believe I would lean slightly to these two:

Dan Dickinson, my grandson, was visiting me on a weekend at Currituck when I was alone. Ralph Sears called to ask if we would like to hunt at "The Duck Pond" the next

morning. I had never heard of anybody turning down an invitation to hunt in that hot spot. So, of course, I accepted immediately, and I was directed to meet him at the boat dock at seven o'clock in the morning.

Dan, Princess, my faithful labrador, and I arrived on schedule, and within thirty minutes we were settled in the blind. In a few minutes, the sky became overcast, not with clouds but with ducks, and we started "shootin'." Every once in a while, a duck would fall, and Princess would drag it in. After a while, Ralph said, "Well, you have nine ducks and your limit is ten. One more and we will have to take up." The sky was still overcast with ducks. So the question arose, which one will shoot the last duck? Dan looked at me with a tear in his eye and said, "Grandpa, you take it." Well after a few rounds, I was able to wing one which Princess caught after a long chase and the hunt ended.

I do believe that no two wildfowlers ever enjoyed a more wonderful hunt than Dan Dickinson and I that glowing forenoon. We will always recall: What a Great Day in the Morning.

The other hunt took place on the Caroland Farm property which is located near Poplar Branch about three miles south of Adylett. Anne and I were at our place and had been invited to the Grandy's for dinner. This was in October and we had arrived early. Colon said to me, "Ed, as you may know, there is a Blue Wing Teal season in this week. If you brought your gun down, you can probably get a few shots if you will go to a pond at the back of the field." I said, "Yes, I have my gun, but how do I get to the pond?" My intention was to come back the next morning. Colon then told me that there was a black boy in the back yard who would show me the road if I wanted to do that before dinner. So the black boy and I drove down through the field to the edge of the woods. I thought since I was there I would walk on down to the pond, which was only a short distance away.

I had traveled only a few steps when I saw a big cottonmouth moccasin lying across the trail. The boy killed the snake and that is as far as we went. I thanked Colon who said the hunt could be arranged at a later date.

The later day came about a month or so later, when Anne, Edwin and I were at our place and had hunted in South Pond the day before. When Colon Grandy learned we were down, he invited us to hunt the next day, and we readily accepted the invitation. We arrived at Caroland Farms the next morning around eight o'clock and were driven down to the pond by Colon, who went to the blind with us. The pond was about one-half acre in size and surrounded on three sides, north, south, and west by woods and on the east by Currituck Sound which was only a few steps away. Colon had told us that most of the ducks that used the pond were Mallards, Widgeon and Teal, the so-called "puddle" ducks as contrasted with "diving" ducks such as Ringnecks, Blue Bills, Red Head, etc. The "puddle" ducks feed mostly in ponds and marshes, while the diving ducks feed in the open sounds.

We were settled in our blind when the ducks started coming in. First, a flock of ten or twelve Mallards. Colon immediately said, "Don't shoot, don't shoot." Then he explained that if you shoot in a flock of Mallards of that size, the ones that were not killed would not return. So we watched and we waited and we watched and we waited and the ducks actually put on a beautiful show for us flying in and out. Finally, we were able to kill our limit, shooting only when three or four ducks would come in at a time. Then we trudged out weary but happy—well, you might ask, what was the problem? Just too many ducks.

I never dreamed a duck hunt could be so interrupted by too many ducks.

I have often said to myself, what was the toughest day you ever put in duck hunting? To find the answer required a shuffling of memories, but here is a true story that an-

swers my question. (You must remember that my memory is not flawless as to dates.)

During the fall of 1942 or '43, while talking to my father, I mentioned that the fall of the year was upon us, and in a month or two, the duck season would open, and we should begin to think about arranging a trip. I suggested Currituck, for I knew a guide by the name of Elwood Parker who lived there. The Judge said he thought this was a good idea and for me to see what I could work out. He also made it clear that whenever or wherever, his grandson Edwin would go with us. I demurred, but demurring or no demurring, he stood firm in his ruling.

This brought Christmas into play, for Edwin was in the third or fourth year of school. I then called Elwood and gave him all the facts and asked him if he could take us for two days during the week before Christmas. He said that he would try to work something out and would be back in touch with me. Around the first of December, Elwood called to say he could take us any two days during the week before Christmas. He said that we would hunt from Corolla, where a relative had a house that he was using during the hunting season to house his hunters. He also gave me the name and telephone number of a man who lived at Church's Island, which was directly across the Sound on the land side, who would boat us over to Corolla for a small fee. With all this information in hand, I proceeded to make final arrangements, except for one important matter.

The day before leaving Durham, I mentioned to my father that the weather often gets real cold at that time of the year and that I planned to buy a bottle of "you know what," just in case. While I knew he was a complete abstainer, I thought it well to mention the subject. As expected, my suggestion was met with a resounding NO. He followed that by saying he had a bottle of scuppernong wine at home, and he thought he might take that, but for me to forget any strong drink insofar as he was concerned.

On the appointed day, the Judge, Edwin, and I drove to Church's Island, where we met a man whose name I cannot recall. He told me to park the car in his yard, helped us load our duffels onto the boat, and we were off to Corolla, where we were met by Elwood Parker. From there, we went to the house, which was very well equipped insofar as hunters were concerned. After supper, Elwood, who had been out visiting, mentioned that the weather was turning real cold and stated, "we may have a freeze tonight." At that time, we were quite comfortable before a roaring fire.

The next morning after breakfast, Elwood said he would walk out to the Sound and see what the prospects for hunting looked like. Shortly thereafter, he returned, saying that it was just too rough for Edwin and the Judge to go out, but that he and I would try our luck until at least noon. When I had shot four or five ducks, Elwood had great difficulty in retrieving them because of the rough water. But knowing duck hunters as I did, I thought the weather might clear up, so I suggested to Elwood that he return to the house, fix the Judge and Edwin some lunch, and return for me later on. As things developed, that was a very poor decision. An hour or so after Elwood left, the wind began to worsen and the posts which held the blind together began to pop. I could visualize the blind blowing over. By this time, I had given up all thoughts of shooting any ducks. Finally, after what seemed like hours, I saw Elwood coming for me. He was very apologetic for leaving me under those conditions, but I was not interested in apologies, for to my way of thinking in my condition, wet as a dog and half frozen, there was only one thing that would help me and that was the "you know what" that was in my duffle bag.

Once in the house, I went straight to the duffle bag. I could not believe my eyes. The "you know what" was nowhere to be seen. Well, I thought, who did this? Edwin was excused, of course, and I knew Elwood al-

ways carried his own, so I excused him. That left only the teetotaler. So I pointed my finger, but got no response. I then said, "What about the bottle of wine?" After a long pause, the answer came back, "I opened the bottle and the wine tasted so bad I poured it out." Well, well, I thought, what can I do or say? The answer was nothing at all, except "Elwood, fix me a cup of hot coffee." Then the word came to me in a sort of soothing voice, "I have been teaching Edwin his numbers and he knows them all." What that meant, I cannot say.

The next morning, the sun was shining and the wind had practically died out, but there was some ice on the water. However, Elwood said he would have no trouble in getting us to the blind, and why not try for an hour or so and maybe we would get a shot. It was obvious the ducks had been driven away by the storm. After an hour or so, I spotted a lone duck swimming toward our decoys. I told the others to "lay low" for I believed the duck would swim into the decoys. I aimed my gun, told Edwin to get behind my right shoulder and pull the trigger—"Bang," and Edwin had killed his first duck. With the duck in hand, I suggested we call off the hunt since we had plenty of time to get home before nightfall. While we were packing our duffle bags, Elwood called the man across the Sound and we were off, and by dark we were home for Christmas.

The moral of this story is: Never trust a teetotaler when planning a duck hunt.

The night before leaving Elwood told the story of a man who at one time lived in the house where we were staying, a man so big and strong that he could pick a skiff up out of the water and set it on the banks, a man who could eat the shoulder of a departed pig at one meal and then complain of being hungry, a man who wore a shirt so large that an average man could wrap it around his shoulders two or three times, and who wore a pair of pants so large that young Edwin could almost crawl in a side pocket. And there, hanging on the wall, were the shirt and pants to prove it. Some story — some man.

Another duck hunting story should be told which happened on the last hunt of the season during the early 1960s.

Edwin, Dan and I were in a point blind known as Jone's point. Orville Woodhouse and then Governor Terry Sanford were in the Pillantary blind just north of us. During the morning hours and far into the afternoon there had been very little heavy shooting, and while there had been some rain during the day, it began to rain much harder. So much so that I had unloaded my gun and was standing at the rear of the blind. The idea was that I had rather stand in the rain than sit in a puddle of water in the blind. I was just about to call "Take up time," when to my rear I heard the honking of a flock of geese which appeared flying low and headed in our direction. From the shuffling sound in the blind I knew that Edwin and Dan had heard them also. Then I saw the geese, five of them, just over the decoys and well within range when four or five shots rang out. I then stepped out from behind the blind and there were four dead geese lying among the decoys. What a wonderful ending to a miserable day's hunt.

When the dead geese had been retrieved and the decoys "taken up," one of my sons reminded me of that classic saying of the famous Yankee catcher Yogi Berra, "It ain't over till it's over."

Anne and me with ducks shot at Pillantary Pond.

Anne, Edwin and me at a pond at Caroland Farm.

South Pond

My father and me, ca. 1940

Many times I have been asked, why did I sell the Currituck property? Basically, the property was thought of only in terms of the waterfowling and fishing that the Sound offered at that time. Hence, our use of the property was confined to the hunting and fishing which were the fall, winter and spring seasons. We never thought of our place as a vacation place, we were seldom there during the hot summer months. When the hunting and fishing waned almost to the point of drudgery, I decided to sell.

To visualize Currituck Sound as it is today, I have borrowed from an article appearing in Wildlife in North Carolina, June 1993:

> *END OF AN ERA...PARADISE LOST*
> *Change has swept through Currituck at a pace few can believe. Given the economic forces behind the intensive development elsewhere along the Outer Banks, Currituck's primitive spaces lasted longer, perhaps longer than they had any right to expect. Yet it is still a shock to see the region undergo the equivalent of a personality change, especially in such a short time. For those who knew it as a wildlife paradise, it's been hard to accept its current identity as a high-toured vacation community.*

This is the story of Currituck Sound, at one time described by a writer as "the world's biggest bass pond."

But memories of the days spent at Currituck are ever with me.

The pictures that follow are included to illustrate why the "Era" ended.

Decoys

After the cottage had been made livable and my trips to Currituck were more frequent, so far as duck and goose hunting was concerned, because decoys played an essential part in such hunting, I decided to purchase a "stand," which is the name given to the decoys placed around a blind. I discussed the matter with my good friend Judge Chester Morris, who was a life long resident of the area, and he told me that he would "listen out" and if he should hear of any decoys for sale he would contact me. Sometime later, during the fall of 1955 as I recall, Judge Morris called to say that a guide who lived near him had a "stand" of 50 duck and 15 canvas goose decoys and had indicated to him that he planned to retire from the guiding business and that his "stand" of decoys was for sale for $150. I told Judge Morris to contact the man immediately and to either purchase the decoys for me or to ask him to hold them for me, and that I would be down the next weekend with the money. The sale went through, and I had myself a "stand" of decoys of which I was very proud.

The decoys were stored in an outhouse without lock and key, and from time to time, I would get calls from guides such as this: "Ed, I have an extra party to hunt tomorrow and I wonder if I could borrow a few of your decoys to make up another stand?" I thought all duck hunters were truthful and honest, and I consented. But one day one of my so-called friends made the big haul and carried them all away.

As duck hunting began to decline in the Currituck area in the early seventies, it turned out that memories were not an adequate substitute for the excitement and fellowship that are a part of duck hunting. My interest turned from hunting ducks as a sport to collecting decoys as a hobby.

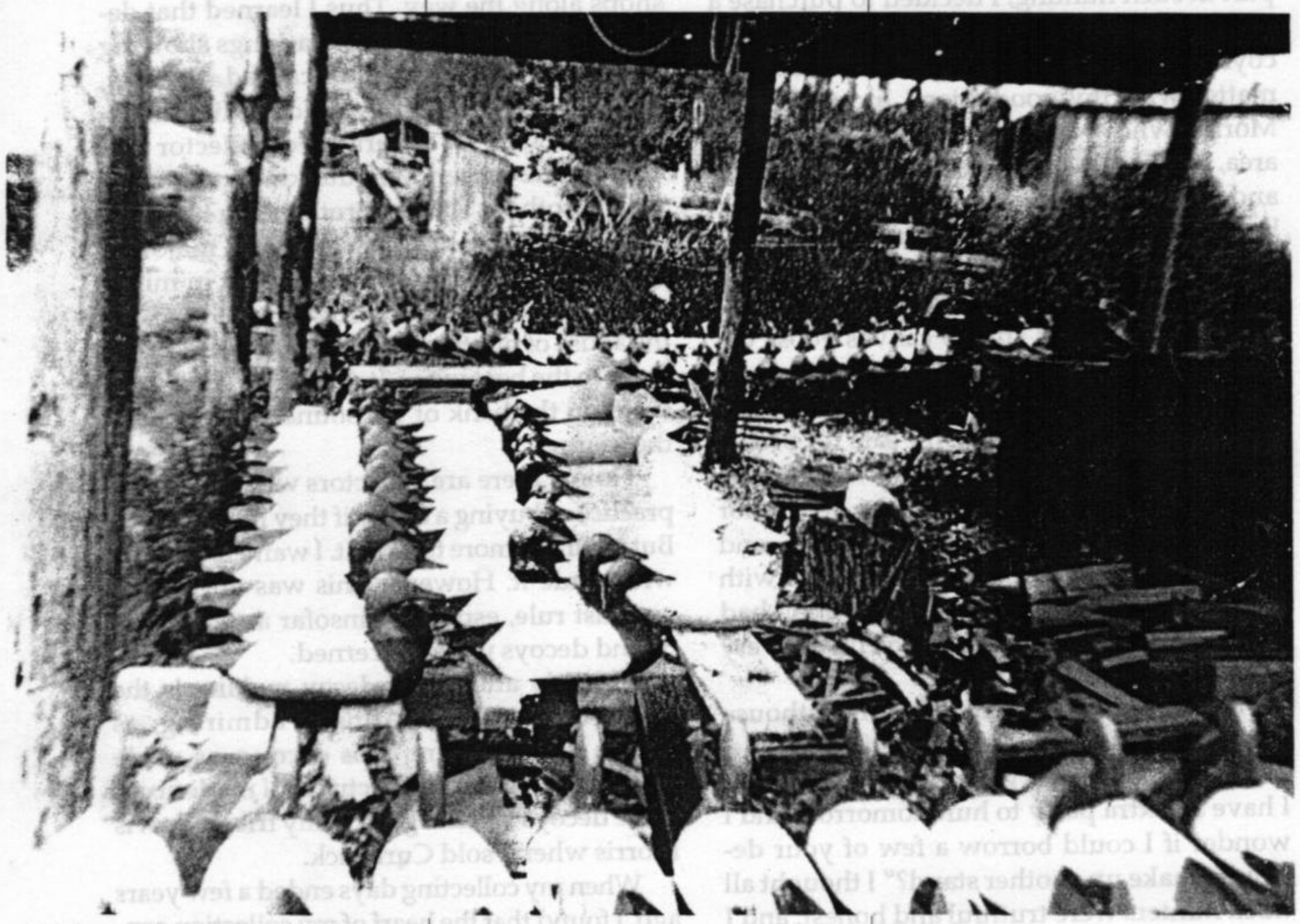
My first step was to collect a book or two on the art of collecting, with particular reference to decoys and carvers along the Atlantic seaboard. Then when Anne and I decided that we had learned something about the art of collecting, we developed a habit of attending decoy shows from Easton, Maryland, to Charleston, South Carolina, visiting antique shops along the way. Thus I learned that decoys have strong regional markings showing the area where they were carved. Besides, some skilled carvers have such individualistic styles that an experienced collector can identify the carver. I am thinking in terms of Ward Brothers, Dudley Brothers, Ira Hudson, and Ned Burgess. But the great majority carved them with only one thought in mind: they had to attract waterfowl and withstand the abuse of hunting. I have seen guides throw them in the boat when "taking up" and throw them on the bank of the sound at the end of the season.

I know there are collectors who follow the practice of buying a decoy if they like its looks. But I wanted more than that. I wanted to know who made it. However, this was not a hard and fast rule, especially insofar as Currituck Sound decoys were concerned.

My only attempt at decoy making is the goose decoy which Anne is admiring, as shown in the picture. This decoy was made out of an old truck tire. Actually, I made six of these decoys which I gave to my friend Travis Morris when I sold Currituck.

When my collecting days ended a few years ago, I found that the heart of my collection consisted of Masons, Ned Burgess, and Ira Hudson birds. Mason decoys are sometimes classified as "factory" decoys. But realistically they are "factory" only to the point that a lathe saw was used in the initial shaping of the decoy. The finishing work including the head and all painting was by hand. True Masons were made between 1894 and 1925.

My collection now lies in the hands of my three children and while matters of sentimental and monetary values are for them to decide, I hope that neither they nor their progeny will let them "fly away," except for good cause shown.



◆*A decoy collector's paradise circa 1940. Rows of newly painted canvasback decoys set out to dry are shown in Ned Burgess's work shed on Churches Island, North Carolina. Note that most of the decoys are drake cans.*

A perfect illustration of a blind with decoys and hunters

My only attempt at decoy making, or whatever you do, is this goose decoy which Anne is admiring. Anne was the only "goose" attracted by the decoy.

During the summer of 1972, my mind turned to thoughts of traveling, particularly to Europe, for I had always been a war bug although I never had been involved in one. I was thinking particularly of Normandy and the invasion of France. Anne talked to a travel agent, who suggested a trip that would not only include a week in France, but also a week in Italy and England, so we signed up.

The departure date, as I recall, was early in September. On that morning, just as the taxi arrived to take us to the airport the telephone rang. Judge Eugene Gordan, Chief Judge of the Federal District Court for the Middle District of North Carolina was calling to offer me the job of Chairman of a Land Commission which was to be appointed to hear the condemnation cases involving land in the B. Everett Jordan Dam and the Falls of the Neuse Reservoir complexes. I was certainly surprised, but the only thing I could say was that I was leaving for Europe at that moment and would be gone for three weeks or a month. Whereupon he said, "No hurry, think it over and call me when you return." So we were off to Europe.

Our first stop was at Kennedy Airport. After a stay of an hour or so, we were bussed out to the plane, which we entered by being lifted up to the door in an elevator. It was dark at this time and I did not notice the size of the plane until I walked through the door. The plane seemed a hundred yards long and filled with people. When I thought of all the baggage and added to that all the fuel needed for the flight to Rome, I just could not believe it. Thankfully, the oversized dose of "Brooklyn Handicap" which I had consumed in the airport began to assert itself. I was also prompted by Anne's gentle reminder, "Just remember, you got yourself into this mess so sit down and enjoy it," which I did, very much so. After an overnight flight, which included a delightful dinner, movies, and some sleep we landed in Rome.

I will not attempt to enumerate the things we saw and the places we visited. The travel agency had prepared an itinerary for us which we followed. It included the old Colosseum, many beautiful gardens, the Pope's palace, and Anzio Beach, where the American forces had such a hard time establishing a landing.

The next week we flew to Paris. I was especially glad to go there because France, in my thinking, would be the most interesting place we would visit, as it turned out to be. We thoroughly enjoyed our several days in Paris, visiting all of the places recommended to tourists. We were particularly impressed by the small cafes and flowers along the Seine River and, of course, Versailles. Not to forget, certainly, so far as I was concerned the *"Folies Bergère."* But I do remember what I saw, even if we did sit in the back row, for I had beady eyes in those days, especially insofar as pretty girls were concerned.

After four days in Paris, we journeyed by train to the little town in Normandy called Bayeaux. We stayed at a delightful inn where the food and all accommodations were all one could ask for. My first purchase was a small book, "D-Day Beaches, Pocket Guide." On the first page, there appears, "Anne and Ed Bryson, Sept. 18, 1972. Bayeaux." Bayeaux was the only town that was spared by the combat units.

During our first conversation with the proprietor, we inquired as to the best way to see the beaches. His advice was to rent a car, for your chauffeur will know the way. He also said he would order a taxi for us which would be available the next morning. In the meantime, we could walk to some of the sights in the village, particularly the monument of General Charles DeGaulle, the commander of the Free French Army.

The next morning, the taxi was waiting, a practically new red Mercedes, and the chauffeur proved to be an excellent guide. With his broken English and our broken French, we communicated quite nicely, and with his guidance, we two eager visitors were able to see all the important sights on and around the landing beaches. To our amazement, charges were based on the meter which ran only when the car was moving. So the fee for the day was only fifteen dollars. You can well understand why we rented the car for three days.

When I look back some twenty years to the battle areas we visited, particularly Omaha Beach, the most impressive sights we saw were: 1) Pointe-du-Hoc (We wondered how the American soldiers could have climbed to the top even on rope ladders in the face of heavy gun fire. There is a picture herein of Anne standing at the foot of the monument); 2) the German guns still in place in the sea wall; 3) the American Cemetery overlooking Omaha Beach, where some 9,000 American war dead are buried. The cemetery is beautiful with white marble marking the graves which are in perfect alignment any way you look at them. There is a station there where the location of the grave of each soldier is shown, in case you want to find a particular grave.

We enjoyed our return trip to Paris. The French trains were very fast and very clean. From Paris we moved to London for our final week. It would be remiss of me to say that we did not enjoy our stay there. Perhaps we were, as the British would say, a bit "flagged" out. However, we visited many places and saw many sights, and for one thing, our hotel was much nicer than the ones in Rome and Paris. On the whole, I thought the food was better. Perhaps this was because I could not read the menus in Italy and France.

We loved the shops in London. Anne bought two or three pieces of lady's wear and a London Fog great coat for me. As for me, I enjoyed very much visiting the gun shops and the fishing tackle shops. The English gunsmiths make wonderful shotguns and their trout flies, rods and reels are super.

Anne had some friends who lived in London, and we were invited out on several occasions. In this way, we were able to see things and places we would never have seen otherwise.

After three weeks of sightseeing, we were ready to go home. The flight from London to Kennedy was really beautiful, for after crossing the ocean, we reached the coast of Iceland and then followed the coast line all the way to Kennedy. The sun was shining and the scenery was beautiful. But not as beautiful as the door to our apartment.

During the late 70s, Anne chose to go solo on a trip to Greece which was sponsored by the Duke Alumni Association. It so happened that Mr. Fred Von Cannon, a Duke Trustee, and his daughter were also on the trip, and when side trips by bus were involved, Mr. Von Cannon always rented a car and invited Anne to accompany him and his daughter. Anne certainly enjoyed that form of transportation. She also met several couples who lived in Elizabeth City, and when they learned of her Currituck connection, they were added to her newly made friends. So she enjoyed the trip very much. I did not accompany her for I was trying to wind up the cases which had been assigned to the Federal Land Commission.

Soon it became my turn to choose, and I chose Alaska. Our travel plans called for us to fly to Vancouver, B.C., where we were to board the cruise ship. The baggage section of the airport was extremely crowded, and people were having a difficult time in recovering their baggage. I had secured ours when I noticed a two nice looking couples who seemed our age and who seemed to

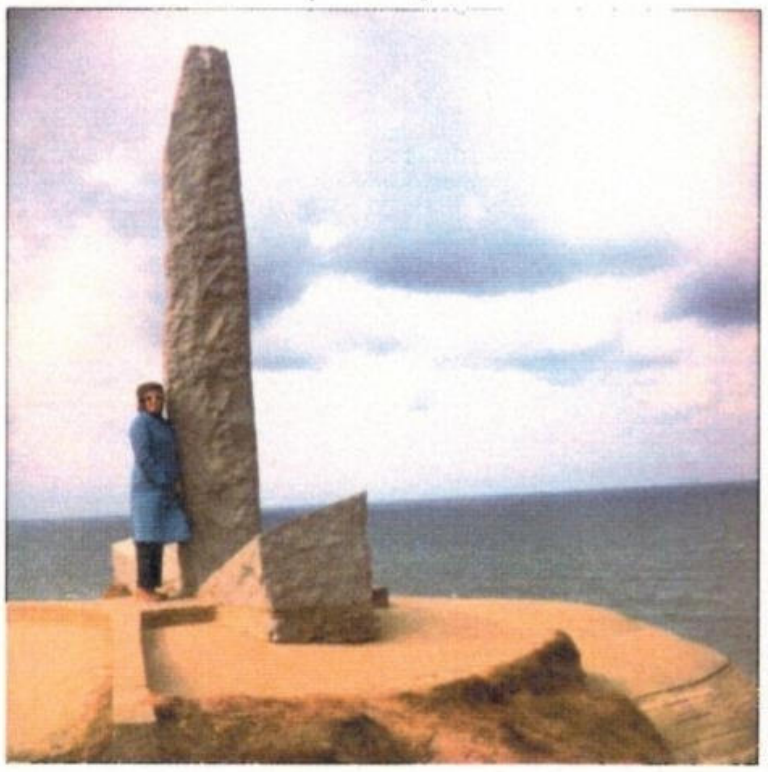
be having trouble, so I offered to help. They seemed to appreciate my help very much. It turned out that this was a stroke of luck for us. This was on a Saturday, and the cruise shop did not leave until Monday. On Sunday, we happened to see them in a park while we were sightseeing. We exchanged greetings and names, and they invited us to sit with them at dinner. Their names were Bob and Grace Bray and Arnie and Mary Kohler, and they lived in Tampa, Florida. One of the group stated that on a trip such as this you could reserve a table for your group for the evening meal and that they would make reservations for the six of us if we would like to join them. Of course we were delighted.

As the days passed, we became very close friends. They undoubtedly were wealthy people, but it did not show. You would never have gathered this from their conversation. They had traveled the world over many times, and we were certainly interested in their travels. From their point of view, they were interested in South Carolina. Since Dick Riley, Anne's son-in-law, was Governor, Anne had plenty to tell them. From my side, they wanted to know all about Duke University and particularly the Medical Center.

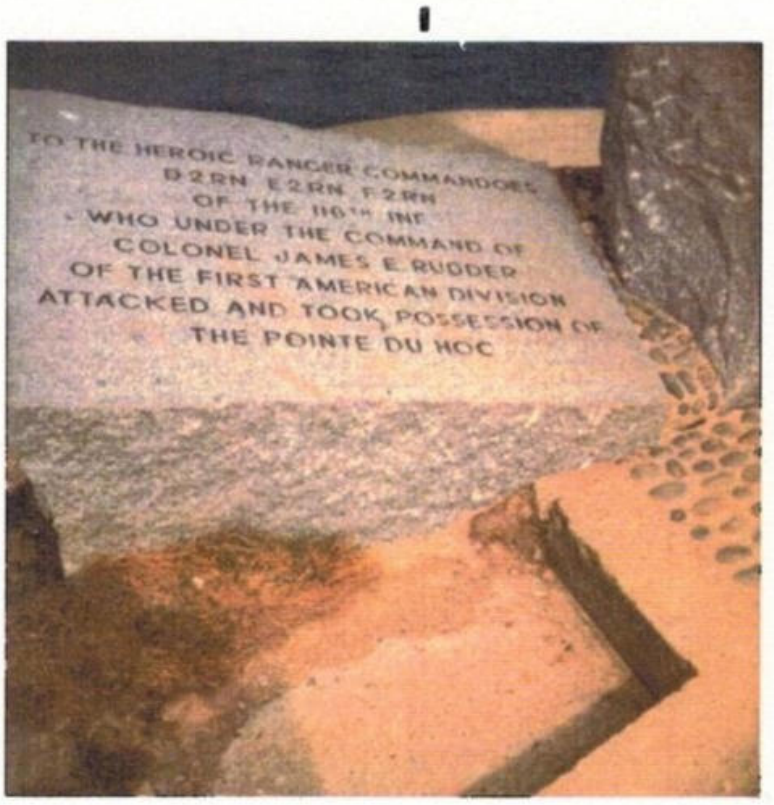
Our course of travel was the inside passage, and the scenery was beautiful. The ship stopped at many of the towns. I think the side trip we enjoyed most was one where the road ran by the side of a small creek which was about the size of Coopers Creek near Ela, North Carolina. The salmon run was on at that time, and to see those fish struggling to get to their spawning ground was certainly a sight. In due time, we returned to Vancouver, where we parted company with our friends and journeyed home, which was always a cheering thought.

In the fall of 1988, the call of the travel agent was heard again, and this time our thoughts were inclined southward toward the South Seas. As luck would have it, our port of embarkation was Tampa, Florida, where the friends we had met on the Alaska cruise lived. We called to see if they were home. Yes, they were at home, and they would meet us at the airport. From the airport, we were taken to the country club for lunch and then to the place where our cruise ship was docked and then to our cabin. When we opened the door, all we could see were flowers and enough champagne to last the entire trip. I know you have heard the old adage, "dear hearts and gentle people." Albeit these people were rich, they were the personification of the saying.

This trip, while very enjoyable, was mostly a "sun" trip. We did not leave the ship for all the side trips, as we had on the Alaska cruise. We did visit Grand Cayman Island, where Anne bought some silver place settings for what she thought an excellent price.



Anne at Pointe-du-Hoc, Omaha Beach, 1972



The inscription on the marker at Anne's feet in the photo at right. It reads: To the Heroic Ranger Commandoes D2RN E2RN F2RN of the 116th Inf who under the Command of Colonel James E. Rudder of the First American Division attacked and took possession of the Pointe Du Hoc.

German fortifications on the beach near Pointe-du-Hoc.

"Miss" Lizzie Martin

When Anne moved to Durham in June 1969, she was entertained by the Ruffins, the Eagles, and others who lived on Anderson Street, and that is the way she met Lizzie. Having lived in South Carolina all her life, she knew the "ways" of black people. Soon Lizzie was working for Anne one day each week, on other days when Anne entertained her book club or bridge club, and when we had guests. Anne turned to Lizzie for help because she was an excellent cook. Lizzie was also an excellent housekeeper, and told us often of how much she had learned from "Miz Eagles."

Lizzie was a devout church member and was always representing her church in national meetings. One year the meeting was held in Nashville, Tennessee. Anne got a card from her stating that she and some of the others had been "gasted." We could not imagine what she was talking about. When she arrived home, Anne asked her and she said that gas had escaped from a heater in her room and "gasted her." We later learned that Lizzie received two hundred dollars from the hotel.

In 1986, I purchased a condominium at 1911A Front Street, just a block away from the apartment where we had lived. The condo was much larger than the apartment, hence there was more work for Lizzie. Furthermore, Anne began to show signs of tiring more easily, so Lizzie actually did most of the housework.

As the years passed and Anne's condition continued to worsen until she was placed in Hillcrest Convalescent Home, Lizzie was always there when needed—almost one of those proverbial "blessings in disguise." In fact, she was practically a member of the Bryson family, and as the family grows, I always furnish her with pictures, particularly of the great-grandchildren.

For the care and love Lizzie showed to Anne and for the support she gave to me during those trying days, I will be eternally in her debt.

"Miss" Lizzie Martin

Finis

During the summer of 1988, Anne began to show signs that her back was really giving her trouble, and she was spending more time lying on the settee reading, although she had always been an inveterate reader. I think this was inherited from her father, who was quite a scholar. As days passed, she began calling me from meetings such as her bridge club or book club, saying she just could not sit in a straight backed chair any longer. At this time, Dr. Jim Clapp, whom she had been seeing, retired from active practice because of illness. Dr. Clapp advised her to see another doctor he recommended, but she said, "No. Dr. Clapp will be back in practice before long. I had rather wait." But as time passed and her condition worsened, I realized something had to be done, so she was admitted to Duke Hospital. It was then I learned that she was afflicted with osteoporosis, which was in its final stages. The only thing that could be done was to keep her as comfortable as possible. I was advised at that point the best place for her would be a convalescent home. Consequently, I arranged for her admittance to Hillcrest Convalescent Home here in Durham. On October 4, 1991, she suffered a stroke and was again admitted to Duke Hospital, where she remained for three weeks. At that time, she had recovered to the point that she was readmitted to Hillcrest. She could then see members of the family and friends and watch television. I can recall her saying: "When I get out of here the first thing I am going to do is buy a dress just like the blue one I am looking at." Anne was always cheerful, always in good spirits, always looking ahead, but in spite of all that could be done, her condition continued to worsen.

Several days before her death and late at night, I was sitting by Anne's bed thinking she was asleep, when she sort of roused and I heard these words, "Every day when you have such a happy life as Ed and I have had, I thank the Lord for every day we have left. I am not going to make myself unhappy by...."

I will never forget that night, but never will I think of it with sadness for I had the same thought and it was a sharing of memories that time cannot erase.

On February 9, 1992, Anne passed away. She is buried in Saint Stephens Episcopal Cemetery in Durham.

Life and its numbered years have a way of shaping and reshaping. But inevitably, along life's journey, you find yourself growing old and alone. Shadows lengthen and darkness comes early.

To my children, my grandchildren, my great-grandchildren, and those who have known me, when you think of me, let me be as close as your fondest memory.

Hunting Dogs

I believe that deep in every hunter's heart lies the love for some intelligent animal. During my time, I have had two. One, a yellow and white pointer named Don and the other, a black Labrador named Princess.

During my last year at UNC (1926), I made infrequent trips to Durham to visit friends and usually rode in a taxi ($1.00) round trip driven by a man named Ernest. On one such trip during the fall, Ernest overheard a friend and me talking about quail hunting. We were hopeful that we could find someone who owned a dog that we could borrow or would invite us to hunt. Ernest immediately spoke up and said he had a good quail dog that he was anxious to sell. I told him I was quite interested and suggested two or three trial runs to which he readily agreed. After two or three afternoon hunts, I was really pleased with Don's performance. He appeared to be a natural-born bird finder with a passion for hunting coveys, but he did not seem to care about hunting single birds or dead birds. I thought that he was still a young dog, and perhaps we could prevail on him to hunt a little closer. Anyway, it was worth the chance. So I prevailed on Mrs. Daniels, where I ate my meals, to credit me with a month's board, and I bought Don. This turned out to be a happy decision for me and also for my brother, Thad. When I left Bryson City in 1931, I left Don with him, for I knew that my new lifestyle, working at Duke, would involve much more work and much less hunting. Note that in the picture of Don which is included, he is in a "field trial" type of point.

When I became established at Currituck, that is with a livable house and a "stand" of decoys, I recalled the pleasures of hunting with a bird dog. Why not look into the matter of owning a duck dog? My inquiries brought me to the house of a duck hunting guide who lived near Grandy. Yes, he had one dog left from the litter, a female named Princess—that he had thought of keeping, but would sell for one hundred dollars. I said, "Well, let me see her." So he brought Princess out from the kennel.

I had always thought of Labradors as large dogs, big body, head and tail, like the one I owned at one time. But Princess was a much smaller dog. The owner asked me what I thought and would I like a demonstration. I could not quite gather what he meant by the word "demonstration," but I said, "Yes, I would." He then told his wife to take Princess into the house. He went to a nearby pen where he had some tame mallard ducks, brought one back, and tied the duck's wings and feet. He carried the duck about 200 feet from where we were standing and put the duck down in a patch of high weeds. He then called his wife to bring Princess back and also his shotgun and one shell. With his wife holding the dog, he turned around from the direction he had carried the duck and fired his gun, and waved Princess in the general direction where he had put the live duck. My thoughts were that he and Princess had practiced this act many times, and she would track him to the exact spot, but she did not. Instead, she made several circles and finally came upon the duck, which she picked up and brought back to her master without ruffling a feather. While somewhat impressed again, I thought that this might be an act that had been rehearsed many times. I then told the owner to give me a few days and I would be back in touch.

The more I thought of the matter, the more I thought, "Well, several years ago you bought a pointer on a chance, why not take a chance with a Labrador?" So, I bought Princess. I fed her well for the first two or three

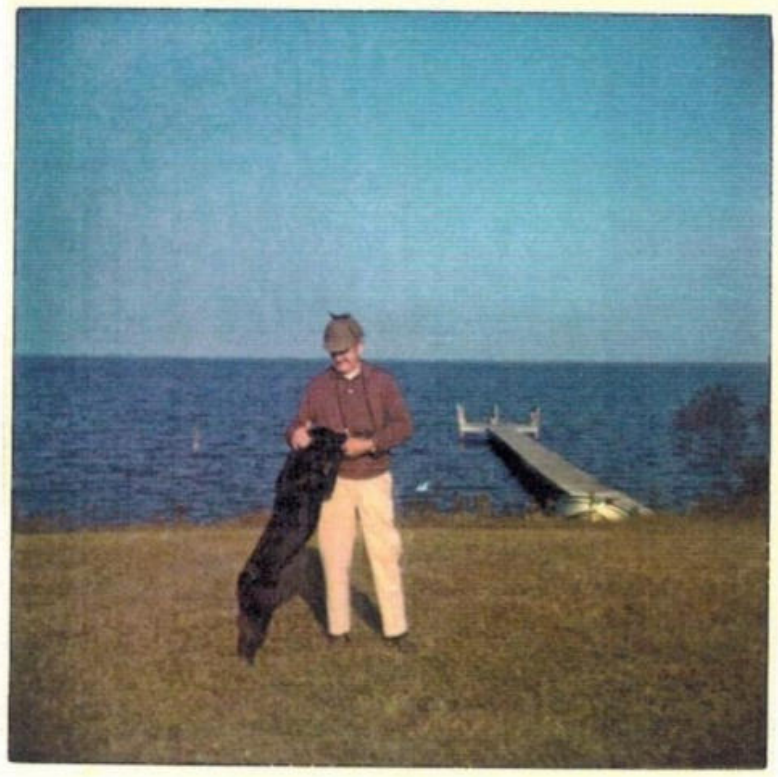
days. Just a little chopped sirloin on the side. I kept her on a leash until we reached the dock where I would throw a rubber duck in the water. There was no question about her retrieving that kind of a duck. So we made friends very quickly. Before leaving for home, I made arrangements with Herman Sears, who lived at Grandy and was a retired hunter and fisherman, to board her in my absence. In the long run, this was a very satisfying arrangement.

Princess became a one-man dog if one ever lived, and I was that one man. When I would let her in my station wagon, I can best express her greeting by saying that any man who does not feel tingling on the back of his neck may have inadequate nerve ends or has never experienced the love of a dog. While she never had much training, she filled all of my demands and expectations.

Princess was always doing things which were hard to believe but one event "passeth all understanding." On this occasion, Dr. Barnes Woodhall, who was at that time Chairman of the Department of Surgery at Duke and a very close friend of mine, was hunting with me. The weather was extremely cold, so cold that our guide, Melvin Dowdy, said that because of the ice we would not be able to get to the blind we had planned to hunt in, but he thought we could get some shooting from a small island. On this morning, I was wearing a small leather cap with ear flaps, but I also carried a much larger fur lined cap. On the way to the island, I changed caps and placed the small cap in the bow of the boat. Upon reaching the island, Dr. Woodhall and I got out of the boat, followed by Princess. Our guide said he would hide the boat back of the island some fifty yards away, and would return where we were anxiously watching for ducks. Some thirty minutes later, our guide said, "Mr. Bryson, where is your dog?" I replied, "She was with us a few minutes ago, but have no fear, she cannot go far for this is an island." So, we resumed our watching for ducks. A short time later, we heard a noise of something moving in the marsh weeds, and here came Princess with my cap, which I had left in the boat, in her mouth. You may not believe this, but as my old black nurse, Aunt Hannah, would say, "It's de God's truf if I eber told it."

In August 1973, Anne and I had planned a fishing trip to British Columbia. Before leaving, I brought Princess to Durham and had placed her in a boarding kennel. Upon our return some three weeks later, my son Edwin met us at the airport. Shortly thereafter, he said to me, "Daddy, I hate to tell you, but your dog died while you were away, and knowing how much you thought of her, I carried her remains to a pet cemetery where they have accommodations to keep pets pending burial." A few days later, I called Orville Woodhouse and asked him to tell Howard Jones to go up to our place at Aydlett and dig a grave. The next day I carried her to Currituck, where she was buried. I must say that, at that moment, into my heart surged a choking tribute of silence to a dog's unspeakable devotion.

It has been said of Labradors: "They will tease you, they will test you, but in the end they will win your heart." I am sure Beverly Bryson and Dan Dickinson would agree with that statement.



Princess

Don — a perfect point. Brother Thad and Uncle Dan in the background.

Fishing

From the time I bought the place at Currituck in 1946, the fishing was as good as you could ask for. For those people who like to fish with a cane pole, there were places in the sound known to people who had lived there for years, such as our neighbors, Wallace O'Neal and Mark Doxey, where fish called white perch and red fin would "school up" and could be caught with most any kind of bait. Also these fish were very good to eat. Then there was a fish called mullet which was caught in nets called "gill nets" or "set nets." Edwin and Dan had such a net which they had rigged up under Mr. O'Neal's supervision, and which they would set up in the Sound in front of the house. If they caught any fish, either their mother or I would take them to the Poplar Branch dock, where an elderly man by the name of "Uncle Henry" ran a fish market where they would sell their fish. I am not sure as to the "cash flow."

I have heretofore indicated that on my first trip to Currituck, I found the bass fishing to be truly amazing. It remained that way until the late seventies. Anne was an accomplished fisher and she loved to fish. I have seen her stand on the dock in front of our house and catch six or eight bass in an hour's time, all of which were released back into the water. I recall that during the summer of 1973, friends of Anne's, a husband and wife, who lived in Orlando, Florida, were visiting us. The husband and I decided to go to the ocean to do some surf fishing. When we returned late in the day without even one fish, the ladies had on display a bass that must have weighed four or five pounds. Anne had hooked the fish while fishing from the dock and had worked it close enough to the shore for her friend to get a grip on it, using a bath towel to land it.

I am sure that I have already made known that I always have been an avid fisherman. Two trips stand out in my memory.

During the year, September 1936 to June 1937, while I was attending Law School at the University of Oregon, I read and heard much about the fishing in the streams in the states of Oregon and Washington. When the urge to go fishing came to me in the spring of 1973, my memory of those stories came back to me and I thought, why not get some information regarding fishing in the Pacific Northwest. It also happened that several graduates of Duke Law School lived in that area and that their present addresses could be found in the Duke Law School directory. There I found the name Robert Finley, who was a native of North Carolina, but now lived in Bellingham, Washington and was a member of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington. I immediately wrote Bob for suggestions. Almost by return post he replied, giving me suggestions, but in the main he stated that a colleague of his on the Supreme Court had just returned from a trip to the wilds of British Columbia and was not only greatly impressed with the fishing but also with the accommodations. He further stated that, since his colleague had all the names and places, he would also help with arrangements from Vancouver, B.C. That meant that the means of travel from Durham to Vancouver would be in our hands. So I put the question to Anne and, as I expected, she was ready and eager to go, as she always was, whether it was fishing or hunting or whatever. So I said, "You get up with our travel agent and work out the trip to and from Vancouver, and remember we plan to visit Dan and Beverly on the way home." The train trip across Canada was absolutely beautiful, not only so far as the train was concerned, but also the scenery.

Needless to say, our visit with Dan and Beverly was one of the high spots of our trip. This gave us a chance to get acquainted with the family and to see something of the area. I particularly recall our visit to the Truman Library located, I believe, in Independence, MO.

Please read the copy of the letter to Bob Finley which follows and which gives further details.

August 16, 1973

Justice Robert C. Finley
The Supreme Court of the State of Washington
Olympia, Washington 98501

Dear Bob:

Anne and I returned to Durham Sunday night ending our trip which included our stay at Meadow Lake and La Push. Our only disappointment was that we did not get to spend a day or two in Olympia (for reasons I will explain) and recount our experiences with you.

Our trip began on July 19 with a flight to Montreal; then the train trip across Canada on the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Vancouver, B.C. From Vancouver we went by ferry to Victoria for one day and two nights; thence to Kamloops by plane and on to Little Fort, B.C., where we were met by one of Sam Deane's assistants and from there 21 miles by jeep to the fishing camp at Meadow Lake. Neither of us was actually prepared for what we found. On the trip in I casually asked the driver what was the source of power at the camp and when he replied, "We have no power or plumbing either." I thought Anne would fall out of the jeep. But the people and the place are the type that just grow on you and before we were unpacked in the cabin, "Skunk Hollow," which had been assigned to us, we began to love the place. I know we both shed tears when the time came to leave. Sam Deane runs a fine shop and he and his wife, Ollie, and their helpers are just the salt of the earth.

The style of fishing was somewhat different from what I had anticipated; hence I was not prepared or I should say not as prepared as I would like to have been tackle-wise. Basically I am a fly fisherman and I just did not have the assortment of bugs that I should have had.

However, we caught all the fish we wanted or could possibly use. I thought the fish, on the average, would run a little larger. Actually, the largest we caught ran approximately 20 inches, which would be a record in the Great Smokies. They were wild on the hook and wonderful on the breakfast table. So we left this magnificent wilderness, the land of the deer, wild ducks, the loon and a friendly skunk that visited our camp one night, with many regrets. Another day, God willing, we hope to return.

Our stay at La Push was very exciting. We found Mrs. Dolly Hagge to be most friendly and cooperative in every respect. The reservations you had made for us on the charter boat were excellent; Anne caught her limit of salmon each day. I missed my limit by one fish on one day. We had some of the fish canned and they are excellent.

From La Push we journeyed to Seattle. I immediately called my son Dan, who lives in Kansas City to arrange a visit with him. Much to our disappointment we found we could only stay one night in Seattle in order to fit into his plans. I tried to reach you during the evening.

We cannot thank you enough for helping us plan this trip and assisting in the arrangements. For both of us it was a wonderful never-to-be-forgotten experience.

Most sincerely,

E.C. Bryson

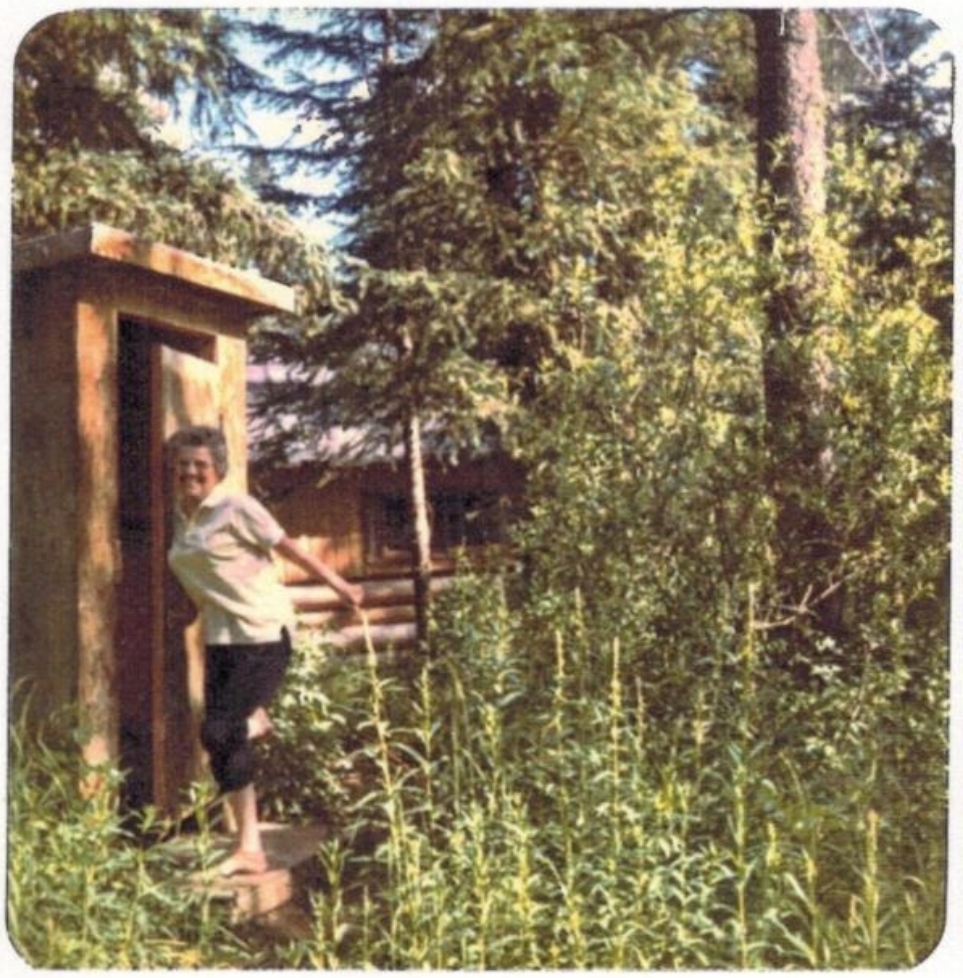
ECB:nw

The other trip was to a fishing camp located at the foot of Mt. Katadan in the State of Maine. The fishing was in a pond or lake called Kidney Pond. I came upon this spot from reading an article in the Field and Stream magazine written by the Associate Editor for fishing. The article emphasized the great fishing in Kidney Pond, especially for brook trout. This fish is somewhat similar to rainbow trout, but usually much smaller. They are recognizable by the red dots on the fishes' sides.

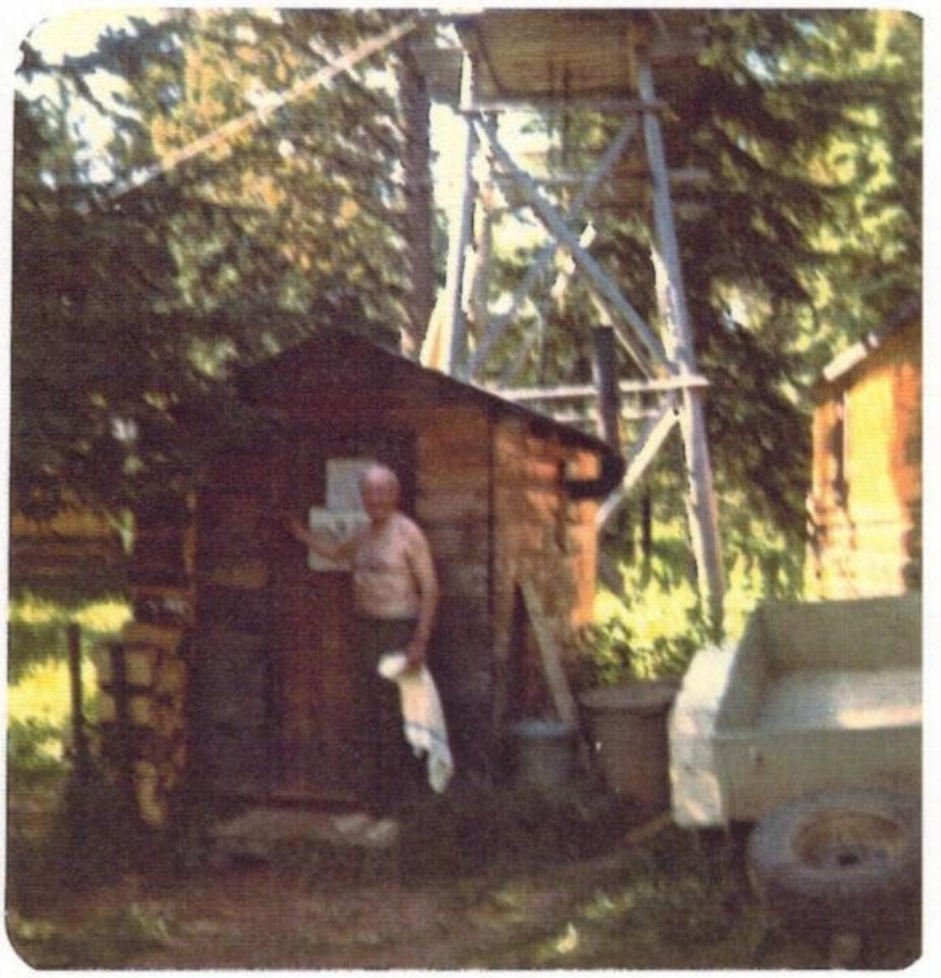
The camp site, the cabins and the dining hall and food were all you could ask for and the foliage and hiking trails were beautiful. But the fishing—we stayed there one week and I consider myself an expert with a fly rod but actually—I did not catch ONE fish. Anne did not attempt to fish, since the fishing was from a canoe, and she would have none of that. There we met a retired Rear Admiral and his wife who were from Southern Pines, NC, and lived at the Penick Homes, which is the Episcopal Church Retirement facility located there. Anne and the wife played bridge and hiked together, and the Admiral and I fished together, but he did not catch any fish.

At the time of leaving and paying the bill, I took the manager to task about the advertising and the lack of fishing, and as you would guess, "We were there at the wrong time." But we liked the place very much so I said, "When is the right time?" He gave me a date and practically guaranteed the fishing. So we reserved a week for the next summer as he had suggested. But again—no fish! So, the moral is: "Don't let NO fish spoil your trip." We did not, for otherwise we had a very enjoyable trip.

Meadow Lake, British Colombia
August 1973



The Outhouse



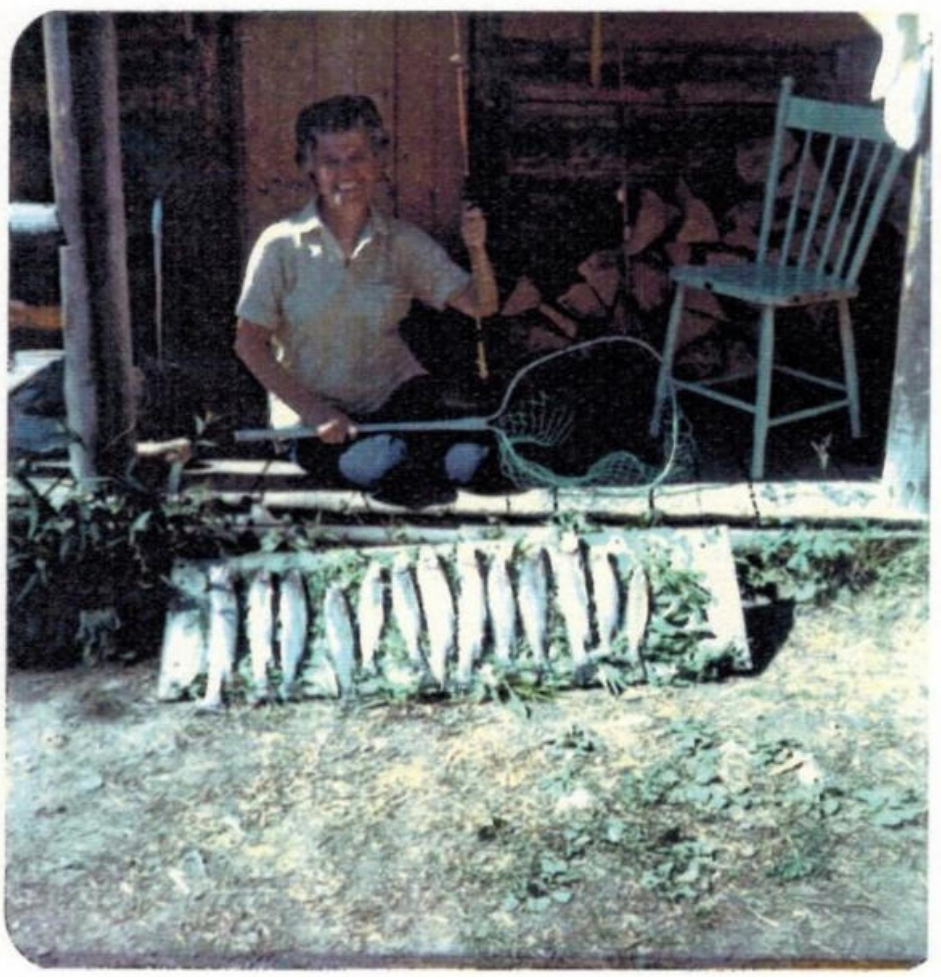
The Bathhouse

Anne with Sam and Ollie Deane and their staff

Our cabin — Skunk Hollow

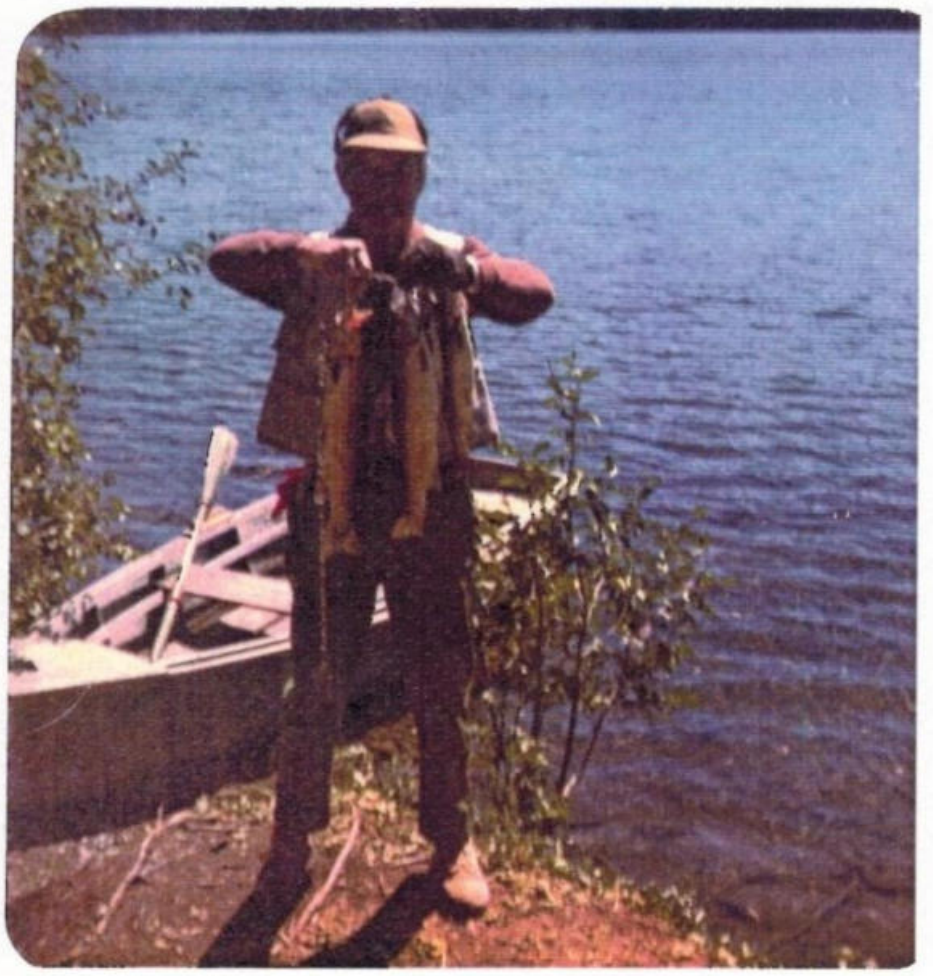
Meadow Lake, British Colombia
August 1973

A fishing we shall go . . .



and we did.

Silver Salmon from the Pacific Ocean out of La Push, Washington



Sizeable trout —I would say!

Anne, Princess, and a large mouth bass Anne caught from the dock in front of the house. The bass was about 5 pounds, much larger than any I ever caught.

Awards

&

Recognitions

RESOLUTION OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES

On September 1, 1971, Edwin Constant Bryson brings to a close the duration of an unbroken line of legal counsel from the Bryson family to Duke University that almost spans the history of this institution since it has become a university. His father, the late Honorable Thaddeus D. Bryson, joined the faculty of the Duke University School of Law as one of the first of a number of distinguished attorneys who were selected for the Law School by President Few in 1927 at the time of the transition of Trinity College to Duke University. Judge Bryson served as Professor of Law and as attorney for the university until his retirement as attorney in 1945. His son, Edwin, became his successor, continuing in the Bryson name the responsibility for the legal matters of the university until this date, forty-four years after his father's arrival. He has given unstintingly of time and talents, and has consistently provided competent advice and counsel to the university corporation and to members of its community.

Edwin Bryson was born on October 6, 1905, at Bryson City, North Carolina. He attended the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill from 1922 to 1925 and qualified for admission to the practice of law in the State of North Carolina at the age of twenty-two years, before time for his graduation from the university. From 1927 to 1930 he engaged in private law practice. In September, 1931, he joined Dr. John S. Bradway, Director of the newly created Legal Aid Clinic at the School of Law at Duke. While with the staff, he undertook further study at Duke Law School and, in 1936, took leave to attend the University of Oregon School of Law. He was awarded the LL.B. degree from the Oregon School of Law in 1937. He returned to his position at Duke and since then has attained his present rank of Professor of Law, Professor of Legal Medicine, and University Counsel. He is an honorary member of the Order of the Coif, the legal fraternity of academic excellence.

With acquaintances spread throughout the nation, Mr. Bryson is particularly close to North Carolina lawyers. For several years he taught students from all schools in a special review course to prepare them for the North Carolina State Bar Examination. His other services include membership and president in 1964 of the Board of Directors of the National Association of College and University Attorneys; president in 1963 of the 10th North Carolina Judicial District Bar Association, former chairman of the Duke University Law School Building Committee; former president of the Board of Directors of Highland Hospital Corporation, now dissolved and a component of the Duke Hospital; a member of the National Driving Center's Board of Directors and the Society of Hospital Attorneys; chairman of the University Employees Retirement Board; for years a member of the University Athletic Council. He is an authority on the law relating to physicians and hospital care.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED that this Committee expresses, for the University of its Board of Trustees, profound appreciation and best wishes to Edwin Constant Bryson upon his retirement from long years of rendering good legal judgment and advice, and unselfish and attentive devotion to the needs of the University and the Board of Trustees during six university administrations.

A valued advisor retires

Ed Bryson has been associated with Duke for 40 years.

On the fortieth anniversary of his association with Duke, Edwin C. Bryson retired from his post as University Counsel on September 1. "These things come along, and sometimes you are ready for them," he said, a few days before leaving his office, "but after forty years you feel like such an integral part of the University it's difficult to let go."

Mr. Bryson, who will remain associated with the counsel's office until January and probably continue as a professor of legal medicine for some time in the future, first came to Duke in 1931 as an associate in the Legal Aid Clinic of the Law School. An alumnus of the University of North Carolina, he did some advanced work in the Law School, before receiving his LL.B. degree at the University of Oregon in 1937. He returned to work at the Clinic here, and in 1947 he succeeded his father, the late Judge T. D. Bryson, as University Attorney—the position which later became "University Counsel."

Mr. Bryson has held a professorship in the Duke Law School since 1954—though the amount of time necessarily devoted to his expanding and increasingly complex Counsel position has precluded his teaching there for the last several years—and considers the course which he conducted for law graduates preparing for the North Carolina Bar examinations to be "one of the most satisfying and rewarding exeriences I've had since I've been associated with the University."

His interest in legal medicine, which "just grew" through his association with the Medical Center during his years as Counsel, has made him an invaluable aid to physicians and administrators there; as well as being, in President Terry Sanford's words, "A valued advisor to six Duke administrations and thirteen generations of law students."

Contemplating his retirement, Mr. Bryson mentioned the possibility of his writing a legal guidebook for physicians, as well as his plans to "harass a lot of fish I haven't been able to get around to." A painting of a jumping rainbow trout graces a wall in Mr. Bryson's office, and the Bryson City, North Carolina (named for his grandfather) native states that, "I practically cut my teeth on a fly rod."

Mr. Bryson's three children are all Duke graduates, and he and his wife Anne will continue to make their home in Durham—while putting in a good bit of time hunting and fishing at their vacation home on Currituck Sound. "I don't know exactly what I'll be doing," Mr. Bryson said, "but I don't intend to retire to a wheelchair!"

DURHAM MORNING HERALD FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1971

Duke University Counsel Retiring

Edwin C. Bryson, attorney and legal counsel to Duke University since 1947, has announced his retirement effective Sept. 1.

The retirement date marks the 40th anniversary of Bryson's association with Duke. He succeeded his father, the late Judge T. D. Bryson, who was professor of law and university attorney from 1927 to 1947.

Duke President Terry Sanford paid tribute to Bryson's service to the university.

"He has been a valued adviser to six Duke administrations and 13 generations of law students," Sanford said. "I am particularly grateful for the assistance he has rendered over the past two years. His vast experience in a period of massive educational change has been invaluable."

Sanford said that there will be no direct replacement for Bryson. Instead, outgoing Chancellor A. Kenneth Pye, who resumes his law professorship Sept. 1, will coordinate campus and off-campus legal counsel.

Bryson, 65, a native of Bryson City, attended the University of North Carolina and Duke Law School prior to receiving his law degree from the University of Oregon. He practiced law in Bryson City for four years before being named an assistant in the Duke Law School's Legal Aid Clinic in 1931.

In 1954 he was named professor of law and later became professor of legal medicine. He has continued in both of those capacities.

He is chairman of the Duke Retirement Board, a member of the Athletic Council, the Personnel Policy Committee, the Affirmative Action Plan Committee, the Patient Policy Committee and the Clinical Research Unit Committee.

Bryson is also a member of the National Driving Center's board of directors and the Society of Hospital Attorneys. He served as vice president in 1964 and president in 1965 of the National Association of College and University Attorneys and was vice chairman of the General Statutes Commission of North Carolina from 1961 to 1965.

Bryson is an honorary member of the Order of Coif, an international legal organization whose membership is selected for significant contributions to the field of law.

Bryson's three children by his first marriage, Mary B. Dickinson of Virginia Beach, Va., Edwin C. Bryson Jr. of Durham and Dan R. Bryson of Overland Park, Kansas, are all Duke graduates.

While Bryson's retirement is effective Sept. 1, he will be associated with the Duke Counsel's office until Jan. 1. He and his wife Anne will continue to make their home in Durham.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE--Edwin C. Bryson (third from left) looks at a portrait of him that will hang in the Duke University Law School beside a portrait of his father, the late Judge T. D. Bryson of Bryson City.

Portrait Given To Duke Law School

DURHAM, N.C. – The notables gallery" at the Duke University Law School has its first father-son combination.

A portrait of Edwin C. Bryson, who retired last year after 40 years' association with the law school, was presented to the school Friday night during activities opening the annual Law Alumni Weekend at Duke.

The oil painting, the work of noted portrait painter Willian C. Fields of Fayetteville, will hang in the law school beside a portrait of Bryson's father, the late Judge T.D. Bryson.

Like many other portraits throughout the building, the new Bryson likeness is a gift to the school from alumni. It joins paintings of former law school deans, other noted professors and an occasional alumnus, such as the portrait of President Nixon in the school's moot courtroom.

Making the presentation and leading the tribute to "Ed" Bryson was Norwood Robinson of Winston-Salem, a 1952 graduate of the law school.

Bryson, 66, a native of Bryson City, practiced law in his home town for four years before being named an assistant in the Duke Law School's Legal Aid Clinic in 1931. His father was a professor of law and university attorney from 1927 to 1947.

The younger Bryson succeeded his father as university attorney, the title of which was changed to university counsel in 1962. He was named professor of law in 1954 and later became professor of legal medicine as well.

The artist, Fields, has painted portraits professionally in the eastern United States and Europe since 1944. From 1945 until 1962, he maintained a studio in New York City. Most of the years 1950 through 1952, however, were spent in Europe, chiefly in Italy, where he painted portraits of such notables as the late Pope Pius XII, numerous Italian princes and princesses, and and Cirrorio Orlando, prime minister of Italy during World War I.

Since returning to his hometown of Fayetteville in 1955, he has done portraits of such distinguished North Carolinians as Mrs. Terry Sanford, wife of Duke's president and the former governor, and their children, Betsy and Terry, Jr.; author Inglis Fletcher; the late textile magnate Charles A. Cannon Jr.; the late Dr. Archibald Henderson, official biographer of George Bernard Shaw and a distinguished mathematician; Vice Admiral and Mrs. Paul Hendred; Dr. William M. Randall, former president of Wilmington College (now UNC-Wilmington); and Dr. Hugh T. Lefler, noted historian.

Fields has participated widely in the cultural life of North Carolina. In May, 1965, he was elected a Life Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, London.

Bryson is one of the two law school veterans being honored by the alumni this weekend. Tributes to long-time professor and former dean Elvin R. (Jack) Latty were led at a banquet Friday night by Charlotte attorney Carlton Fleming, a 1951 graduate, and Prof, Hodge O'Neal, another former dean of the school.

THE

North Carolina State Bar

Edwin C. Bryson

This certificate is awarded in recognition of faithful and unselfish service to the Bar of North Carolina

AS

FOR THE HISTORY OF
THE NORTH CAROLINA
STATE BAR, 1933-1950

BY ORDER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE NORTH CAROLINA STATE BAR

Presented this 20th day of October 1983.

PRESIDENT

SECRETARY

National Association of College and University Attorneys

Life Membership Award

Edwin C. Bryson

IN APPRECIATION of **EDWIN C. BRYSON** who has rendered outstanding services and who has made substantial contributions to the National Association of College and University Attorneys the Association has elected him to Life Membership.

Unanimously adopted by the Executive Board of the National Association of College and University Attorneys November 1, 1971.

NACUA

President

Society of Hospital Attorneys

of the

American Hospital Association

This is to certify that

Edwin C. Bryson

is a

Charter Member

1968

Executive Vice President
American Hospital Association

United States District Court
Middle District of North Carolina
Suite 246, Federal Building & U. S. Courthouse
Winston-Salem, North Carolina 27101

Chambers of
Hiram H. Ward
Chief Judge

May 21, 1987

Mr. E.C. Bryson, Sr.
P.O. Box 2711
Durham, North Carolina 27705

Dear Mr. Bryson:

On behalf of the Court I want to express to you our sincere appreciation for your dedicated and conscientious service as Chairman of the Land Commission. It is difficult to believe that almost fifteen years have passed since I came on the bench and one of my first duties was to handle the land condemnation cases for the projects then underway in the eastern portion of the Middle District. You, Mr. Rhinehart, George Roach, and later Kemp Clendenin, have done a truly outstanding job in determining the issue of just compensation in hundreds of cases and both the Court, the landowners and the public in general are indebted to you for your services.

As you know, final judgment has now been entered in the last case and only in the unlikely event the matter is appealed and remanded to us by the Court of Appeals, this mammoth task is at an end.

Please accept the enclosed certificate as a token of our appreciation. Thank you again for your able and dedicated service.

Sincerely,

Hiram H. Ward

Hiram H. Ward
Chief Judge

HHW/mn

Enclosure

United States District Court
Middle District of North Carolina

Be it known to all to whom these presents shall appear:

The Judges of the United States District Court for the Middle District of North Carolina have authorized and ordered entered into the General Minutes of this Court that a

Certificate of Appreciation

be and is hereby awarded to

E. C. BRYSON

in recognition of honorable and valuable service as

LAND COMMISSIONER

during the period

OCTOBER 1972 THROUGH MAY 1987

In witness whereof the Seal of this Court and the signature of the Judges thereof are affixed hereto.

Given at Greensboro, in the State of North Carolina, this 11th *day of* MAY, *19* 87

Hiram H. Ward
Chief Judge

Robert A. Ellis
Judge

U.S. DISTRICT COURT MIDDLE DISTRICT OF NORTH CAROLINA

Richard C. Erwin
Judge

Eugene A. Gordon
Judge

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA
GENERAL STATUTES COMMISSION

A RESOLUTION OF THE GENERAL STATUTES COMMISSION HONORING

E. C. BRYSON

WHEREAS, the Honorable E. C. BRYSON has served the NORTH CAROLINA GENERAL STATUTES COMMISSION as follows:

Member, General Statutes Commission	1954 - 1960
Vice-Chairman, General Statutes Commission	1961 - 1965
Member, General Statutes Commission	1966
Member, Drafting Committee on Code of Civil Procedure	1958 - 1963

and;

WHEREAS, he has through his diligent efforts on behalf of the General Statutes Commission contributed materially to the growth of a sound body of law in the State of North Carolina.

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED by the North Carolina General Statutes Commission:

Sec. 1. That by this Resolution the North Carolina General Statutes Commission desires to honor E. C. Bryson and to express its sincere and heartfelt appreciation for his years of faithful service to the General Statutes Commission and to the people of the State of North Carolina.

Sec. 2. That this Resolution shall be spread upon the minutes of the General Statutes Commission.

Sec. 3. That the Secretary of the General Statutes Commission is directed to prepare and deliver to the Honorable E. C. Bryson a certified copy of this Resolution.

Adopted by the General Statutes Commission this the 3rd day of June, 1966.

I do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and exact copy of a Resolution of the North Carolina General Statutes Commission, adopted at its regular meeting, June 3, 1966. This the 4th day of June, 1966.

Leon H. Corbett, Jr.

Leon H. Corbett, Jr.,
Revisor of Statutes;
Ex-officio Secretary,
General Statutes Commission

THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OFFICE OF THE GENERAL COUNSEL

November 12, 1984

E. C. Bryson
P.O. Box 2711
West Durham Station
Durham, NC 27705

Dear Mr. Bryson:

As a recognized leader among college and university attorneys, you have been selected to represent the Dwight D. Eisenhower People to People International organization on a purposeful Goodwill Mission to Russia and China. It is a pleasure to extend you this invitation and we sincerely hope you can arrange your schedule to take advantage of this opportunity.

The United States University Attorneys and Bar Leaders People to People Delegation will be visiting the Soviet Union, China and Finland. We will make an overnight stop in Helsinki, Finland, to rest and see the sights en route to the Soviet Union. Your selection as a potential member of this exclusive American delegation was made because of your standing, background and proven leadership in our profession. This mission is a non-governmental, private sector organization and each participating delegate pays his/her own way. Since it is not a federal function, we will meet people from all walks of life, as well as those who are directly involved in the legal profession. Briefings will be requested by staff members of the American Embassies in Moscow and Beijing and/or the American Consulates in Leningrad and Shanghai.

I am pleased to inform you of my selection as the leader, spokesman and organizer of this delegation. This project has been endorsed by People to People International. This will not be a trip devoted primarily to tourism and sightseeing activities. Although sightseeing will be provided, the overall purpose of the mission will be devoted to meeting people on a face-to-face, person-to-person basis as we participate in a serious mission dedicated to peace and understanding.

People to People International is a non-political, non-profit organization, and this project will be a working, educational program. We will maintain an accurate journal of all counterpart meetings and names of representatives of our profession with whom we had an opportunity to meet. Shortly after our return home, a copy of the journal will be sent to each member or couple.

590 University Hall • University of California • Berkeley, California 94720 • (415) 642-2822

Our Delegation of University Attorneys and Bar Leaders will depart from New York on August 3, and return to San Francisco on August 24, 1985. Your all-inclusive cost from departure until return is $4197.00 per person. Initial membership is limited to only 15 couples and will be determined in the order registration applications and deposits are received. Upon learning of your interest, complete information and the official registration applications will be sent.

Please advise by return mail or phone if you can accept this opportunity, or advise me of your interest, in order that I may send you a brochure containing complete details of the mission. In the event you cannot accept, I would appreciate your informing me of an alternate, of suitable caliber, who might like to have this opportunity.

Sincere regards,

Donald L. Reidhaar

Donald L. Reidhaar
Delegation Leader and Host

P.S. I know Tom Cunningham would want me to extend his best regards.

I was unable to accept their invitation due to my commitment as Chairman of the Federal Land Commission

ECB