

Growing Up Hawley



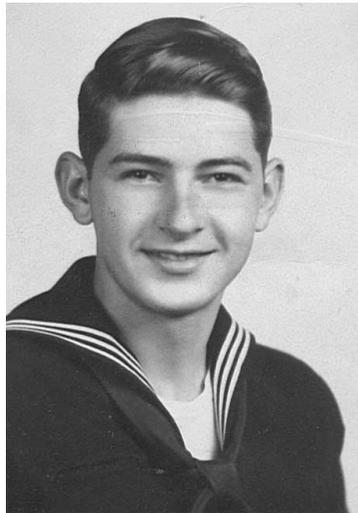
The Children of Royce and Louise Remember

William Rhyne Hawley

Bill Hawley 2009

I was the first born and only son of Royce and Louise Hawley. Three daughters would follow. I was also the first grandchild of William G. and Ora P. Walker Hawley. Mother said that it was so warm on December 12, 1931, the day I was born that they had to raise all the windows in the house. I was baptized at Christ's Lutheran Church in 1935 and was confirmed on Palm Sunday in 1944. I attended the Stanley schools and graduated as the Salutatorian of the Stanley High School Class of 1950. While in high school, I was a member of basketball and baseball teams. In 1948, the basketball team I played on placed second in the state. I was elected as the first-ever President of the Student Body and was also the first President of the Beta Club.

One of our church members, John Morgan was also plant manager of Stanley Mills that was owned by J. P. Stevens. During my senior year in high school he asked me to visit him at the plant. While there he asked if I had considered a career in textiles. I knew nothing of textiles at the time. He took me on a tour of the plant and told me that if I would attend Belmont Abbey College, he would give me a job on the second shift and teach me all about yarn making. I began working about two weeks after graduating and went to Belmont Abbey for the fall semester.



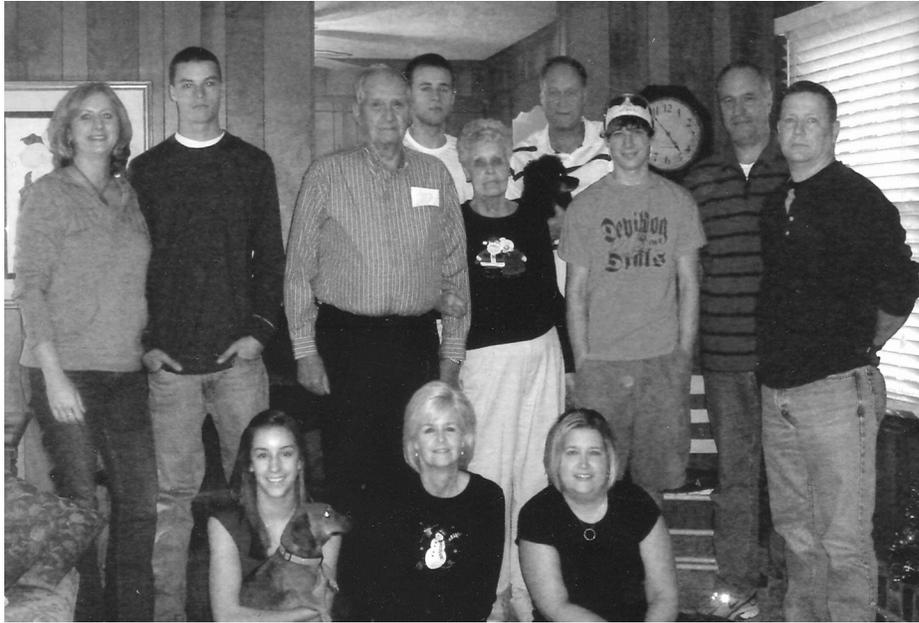
Unfortunately, the Korean War also began about the time I went to work. By the time the first semester was over, a number of my classmates at the Abbey had received their draft notice and I knew that mine was close at hand. So, I enlisted in the US Navy. I was sworn in at Raleigh in February of 1951. Boot camp was at San Diego, California. My first assignment was taking WWII ships out of "mothballs" at Tongue Point Naval Station located at Astoria, Oregon. In November of 1952, I was assigned to the USS Manatee, an oiler or fuel ship, which had a home base at Long Beach, California. The Manatee made two trips to the Far East while I was aboard. Along with her war duties, the ship visited about all of the places I had heard about during WWII. I was honorably discharged from the Navy in February 1955.

After service obligations were complete, I returned to Stanley to resume working at Stanley Mills and classes at Belmont Abbey. During the winter months of 1956, I met a young lady from Lincolnton named Phyllis Helms. She was a senior in high school and a member of the basketball team (first team all state). We were engaged by May and were married October 21, 1956 at Salem Baptist Church. I took the semester off to give us time to settle and then resumed studies.



When my second year at the Abbey had been completed, the plant manager told me that he and the plant superintendent felt that I was ready for management responsibilities. He said that if I would complete a few correspondence courses, JP Stevens would consider me a college graduate. He then offered me the position of manager of the industrial engineers for Stanley Plant which I accepted. Prissy was born on Papa Rhyne's birthday in 1959 and Royce was born in 1961. Shelly was born in 1968.

As the years went along, I was promoted to group industrial engineer. This multi-plant assignment meant travel from Greensboro to Montgomery, Alabama. If my count is correct, at one time or another I had some management responsibility at 44 of Stevens plants, not at the same time of course. In August of 1982, I was offered the position of Division Director of Industrial Engineering for the Stevens Sheet and Bathroom Accessories Division located in Clemson, South Carolina. I accepted and we moved to Clemson. When Stevens was bought out, I was offered early retirement. My last day worked was February 28, 1989. In 1990, Phyllis and I moved back to Stanley. Here we hope to stay.



Bill, Phyllis and Family, Christmas Day 2008

Left to Right:

1st Row: Victoria, Pebbles (dog), Prissy, Shelley

2nd Row: Nela, Christian, Bill, Phyllis, Nicholas, Royce, Jimmy

3rd Row: Sean, Pierre (dog), Johnny

The Old Swimming Hole

Bill Hawley 2009

The plot Papa Hawley's house was built on was fairly large. I don't know how many acres there were but there was space for a large garden, a barn, a big cornfield, a patch of woods and a bunch of deep gullies. The woods were on a fairly steep but not too deep hillside. A very good spring was located at the base of the hillside.

Papa Hawley decided to build a swimming pond on the back part of the property. To build a pond of any size required a lot of earth moving. A black man named Sam Collins worked for Papa Hawley. He was given the job of turning the area into a pond. The smooth bottom and sides were formed by the use of a drag pan that dug into the ground and scooped up dirt. The dirt was carried in the drag pan and dumped onto a growing earthen dam. I don't recall exactly how long it took to build the pond but it took a good while. Papa Hawley also built a small road to make it easy to get to the pond. He made a nice diving board and a place on the bank to sit in the sun. We got to swim late afternoons and on weekends. Unfortunately, the dam did not last long. One afternoon there was a cloud burst and the dam washed away.

Everyone had enjoyed the pond so much that Papa Hawley decided to rebuild. This time he would do it right. He would build a concrete dam and spillway. He took most of the workers from the sawmill over to the site. They dug deep, wide footings for the dam. Then they mixed and poured concrete about 3 ½ feet wide. He was determined this time. A nice large platform was built in the pond while the dam was under construction. A very nice diving board was built and even a rope was dangled from a tree limb so you could swing way out over the water and drop. This time Papa Hawley had a hit on his hand and loved every minute of it. He loved to sneak up on young grandchildren and through them out into the pond whether they could swim or not. It terrified the children and their mothers. It wasn't long before kids from the town wanted to swim and Papa Hawley let them if they had a permission slip from their parents. The spot became known as Hawley's Lake and was one of the one of the most popular places in town. The family thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Unfortunately, about the second or third summer, there was another cloudburst and the pond washed away again. This time, it washed out under the concrete. It became very obvious that there was no way to dig the footings deep enough. The ground was just too soft. The swimming hole was gone forever.

About 25 years later, Papa Hawley decided to build houses back where the old swimming hole was. The area was bulldozed and three north-south streets were built. There was also a couple of east-west streets. Build houses he did! Hawley's lake had turned into Hawley's hill. In the mid-1960's, Phyllis and I bought one of the houses. As best I can remember, it was located very close to where the old pig pen was. Later on, Martha Anne bought the house up on the corner. Her house was where the cornfield used to be. Behind my house was a vacant lot. The sides of the lot were so steep, there was no way to build a house on the lot. At the bottom of the lot it was very swampy. Phyllis bought the lot from Papa Hawley so we could clean it off and keep the mosquitoes down. As I cleared the lot, I remembered the old spring that had a flow of water enough to fill the old pond. I was able to find that old spring and dig it out and the water began to flow again.

Prissy and Royce used to like to catch crayfish and salamanders. I also began finding Indian artifacts like spear points and pottery. Just across the street was an open field. Each time there was a good rain, I would walk the field in search of more artifacts. I would up with a bag full. When we were boys, Bobby and I liked to walk through the cornfield each time it was plowed. We found spear points there as well. Years later, Alan May from Schiele Museum visited the Brevard Station Museum. He looked through the artifacts I had. He asked the general location where the artifacts had been found. I told him and mentioned about the spring there. He told me that the artifacts I had showed that Indians had lived there for at least 5,000 years. He said they dated from about 3,500 B.C. to about when Columbus discovered America. Among the artifacts was also an arrowhead that was solid black. He said it had been made from a shark's tooth. He said it was common for Indians of the area to trade with both coastal and mountain Indians. He said the soapstone bowl I had was probably brought in from the mountains. All the artifacts I had were found around the old swimming hole. Over the years I have wondered what Sam Collins may have carried away in that drag pan.

The House We Call Home

Bill Hawley, May 2009

The first home of Royce and Louise Hawley was located on New Street in Stanley just across the street from Christ's Lutheran Church and between the furniture store on the corner and the Myrtle Wallace home. I was born in that house December 12, 1931. Mother said it was so warm that day that all the windows had to be raised. From there the family moved to West Chestnut Street into a house that was just across the street from Ern (Pistol) Cannon. The street ended there at that time. Martha Anne was born in this house.

As best as I can remember, the house at 509 South Main Street was either built in 1936 or we moved in that year. Papa Hawley built it for Mother and Daddy. (Papa Hawley was about to build a house for himself. He and Mama Hawley were living in a house next to the sawmill on Dallas Road. He bought an old house from Mr. Rogers that was located about where the house that Papa Hawley built is now. Mr. Rogers ran a store that was located on the big curve. The old house was torn down and the new one was built. I believe they moved into that new house about a year after we had moved.)

The house we moved into was significantly different than it is today. The exterior of the house was covered with German siding and was painted white. The kitchen was very small and there was a wood stove for cooking. There were French doors to separate the dining room from the living room. There was a door from the dining room to the hall. The house was heated by the woodstove and a fireplace in the living room where wood and coal was burned. The floors were hardwood and there were a number of throw rugs. There was also an enclosed back porch. All interior walls were covered with wood paneling of various widths. There was no indoor plumbing of any kind. There was an outdoor hand pump which was allocated about there the deck is now. The outhouse was further back. There was also an outdoor clothesline.

Patsy and Frances were born in this house. I recall going with Daddy over to the Lowesville-Triangle area to get "Shug" Friday when Patsy was born. Shug slept on a cot on the back porch for about two weeks. She did the cooking and cleaning.

Just after WWII, the town of Stanley laid down water lines along South Main Street. Mr. Froneberger (I believe his name was Wes) was hired by Daddy to dig a ditch for a water line from the kitchen area all the way to Main Street. I had to help dig that ditch and it was long and deep. It was really deep the closer we got to the street. It was dug with a pick and shovel. What a job! Mr. Froneberger for years would ask me if I were ready to dig another ditch. I kept telling him that I never wanted to see another ditch.

Also after WWII, sheetrock became available for the first time. After supper, I had to help Daddy cover all the walls in the house with sheetrock. My job was to hold up the sheetrock while Daddy nailed it. I also had to sand all the joints. This was a major undertaking, believe me.

Feeding the kitchen cook stove was a pretty big job. Lawrence Presswood bought the waste slabs from the sawing process at the sawmill. He would saw the slabs into stove length pieces and sell them by dump truck loads. When we needed a load, it was my job to split the slabs and stack them so they would dry out. Daddy brought a chopping block home from the sawmill and bought me a small axe. This was a year round job since we had to have a fire every day for cooking and heating water. Also, since I had a chopping block and axe, many of the neighborhood ladies would bring their chickens over for me to cut their heads off.

The lot the house sat on was very narrow. There was almost no space on either side of the house. While I was in high school, Papa Hawley offered to give Daddy either a thousand dollar bonus or twenty-five additional feet on the south side of the lot. Daddy took the property. For a number of years we had a small garden about where the metal-sided warehouse is now. The lumberyard was not fenced in then.

A number of modifications have been made to the house over the years. The kitchen was so small it had to be enlarged so we could all sit at a table. The French doors were taken out and the door from the dining room to the hall was closed. The old back porch was added onto and converted into a den. A garage was added. The den and garage were covered by a flat roof. Eventually, the flat roof was replaced by a sloping roof because of water leakage. The hardwood floors were covered by carpet along the way. A central heating system was installed and a bath and a half were plumbed. A deck was attached to the den. The exterior of the house was covered with a new siding and awnings were added.

Daddy built an outside building for his retirement. The building was large enough to have a work area along with a wood stove, Papa Hawley's old recliner and TV. For a number of years, he built doghouses and sold them.

The house served the family for 72 years until it was sold outside the family a year after Mother's death.



Sunday

Bill Hawley 2009

Sunday morning came fairly early at the Hawley house. We arose to the sound of hymns of faith coming from the radio in the kitchen.

In the late 30s and 40s there was no multitude of stations to listen to. All the stations were AM; no FM, no stereo. Actually, there were even no portable radios. On Sunday mornings, other than news, just about all you could pick up were programs of hymns of faith or preachers. Daddy dearly loved the old hymns and there were many singing groups. The Johnson family of Paw Creek became famous nationally for their singing! Many of the Grand Ole Opry singers such as Roy Acuff had their own program. Daddy's favorite program though was one that came from Renfro Valley, Kentucky. We listened as we ate breakfast and got ready for Sunday school.

Not going to church was not an option unless there was an illness that prevented going. Sometimes it was difficult to understand why we had to go and Bobby and Lindy did not. However, Mother and Daddy made it very clear that we were going.

Sundays today are very different from the late 30s and 40s. No business opened their doors on Sundays. Sunday was a day of rest so the town shut down. Most people went to church on Sunday mornings. Today Sunday is closet to the point where it is just another day.

Mother would cook most of Sunday lunch before we went to church so when we came home it was not long before the meal was ready. This was the main meal of the day. Unless it was a very special occasion, our clothes were changed when church was over. In fact, we each had an outfit that was only for church. We also had "visiting" clothes that were normally worn on Sunday afternoons.

Sunday afternoons during warmer weather were visiting afternoons. About 2 o'clock or so we would all go to Mama and Papa Hawleys. We could expect to see Kenneth and Thelma with Joyce and Sylvia and Eva and John with Marilyn and Ann. Mama Hawley had a glider on the front porch where she would always sit. Most of the time, Papa Hawley would stay in his chair in the sitting room. About everyone else was on the front porch or out in the yard. From time to time, the people cutting the trees for Papa Hawley's sawmill would find baby wild animals such as squirrels or foxes. He would tie the foxes to a tree in the front yard. We loved to watch them. Of course he had to turn them loose as they became older as they were wild. Papa Hawley also loved puzzles. He usually had a new one that someone had given him that he wanted one of us to solve.

About 4 o'clock or so, we would leave and go to Mama and Papa Rhyne's. Normally there would be Dan and Lucille, Nonnie and Nell along with Doof and Jess. There would be cousins Bobby John, Jean, Jakie, Jimmy and June, enough for a ball game in one of Papa Rhyne's fields. Papa Rhyne would put a couple of watermelons in the creek to cool when they were in season. My, they were good! Sometimes we made homemade ice

cream. Mama Rhyne always had cookies some place. No one made peanut butter cookies like Mama Rhyne. We normally stayed until about 6:30 or so.

Things changed a lot when Pastor and Mrs. Bernhardt moved to Stanley. Luther League became the place to be. Before the Bernhardt's arrival, BYPU at Bruington Memorial Baptist Church was where all the kids in town were. Pastor and Mrs. Bernhardt began having volleyball and the like to go with the Luther League program. We even had hot dogs from time to time and also home made ice cream. Before long, all the town kids were at our church. Some Lutheran children that went to school in Stanley were members of other Lutheran churches. Ruth and Frances Lineberger (Lutheran Chapel) began coming along with Betty Ann and Becky Rhyne (Holy Communion). Believe me, we had a good time!

As you can see, when the children of Royce and Louise Hawley were growing up, Sundays were all about faith and family. Anything commercial was not to be found. We didn't have many material things but we sure were rich!

Company's Coming! Whitewash the Trees and Sweep the Front Yard!

Bill Hawley 2008 (Originally published in "The Stanley Whistle", Vol. 1, Issue 11)

Lawn maintenance is big business now. It seems that about every other pickup truck you see is towing a mowing machine of some kind. Many of us now have a contract with a lawn service for aerating, and then spreading lime, fertilizer and grass seed. The lawn must then be mowed at regular intervals for that just-perfect carpet look. Others prefer to do it themselves and purchase a fancy mower or tractor to take most of the work out. There are power trimmers and edgers to finish off the job. In the Stanley area of the late 30s and 40s things were much different. Those who had a grass lawn had only a push-type reel mower. The grass was mostly volunteer and there were plenty of weeds too tall for the reel to cut. A hand sling was used to trim those tall weeds. One thing this method did was to burn plenty of calories. A goodly number of families preferred a different way.

In the 30s and 40s, Stanley was a town with a population of about one thousand. Street names were not used so residents lived on the "north end", "south end" or "uptown". Jake and Daisy Rhyne had a farm of about sixty-eight acres on the "north end". Their home was at the extreme north end of Main Street on the west side of the railroad tracks. The home, now remodeled, still stands. Stanley Middle School is situated on what was the cotton patch. It is hard to believe, but the middle school today has almost as many students as the population of Stanley then.

It was common practice that after church and lunch, the families would visit parents. When the weather was warm enough, everyone would be outside. The women would sit in the front yard and the men out under the trees. There were usually enough grandchildren at Jake and Daisy's to have a ball game. The ball was usually a wad of paper wound endlessly with friction tape. A suitable stick was found for a bat and rocks marked the bases. When the grandchildren heard the train coming, the ball game would stop and they would gather in the street beside the railroad track. Trains of that day were pulled by steam engines so there was always an engineer and fireman on board. Most engineers kept a bag of candy on board and when they saw a bunch of kids gathered they would blow the whistle and throw out a handful or two of candy. Candy was very hard to come by so you can be sure that the scramble was on as most times there were more kids than pieces of candy.

Both Jake and Daisy came from large families. After the crops were laid-by late in the summer was a time for family visits. Stanley was about a central location for both families so it was common to gather at Jake and Daisy's. Saturdays before a Sunday gathering was a very busy time. If watermelons were in season, some ripe ones were pulled and carried to the creek to cool down. A sharp eye was kept looking for the iceman to make his rounds. One of the grandchildren who lived nearby was usually given the chore of going down to the branch to get some clay. On the very low banks of the branch (actually, just a trickle of water), were pockets of very white clay that the water kept very slick and slimy feeling. Some clay was dug up and carried back to the house where it was stirred in a bucket of water until the water was thick and white. There

were seven large oak trees in the front yard. The mixture of clay and water was now called “whitewash” and was spread with a brush all the way around each tree up to about chest high. The hearth in the sitting room was covered with leftover mixture. After drying, the tree trunks were very white.

After the trees had been whitewashed, the front yard had to be swept. There was no grass in the front yard and if anything green began to take root, it was pulled up. A corn broom was used to sweep the yard. Each stroke of the broom had to be from the direction of the house straight toward the street. No angled sweeping of any kind was permitted and there better not be a footprint showing anywhere.

When Jake’s family visited, the men would carry chairs out under the trees where they would sit and talk all afternoon. There was no air conditioning at the time. Jake had only one sister and a number of brothers. One of the brothers would bring a box of King Edward cigars that would half disappear by late afternoon. Jake would delight his grandchildren by making cigar smoke come out around his eyes. Late in the afternoon, the watermelons would be brought up from the creek and cut. If watermelons were not in season, homemade ice cream would be churned.

When Daisy’s family visited, there was another chore for Saturday. There was a trip to the woods to find a just-right sassafras limb. Daisy would cut enough right size limbs into the right length to make “toothbrushes”. After being cut to length, the bark was skinned off and one end was soaked in water until the wood, fibers were pliable enough for separation to resemble the end of a brush. Most of Daisy’s family was sisters who would sit on the front porch all afternoon. Almost all enjoyed snuff. They would twirl a damp toothbrush into the snuff can and twirl until enough snuff had been picked up. The toothbrush filled with snuff was then placed between cheek and gum. A trip to Russell Handsel’s store on Saturday had been made to make sure there was enough Tube Rose.

Yes, times have changed dramatically in the past sixty to seventy years. Power riding mowers have certainly helped to put an end to whitewashing trees and sweeping the yard. Air conditioning, television, computers, etc. have also helped to end the need or desire to be outside. And yes, times will change again. Those who are alive sixty to seventy years in the future may even have artificial grass or something that requires no mowing. But, let’s all hope that family gatherings continue forever!

World War II

Bill Hawley 2009

Martha and I were born during what was probably the toughest part of what is know as “The Great Depression”. Times were so hard for everyone that it was hard to believe that it could get worse. Wrong!

In the very late 1930’s Mother’s sister Doof and her husband Jess lived in what we called the Guy Newton house. It was the second house up the street from where we lived on New Street. We now call it the Martin house. One night Jess came over during the night and woke daddy to tell him that the Germans had invaded Poland. War in Europe had just begun. President Roosevelt assured us that we would not become involved. The war spread as Hitler invaded more and more European countries. IN the Far East, Japan was at war with China. Would we really be able to keep out?

December 7, 1941 was Daddy’s thirty-second birthday. Mother was having a birthday party for him in the afternoon after church. While I was listening to the radio in the living room an announcement was made that the Japanese had attacked Pearl Harbor. I had no idea where Pearl Harbor was. The next day, President Roosevelt addressed the nation by radio that he had asked the Congress to declare war on German and the Empire of Japan. War was here.

The war started very badly for the United States. The Germans were just overwhelming all of Europe. Only England was holding firm. In the Far East, the Japanese seemed unstoppable. Our army in the Philippines was badly beaten and we were told of untold atrocities that had been inflicted on our captured soldiers. Things looked very bad indeed.

As far as Stanley was from where fighting was actually taking place, Civil Defense administrators were told to prepare everyone for air raids. We had air raid drills at school, as there was a fear that the Germans would bomb us. There were also air raid drills while we were home at night. “Doc” Shook was our air raid warden. When the air raid siren came on, all the lights inside and outside had to be turned off. All doors to the outside were closed and all shades were pulled down. Everyone was asked to get dark shades for their windows. The goal was to get Stanley pitch black so their pilots could not see where it was.

Everyone was asked to pitch in for the war effort. Everyone was urged to buy War Bonds and War Stamps to help the government raise money. The schools headed up a scrap metal drive. We would up with a mountain of scrap metal at the elementary school. Everyone was asked to plant a “Victory Garden” and students sold “victory seeds” for them. Many food items were rationed. Each family received a book of ration stamps. Sugar was rationed and farmers were asked to plant molasses cane to help take the place of sugar. Such things as coffee were also rationed. Food was not the only thing rationed, as gasoline became very hard to get. The automobile factories quit making cars and made tanks, personnel carriers, Jeeps and trucks for the military. There were no chocolate candy bars in any store in Stanley.

With war being waged in so many places, a draft had been instituted to provide the Army, Navy and Marines with the men needed to defend us and defeat our enemies. Many men volunteered. Daddy wanted to go but was turned down because he had flat feet. Junior Hawley was in the Navy and wound up in Okinawa. Three of Mother's brothers were in service, Slick and Pete were in the Army and Simon was in the Marines. Slick's experience included being a part of the "Battle of the Bulge" in Europe. Pete was an MP on the island of Trinidad. Simon was killed in 1945 on the island of Iwo Jima in the Pacific.

Eventually, the war began to turn. We began to hear the good news that our troops were beginning to go on the offensive in both Europe and the Far East. The war began to look winnable. The Germans surrendered in late spring 1945. The Japanese were being pushed back closer and closer to their homeland but they refused to surrender. In August of 1945, President Truman authorized the detonation of the world's first atomic bomb over the city of Hiroshima. A second was detonated over Nagasaki. A few days later, the Japanese surrendered.

Mr. Bob Shook always rang the bell at the church before services. Kids were not allowed to touch the rope. When news came of the Japanese surrender, a bunch of us kids ran to the church and we rang the bell all day long. What a day! Sirens were wailing, cars honking and all church bells in Stanley were ringing. Such a celebration, I have not seen before or after.

World War II was called "the war to end all wars." Peace, however, lasted only five years when the Korean War began in 1950. While in the Navy during the Korean War I visited Nagasaki in 1953.

Hawley Lumber Company

Bill Hawley 2009

In the 1920s Papa Hawley moved his family from Pisgah Forest, NC to Stanley. His purpose was to begin his own lumber business. He selected this area because there was an abundance of timber on the stump and Charlotte and Gastonia provided nearby markets for building materials. The furniture industry in the Hickory and Lenoir area also provided a market for softer wood like poplar.

Although Papa Hawley owned the business and kept tight control over everything, it slowly grew into a business that employed all five of his sons. Each son worked in a different part of the company. Daddy worked in the area of cutting the timber and transporting it to the sawmill, Harry became the cabinetmaker, Junior and Bobby were deliverymen and Lindy ran the office.

The local market was strong enough for the young business to survive the depression years. The demand for lumber really took off when World War II began. There was a market for any board he could come up with regardless of how many knots it had. After the war was over the troops came home, there was a tremendous building boom. Business was strong as ever. Papa Hawley began to branch out by building and selling homes on his own. He built quite a few homes along Blacksnake Road and cut a new street and built homes by the sawmill. That street is now named Hawley Street. He bought a peach orchard on Wilkinson Boulevard in Belmont and turned it in to a housing development. Now there is Hawley Avenue in Belmont. Later the property behind his house which had been the barn, cornfield, pasture and swimming hole was developed. Phyllis and I purchased one of these homes. Martha Anne would purchase one later. This group of homes became known around town as Hawley's Hill. A large number of people bought their home in a unique way. They did not have sufficient funds for a down payment. He permitted them to move into the home and made payments to him at the same monthly payment as if they had borrowed from the savings and loan. He saved the money for them until there was enough for the down payment. A goodly number of townfolk have told me that they would never have been able to have a home of their own except for Papa Hawley.

Papa Hawley willed his lumber business to his sons. Unfortunately, the building material business was in massive change. Large super businesses such as Lowe's and Home Depot were causing small businesses to close. Timber cutting also changed drastically. The brothers decided to sell the business to Belmont Lumber Company. The business, however, had made the name Hawley a most recognizable name in Stanley and Gaston County.

The last two summers I was in high school, I worked at the sawmill. My job was stacking lumber to air dry. It was very hard work when the stack became so high. I had to pull the boards up to where I was standing. We worked from 7 till noon and 12:30 to 5:30 five days a week. On Saturday, we worked from 7 until 12 noon, fifty-five hours a week. It did not take me long to decide that I wanted to do something else for a living. Sometimes Papa Hawley would come by about 1:30 and tell Bobby and me to go down to

the sawdust pile and dig some worms. We would go to Lake Wylie fishing. The second summer I worked, I had the job of tailing the planer. At least there was shade. I did make enough money to buy my clothes and have a little spending money.

The Walker Family Reunion

Bill Hawley May 2009

We really looked forward to the coming of fall each year. It was time for the Walker family reunion at (Great) Grandma Walker's in West Virginia.

It was customary for our family to ride with Mama and Papa Hawley. It was also customary for Bobby, Dottie, Lindy and Esta to go in the car also. With Mother and Daddy, me, Martha Anne and Patsy (very young), there would be eleven people in the car. John and Eva would go in their car with Marilyn and Ann. Sometimes, Kenneth and Thelma would go in their car. One of Papa Hawley's nephews, Randolph Hicks, had lived in Stanley for some time and had married a Stanley girl named Billy Hester. They later moved to West Virginia. One year, Billy's parents rode with us to visit Billy while we were at the reunion. They were members of the Pentecostal church and they sang Pentecostal hymns all the way to Bluefield. Papa Hawley did not like that a little bit.

We normally left early Friday morning. Most of the time we started out on Highway 16 through Newton up to North Wilkesboro. Then it was Highway 18 up to Sparta which was on top of the Blue Ridge. From Sparta we took Highway 21 on into Bluefield. Driving was very, very slow. There were no interstate highways to take you around towns and all the roads were one lane in each direction. Once you got to the mountains, you really slowed down. There was always a big truck that was fully loaded. It was all they could do to pull up the grade and there were almost no places to pass. Then there were the hairpin turns. Going up and coming down mountains was a very slow process. Besides climbing up the Blue Ridge between North Wilkesboro and Sparta, there were three mountains to cross before Bluefield. They were Brushy, Walker and East River mountains. As we went over the last couple of mountains, there would be youngsters standing by the road selling glasses of chinquapins. Bobby, Lindy and I dearly loved chinquapins and Papa Hawley would usually stop and buy us a glass. We ate chinquapins the rest of the way to Bluefield.

Once we got to Bluefield, everyone split up. Aunt Emma's son Buddy owned a beer garden between Bluefield and Bluewell. Uncle John was always over there and that was Papa Hawley's first stop on his way to visit his brothers in Bluefield. Daddy, Bobby, Lindy and I would usually go with Papa Hawley. A lot of the group went to Aunt Laura and Aunt Josie's house. Mother and Daddy would normally stay at Aunt Emma and Uncle John's house Friday night. Others would stay at Aunt Laura and Aunt Josie's. Bobby and Lindy liked to stay there because Benny lived with them and we all liked Benny.

On Saturday afternoon, we would all go over to Uncle Forrest's home in Princeton. From there we would visit Mama Hawley's family who lived in Princeton. Saturday evening there would be a big supper at Uncle Forrest and Aunt Mary's. Supper was followed by a card game called "setback". Papa Hawley loved to play and hated to lose. He picked his partner very carefully. While the card game was going on, Bobby and I loved to get into Uncle Forrest's concord grapes that were usually ripe when we were there. Papa Hawley also had some kin in Princeton. One niece who lived just about two

blocks away had a daughter named Jean who was just a little older than us. Sometimes we would walk over there. After the card game, Bobby and I liked to spend the night with Aunt Beulah and Uncle Shan. They lived on the edge of town and had a hillside just covered in chinquapins. Guess what we did early Sunday morning!

Grandma Walker lived between Princeton and Matoaka very much out in the country from Lashmeet. Grandma Walker's grandson, Ray Walker, lived with her. Ray took Bobby and I to his miniature coalmine right behind the house where he would dig for coal for them to burn. By late morning there would be people everywhere. You can't believe the tables of food. Believe it or not, but there was an eating contest. As best I can recall, Uncle Keaton always won. Mama Hawley told us what he carried to work each day for lunch. He had to carry it to work in a bucket for no lunch box was nearly big enough.

After lunch there were lots of different kinds of games. There was even a horseshoe pitching contest. Bobby and I won the contest at least once even though we were by far the youngest ones pitching. We were very proud of that!

Then it was time to come home. What I remember most about the trip back was eating chinquapins. I had picked so many that I carried a pocket full to school for the next few days. After Lindy was married and had his own home, he planted a couple of chinquapin bushes to see if they would grow. They did and he did have some chinquapins on them.

Growing up we did not get to travel very much so we thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the Walker reunion each year!

Fifth Grade

Stanley, NC Schools 1942-1943

Bill Hawley May 2009

NOTE: The following talk was given first by Bill Hawley to a fifth grade class at Stanley Elementary School in early 2009.

Good morning! My name is Bill Hawley. I was born here in Stanley and I went to the Stanley schools from the 1st through the 12th grades. After high school I attended Belmont Abbey College and had a 39-year career as an industrial engineer. I also served in the U.S. Navy four years during the Korean War. I live in Stanley now.

In 1943, some 66 years ago, I was in the 5th grade just like you are now. I thought you might like to hear about how it was to live and go to school back then.

I believe that each new school year begins in August now. Well, it was customary for the first day of school to begin right after Labor Day when I was a youngster. There was a good reason not to begin the school year earlier. You see, there was no air conditioning and the rooms were very hot. In fact, there was not a building in Stanley of any kind that was air conditioned, if my memory serves me correctly. Not one of us lived in an air-conditioned house. Once school began, we went almost every workday. Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter were about the only time off.

A goodly number of students at Stanley schools lived on farms. Many of the farmers grew cotton to make some money. When the cotton had to be picked in late September or October, some of the children were given time off from school to help pick their cotton. Some of the schools around us completely shut down for a few weeks so the children could help pick. Our school stayed open and most of us kept going to school.

Now, I want you to do something for me. I want any of you who walked from your home to school this morning to raise your hand. Now, anyone who has ever walked from your home to school to raise your hand. When I was a 5th grader, the school bus did not pick up anyone who lived in town. Parents did not bring their children to school either. Do you know where the Stanley Rescue Building is? Well, our house was almost right across the street so I had to either walk or ride my bicycle. And yes, I walked by myself. I mostly walked to school for all twelve years.

Later on this morning, your class will probably go to the cafeteria for a nice lunch. Guess what! There was no cafeteria when I was in the 5th grade. The students who rode the bus had no choice but to bring their lunch and they had to bring something that would not spoil. Believe me, there were plenty of peanut butter and jelly sandwiches. Most of the jelly was homemade too. Those of us who lived in town were permitted to go home for lunch if we wanted to.

You might like to know what we wore to school. The girls wore dresses or a skirt and blouse. There were a lot of sweaters for cold weather. I bet you could never guess what most of the boys wore. How about *overalls*! That's right, *overalls*. There was no such

thing as blue jeans. And, there was a trick to buying overalls. They were not preshrunk then. You had to buy them several sizes too large because they would shrink up so much when they were washed. If you were lucky, you had a good warm corduroy shirt. Boys and girls had to dress very warmly in the wintertime because the heating system was not very good.

How about our shoes? Well, there were no such things as sneakers then. Most of the boys wore what were called “brogans”. You would probably call them boots. There was mud and a lot of puddles of water all winter. We needed to keep our feet dry. In warm weather and for dress-up occasions we wore leather shoes and we had to keep them shiny. When you wore a hole in whatever kind of shoe you are wearing, you probably throw them in the trash and buy a new pair. We had to take ours to a shoe shop where a cobbler would put a new sole on them. Any shoes that we outgrew were saved to pass on to younger brothers or cousins.

Do you change rooms or teachers for different subjects? Well, I was in a split class. About half of the students in the room were 5th graders and about half were 6th graders. The 6th graders sat on the side of the room next to the windows and the 5th graders were next to the hall. Both grades were taught by the same teacher who stayed with us all day. The teacher would teach us a subject for a while and then give us an assignment while she taught the same subject to the 6th graders. I was also in split classes while in the 3rd and 4th grades.

I'm sure that you have fire drills every so often. Well we had them too! We had another kind of drill that I hope you will never have. It was an air raid drill! The United States had become involved in World War II when I was in the 4th grade. The war was not going very well and there was a real concern that we might be bombed by the Germans. We had drills so that we would know what to do if the air raid sirens began to sound. Those of us who lived in town also had air raid drills at night. Every light in Stanley had to be turned off both outside and inside. All doors were closed and all window shades were pulled down. The town had to be perfectly dark so the German pilots would have a hard time finding Stanley.

All children were asked to help with the war effort. We were asked to go to every house in our neighborhood and ask for any type of metal that was not being used. We brought the scrap metal to school. Some pieces were so big that we had to have help from our parents. You should have seen the mountain of scrap metal beside the school that we rounded up.

In 1943 there were two grocery stores and one drug store in Stanley. One thing you could not buy was a candy bar that had any chocolate in it. All chocolate was being used in the war effort. Every few weeks, the grocers would get a few boxes of chocolate candy. They would let their best customers have a few bars for the children. Boy, what a treat when you finally got one to eat. Oh, how I loved *Mr. Goodbars*. It's still the best candy bar made. Sugar was rationed, so your mother could not make home candy for you either. Things like coffee and gasoline were also rationed. There were no new cars

because all the carmakers were building military vehicles. The government of the United States asked every family in the country to plant a "Victory Garden" to help with the war effort. Those of us who did not know anything about gardening sure found out very quickly what work a garden is.

From time to time, the 5th graders were given the name and address of a serviceman. We were given time in class to write them a letter. Mostly, we told them that we were thinking about them and hoped they would be able to return home soon. Also, from time to time, we were also given the names and addresses of children in foreign countries (mostly England). These children were our age and were having to live with German bombs dropping around them on a regular basis. We were also given time in class to write them and try to cheer them up. One of my classmates, Doris Cope, now Doris Rhyne, heard back from a girl that she had written to. The girl was from England. They began writing each other on a regular basis and became good friends. They still write to each other. Doris and her husband, Bud, have been to England to visit her friend from 3,000 miles across the ocean. The English girl, Betty Quance and her husband, Brian, have visited with Doris and Bud on the Hickory Grove Road.

My teacher in both the 5th and 6th grades was Mrs. Pichette. Her husband was in the Army and stationed somewhere in Europe. One day our principal, Mr. Kiser, came to our class and asked Mrs. Pichette to go out in the hall. He told her that a telegram had just arrived which said that the Germans had captured her husband, Pierre. He was all right but in a prisoner of war camp. We had a substitute teacher for a few weeks until Mrs. Pichette felt like coming back to work. All the students in the class wrote a letter to Mr. Pichette. Thank goodness, he was freed when the war was over.

When I was in the 7th grade our family received the bad news that my uncle, Simon Rhyne, had been killed on an island named Iwo Jima in the South Pacific. The American Legion Post here in Stanley is named after Simon.

When you go home from school today, I'm sure the first thing you will do is your homework ... right? After snacks you may watch TV, play some computer game, listen to an I Pod or the like. When I arrived home, I had a number of chores to do before dark. There were ashes to carry out and wood to carry in. Like most everyone else in town, my mother cooked on a wood stove and our house was heated with a wood or coal fireplace. So carrying in wood was an everyday job, even in warm weather. Two or three times a week, I would have to go to the grocery store before Mother could cook supper. I did my homework after supper. I always made sure I was through in time to listen to "Amos and Andy" on the radio at 8 o'clock.

Well, guess by now you are very happy that you are in the 5th grade now rather than in 1943. It has probably sounded to you like we did not have very much fun. It is true that we had very little in terms of material things. But, you know, I bet we had every bit as much fun as you have now!

Now, I would like to tell you a little about the building you are in right now. In 1943, Stanley schools consisted of three buildings. The gym that is right here beside us was there then. There was no kindergarten then and grades one through six were located in the elementary school building, which was just across the street from the gym. Grades seven and eight plus the high school were in a building about where your multi-purpose area is now.

In March of 1947, I was in the ninth grade. One very windy day, I could see through a window in the high school building that the elementary school was on fire. Black smoke was coming out of the windows and flames were coming through the roof. It was a school day and the building was full of kids, including my sister. Even today, it is hard for me to believe that everyone managed to get out of that building safely. Did those fire drills ever pay off! All the floors in that old school building were made of wood and about every two weeks the janitor would spray oil on them to keep down dust. With the wind blowing as hard as it was and with all that oil in the floors, you can just imagine how fast the fire spread. The Stanley Volunteer Fire Department was called and guess what the fire fighters found when they arrived at the fire station. All the tires on the engine were flat! The Mount Holly fire department was called and they were actually at the school before the Stanley fire department. They hooked up their hose to the fire hydrant, turned on the hose and found that there was no water. A tanker engine was called but by the time it had arrived, the building was totally gone. Some of the churches in Stanley allowed the school to use some of their Sunday school rooms to serve as classrooms until something could be worked out. The school buses would bring the kids to school and the whole class would walk to the church where their classroom was. The school board decided to build temporary classrooms until a new building could be designed and constructed. A number of buildings were built to house one class each. They were not very well constructed but they did keep the children dry and reasonably comfortable. A coal stove heated each building. Lots of kids had fun carrying out ashes and bringing in coal. The students called the buildings "chicken coops".

The building we are now in was completed in the spring of 1949. In the fall of 1949, all twelve grades of Stanley school began the school year in the new building. You can't imagine how happy we were. We even had a first-class cafeteria. I am very proud to stand before you today and tell you that my high school graduating class of 1950 was the first to graduate after a full year in this building.

After listening to me telling stories of long ago, you are probably just like my grandchildren who tell me, "aw grandpaw", when I tell these stories. Make no mistake about one thing. My class enjoyed our time together as much as any class that has ever been at this school. Each year we have a reunion to celebrate the remembrance of our years together. We enjoy being together today as when we were eleven-year olds.

Some day, about 66 years from now, you will be telling your grandchildren about your days in the 5th grade at Kiser School. You grandchildren are probably going to tell you, "aw grandmaw" or "aw grandpaw" just as mine have done. I am going to suggest to you

that you take a good look at your classmates. You don't know how happy you will be to see them about 50 or 60 years from now!

In closing, it is my wish that your life will be as blessed as mine has been.

Thanks for having me!

Remembering Things

W. R. Boggs Summer 1994

Among the many people I have known over the years, Mr. W. G. Hawley stands out as one of the more colorful. He was ruggedly independent and was consistent in his aims and purposes in life. That is, to be successful as a businessman and family man, both goals he accomplished.

I first knew Mr. Hawley when he lived at Pisgah Forest where he was employed as a lumber grader by the Carr Lumber Co., and he was quite good at the job. The position of grader is very important in a lumber manufacturing operation, as lumber is sold according to grade, so it must be marked with the proper symbols in order to bring the right prices. Mr. Hawley, of course, knew the grades and also the symbols so he was an important person in the operation of the Company.

The Hawley family was originally from West Virginia as were the owners of Carr Lumber Co., but they came to Pisgah Forest from an operation in the Smoky Mountains. Harry told me that he was born on Forney Creek in Graham County, NC.

The owner of Carr Lumber Co., Mr. Louis Carr, owned timber in West Virginia and about 1919 sent Mr. Hawley back up there to operate a small mill to cut the timber and market it. I do not know just how long that operation took but in 1920 or 1921, W. G. came back to Turkey Creek (North Carolina) the community where I grew up, and set up a sawmill of his own to cut and market both lumber and crossties. In that era, crossties were cut exclusively from oak as the rot-proofing process used today had not been developed which make it practical to use pine and other woods for railway ties.

An interesting part of the story is how W. G. moved his horses and part of his household goods back to North Carolina from Bluefield, West Virginia. He owned a fine pair of draft horses that were used to drag the logs to the mill. So, to get them down to North Carolina, he hired two young men to drive them with a large wagon to his new location in North Carolina. I do not know how long it took to make the trip but must have been around two weeks for the distance is considerable. They came to my parent's home where W.G. was staying and stayed with us till W.G. could build a house to bring his family to.

It took several years to cut the timber he owned in Transylvania County. Sometime between 1920 and 1925 W. G. worked a short time as a lumber grader for the Carr Lumber Company again but in 1925 he moved to Gaston County to operate a sawmill of his own again. At that time there was a good amount of fine pine and oak timber still in this part of the state. With so many furniture plants in the area, selling lumber was no problem. Then of course the railroads were still using many oak crossties so there was a good and ready market for all the material W. G. cared to cut.

Of course there were some lean years but mainly the Hawley operation prospered. The Hawley family was pretty close-knit, the sons working with their dad in the business, thus cutting down on the number of outsiders needed to run the business. I came to Stanley in

July 1928 to work for the Hawley enterprise and in 1930 I married here and eventually moved here to make Gaston County my home.

This little sketch covers a long period of time and of course many details are missing but the points covered are facts and though they may not mean anything to most people, I am doing it to pass time and amuse myself!

Oh yes, one more thing. Soon after W. G. moved to Gaston County, his sawmill burned on a Sunday. He never knew whether the fire was accidental or not but he was always suspicious that it was a case of arson. Of course the sawmill was powered by a wood-burning steam boiler and by the vary nature of the thing it was dangerous. But, we will never know!

For what it might be worth, this little sketch is true, to the best of my memory, but it is not Carved in Stone!

Note: The following section appears to have been written after the earlier section.

During the years the Hawley Lumber Co. was operating, especially in the logging and the manufacturing end of the job, Mr. Hawley hired several men from the western section of North Carolina as there was a pool of experienced timber cutters and loggers in that part of the state. I was one of that group and I remember several others including Guy Newton, his father-in-law John Scott, two brothers named McMahan, Ed McCall, Dick Hamilton, Lester Kimsey and the well-remembered Harter Hollingsworth. The last named was quite a character and he and I worked together for about two years. They are all gone now. I believe Hollingsworth has a daughter who lives in Stanley. Guy Newton has a son somewhere in the area but I do not know where. Several of my children live in Gaston County but only one, Richard, was born here.

Somewhere about the middle 1950s Mr. Hawley stopped cutting lumber and went exclusively to retailing building supplies. They pursued this business for several years. Then, shortly after Mr. Hawley died, the family sold out to a company from Belmont. The new owners call the company "Stanley Lumber Company" now and seem to be prospering. Three of the Hawley sons have died as of the present time but they all had fine families as, of course, did the daughters.

