



The Chattooga Quarterly

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From Cultural Heritage, a New Land Ethic



"Bull of the Woods": Andrew Gennett and Phil Lovin logging the Chattooga River watershed

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Director's Page

Buzz Williams, CRWC Executive Director

"When they have established a unity of thought corresponding to their homogeneity of character, then their love of community will assume a practical form, and then, indeed, America, with all her peoples, can boast no stronger sons than these same mountaineers."
—Emma Miles, from *The Spirit of the Mountains*.

This edition of the *Chattooga Quarterly* examines the cultural history of the Chattooga River watershed, much of which appears to be purely local history. We have focused on those who have inhabited the land in the Chattooga River watershed, and some factors influencing their past and present cultures. Yet their history is broader than just local; it embodies ideas and customs that reflect and shape how people relate to the land. Beginning with the interaction of Native Americans and the Europeans invading the Chattooga watershed, up to the present day influence of second-home-builders, this *Chattooga Quarterly* also explores the newly assimilated, collective culture of people here. Perhaps a better understanding of these cultural dynamics will help us reach a consensus on how to be good stewards of this land.

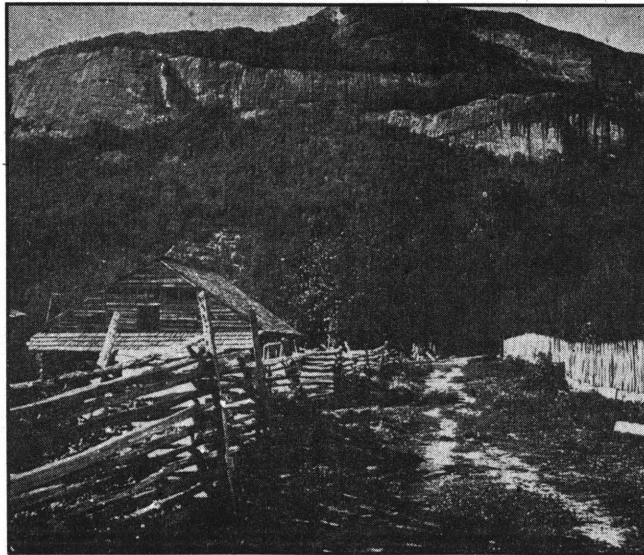
When I think of "culture" my thoughts turn to the essence of human bonds, such as those expressed by speech, art, cuisine, particular customs, racial and religious ideas, and our capacity to pass these on to following generations. Often, cultures are related to a particular place or ecosystem, since their very survival is tied to a direct relationship with that area's natural resources. Examples would be seafaring folk, whose lifestyle is tied to their ability to catch fish, and the Plains Indians who depended on their ability to successfully hunt buffalo for food, clothing and shelter.

A sense of place, however, is becoming less and less a factor in a modern world that has been in effect shrunk and homogenized by the speed and efficiency of communication systems, global commerce and modes of transportation. But even as these local cultures are slowly dying, there are those who believe that the short-term profits gleaned from global marketing are gained at the expense of dwindling, non-renewable natural resources (see interview with Dr. Eugene Odum, *Chattooga Quarterly*, Spring 1997). However, moving towards a more holistic society can

translate into achieving harmony with natural systems. We do not have to invent these ideas; to some degree many local cultures already express a knowledge of living within their native ecological contexts.

On the other hand, many local cultures have withstood the vicissitudes of time only to be obliterated by overpowering, outside forces. One needs to only assess the devastating impacts of the invading European forces on the

Native American's sustainable agrarian cultures, or the effects of the big timber barons and coal companies on the Southern Appalachian region, to see the need for overarching checks and balances. In fact, the answer lies with systems that harmonize both national and local cultural perspectives.



Lombard homestead at the base of Whiteside Mountain, in the 1800's.

Achieving this balance will be very difficult. For example, take the reactions of local people to the Chattooga River being designated "Wild And Scenic" under the Federal government's National Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. Prior to the filming of the movie *Deliverance*, the Chattooga River watershed was a resource used almost exclusively by

local people. After the movie, river use went from 800 people in 1971 to more than 80,000 in 1997. Thankfully, foresighted people nominated the Chattooga for Wild and Scenic River status to try and protect the unique ecological, geological, and social character of the watershed. For example, one of the stated purposes of the legislation is to manage the river to maintain the elements of solitude and wildness. Nonetheless, locals associated the ensuing hoards of people with the Act. Ironically, the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act was the very thing that has saved the vestiges of those cultural ideas so cherished by the peoples of this watershed.

Today, our task is to rehabilitate and preserve the distinctive cultural character which has evolved with this beautiful, wild place, in concert with the need to manage the watershed to protect it for the use and enjoyment of the whole nation. This task will not be easy. Let's start with a better understanding the time-honored culture of the people of the Chattooga watershed, who are an integral part of this ecosystem.



The Whiskey Rebellion: Highlands, North Carolina

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Old man Joel Lovin lifted the siege of this mountain town during its whiskey rebellion with only a prayer and a threat. It all happened back in 1883, when the blockaders ["moonshiners"] of a Georgia community declared war on Highlands [North Carolina] and engaged the townsfolk in a three-day pitched battle. The men who fought it are dead and gone, and there's not even a monument to show that a crusade against whiskey was started here, sixteen years before Carry Nation went on a rampage with her hatchet.

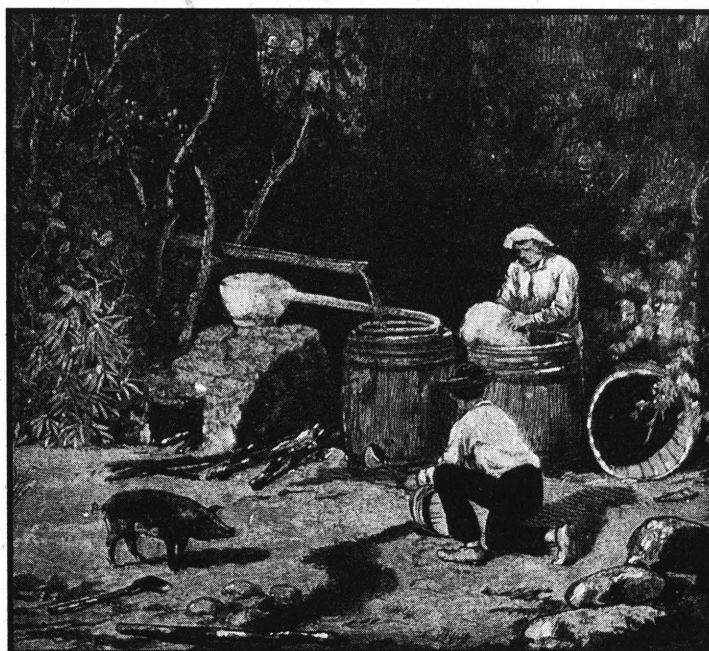
Probably the only man alive remembering the affair is Judge Felix E. Alley of Waynesville who, as a boy of ten, watched his father and four brothers ride out of nearby Whiteside Cove to the defense of the embattled town. "I remember the occurrence in all of its details, as if it were yesterday", Judge Alley recalled recently. "I heard the story from my father and my brothers, and from the lips of Uncle Joel Lovin, as brave a Confederate veteran as ever lived and who was the real hero of the affair".

In those days, Highlands was a "Yankee" town. It had been built and settled in 1875 by Northerners, mostly from Massachusetts. These settlers were a very temperate folk, and were uncompromisingly opposed to the use of intoxicating liquor.

Adjoining Highlands Township was Moccasin Township, just across the state line in Rabun County, Georgia, where blockading flourished without fear and little hindrance. It was the "moonshine" capital of the Southern Appalachians, and many of the blockaders found a booming market for their corn juice among the young men of Highlands. With the whiskey traffic threatening to make a Gomorrah of their town, and with Georgia officers seemingly unable to stop it at the source, the folks here called upon the Federal government for help. Revenue agents swarmed into the area, destroyed distilleries and secured indictments but made no arrests, thus leaving

the blockaders free to make and traffic in whiskey until their trials.

It was not until several years later that any attempt was made to arrest blockaders and hold them without bond. Rabun County started cleaning up the blockaders, with the election of John B. Dockens as sheriff. He was a fearless man who arrested all blockaders or traffickers in whiskey who failed to leave the county for good. But there was a hard core of blockaders, led by four brothers named Billingsly who had a mean-mad reputation and placed little value on life, figuring that with their rifles they were a law unto themselves.



An 1883 engraving depicting an illicit whiskey still in the North Carolina mountains.

Finally, a man by the name of Henson was arrested with a load of whiskey in Moccasin by Federal agents and brought to Highlands, since it was the nearest town. There was no jail in Highlands, and Henson was confined in a room of the Smith Hotel, which is still standing, to await trial. Without saying anything to the Billingsly brothers, one of Henson's friends rode into Highlands with the avowed purpose of rescuing the imprisoned man. He succeeded in getting into the hotel but before he could use his gun or reach Henson, he too was arrested and placed under guard.

News got back to Moccasin and to the Billingsly brothers, who called a council of war and mapped out their campaign. One of the brothers scrawled a declaration of war and sent it off to Highlands by messenger. It informed the folks of the town that an army was preparing to push to Highlands. The declaration of war set a date of attack.

On the day named the Army of Moccasin, some eighteen strong, marched on Highlands. The townsfolk, taking their rifles down from pegs on the wall, barricaded themselves within and behind the Smith Hotel where the prisoners were confined, while the Georgia band bivouacked behind an old store building directly across the street.

For three days and three nights the opposing forces engaged in snap-shooting, every head appearing behind either building drawing a shot. The men of Highlands did not yet dare send a messenger into surrounding country for

The Whiskey Rebellion *continued*

reinforcements because they figured whoever tried to leave the hotel would be shot down. Finally, Tom Ford, a native mountaineer, took a ladder and climbed to the roof of the hotel. He inched to the edge of the roof, got a man by the name of Ramey in his sights and fired. Ramey fell dead.

The shooting stopped. Suddenly there was a heavy stillness over the town. The Georgians withdrew and returned to Rabun County to bury their dead. But as they withdrew they left a letter, however, declaring that as soon as they had buried their dead they would return with reinforcements and wage their war to the bitter end.

Highlands sent out runners to Whitesides Cove, Cashiers and the adjoining communities to alarm the countryside and ask for help. "That was when my father, my four brothers, all the neighbor men, and all the boys old enough to use a gun from Whiteside Cove, Cashiers Valley and Hamburg, rushed to Highlands to defend the town against the second threatened attack", Judge Alley recalled. "They waited two or three days, every one being armed to the teeth, but Moccasin did not return to renew the assault. Instead they sent a messenger with a letter in which they stated, among other things, that they knew Highlands had to transport their food and all the necessities of life from Walhalla, South Carolina". The letter also pointed out that the only road leading from Highlands to Walhalla passed through the center of Moccasin Township, and that instead of returning to renew hostilities on North Carolina soil, they would kill any and every man from Highlands who attempted to pass over the Georgia road.

Meanwhile, the larders of Highlands became empty. It was necessary that the wagon trains should run uninterruptedly in order to keep the needs of the town supplied. At first, no man would attempt a test of the blockade and the threat of death. And then old man Joel Lovin, the wild blood of the Irish in his veins, volunteered to make the run. He was in his seventies but he was a big, hulking man, and he wore chin whiskers and a mustache. And he knew how to use a rifle. He had been through the bloody battles of the Civil War and he had become a legend because of his sharpshooting. He was a native of Graham County, and had moved to Highlands where he made a

living as a teamster.

So old man Lovin hitched up his team, and with his rifle in one hand climbed onto the high seat of his wagon and started out. When Lovin reached the vicinity of the settlement where the Billingsly brothers lived, right at the Chattooga River and at the forks of the road on Pine Mountain, he saw them coming up the road. The brothers marched in single file and each carried a rifle.

Old man Lovin knew this was the show-down and he worried his mind what to do—shoot first or let the

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Billingslys make the first move. The old man had never had much faith in prayer, but he reckoned it wouldn't hurt to do a little praying. So he prayed: "Oh, Lord, if there is a Lord, save my soul, if I have a soul, from going to hell, if there is a hell".

The Billingsly brothers kept coming and the old man kept driving. Then he recalled a prayer that his old father had used when he had asked a blessing at meal time, and so he muttered it: "Oh Lord, make us thankful for what we're about to receive." Still the Billingslys came on.

By now the old Rebel Spirit was aroused in the old man. Holding the reins with one hand and taking a firmer grip on his rifle with the other, he said: "Oh, Lord, if you won't help me, don't help the Billingslys, and I'll shoot the damn Yankees like I used to do endurin' of the war!" The Billingsly boys passed by, never raising their eyes to the old man, and old man Lovin went on his way.

This ended the trouble between Moccasin and Highlands. The wagons rolled again and food flowed into Highlands. The whiskey traffic stopped. But old man Lovin said he never could make up his mind whether his prayers or his threat saved him from the Billingsly brothers.



Memoirs of Andrew Gennett, Lumberman

The following pages are excerpts from the memoirs of Mr. Andrew Gennett, a lumberman operating in the Chattooga River watershed in the early 1900's. The CRWC is working with Andrew Gennett, Jr., and others, towards publishing this valuable cultural document. This manuscript has been edited by Nicole Hayler.

Fortunately for me a change was coming in my life of which I knew nothing, but which was to lead me far away from the chances of politics. One night early in 1901, my brother Nat came home highly excited and very much elated over the outlook of a timber purchase that he and his

partner, Sam Ransome, had offered to them, and which they were wild to look over. I knew nothing of timber lands, hardly knowing one tree from another, and very little of the possibilities of the lumber business.... [Later] when I arrived in Nashville, I found that Ransome and Elliot were very much stirred up over the outcome of the transaction, and that Mr. Elliot especially was anxious for us to take up another tract of timber. This tract was being advertised for sale in that country as 20,000 poplar and

white pine trees guaranteed to be 24 inches and up in diameter and exceptionally free from defects, at a price of \$2.10 a tree. These trees were lying all around the watershed of the Chattooga River -- which is the dividing line between Georgia and South Carolina -- from the foot of the mountain twelve miles above the crossing of the Southern Railway, up to Fowler's Creek and White Creek, lying in Cashiers Valley in North Carolina. The fact that these trees were scattered all over the roughest country in America did not seem to make very much impression upon Ransome, Nat and myself, and the price of the timber was so low -- averaging less than \$1.50 per thousand -- and quality of the poplar was so high, it seemed impossible not to be able to get something out of it. So we turned our attention to this tract of timber.

...Early in May of 1902, Ransome, Elliot and I

went to Toccoa, Georgia, where we hired a carriage and drove up through what is now Stevens County and Habersham County, to the mouth of Panther Creek just below Tallulah Falls. At this place the first marked trees were located, and we left our carriage near the mouth of Panther Creek and went up to examine a tract known as Bear Cove. This cove contained as fine a body of timber as I wished to see, and which even my inexperienced eye recognized as containing 400,000 or 500,000 board feet or more of more-than-average quality timber. Besides, it was extremely accessible to the river and could be gotten down to a boom at the railroad at very little cost.



View of the upstream side of a splash dam in the Chattooga watershed.

...We crossed the river at the mouth of Panther Creek, which was one of my first experiences in fording a swift mountain stream. The water came up over the buggy seat where the stream was 100 yards wide. On the South Carolina side, we left the river and struck back to a road leading parallel up the river and going back toward the mountain top, close to the river where the next big cove of trees was said to be. We got out of our carriage and went down into this cove of timber, called

"Rholetter Cove", and it also contained a very large amount of fine poplar. I have several pictures of the Rholetter Cove, and have one on which stood two of the largest trees—one 7'4" across the stump—that stood within fifty yards of the river.

These two tracts of timber fired my enthusiasm, so we went back and went up on the South Carolina side [of the Chattooga River]. On the ridge there was little timber, but I imagine that all of the coves along the river which we were passing were equally well-timbered as the one we had just seen. Several streams headed at the top of the mountain and went down through the coves to the river. One of them was known as Shoulder Bone Creek, which afterwards I found contained some very fine timber. We spent the night at Henry Cannon's store, about three miles from the Iron Bridge crossing the river. I crossed the river back to the

Gennett *continued*

Georgia side at the Iron Bridge, as I had no more time to spend on the investigation. Besides, I was like Ransome—carried away with what I had already seen—and we arranged immediately to buy the timber and operate it. It seemed to me that it would be very easy to make \$20 per thousand, or \$1,000,000, on the timber within two or three years, while regaining my health and renewing my law practice in a dilettante sort of way. In fact, everything looked bright and rosy. So I returned by way of War Woman Creek to Clayton, Georgia, and then from there to Tallulah Falls.

I will say in defense of my own judgment that it so happened that the three most accessible and desirable tracts of marked poplar trees in the whole boundary were the ones that I saw. Just at the time that I had come into this enterprise, various other well known lumbermen, finding it difficult to supply their wants, had begun to move their mills to the country. Timber purchases were being made frequently, all over the Appalachian Mountains. We were not much more foolish than other, more experienced lumbermen would have been under those circumstances. It was in this manner that I drifted into the lumber business. Both eyes closed and my mouth open, with the complete appearance of a perfect sucker.

So about the middle of May in 1902 we all came to Madison, South Carolina, hired a buggy and drove into the country on the river. We found a boarding place with a family named Jarrett whom had been large planters in ante-bellum days. We searched the river for what Mr. Elliot called "boom sites", but which I afterwards found out he knew nothing whatever about. We finally chose a place about three miles below the Southern Railroad bridge, now the highway bridge across the Chattooga River on the South Carolina side. Our plan was arranged to build a Norcross boom at a big bend in the river where the water slowed down, and where by change of direction there was a large extent of bottom land through which the river ran. All through the fall we played around on the boom. We dug deep holes in the bank and bedded logs, against which upright logs were placed called "dead men", to which we tied ropes leading to the boom.

It was about the second of February, 1903, that our first logs began to come. We had an excellent flood and all preparations were made for it. The boom was completed, and men were kept on the platform of the boom watching for the signs of the flood. Finally, it came. It so happened that the logs inside the boom jammed, and the swiftness of the river current began sucking the logs out from under the jam. This was reported to Nat, and we began to have fears of a pretty heavy loss. We only had 200,000 or 300,000 feet of logs to come down, and we were very anxious to get them all in. When Nat gave the river man orders to go and break down the jam, the river man cursed him out and they came very near to having a fight. Finally, I said that I would go with him. In that bleak, cold black night he and I started walking down along the boom. I had a peavey and a

heavy overcoat, and he carried a kerosene lantern and a pipe pole. Our boots were corked with long, one-half inch cork. We got down to the jam and began prying the logs apart, and the pile of logs began to break up. The river man instantly ran ashore—which was only a few feet—and was safe, but when I started to run I was so tired that I could not make it. The logs rolled out from under me, leaving me fifteen or twenty feet from the shore, too far for him to reach me with the pike pole. My clothes were heavy and overcoat very thick, which helped me to float for a few seconds. I finally floated down the river toward the raft of logs. I knew that I would be sucked under instantly and drown. It was spitting snow and just a few stars were out. Suddenly I noticed a black streak between me and the sky and threw my hand up, catching hold of the rope which had been tied to the boom and fastened to posts on the banks to hold it tight. In an instant, I pulled myself toward the shore a few feet. The river man pulled me out with the pike pole, and with a hard struggle I got to the top of the river bank. Nat also fell into the river one time during he winter. He fell on the outside of the boom where there was no danger of being caught under the raft of logs, but a great danger of being swept on down the middle of that broad and swift stream. The Chattooga River at that place had a very high rise, as the water was backed up by a creek which also came in there. Here, I have known the river to rise as high as twenty-eight feet in one flood.

In the spring of 1903, the floods were adequate in character: Just high enough to bring in the logs without alarming us in any way about catching them. Our spirits rose, and with them our plans for the next year's run. Around the first of June I started up river to the lower camp, which then was located at Panther Creek in Habersham County, Georgia, with intentions of operating all along the river to its head. My first plan was to purchase more cattle, and to use the animals for logging purposes. I found a logging contractor...and from him bought eight yokes of steers. I knew nothing of cattle or trading, but I was young and self-confident. After getting all these steers together I employed a number of Swain and Graham County youths, who were familiar with mountain logging, to drive them through to our camp on the Chattooga River. In this way I succeeded in getting a number of very competent men, all of whom, however, were dodging law warrants of one kind or another.... Of the two hundred men who worked for me during the years 1903 and 1904, not more than one-half dozen were not either dodging the law or just had finished serving a sentence. Most of them were guilty only of boot-legging, but we had one or two men who were really desperate characters.

...I first established a logging camp with Phil Lovin as foreman over on the South Carolina side of the Chattooga River at Shoulder Bone Creek [in 1903]. It was at this Shoulder Bone camp that we built our first log chute. Subsequently, a camp was established on the Rabun County, Georgia, side at a place called Camp Creek, and from this camp the three small streams above it were logged and

Gennett *continued*

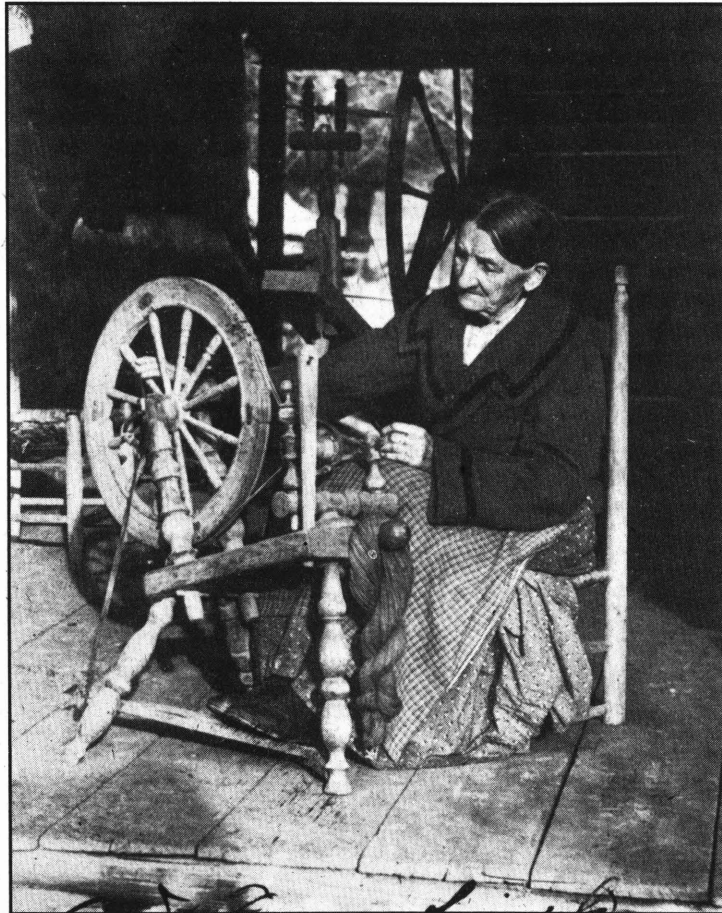
worked. These streams obtained their names from the old surveyors sent out by the state of Georgia in 1818, who were to lay off 400 acre tracts to be disposed of to old Revolutionary War soldiers. The creek on which we camped obtained its name Camp Creek, from the fact that these surveyors established their camp ninety years before on the same stream. These old fellows in a sense of humor named the streams just below "Bad Creek", "Wuss Creek", and "Wusser Creek". I remember that at the mouth of Wuss Creek, at a big bend in the river there was a deep hole where the water ran sluggishly and placidly that was known as the "Deep Hole of Sock-in-Dog." It was said to have obtained its name from an old Indian who "socked in" his dog at this place, and made him swim out.

It was also on Camp Creek that I boarded with Aunt Fannie Smith, a notorious old woman who had dealt all her life in liquor, but was also a competent and successful housewife. It was at Aunt Fannie's place that I obtained my first introduction to corn liquor. I cannot say that I have ever liked the taste of home made corn liquor, and I like the effect still less. But during the three years of my logging experience in Rabun County, Georgia, it was so plentiful that it became a habit to carry a bottle with a corncob stopper, and to take a swig of it two or three times during the day. Many times I have been out at night with the moonshiners making a run. It was a weird and interesting sight to see the still furnace with its fire blazing, and three or four dark figures chopping wood, pouring in the mash, and testing the whiskey as it came from the still "worm".

Continuing my plan of operations: I made contracts on the South Carolina side of the Chattooga River with a man named Phillips who had the reputation of being the local bad man, though I did not know it at the time. Further up the stream I established a camp on the Georgia side of what is called the Iron Bridge, on the road between Walhalla, South Carolina, and Clayton, Georgia. It was at

this camp, which consisted of only a single log cabin, that there occurred one of the most dramatic brawls that I remember happening in these years: Four of the men sat down to play cards, all of them drinking and rendered reckless by their intoxication. Each accused the other of having stolen the jack. One slipped his pistol out of his pocket and put it in his lap. Speaking to the fellow across the table he said, "William, I saw you steal that jack". William pulled his pistol and shot directly at his adversary's face. The bullet passed through the upturned brim of his felt hat. In an instant the man who had almost been killed had risen to his feet and grabbed a Winchester from the wall, while the other three boys piled on William and took his pistol, knocked him off the three-legged stool on which he was sitting and landed him on his back in a corner. One of the men drew a spring-back knife, and while pressing it against William's throat, told the fellow who had been fired at to "say the word, Pat, and I will cut his throat". In the meantime, the man with the Winchester pushed the muzzle of the rifle into the other fellow's breast and threatened at the same time to blow him to hell. I confess that I was very badly frightened, particularly in view of the fact that all the other boys in the camp had

scampered through the windows and doors, and I was left alone with the potential killers. I grabbed the man with the Winchester by the arm and begged him not to fire as it would be a cold, brutal murder and he would have to swing for it. I could see him relax and draw back, and he said "I wouldn't kill a damned dog in a corner". The crowd gradually got to their feet, including the man who had been knocked into the corner, and I told him to go across the river to the camp on the South Carolina side. He got up, shook himself like a dog coming out of the water and very deliberately walked to the door and went out, while he knew all around him were the works of death. It was several days before I recovered from the shock of this incident.



"It was also on Camp Creek that I boarded with Aunt Fannie Smith, a notorious old woman who had dealt all her life in liquor, but was also a competent and successful housewife."

Gennett *continued*

...Having established eight camps up and down the Chattooga River, I finished my last camp in what was known as the John Teague Gap, a few miles above Pine Mountain in Georgia. All through the summer of 1903 our spirits were still elated, because of our success in putting the logs into the river and running them down to the mill. However, at the beginning of fall we began to be doubtful, on account of the failure of the rains to bring floods. It was at this time that our hopes and expectations had fallen to their lowest depths. No rain had fallen since August, and the logs in the river were getting old and rotten. The logs were scattered all up and down the river, and were beginning to be damaged. We had begun to doubt whether the logs would ever get through the rough and rocky stream in which we had to float them. Though we still were opening new camps, we started to doubt the feasibility of our scheme. This drought continued throughout the whole winter of 1903-1904. None of the floods were high enough except to fling the logs from the center of the stream into the shore and behind rocks, drifts and shoals. All through the spring of 1904, I organized crews of men with pike poles and peaveys to go along the river and roll the logs from behind these rocks and shoals back into the current. This was arduous work and not very satisfying, because frequently the next little flood would drive the logs once more behind the obstructions, undoing all the work that we had accomplished.... It was August of 1904 when we had our next big run of logs.

...I went further on up the river and established another camp at John Teague Gap on the West Fork of the Chattooga River, known as Three Forks, because at this point the three streams of Mill Creek, Overflow Creek and Holcomb Creek joined together. I remember my first

introduction to Three Forks. I arrived on horseback one cold November night just at dusk, at the home of old Andrew Billingsly. On the Andrew Billingsly place were some of the marked trees which we had purchased. I went to see Mr. Billingsly that evening, to see about getting these logs to the river and put in the river. I found him to be very difficult, as he said nobody was going to take those marked trees off of his land. They had been bought from him twenty-five years before, and he thought they had long since been abandoned. I tried to maintain my composure, though

we had a rather bad squabble about the trees. Finally I told him that I wanted to do what was right, and if he wanted to go over to Clayton and consult his own lawyer, he would take the lawyer's word as to whether we had the right to get the timber out. Besides that, we would pay the expense of the lawyer's consultation. Mr. Billingsly very agitatedly told me that his old shotgun was as good a lawyer as he wanted, and nobody was going to take the trees off of his land. It had been my hope to spend the night with Mr. Billingsly, but I saw that I was not welcome, and rode on up the mountain until it was dark and

bitter cold. Finally, I saw a crack of light in a shanty two or three hundred yards from the road. I went over

there and found a family who took me in and gave me food and shelter. I boarded off and on with these people during my experience in the mountains at Three Forks. I found that in a few weeks Mr. Billingsly had softened completely, and I employed him to cut and log his own marked trees and put them in the West Fork. It was by these means of patience and clear explanation that I always found my dealings with the mountain people satisfactory.

...My brother and I [moved to Georgia and] lived in Clayton for eighteen months. In spite of the fact that we



Exploding splash dam on Camp Creek, releasing logs into the Chattooga River.

Gennett *continued*

had many difficulties and many disappointments, as a whole our lives there were pleasant and very profitable. It was in Rabun County that we first became interested in lawsuits, because there occurred the first lawsuit in which the Gennett Lumber Company was involved. We have had many since, as has every lumberman. I do not think it is because we were more litigious than most people, but because we were rather careless in the method in which we drew our contracts and the manner in which we carried them out. One of these suits finally came to trial before a Judge who was drunken, old and incompetent, and who immediately got drunker and drunker as the case progressed. He finally had to be carried home before the trial ended.

...It was about this time that I became impressed with the perversity of inanimate objects. The lumber business is exceedingly treacherous. From the time a man goes into the forest to cruise the timber until the manufactured timber is loaded on cars, there is always some danger. Our first accident occurred in South Carolina.

One of the trees which a timber-cutter had felled lodged against another tree and slid down along it, pressing down two or three small hickory bushes in its wake. When a second tree was cut down, it allowed the first tree to slide off the bushes onto the ground. These bushes sprang back and one of the limbs—no thicker than two fingers—struck a man at the base of the brain, killing him instantly.... Another time, over in Tennessee on Montgomery Creek, I had a contractor who wanted to buy a pair of horses. I had just sent to Cincinnati and bought a carload of big logging horses, averaging 3,300 pounds a pair. I sold him a beautiful, iron-gray team for \$500. He put them under the charge of a young fellow who had just started working for him, and was not an expert logger. This fellow hitched his team to a huge, ten-foot log, which he started to pull down a very steep hill. In such cases it is usually customary to hitch a smaller log to the end of the big one, so as to keep the big one in line. This man did not understand that method of logging, and started down the hill

with a single log hitched to his team. It soon began to roll sideways and up on the chain. When they got to the end of the logging road where there was a high bluff over which the logs were being piled, the log went over the bluff, dragging the team with it. Both of these fine horses were killed within three days after starting to work, through the ignorance and inexperience of the driver.

...The question often has entered my mind as to whether or not the methods that I employed to evade liability were justified. They were legally right, but the question always has been in my mind whether there was not

some moral responsibility. The same question entered my mind in regard to the timber purchases we made in Georgia. It frequently was impossible to determine who was the owner of a tract of land. Sometimes there were two or three claimants, and no decision could be made between them until the court rendered its decision. Therefore we were compelled to take the chance of buying from just one of the claimants, because no claimant would sell at less than the

full value, which of course could make the purchase impossible.

We adopted the

expedient of organizing a corporation with a small capital stock called the Oaky Mountain Lumber Company, which would warrant the title but would be limited in liability to the capital. We were bitterly condemned by a man in Clayton for trying to evade the responsibility of this kind. I confess that I have been unable to believe that there was anything reprehensible in that conduct.

...During the three years from 1909 to 1911, we were engaged in running numerous, small circular saw mills scattered throughout Oconee County, South Carolina, Rabun County, Georgia, and Macon County, North Carolina. In the course of these operations it was my duty to cruise the timber, organize the sawmills, and make contracts with the loggers, the saw mill men and the haulers—in other words, manufacture the lumber—while it was Nat's business to sell the lumber. As a matter of fact,



"All through the summer of 1903 our spirits were still elated, because of our success in putting the logs into the river and running them down to the mill."

Gennett *continued*

my disposition being pessimistic, I could always beat the other man's land down and thoroughly disparage it with perfect honesty, because that was my inherent attitude. I was suspicious of the amount of board feet on the land, and doubtful of the possibilities of production. Nat, being optimistic, was a born salesman. In that, we complemented each other very much. We made a first class team, and we were uniformly successful.

...Pending in Congress at this time was an Act entitled "An Act to Regulate the Navigability of Navigable Rivers By Protecting the Watersheds at the Head of Said Rivers". This Act for

the purchasing of lands by the United States Government on the watersheds of navigable streams, was initiated by Theodore Roosevelt and Gifford Pinchot for the conservation of our natural resources. There had been a lot of controversy about the constitutionality of the Act. However, the proponents of the Act were very enthusiastic and about that time, originated the theory that the lumber dealers had wasted and devastated the vast area of the forests of the United States, and that the time had come to re-forest. It

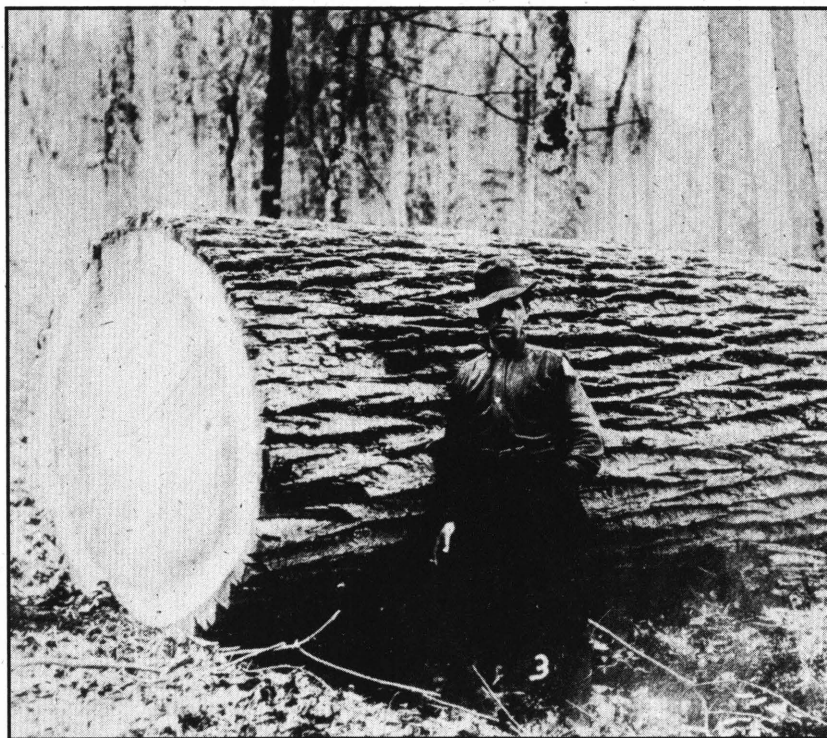
definitely became understood that lumbermen were generally crooks and rascals, and something had to be done to preserve the forest lands of the country.

Finally, a compromise was affected in Congress and an act as above entitled was passed on the 11th day of February, 1911, after being debated on for nearly a year. The Act appropriated ten million dollars on a basis of two million per year.... The Forest Service was exceedingly anxious to use this money before the time for its utilization should expire, and the funds would revert to the Treasury. [Our land] purchase finally was completed, just about the same time that the government passed the Act previously described. Nat and I lost no time in offering this land to the Forest Service. It was Nat's suggestion that made us present the land so quickly, and we were both a little surprised at the prompt reply we obtained from the Department of Agriculture in Washington.... Then I went to Washington and got the Chief of the Geological Department to report

that this land lay on the head of a navigable stream, namely the Savannah River, and therefore was eligible to purchase under the Act. Our land was the first tract offered to the National Forest Commission under the Weeks Act.

...In the spring of 1934, Gennett Lumber Company was in dire straits for money. At that time we were the owners of 20,000 acres of land on Santeetlah Creek in Graham County, North Carolina, and on several creeks flowing south from the Santeetlah divide. ...I felt that if we could sell the land that the government wanted for a decent price, but reserve the uncut hardwood timber on the

Santeetlah side of the mountain, we could immediately build a mill and start our men to work. A crew of young foresters went over the Santeetlah lands with me. This entire body of timber was very fine, and every time we opened up to a new vista, a finer body of poplar timber and mountain red oak appeared. When we finally reached Poplar Cove, the trees had matured to an enormous size and were quite plentiful.... We afterwards learned that one unit of this area of about 4,000 acres, known as Little Santeetlah Creek, consisted of probably the finest hardwood timber left uncut in the United States. It was set apart as the Joyce



"When we finally reached Poplar Cove, the trees had matured to an enormous size and were quite plentiful."

Kilmer Memorial Park.

...Certain types of woods always will be used for pulp and paper products, but the use of hardwood lumber is considerably less than the quantity being grown at this time. There is a constant effort also on the part of the government to restock our streams with fish, and to replenish our forests with game. I think they will be successful in these efforts, and that the next generation will renew its vigor by a greater use of the woods and streams which were the source of the strength and courage of our pioneer ancestors. In the future, it is my opinion that the hardwood forests of the Appalachian Mountains will find their greatest usefulness in presenting recreational and playing areas convenient to the people.



The Chattooga Watershed's Cultural Heritage

Buzz Williams

There is a community of people in the Chattooga River watershed, mostly of Anglo-Saxon or Celtic derivation, who have lived on this land for seven generations. This culture persists today, even though Chattooga country is a destination site for hundreds of thousands of tourists each year. Balancing the strong cultural differences between "outsiders" and residents is a daunting task. Consideration for the different cultural heritages of the present inhabitants of the Chattooga watershed is an important part of building an ethic for good stewardship of this land.

Understanding the cultural heritage of the Chattooga River watershed begins with examining its roots. Like the people who followed them, the culture of the first inhabitants of the watershed was tied to the land. This land is rugged and steep, with very little bottomland for cultivation and dwellings. Consequently, the first Native Americans established only a few small villages here. As a result the Chattooga basin was a place that hunters and traders passed through, on their way to other destinations. Further evidence that the Chattooga watershed was not heavily populated by Native Americans is indicated by one possible meaning of the word *Chattooga*, which is related to *Tsatu'gi*, the Cherokee version of a word used by those inhabiting this area before the Cherokee's arrival, meaning "We have crossed here". So from the beginning, Chattooga River country has been a place of transience. For the early Native Americans it was a wild, beautiful place to hunt and make camps, but not necessarily to stay.

The Native Americans who inhabited the area prior to European settlement had a great influence on the subsequent cultural development of the Chattooga watershed. The Indians provided the white settlers with many things that became an important part of their culture. The Native Americans gave us tobacco, tomatoes, squash, beans, pumpkins and other food crops. In fact, today we employ many agricultural practices first learned from the Native Americans such as planting in hills, and burning the forest for habitat management. We also gained some traditional crafts; for example, one of

my most valued possessions is a large hamper basket made of white oak that was given to me by my grandfather. Later, I learned the skill of weaving with white oak splits and upon researching the history of the art, I found that it was passed down from the Cherokee. Many places in the Chattooga still bear their original Indian names such as *Stekoa*, and *Satolah*. Other places were called after the Cherokee, for example, Warwoman Creek was named after

the class of women who ranked among the leaders of the Cherokee tribe. And we still tell our children stories based on Cherokee legends and myths. What Southern child has not been scared by tails of the "boogermen", or don't owe part of their moral code to "Uncle Remus" stories, both of which originate in Native American folklore? There are still people in Long Creek (SC) who seek the Cherokee's medical advice: A man I know claims his ulcers were cured, based on the counsel

of a shaman who prescribed yellow-root (*Xanthorrhiza simplicissima*). Even deeper is the blood tie. Talk to local people about their lineage, and many will relate some ancestral blood kin to the Cherokee Nation.

By 1730 "Chattooga Old Town", one of the only permanent Cherokee village sites in the Chattooga watershed, had been devastated by the ravages of small pox, which the inhabitants contracted from Spanish explorers. The sick and demoralized survivors moved to the "Overhill" towns. Then in 1761, Col. James Grant, in command of a force of British troops, marched on the Cherokee towns of the Carolinas and Georgia in retaliation for raids on white settlers, burning villages and destroying winter supplies of corn. By the American Revolution in 1776, events made survival even more difficult for the suffering Cherokee. They had sided with the British and thus suffered yet another round of destruction from the American forces. Soon, the Cherokee were only a memory of Chattooga land.

Though the Europeans who followed inherited much from Native American culture, they also brought much of their own heritage from their native homelands. These elements were assimilated into a new culture, and were heavily influenced by the land as well. Their more advanced technologies, however, provided different tools with which



The author learned the traditional skill of weaving white oak baskets from Elbert Brown of Pendleton, South Carolina.

Cultural Heritage *continued*

to cope with the Chattooga's wild environment. By 1816, the encroaching white settlers from the Piedmont regions of the Carolinas and Georgia had killed off most of the area's wild game, and had driven the Cherokee to cede the lands of the Chattooga to the United States. Large land grants then were made to Revolutionary War soldiers, and the arable lands were homesteaded. Among these settlers were the Scotch-Irish, who brought many of their native ways to this country including free-ranging livestock, a practice that lasted well into the late 1800's. Other nationalities also added to this mix such as German craftsmen, who brought their great skills at timber-framing and stone masonry to the Chattooga area. The Irish brought their high, lonesome sounds for our Bluegrass music, and the African Americans brought the banjo to go with it. Merging the Irish jig and Native American dance, we get a style of dancing called "clogging", or a variant called "buckdancing".

The Mountain at the End of the

Trail, by Dr. Robert Zahner, provides valuable insight into the influence of these early settlers. This book relates the story of Barak Norton, probably the first white settler of Whiteside Cove (at the base of Whiteside Mountain in the Chattooga watershed). From his home in the South Carolina foothills, Barak had looked up for years in awe at the massive white mountain of granite. When the 1819 treaty with the Cherokee Nation moved the boundary between the Cherokee and the United States westward to the Nantahala Mountains and opened the Chattooga watershed to settlement, Barak moved his family to Norton Mill Creek, at the base of this historic mountain. According to family history, Barak purchased land from the few Indians who remained in the area, cleared land for farming and raised a family of twelve children. Descendants of the Norton Family still live in Whiteside Cove today. One of the descendants of Barak was the notable Judge Felix Eugene Alley, son of Sarah Whiteside Norton, who was Barak's first born child in Whiteside Cove. Sarah's husband was Colonel John Alley, who had been an officer involved in the

removal of the Cherokee to Oklahoma along the "Trail of Tears".

At the time Barak Norton settled Whiteside Cove, only a few Indian trails coursed through the area. To the "civilized" low-country people of the Carolinas, the backcountry to the west—including the Chattooga River watershed—was viewed as lawless and wild. Until 1811 when the famous surveyor William Ellicott established a



Remnant of a pipe found during an archeological excavation of Chattooga Old Town, one of the only permanent Cherokee village sites in the Chattooga watershed.

boundary between Georgia and North Carolina, the only law in the Chattooga watershed was vigilante law. The early history of the area is filled with stories of horse thieves, bootleggers, and outlaws on the lamb (see *The Dividing Paths* by Tom Hatley, Oxford University Press, 1995). Even after this backcountry became more settled, the remote coves and "rockhouses" of the Blue Ridge lent safe harbor to Confederate holdouts and other social misfits. One such

outlaw was the notorious Manse Jolly, a disgruntled Confederate soldier who, as legend has it, continued to fight the occupying Union forces long after the war ended. As a boy I heard the old-timers recount how Manse often took refuge in the old, abandoned tunnels of the failed Blue Ridge Railroad project in the Chattooga watershed area. Stories are told that Manse ambushed and killed as many as 200 Union soldiers after the war, before fleeing to Texas where he and his horse drowned crossing the Red River.

Ironically, people at the opposite ends of the social spectrum also were attracted to the Chattooga watershed, for different reasons. As American society became more affluent, a new breed of settler came here. The rich planter, looking for relief from the heat, mosquitoes and disease of the rice fields of the Southeastern coast, discovered the cool, beautiful highlands. With no threat of Indian attacks and

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History of the Russell Property

The following is an excerpt from a Forest Service document written in April, 1979, recounting the cultural history of the Russell House (located on highway 28 between Mountain Rest, SC, and Highlands, NC) and the nearby Cherokee Indian village called "Chatuga Old Town".

When the Cherokees relinquished their remaining land in South Carolina in 1816, several tracts were retained by Cherokee Indians. Walter Adair, a half-Cherokee, retained the tract "...on Chatuga River, at a place called Chatuga Old Town". The property was sold to William Clark in 1816. In 1819, Clark sold the property to Solomon Palmer. Ira Nicholson purchased the property from Palmer in 1827. The tract still contained 640 acres, described as "situate at and centering the Chatuga Indian Old Town".

Ganaway Russell, returning from the California Gold Rush in 1867, offered Balus Nicholson (a descendant of Ira's) \$1,200 in gold for the property. Russell had driven a herd of cattle to California, making a sizable profit. Because of the outbreak of the Civil War, Russell was unable to return home. When Ganaway Russell returned with his accumulated fortune in gold, sewn into the lining of his clothing, he purchased the Nicholson property.

The original Nicholson house had been burned by the Union forces during the Civil War. Ganaway Russell built the present house in 1867. He married one of the Nicholson daughters and raised fifteen children. The Russells grew corn, raised hogs and beef cattle, operating a self-sufficient farm. The Russell place contained a blacksmith shop, a shoe shop and a knitting machine. The Russells made soap and molasses and built coffins. Russell served as the community doctor and dentist, pulling teeth and doing minor surgery.

The Russell House served as a stagecoach inn for passengers traveling from Walhalla to Highlands. The Russells built additional space as this tourist business attracted widespread attention. The house served as a post office from 1910 to 1921. Otto Russell continued to operate the "Halfway House" during the 1920's. The house remained in the ownership of the Russell Family until the Forest Service purchased the property in 1970.

Review of Chatuga Old Town

The earliest known account of Chatuga Old Town is found in the 1721 census of Cherokee Towns. At this time the village contained thirty men, forty women and twenty children (representing .8% of the Cherokee Nation). Chatuga was abandoned at an early date, probably in 1760 or 1761, when the British invaded the Cherokee Towns. When William Bartram passed the location in 1776, and when Benjamin Hawkins crossed the site, they did not mention an extant village. However, Bartram noted the presence of some Indian ruins in the area.

Chatuga appears on a number of early maps of the region. The first is Barnwell's 1722 map of the Southeast. The village of "Chatogee" is recorded in the "high mountains". Since this map covers the entire Southeast, the location of the village is not specific. However, it is interesting to note that the village was of enough significance to be included on a map covering such a large area. The next appearance of "Chattuga" is on George Hunter's 1730 "Map of the Cherokee Country and the Path to Charles Town".

The town again appears as "Chatuga Old Town" on Joseph Whitmire's 1817 map of the Cherokee Purchase. The ca. 1818 Map of the Pendleton District shows the location of "Chatuga Old Town". The 1869 map of the Pendle-

ton District shows the location of "Chattooga Old Town" at the junction of the Chattooga River and the Mocasine River. Early maps of the area also show the West Fork as "Guinekelokee", a Cherokee name.

The property was retained in 1816 by a half-Cherokee, Walter Adair, when the Cherokee deeded their remaining lands in South Carolina. Adair's 640 acre tract was located "...on Chatuga River, a place called Chatuga Old Town". The property was sold again in 1816 and 1819. In 1827, Ira Nicholson purchased the 640 acre tract, described as "situate at and centering the Chattuga Indian Old Town". Ganaway Russell purchased the property in 1867. It remained in the Russell Family until the Forest Service purchased the property in 1970.

The Chattooga Old Town site is located in the Chattooga River floodplain, and is exposed to frequent inundations. The effect of this flooding is not well understood. It is expected that such action causes soil deposition in some places, while scouring action creates erosion in other areas.

Test excavations were conducted at proposed highway 28 parking lot [now established] by the Forest Archeologist in January-February 1979. A preliminary examination of recovered materials indicates that the site was occupied from the Pigeon Period (200BC-200AD) to the Qualla Period (1550AD to Historic Period), with major occupation in the Qualla Period.

Cultural materials have been reported from the floodplain along the South Carolina side of the Chattooga River, both above and below Highway 28. Cherokee settlements were characteristically dispersed. This site appears to be comparable to other Cherokee lower towns:

Early historical accounts indicate that similar locations were characteristic of the setting of Cherokee villages. Usually mention is made of a town house, sometimes built on a mound of earlier derivation, located in a more or less diffuse settlement strung narrowly along a river bottom. Some of the cabins would be located near the town house, others at some remove on the slopes of the surrounding hills. These accounts considered collectively leave the impression of a scattered community. Near by each individual cabin would be a small cultivated field. These were the "old fields" recorded on the first survey plots made by Georgia surveyors as a prelude to opening the former Indian lands to white settlement. Archeological surveys of 17th and 18th century Indian sites tend to show localized patches of midden accumulation. In many cases subsequent cultivation by white occupants for a hundred years or more has redistributed the midden over a wider area, and served to obscure the pattern that once existed. This is the situation at both of the historic Cherokee towns, Chauga and Tugalo, located in the rich bottoms where cultivation has been continuous to the present since the time of the removal of the Indians in the early 19th century". (Kelly and Neitzel 1961, 1962).

A mound was recorded in early accounts on the east side of the Chattooga River at Chatuga Old Town. The location of this "council house mound" is not known. Highway 28 crosses the site, as did the old Highway 28. It is expected that the council house would have been constructed on the highest elevation of the floodplain, which would also be the optimal location for road construction. The council house might have been covered and/or disturbed by earlier road construction.



Cultural Heritage *continued*

ample money to purchase necessities—instead of the burden of wrenching them from the land—the “summer resident” was free to pursue their fancies. One of the most famous of these was General Wade Hampton. It is said that a tree in Horse Cove (NC) still bears the scars of his carvings, made while sitting quietly during a still-hunt.*

The remote beauty of the Chattooga watershed was a inspirational force that led people to respect this land; however, the bounty of natural resources at the heart of this beauty also

provided incentives for their exploitation. Soon the big timber barons moved in from the North, having exhausted timber supplies in New England and the Mid-west. The Chattooga watershed was bought and sold in terms of board foot of timber. The Primeval Forest was cut down by big timber companies like Champion and Powell, as well as other smaller operators. Small-gauge

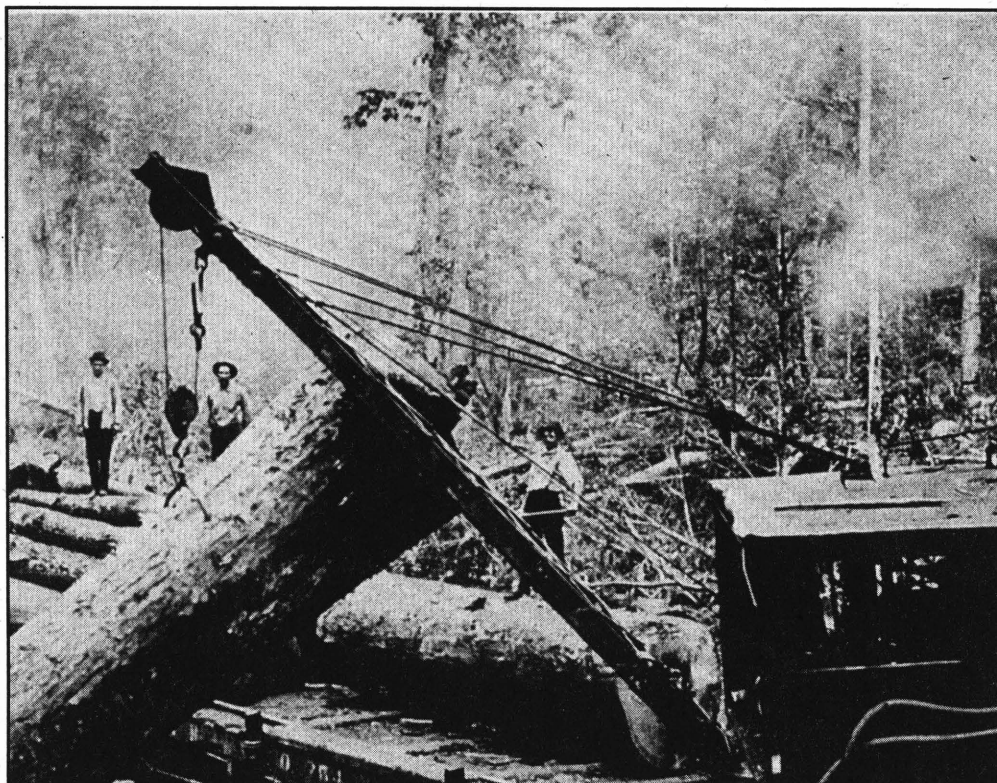
railroads and flushes of water from splash dams transported the timber down the watershed to mills, where it was sawed, stacked and sold. The result was a denuded, devastated land, void of the lush habitat which was once a haven for all God's creation of birds and beasts. Agricultural practices also took their toll. Deep plowing and poor erosion control techniques wore out valuable topsoils. Then, when the textile mills moved to the South, many people abandoned these used-up mountain lands for higher paying wages in the Piedmont.

Fortunately, people of vision saw the value of establishing Forest Reserves for watershed protection and conservation of habitat. In 1911, The Weeks Act passed the US Congress, providing money for establishing our national forests. In the 1930's and 40's the Chattooga watershed's Sumter, Nantahala and Chattahoochee National Forests were established. The Forest Service and the Civilian

Conservation Corps made great progress towards the recovery of the degraded lands of the Chattooga River watershed.

However, in the late 1960's and 70's another great irony unfolded here. These lands had shown great resilience, largely recovering from past abuses. Deer, beaver and bear were reestablishing their ranges. Yet at the same time, the big timber companies were close to completing their westward march across the timberlands of America, to the

Pacific Northwest. There, industry was running out of timber on both public and private lands and began looking back to the recovering eastern hardwood forest. The Forest Service was agreeable, and the second-growth forests of the Chattooga watershed began falling once again.



Small-gauge railroads and flushes of water from splash dams transported the timber down the watershed to mills, where it was sawed, stacked and sold.

This time, the method of harvest was clearcutting, removing all the trees from a site. Since almost all trees are merchantable

due to modern technologies, our national forests suffered greatly. This assault on the forest by the timber industry, aided by their new allies, the US Forest Service, converged on the Chattooga watershed at almost the same time as the revitalization of the conservation movement, and the popularization of the Chattooga as a prime recreation area.

The invasion of Chattooga River country by thrill seekers, outfitting and guiding companies, second home builders, urban refugees and retirees has created new cultural dissonance. It was the urban population who pushed for and achieved National Wild and Scenic status for the Chattooga River—one of the first in the country. This designation,

continued on page 21

Damming Diversity: *The Shallow and the Deep*

Donald E. Davis
Armuchee Alliance

Excerpted from the forthcoming book *Where There Be Mountains: Environmental and Cultural Change in the Appalachian South: 1500-1940*.

After the turn of the century, increased flooding caused by the indiscriminant cutting of Southern Appalachian forests brought renewed and heightened interest in dam construction and other permanent flood control measures in the mountain region. Long known for its fast flowing rivers, Southern Appalachian waterways were fully navigable only during certain periods of the year or after successive heavy rains. Engineers and local boosters had long dreamed of damming the largest mountain rivers

in order to provide permanent boat and barge transportation for the southern mountains. Electrification was another important concern for many of these same individuals, who, by the turn of the century, saw mountain rivers as an important source of electric power for a fast growing urban population. The average depth for the majority of Southern Appalachian rivers was a mere 1.5 feet, making, large boat or barge traffic impractical, if not impossible, for most of the year.

Increased flooding, the desire for improved navigation, and the fact that the region's largest municipalities were becoming keenly interested in the opportunity of generating hydroelectric power, brought dam construction to the political and economic fore during the first decade of the 1900s.

One of the first dams in the Appalachian region was the Hale's Bar Lock and Dam below Chattanooga, Tennessee, a project started in 1905 and finished some eight years later in the fall of 1913. Financed from monies

obtained from a New York financier and several wealthy Chattanooga businessmen seeking a source of cheap electricity for the growing city, the project was designed and supervised by the Army Corps of Engineers who, upon completion retained ownership of the dam, lock, and reservoir. The end result was a slack-water impoundment stretching thirty-three miles from the dam site, upstream to the city of Chattanooga. The new dam created navigation depths of no less than six feet, permanently flooding the Narrows and several other "navigation obstacles" formerly existing along one of the most historically significant sections of the Tennessee River.

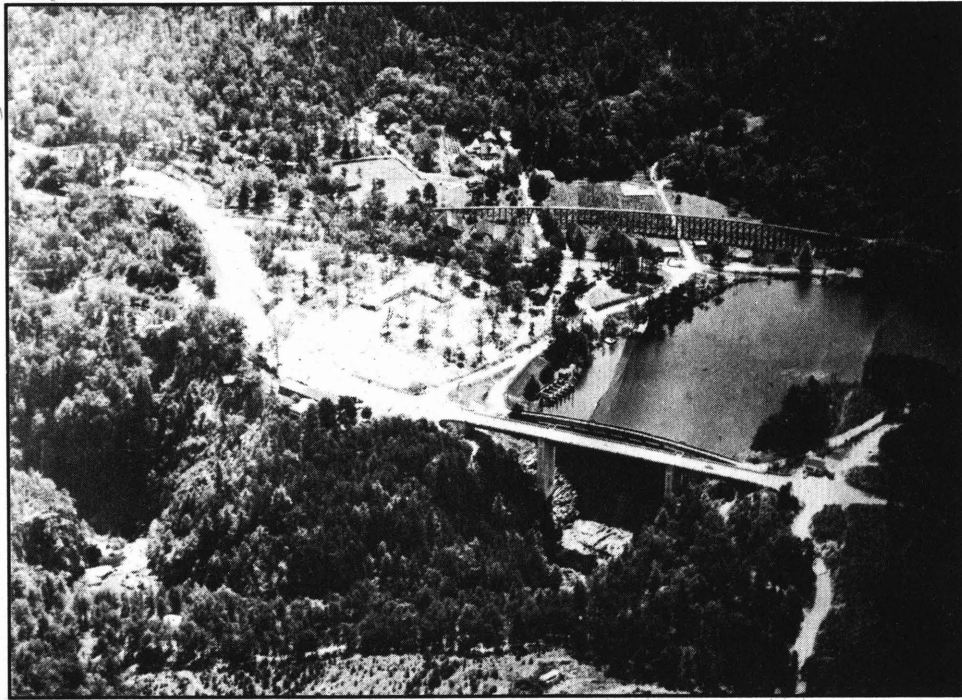
Dam and channel construction escalated throughout the region as wealthy businessmen, using largely outside capital, saw great opportunities to develop a natural

resource that they believed "had been for generations going to waste." A hydroelectric dam on the Oconee River, which also supplied power to Chattanooga, was completed as early as 1912. The Tallulah River in, northeast Georgia was dammed by the Georgia Railway and Power Company, a company founded by, among others, H. M. Atkinson, a

Harvard graduate and native of Boston. Promoters of the dam and

the accompanying power plant saw the project as a way to supply needed power to a series of streetcar lines being developed by the company in Atlanta. In 1912, half of the output of all central station electric plants was consumed in the operation of electric streetcars. By 1920, the automobile had made streetcars all but obsolete.

Completed in 1914, the five generators of the Tallulah Falls Plant had an aggregate horsepower output of 85,000 units, making it the third largest power plant in the United States. Realizing the need for reserve supplies of water to ensure an uninterrupted supply of power regardless of stream flow or weather conditions, the Georgia Railway and Power Company launched the construction of a series



The Tallulah River in northeast Georgia was dammed to supply power to streetcar lines in Atlanta...that were obsolete by 1920.

Damming Diversity *continued*

of dams along a twenty-eight mile stretch of the Tallulah, Tugalo, and Chattooga Rivers. By the completion of its sixth dam in 1927, northeast Georgia could claim to have the "most completely developed continuous stretch of river in the United States."

World War 1 slowed many of the dam building efforts in the upper South, but the 1920's saw a return to large-scale dam construction including the completion of the Wilson Dam in north Alabama, a structure built to solve the "problem" of Muscle Shoals and thus river navigation in the Great Valley. Because of political controversies surrounding the construction, use, and ultimate ownership of Wilson Dam, as well as a perceived inability of individually situated dams to control flooding in the region, the Federal government became more and more interested in managing the Tennessee Valley river system "as a whole". A 1930 report drafted by Army Corps of Engineers, which would later become the basis for Congressional policy on most matters related to the Tennessee Valley watershed, recommended the construction of seven major dams in the region, including possible sites for at least 149 related hydroelectric projects. On May 18, 1933, the Federal Act creating the Tennessee Valley Authority was passed by Congress, making the implementation of those recommendations a very real, if not imminent, possibility.

One of the most scenic and historically significant sites destroyed by a hydroelectric dam was Tallulah Falls in northeast Georgia. Formerly one of the highest waterfalls in the entire Eastern United States, Tallulah Falls had been visited by numerous important individuals over the centuries, who unanimously praised the scenic beauty of the falls and the surrounding mountain landscape. In 1914 the picturesque falls were extinguished by the completion of the Tallulah Falls hydroelectric project, a 116-foot high dam located immediately above the crest of the waterfall.

The attempt to stop the destruction of the falls was spearheaded by the Tallulah Falls Conservation Association, an organization founded in 1912 by Helen Dortch Longstreet, the widow of the infamous Confederate General James Longstreet. Having no other recourse to stop what she considered the "ruthless destruction" of the falls, Mrs. Longstreet claimed that the state of Georgia still held title to the property, a claim that ultimately forced a lawsuit against Georgia Railway and Power. After what one local historian has called the "best prepared civil case ever tried in Georgia", the local Superior Court ruled in favor of the power company, a decision upheld by the State Supreme Court on December 13, 1913.

The most obvious social cost of dam construction was the direct removal and dislocation of mountain residents. Over a period of three decades, more than 80,000 people lost their homes and farms to those development projects. As a result of the construction of Norris Dam in

Tennessee, at least 3,000 families were displaced and over 5000 graves -- many unmarked and dating back to the eighteenth century---had to be removed and buried elsewhere. Chickamauga Dam was responsible for the removal 903 households, including 263 property owners and 640 tenants; Cherokee Dam displaced 875 households, and Watauga Dam displaced almost 1000 families.

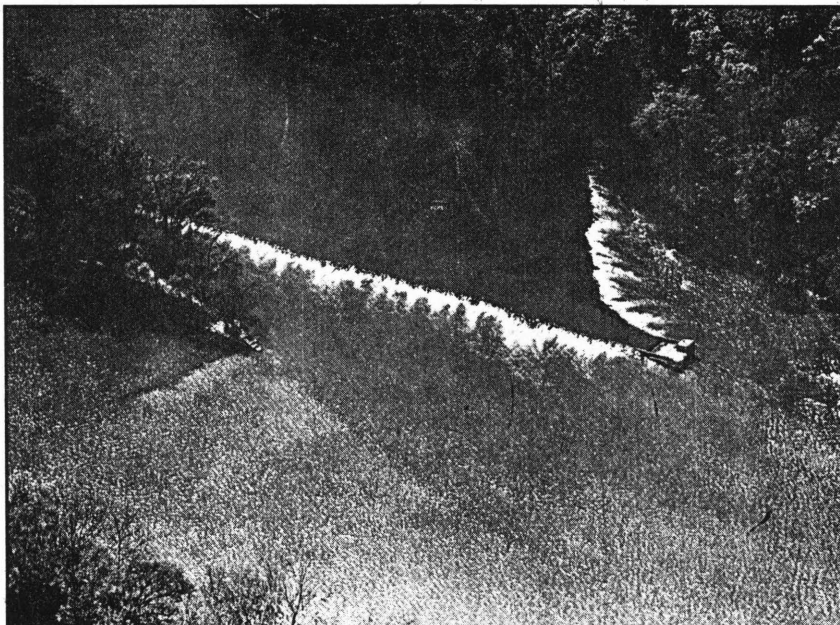
Regardless of whether these mountain families sold their farms willingly or unwillingly, the loss of their place of residence or even the transition to a new one had to be extremely difficult, especially during the era of the Great Depression. Glen Elliot, whose family was removed for the creation of the Watauga Dam in upper east Tennessee, was born on the same parcel of land his ancestors had homesteaded in the 1770s. In recalling what removal meant to him and his family, Elliot stated that "the land was in our family for seven generations prior to TVA moving us out. We lost our homeplace. It erased us off the map, so to speak. I tell people that I'm from a little town in Tennessee called Carden's Bluff, it is all under water now". A similar story is told by Southern agrarian Andrew Lytle, who recalled a family removed by TVA from their ancestral homeplace in north Alabama. According to Lytle, the fire in the home "had not gone out in one hundred years", so TVA had to move "the chimney intact, its coals covered and hot, to its new location".

The damming of Southern Appalachian rivers had a profound impact on mountain life and culture. Most residents had lived close enough to a large stream that fishing had remained an integral part of their daily subsistence, particularly during the months of March through September. Sherman Hartley, who lived along the Watauga River before the construction of the Watauga Dam, remarked that even though his family were "just country people", they raised all their food, adding that "we had all the fish we wanted, had all the wild ducks, and everything that goes with the river". The rivers did supply a number of functions for mountain residents including naturally occurring winter and early spring floods -- events that were both welcome and necessary since they improved bottomland soils and thus summer harvests.

One of the most important functions of native mountain rivers and streams was to provide families with an abundant source of edible freshwater fish, including species that are seldom eaten or observed today. These fish were caught in a number of ways, ranging from the river cane fishing pole and barbed hook to the large weir-dam fish trap. Weir-dam fish traps, much like the ones used by the Mississippian Indians in the sixteenth century, were so successful at catching fish that many in the region were used commercially. One common location for weir-dam fish traps was the Holston River above Knoxville, Tennessee, where their use had been documented as a "well-established tradition for over 180 years".

Damming Diversity *continued*

The use of weir-dam fish traps declined steadily during the first three decades of the 20th century, coming to an end throughout the region by the beginning of the second World War. Earlier in the century, many fish traps were dynamited by various state fish and game departments who claimed the traps were threatening to native fish populations. There was considerable local debate about their ultimate effect on fish numbers, however, which forced the state of Tennessee to repeal an earlier state law banning their use. Historically, most of the sentiment against fish traps had actually been initiated by timber or riverboat companies, who considered fish traps a hazard to logging operations and river navigation. By the mid-1930's, the widespread flooding of mountain streams and rivers by hydroelectric dams made the debate surrounding the use of fish traps immaterial, although a few fish traps, like the Monday Island fish trap, remained in operation until at least 1940.



*Aerial view of the Monday Island fish trap
in full operation around 1938*

Another river-dependent natural resource playing an important role in the Southern Appalachians was freshwater mussels and pearls. Although not generally eaten by mountain residents, freshwater mussels were quite often used as fish bait, or occasionally fed to hogs. The shallow, clear-flowing streams of the region provided ideal habitat for a great diversity of mussel species, several of which routinely bore freshwater pearls of considerable value. Although pearls were gathered on nearly every major stream in the mountain region, the heart of the pearl industry was along the Clinch River in southwest Virginia and east Tennessee. In a paper read to the Tennessee Academy of Sciences in 1914, W. R. Myer considered the Caney Fork River as the "birthplace" of the pearl industry in the region since one of the first and largest pearls was found there in 1876. The Coosa and Etowah Rivers in north Georgia were also important pearl fishery areas, as were the wide shoals of the Tennessee River in north Alabama.

By 1908, the United States freshwater pearl industry had grown to a one-half million dollar enterprise and Tennessee was considered one of the nation's six leading states in the marketing of quality pearls. In east Tennessee, Anderson County and specifically the town of

Clinton, was by far the region's largest center for pearling activity. As George Kunz and Charles Stevenson note in *The Book of the Pearl*, pearling excitement developed there in the 1890's, resulting in vivid and picturesque accounts of hundreds of individuals camping along the banks of the Clinch River. Newspaper reports describe the pearl fishermen as "easy-going, pleasure-loving people, the men and women working hard all day, subsisting largely on fish caught in the same stream, and dancing at night to the music of a banjo around the camp-fires".

In Clinton, Saturday was the preferred day for trading pearls, causing a flurry of weekend activity in the small river town. The pearl industry was driven largely by markets in New York, London and Paris, where enormous sums were routinely paid for exceptionally fine freshwater pearls. While the majority of pearls usually sold locally for \$10 to \$75 each, it was not uncommon for an exceptionally large Clinch River pearl to bring a thousand dollars or more. Elsewhere in the region, the quality of pearls apparently was comparable to those from the Clinch River area. After dredging John's Creek near Rome, a north Georgia farmer reportedly received \$160 from a Baltimore jeweler for several of his most marketable pearls.

Most often practiced when rivers were at their lowest levels, mussel gathering could also be associated with local special events such as town festivals or celebrations, causing hundreds of individuals to join in the search for prized pearls. Of course the impact of these mass harvests on native mussel populations was enormous: for every exceptional pearl specimen found by the gathering parties, thousands of mollusks had to be destroyed. Unlike the Mississippians of the sixteenth century, white mountain families did not regularly eat freshwater mussels, although there are a few reports that Civil War soldiers occasionally ate them "as a change" pronouncing them "no bad article of diet". Later, as fashionable buttons began to be made from the mother-of-pearl mantles of the largest and most unusual species, the wastefulness of mussel harvesting was greatly reduced, although the additional incentive to harvest the colorful shells continued to decrease mussel populations.

Damming Diversity *continued*

Not surprisingly, the over-collecting of mussels was already a public concern by the end of the first decade of the twentieth century. In 1908, Kunz and Stevenson wrote that in many localities "the fishery has been prosecuted so vigorously that it appears probable the resources will be materially impoverished if not ruined in a few years, unless prompt and decisive protective measures are adopted". The authors added, however, that solving the problem would entail not only restricting "methods of fishery", but curtailing the disposal of sewage by "the cities and the large factories through which great quantities of mussels have been destroyed".

Mussel enthusiast A. E. Ortmann voiced similar concerns, observing in 1909 that the worst damage to mussels was done not by over-harvesting, but by "sewage...coal mines...chemical factories...woodpulp mills, saw mills, tanneries, etc.". Increased flooding and the damming of Appalachian rivers also contributed greatly to the destruction of native mussels, since most species require clear, shallow, swift waters to successfully reproduce.

With the building of each new hydroelectric dam, more and more mussel habitat became submerged under deep water and tons of murky silt. Below the spillways immediately downstream, several mussel species were literally "chilled into reproductive stupor", thus becoming functionally extinct. Before the damming of the Tennessee River, for example, Muscle Shoals in Alabama quite possibly had the greatest diversity of mussel species in the entire United States. In 1924, after viewing firsthand the destruction caused by the building of Wilson Dam, Ortmann described the area that was once the original shoals: "The beautiful islands, and the general features of the river itself are gone, as well as a large portion of the fauna, chiefly that of mussels". In 1963, when mussel experts again surveyed the area, only 10 of the original 63 mussel species were found inhabiting the former mussel paradise.

By the second World War, the system of reservoirs in the southern Appalachians collectively destroyed hundreds of miles of important mussel waters, including some of the best pearl fishery areas in the entire Eastern United States. Young's Island, among the narrow shoals of the Clinch River in waters now flooded by Norris Dam, was a particular favorite location for pearling. Some localities in the mountains even derived their placenames from the type of mussels commonly found there: "blue-point", "pancake", "buckhorn" and "butterfly" were once commonly recognized locations along the Clinch River. Today, only a handful of prime mussel sites remain in the

Southern Appalachians, the most notable being the narrow channels surrounding Pendleton Island along the upper stretches of the Clinch River in southwest Virginia. There, at least forty-five species still exist among the shallow and pristine headwaters of the river.

The environmental, social, and cultural effects of public and private dam construction on the Southern Appalachians cannot be underestimated. Collectively, these hydroelectric and navigation projects inundated more than one million acres of mountain lands, submerged over a thousand miles of natural flowing streams and rivers, and permanently flooded hundreds of important historical and cultural sites significant to the region's history. The overall water quality of the region's rivers also diminished, as did the number of species dependent upon the native river ecosystem. Freshwater eels, paddlefish, sturgeon, quillbacks, not to mention the recently rediscovered Robust redhorse and other migratory fish species declined dramatically in numbers or, as in the case of several

freshwater mussels, became extinct altogether. In terms of preserving or restoring native diversity, shallow is far more desirable than deep.



Collectively, these hydroelectric and navigation projects inundated more than one million acres of mountain lands, submerged over a thousand miles of natural flowing streams and rivers, and permanently flooded hundreds of important historical and cultural sites significant to the region's history. The rock formation called "Witches Head" on the Tallulah River narrowly escaped this fate.



Common Wild Medicinals of the Chattooga

Chas Zartman

When the early American writer Edward Curtis was asked "What might we, Americans, have made of the Indians?" Curtis responded, "The Indians could have given us physical vigor which must be one of the foundations of any lasting and important strength; they could have helped us in the creation of literature, for they were marvelous in the beauty of their free, poetic thoughts, full of imagery such as the white men have never known. Their souls were those of poets. They could have helped us in our music, for their's was a real part of their lives, a genuine expression of emotion. They could have aided us vastly in our decorative art. And in a broad sense, they could have helped us in our morals, for in their dealings they were fair until we taught them theft and lying."

Although Curtis acknowledges many intangible qualities of Native American culture, he has overlooked one of their deepest wealth's: Their reverence and understanding of the native flora, and how it directly benefits humankind. From the Cherokee, who systematically collected Ginseng (*Panax quinquefolius*) roots only from every third plant encountered, to the Southwestern Luiseno, who recited the ceremonial statement prior to Jimson weed (*Datura* spp.) gathering "I have come to get you, but not without purpose...you were placed as medicine, and it is for medicine that I seek you", Native Americans consciously recognized their flora as a finite resource, and they sustained it by practicing respect and frugality.

A cursory glance at many of the trees, shrubs and herbs of America's present day roadsides, lawns, and golf courses offers substantial evidence of how our relationship with the native flora is far removed from that espoused by Native Americans. The ensuing question then is: What is the origin of this cultural divergence? In short, the answer may lie both in education and experience. The Native American's intimate relationship with local plants evolved from trial and error experiences spanning nearly 5,000 generations. In these innumerable direct encounters with plant life, Natives cultivated a comprehensive understanding

of the ecological, medicinal and taxonomic complexity of the Eastern flora. Subsequently, reverence and appreciation must have accompanied their increased awareness. Yet with the dawn of the synthetic age of medicine, Westerners quickly lost this appreciation of the inextricable link between medicine and plant life. Today, greater than 40% of all prescription drugs contain ingredients derived from nature, and 25% contain compounds whose precursors were isolated from higher (seed-bearing) plants. In fact, a compound recently extracted from the Asian weed called Sweet Annie (*Artemisia annua*) presently spreading across eastern North America offers the most promising chance in the ongoing battle to kill the chloroquine-resistant malaria, an organism which has killed more people than all plagues and wars combined. As these facts indicate, our society has not gained autonomy in our medical relationship with flowering plants, we have only become ignorant as to the true depth of our dependence on them.



Claire Newell and Chas Zartman admire a patch of wild Ginseng (*Panax quinquefolius*) in the Chattooga Basin. Ginseng is historically known for its medicinal value, and over zealous collection has drastically reduced the population size of this rare plant.

Although the cost of gaining such an understanding of the practical uses of the North American flora was inevitably high (many Indians probably lost their lives in the effort) such direct experimentation mapped out the potential curative value of many of our native plants. A majority of the 800 eastern North America plants with demonstrable medicinal value were originally flagged by Native Americans, and many of these exhibiting exceptionally high potency can be found in local fields and forests in the Chattooga

watershed. It is up to us, as stewards of both our public and private lands, to learn more about the veritable medicine chest within our local woodlands.

Late summer is the season of confusing, tiny, yellow flowers (i.e., Goldenrods), but one yellow flowering plant, the Evening Primrose (*Oenothera biennis*) stands out on its own in both stature and elegance. The Evening Primrose typically stands nearly chest high, with a terminal cluster of blooms consisting of four broad petals. Its common name comes from the fact that the flower unfolds rapidly to full bloom following sunset. From flower top to taproot, all portions of this plant have been used by humans, and certain parts can be collected by the discerning explorer

Wild Medicinals *continued*

during all seasons of the year. Jim Duke, ethnobotanist for the Department of Agriculture, describes the raw taproot of this plant as tasting like a turnip with a raw after-bite. He equally favors eating raw flowers and flower buds, but recommends boiling leaves before consumption (although they can be eaten raw in a pinch). One of the most remarkable dietary features of this plant is found within the elongated fruiting capsules nestled in the leaf axils. The oils of the fully developed seeds (within the capsule) can be gathered throughout the winter, and are a natural source of gamma-linoleic acid: a high energy lipid (fat) that will provide the weary traveler with a boost of energy. Researchers also point to the medicinal value of the seed oils, suggesting that they can alleviate a plethora of conditions ranging from asthma, migraines, inflammations, arthritis, and alcoholism to premenstrual syndrome. Traditionally, Native Americans used the root of this plant internally to treat a number of ailments ranging from obesity to bowel pains, and externally to give strength to athletes' muscles. The Evening Primrose is native to open woodlands and fields. The increased development of roadside "pseudo-field" habitat has opened up another niche for this plant. During the late summer season, slow drivers and travelers along Chattooga watershed roadways will most likely spy the large, yellow flowers of the Evening Primrose.

It is ironic that Wild Yams, one of the most prevalent plants of the Chattooga Basin, contains certain compounds deemed precious by modern medical researchers. The Wild Yams (*Dioscorea* spp.) are a diverse group that are distributed world-wide, and include both cultivated and wild species of astounding agricultural and medicinal importance. In fact, millions of people owe their success in family planning practices to this plant due to the steroid diosgenin (a precursor to the human hormone progesterone) which is used in fertility regulation. First isolated from yams of Mexican origin (the center of diversity for this plant group), diosgenin and other secondary metabolites of these plants are the origins of most chemically processed steroids which are used to control fertility, and treat impotency, psycho-sexual problems, as well as high blood pressure. Many steroids (such as hydrocortisones and cortisones) central in healing surficial ailments such as contact dermatitis, skin allergies, brown-

recluse spider bites and other insect stings, were originally derived from the Wild Yam. The species of Wild Yam native to the Chattooga is called *Dioscorea quaternata*: a trailing (semi-viney) species commonly growing both deep in forests and along forest edges and roadsides. Unlike the Evening Primrose, this plant is not readily distinguishable

by its bloom; in fact, the flower size on our local yam is less than .25 inches wide. Sure identification requires scrutiny of both leaf shape and vein pattern. Leaves of the Wild Yam tend to be nearly heart-shaped with no serrations (saw-teeth) along the edges, and the venation is arcuate (*i.e.*, bending to "fit" the shape of the leaf margin), giving the entire leaf a curvaceous look. From a distance, these plants can be readily spotted by a shine on the leaf surface. This plant is common under the hemlock groves of Warwoman Dell.



Evening Primrose (Oenothera biennis):
The oils of the fully developed seeds can be gathered throughout the winter, and are a natural source of gamma-linoleic acid, a high energy lipid (fat) that will provide the weary traveler with a boost of energy.

Although hundreds of other native plants both common and rare have been studied for their medicinal value, we are only beginning to gain a comprehensive understanding of our native plants and their potential benefits to humankind. Only 300,000 higher plant species inhabiting this planet less than 10% have been adequately sampled for their chemical makeup. Furthermore, there is no justification for extirpating certain species of native vegetation when we know that one in every ten

species are Endangered, and one in every ten species in North America has parts which are edible, and that offer some potential medical value to humans. Although Americans (and possibly members of other first world countries) may have lost their understanding of humanity's interdependence on native vegetation, 80% of the world's population continue to rely directly on traditional forms of medicine. While popping little white pills to clear up an aching head, we should make the connection that it was a native plant, the Willow tree, which ultimately supplied modern medicine with a remedy for this common affliction.



Cultural Heritage *continued from page 14*

as well as James Dickey's novel *Deliverance* led to road closures and a major increase in the area's recreational use, which was viewed by many local people as a threat to their traditional ways. For years, long time residents of the Chattooga watershed had fished, hunted and camped by the river, enjoying a setting of remote solitude. Ironically, the new management plan for the Chattooga River directed the Forest Service to protect the qualities which enabled the river to be included in the National Wild and Scenic Rivers system; specifically, solitude and strictly-controlled commercial use. Thus, commercial outfitters are required to keep their river trips out of sight of each other (behind bends in the river)

as an adherence to the spirit of the Wild and Scenic Act, yet to those fishing in the river, whose perspective is a constant parade of screaming tourists, it is a quiet time spoiled. Therefore, many local people misplace the blame for this situation on the Wild and Scenic Rivers Act. In reality, this Act has helped to shield the river from what could have been an even worse fate of invasive roads, houses, even shopping malls on the river banks.

Today, the Chattooga River watershed is literally "under siege" from developers paying unbelievable prices for the remaining private lands in the watershed. Siltation from second home building and road construction is choking formerly pristine streams. Sewage treatment facilities are running full-capacity, and often overflowing to spill raw sewage into tributaries of the Chattooga. On public lands, timber companies are running out of the easy- to-get timber, and are lobbying land managers to obtain permission to reach further and further into wildlands, and roadless areas. Outfitters have pushed for

more "user days" (increased commercial use) and private boater numbers are constantly increasing. All this—while the local people who have lived on the land for generations feel increasingly alienated by the "outsiders". In addition, the scheduled revisions of Land and Resource Management Plans for the Chattooga River watershed's national forests are in gridlock.

There may be an answer to bring these competing forces together—to try and live in harmony with each other and with the natural environment of the Chattooga watershed. This answer may very well lie in motivating both those who

live here as well as those who come to recreate in the watershed, to realize the tremendous value of protecting the natural character of this land. Ultimately, the common theme which may be the key to bringing people together could have to do with a culture tied to the land. James Dickey said, "The Chattooga is a place for lonely, brave, resourceful people". The true cultural heritage of the Chattooga lies with the people who recognize that sacrifices must be made to protect its wildness. These people may have been here for seven generations, or they may only pass through to gain inspiration from this

place through meditation or recreation. They may be the loggers who care more about what they leave than what they take. They may be the real estate agents who try to preserve the character and natural resources of land. They could be river guides who try to make the thrill-seekers appreciate the real value of clean water and native wildlife. In the end, the real cultural legacy of the Chattooga River watershed lies in maintaining respect for the land.



James Dickey said, "The Chattooga is a place for lonely, brave, resourceful people". This photograph was made on the Chattooga River at Woodall Shoals, during the occasion of Dickey's final visit to the Chattooga River watershed.



Chattooga Watershed Update & Action Alerts

Water Quality

Norton Mill Creek, North Carolina

The NC Department of Environment, Health & Natural Resources is considering the re-licensing of a number of wastewater treatment facilities which discharge treated effluent into the headwaters of the Chattooga River. One is the Cullasaja Joint Venture facility, which is now violating a charter agreement to utilize an alternative treatment method that would "spray irrigation" effluent onto the Cullasaja Club golf course. Currently, this facility is "straight-piping" their effluent directly into Norton Mill Creek. The Norton Mill Community is concerned that the alternative treatment is not being fully implemented, which is a violation of the agreement. Norton Mill Creek is already suffering from siltation, as well as the effects of this discharge. ***Please write to address below and ask for a public hearing on this matter:***

Mr. A. Preston Howard Jr., P.E. Director
Div. of Environmental Management
Environmental Management Commission
P.O. Box 29535
Raleigh, NC 27626-0535

Cashiers Sewage Treatment Plant, North Carolina

The Tuckasegee Water And Sewer Authority is located in a residential section of Cashiers, NC, and is discharging effluent directly into the headwaters of the Chattooga River. Residents complain of raw sewage spills, odor and noise. ***Please write the NC Dept. of Environment, Health & Natural Resources and ask for a public hearing to explore an alternative treatment facility, to protect the headwaters of the Chattooga River.***

Land Acquisitions

Brushy Mountain, North Carolina

Posing as the "Chattooga-Ellicott Community Association Inc.", a developer from Hilton Head, SC, has pressured the Forest Service to give him permission to build a road through the national forest of over one mile in length, to access an inholding where he intends to build up to 26 houses on 133 acres. This inholding lies in a remote, wild area of the Chattooga River watershed next to the Ellicott Rock Wilderness Area. The true community of people who live in the area are incensed that the Forest Service has released an Environmental Assessment and Decision Notice approving the above "preferred alternative". Residents claim that the Forest Service's decision—that a development of one house per five acres "is reasonable use", ***next to the Wilderness Area***—is a sell out! We think so, too. ***Please write and ask the Forest Service to deny the developer's application, until he makes a reasonable and legal request as a legitimate member of the***

community.

West Fork of the Chattooga: Nicholson Fields, Georgia

The last remaining parcel of private property located inside of the Chattooga Wild & Scenic River Corridor has been purchased by two developers, for a reported \$2 million. Indications are that the tract could possibly come back onto the market. Commercial development of this tract would have major implications for the character of the Wild and Scenic River Corridor on the West Fork. ***We desperately need to find people of means to volunteer to purchase these properties and hold them, until we can restore the (Federal) Land and Water Conservation Fund. Please contact anyone you know who can help purchase and hold these properties in trust, for future conservation acquisition.***

U.S. Forest Service Timber Sales

GEORGIA

Tuckaluge Timber Sale: Is still on hold, due to unsettled litigation. A ruling on this case is expected sometime soon, perhaps this fall. Please call our office for future details.

Compartment 59: The Tallulah Ranger District has (once again) failed to consider a compromise on this proposed timber sale adjacent to the Chattooga Wild & Scenic Corridor. One stand of trees is in a particularly sensitive area inside a deep bend of the river; logging here would fragment the landscape and destroy the forest interior habitat next to the corridor. We have asked that this unit be dropped from the sale and slight modifications be made to the other stands, while allowing the remainder of the timber sale to proceed. ***Please write to Dave Jensen, District Ranger, and demand this modification. If you would like to see what the sale will do for the national forest beside the river corridor, refer to page 6 of the Spring Chattooga Quarterly showing the implementation of the Buckeye Branch sale.***

SOUTH CAROLINA

Village Creek Project: The Andrew Pickens District of the Sumter National Forest has proposed implementing a 600 acre timber sale in the Mountain Rest area, using all even-age mangament ("industrial-strength" forestry, akin to clearcutting) with no alternative for a more natural method of harvest. We have asked that they include an alternative for single-tree or small group selection. ***Please write to Beth Mertz, District Ranger on the Sumter National Forest (at 112 Andrew Pickens Circle, Mountain Rest, SC 29664) and ask that she include our preferred alternative for harvesting this timber, which would mimic and be in harmony with more natural processes.***

Chattooga River Watershed Coalition

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Buzz Williams*

*Development Director
Nicole Hayler*

*Administration
Cindy Berrier*

*Biologist
Chas Zartman*

*Program
CRWC Staff*

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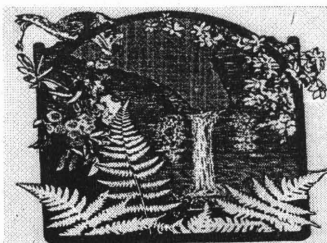
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*We would like to give Special Thanks to the
"Friends of the Mountains" for the use of their
logo on the front cover of the Spring Quarterly.*



*If you would like to order a tee-shirt with The
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Your contribution is greatly appreciated. It will be used to support
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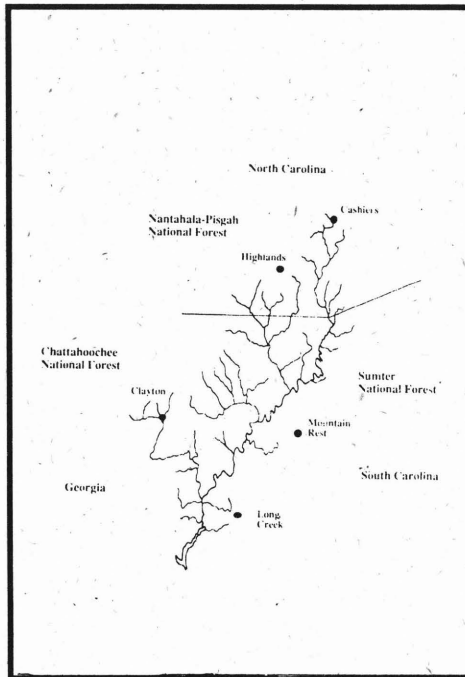
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Our Purpose:

"To protect, promote and restore the natural ecological integrity of the Chattooga River watershed ecosystem; to ensure the viability of native species in harmony with the need for a healthy human environment; and to educate and empower communities to practice good stewardship on public and private lands."

Our Work Made Possible By:

CRWC Members and Volunteers
Turner Foundation, Inc.
The Moriah Fund
Lyndhurst Foundation
Patagonia, Inc.
Town Creek Foundation
Merck Family Fund
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Our Goals:

Monitor the U.S. Forest Service's management of public forest lands in the watershed

Educate the public

Promote public choice based on credible scientific information

Promote public land acquisition by the Forest Service within the watershed

Protect remaining old growth and roadless areas

Work cooperatively with the Forest Service to develop a sound ecosystem initiative for the watershed

Chattooga River Watershed Coalition
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