

GRAHAM COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION



HONORING THOSE WHO PIONEERED
THE RUGGED MOUNTAINS
OF GRAHAM COUNTY



www.HISTORYGC.org

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Tere Moore, Editor



Fontana Dam

NEWSLETTER

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Beaver Dam Construction

GCHA meets the 1st & 3rd Mondays of each month (except holidays) at 5 pm at United Community Bank, 132 Rodney Orr Bypass, Robbinsville.

We also have a teleconference option.



Contact us for call-in information

GCHA VISION STATEMENT

To maintain a heritage center located on Main Street, by focusing on education, history, and community activities, to assure that Graham County's place in history will be secured for future generations.

Participate in the revitalization of downtown Robbinsville, NC, and promote cultural tourism and economic development in our area.

GCHA MISSION STATEMENT

To preserve, interpret, and convey Graham County, regional, and Appalachian history through exhibitions and educational programs to showcase our history, making Graham County a desired historical destination.



Graham County Historical Association is in the process of taking Oral Histories from anyone with a story to tell about their experiences, family ties and/or remembrances in Graham County.

Whether you are, were, or are not a resident, whether your story is young or old, it most surely can become the future history of Graham County.

Contact us today to schedule your interview!

grahamcountymuseum@gmail.com

Today's Story is Tomorrow's History

MEET LAVINA WEST, GCHA SECRETARY

LaVina West (nee Lovin), daughter of Grady and Fannie Lovin, is a Graham County native and graduate of Robbinsville HS. She has enjoyed 68 years of marriage with Sherman West and has two children, Ben and Sheri, three grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.



She served as President of the Agayah Club in 1972, which was founded in March 1949, under the guidance of the Graham County Senior Woman's Club, as the first Junior Woman's Club ever known in Robbinsville.

For the photo below, LaVina remarked that she started out wearing her great-great grandmother's bonnet (the black one, far right) that her mother could remember seeing her wear it coming to visit riding side-saddle, but loaned it to her first cousin, Carol Crisp, to better contrast with their dresses.

LaVina



1972 Agayah Club, left to right: Marvene Dula, Verna Davis, Maxine West, Delma McCants, Ruby Nell George, Christine Corpening, LaVina West, Allene Campbell, and Carol Jane Crisp.

(Graham County Centennial Book)

LaVina worked for the USFS for 27 years; performed accounting for Valwood Corp from 1987-1999 in Marble, NC; then worked for the Graham Sentinel (Graham Star) from 2001 to 2003, doing ad sales, photography, and reporting.

LaVina is one of the founding members of the Graham County Historical Association, a very knowledgeable historian of all things Graham County, and serves as Secretary on the Board of Directors of GCHA.

Genealogy Corner



John Aaron "Johnny" Hyde Sr.

John Aaron Hyde Sr, (1797-1892), son of Benjamin Wesely Hyde Sr. (1772-1855) and Elizabeth Rebecca Leatherwood (1783-1841).

"One of the early families to settle in Graham County was the Hyde family, a fact well known. What is not as well known is that they are descended from royalty. Benjamin Hyde was a relative of Edward Hyde, the Earl of Clarendon. Edward Hyde served as an adviser to King Charles I of England. His daughter Ann married King James II of England. Edward Hyde and others were given land grants from Virginia to Florida in the colonies. Later, another Edward Hyde was said to be the governor of North Carolina.

"Benjamin Hyde, John's father, was born in 1772 in Mecklenburg County, NC. He married Elizabeth Rebecca Leatherwood, who was the daughter of Edward Leatherwood and Elizabeth Quaty Walker. Her mother was born in 1754 in the Cherokee Tribe in Indian Territory in what is now the western tip of North Carolina."¹

Johnny's first wife was Mary Elizabeth "Polly" Beck (1802-1843).

"Johnny Hyde and his wife Elizabeth "Poll" Beck Hyde were said to be among the first three white families to settle in the Cheoah Valley. They came in over the wagon road built by the U.S. Army for the Cherokee Removal. The road was said to have been so rough that it took several strong men to hold onto the wagon to keep it from overturning down the mountainside. Johnny Hyde spoke of being

good friends with Chief Junaluska and his family and that the children of both families often played together.

"Johnny Hyde first lived near the mouth of Long Creek and then moved to what is now known as Fort Hill. A road led by his place to Methodist Mission Cemetery east of Old Mother Cemetery and dating back to 1840. A monument in the cemetery lists those known to have been buried there including Mrs. Johnny Hyde. Other local names include Cooper, Colvard, Ammons, Moose, and Rogers.

"Johnny Hyde later moved to what became known as the old Rube Rogers farm, and built a water-powered grist mill, thus giving Hyde Mill Creek on Tallulah its name. Most people today know it simply as Mill Creek."²

The 1830 Census shows Johnny and Elizabeth Beck Hyde living in Haywood, NC. The 1840 Census shows them living in Macon County, NC.

In 1847, after Polly's death, John married Elizabeth Cable (1826-1863). The 1850 Census shows John and Elizabeth Cable Hyde living in Cherokee County (now Graham), and the 1860 Census shows them living in the Stecoah area.

By 1880, John is living in Forney Creek, Swain County, NC and is listed as a widower. He died at age 95 on March 25, 1892.

Johnny Hyde served as a Confederate soldier in the North Carolina 13th Regiment Infantry.

Children of John A. and Elizabeth Beck Hyde:

Benjamin Aaron Hyde – 1820-1863
Jane Caroline Hyde – 1822-1900
Elizabeth Anne Hyde – 1824-1843
John Aaron Hyde Jr – 1826-1919
Jason Steven Hyde – 1829-1907
Humphrey Posey Hyde – 1832-1920
David Elder Hyde – 1834-1930
William Jackson Hyde – 1837-1916
Mary Juletta Hyde – 1840-1934

Children of John A. and Elizabeth Cable Hyde:

Susannah Adeline Hyde – 1848-1883
Samuel Cable Hyde – 1851-1931
Thomas Marion Hyde – 1854-1938
Robert Collins Hyde – 1856-1941
James Madison Hyde – 1859-1890
Sarah Matilda Hyde – 1862-1950

¹ "Hydes Descended from Royalty" by Marshall McClung

² "Hydes Descended from Royalty" by Marshall McClung

FOUNDING OF FONTANA

by Philip Garrard
Jul 30, 2018

<https://www.ourstate.com/founding-fontana/>

When the United States needed a power source for nuclear weapons research, it turned to the mountains of North Carolina. The only thing that stood in the government's way: the people living there.

The memory endured for a lifetime: Juanita Shook, 5 years old, stood beside her grandfather on his farm on the north slope of the Little Tennessee River valley, some 30 miles west of Bryson City. It was just months after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

A man from the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) came walking toward them. He had been here before, had done his best to persuade her grandfather, Scott Anthony Shook, to give up his land. It was needed for the war effort, the man said.

By then, almost all the neighbors had left. The tenants who boarded free at the empty houses on the property had all left. The man held out a check and said, *Now, Mister Anthony, you take this check and be out by Monday.* "Finally, at last, Grandpa reached up and took the check, and his hand was trembling," Juanita recalls. "And he folded it and put it in the bib of his overalls."

The TVA man turned and walked back to his car. What happened next imprinted the memory painfully deeper: "And when he went into the house and told Grandmother about it, she cried," Juanita says. "I was little, but, I mean, that broke my heart. I can remember it better than about anything, because my grandmother was my love, and I couldn't stand to see her cry."

Once families like the Shooks cleared out, the TVA knocked down and burned the houses and barns and outbuildings to keep people from returning. Those removed from the land were told that a new dam would flood the valley and supply power to the Alcoa aluminum plant across the mountains in Tennessee, vital for aircraft production. The real reason for the project remained a closely guarded secret, not shared with the evicted farmers: Fontana Dam would also provide power for the development of an atomic weapon in Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

But before the water could flow, the people and their settlements had to be gone.

• • •

The town of Fontana was founded three different times, first in 1906 as an unnamed lumber camp on Eagle Creek, a spartan place of tents and sawmills. A

few years later, it was established as a real community of wooden buildings at the confluence of Eagle Creek and the Little Tennessee – including a commissary, houses, and a hotel. The wife of the Montvale Lumber Company's vice president, Mrs. George Leidy Wood, christened the settlement "Fontana." She wrote, "I thought of the lovely flowering glens, the waterfalls that looked like fountains, leaping from ledge to ledge, and eventually worked out the word 'Fontana,' a short word, musical, easy to spell."

The scattered settlements around Fontana were really one community, connected by common struggles, an ethic of sharing and sacrifice, and family ties that went back many generations. Nobody was rich, but everybody seemed to have enough. The farms weren't lush, flat acreage like in the Piedmont, but, instead, rugged, hardscrabble acres carved into the hills. The farmers harvested vegetables for their families, fruit from small orchards. Each family had a hog, left to roam free and gorge on windfall chestnuts all summer – before intensive logging and blight wiped out the chestnut trees in the late 1930s. Come fall, each farmer rounded up a hog – not necessarily his own – and butchered it for the winter larder.

During the Depression, farmers found extra work on logging crews or in copper mines. Roads were mostly graded dirt or gravel – only the main highway to Bryson City was blacktopped. Families transported themselves and their goods on horseback or in wagons or sleds drawn by horses, mules, or oxen. Few had ever traveled far beyond their home county – Swain or Graham. Settlements were named for the dominant families that established them in the 1800s: Kirkland Branch, Welch Cove, Cable Cove, Murphy Branch.

In 1931, after the timber had been logged out, Montvale sold the town to The North Carolina Exploration Company, a copper-mining outfit. Finally, in 1942, the TVA created a new Fontana Village in Welch Cove, above the river – about two miles from the dam building site. The old Fontana was drowned by the lake behind the dam – along with the wooden hotel in Bushnell, where Juanita Shook was born.

Ten miles of new road and a steel bridge were constructed to access Fontana. Almost overnight, the TVA transformed the remote site into the second-largest city in western North Carolina, home to more than 5,000 workers.

TVA employees didn't just build Fontana Dam – they also helped pay for it. In 1943, the government recognized the TVA after 90 percent of the agency bought war bonds, raising more than \$16 million toward construction.

HISTORY OF GRAHAM COUNTY - PART XII (cont'd)

To attract skilled labor, scarce in wartime, the government provided housing: trailers stacked on hillsides for most and bungalows for others; a dormitory for unmarried men; and separate housing, a cafeteria, and a school for black workers' families – even here, in the midst of a massive and urgent war effort, segregation held fast.

All families had access to communal washhouses. A shopping center and commissary served the new residents, and for such a large population engaged in this dangerous work, a 50-bed hospital was built astride the road leading from Fontana to the work site. A school with 19 classrooms accommodated some 500 white children from 46 states. The school auditorium also served as a movie theater, church, and civic center. . . .

A large contingent of kids wound up sharing a vivid slice of their childhoods at Fontana, while their fathers labored on the dam and their mothers tended the family, many of them also working in the offices, stores, or hospital.

One of those children, John Barton, arrived at the age of 5 with his two older sisters and a brother. He stayed until he completed second grade. His father drove a bulldozer to clear the site for construction. "We just kind of ran wild," John remembers. "Everybody played outside from dusk until dark. It was safe, and my dad worked nights – we didn't see much of him at all. They worked 'round the clock building this thing."

It was a rough-and-tumble childhood. "We'd get in rock fights – throw rocks at each other. That was part of our entertainment," John says. Other kids swung on grapevines, dangling from the bluffs above the village.

Jeanne Huggins's father worked building frameworks to hold the poured concrete. For her, Fontana was not a childhood idyll but a trial. The family was housed in a cramped trailer: "It had propane in it that stunk like a skunk! I couldn't stand the trailer," she says.

One day, her mother warned her, *Do not go to the washhouse.*

"Of course, that made me absolutely want to go to the washhouse," Jeanne says. "So I went to the washhouse and went around to the back from where the showers were built in at the back of the building, and there was a tub in there, and I looked at it, and it was full of blood and some clothes. I went back and told my mom."

Told you not to go up there, her mother said.

Well, I went. I wanted to know what happened, Jeanne replied.

Her mother explained what she had seen: "The man working next to my dad – they were finishing, topping off the framework for the dam – she told me they worked with safety belts. That man's broke, and he fell from the top of that dam and was crushed. They got him out and brought him up there. And she was so ... distraught, I guess is the word," Jeanne says. "She was washing his clothes out in that tub. And I thought, *I want the hell out of this place!*"

Wanda Presswood was 7 when she came from Ducktown, Tennessee. Her father relocated the family – including Wanda's two sisters and a brother – to Fontana in two Ford woody station wagons.

He worked on one of the conveyor belts that carried six million tons of crushed rock across the river to the dam site. The equipment was being used hard and without pause, and during frequent breakdowns, he pulled a double shift. On those nights, his wife drove the kids down to the foot of the dam site to deliver his meal. To Wanda, the spectacle was amazing – the high concrete face lit by banks of floodlights created a magical effect. "And all you saw was these levels being built – and night was day all the time!" she says. "It was never dark over there – it was the most beautiful sight."

For Wanda, the high point of any visit to the base of the dam was on days when the lake level was lowered for inspection of the dam and water was released through the spillway tunnels.

"When they sent that water through that tunnel, fish would fly up through that water, in the air," Wanda says. "That was a sight to see!"



Kids at Fontana Dam Village

To this day, many of the children – now in their 60s and 70s – return for a reunion of the "Dam Kids" at the Fontana Resort.

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MARSHALL McCLUNG, TRACKER EXTRAORDINAIRE



Editor's Note: Marshall McClung is an honorary Lifetime Member of Graham County Historical Association, a storyteller and published author, who has graciously donated many of his works for our historical archive. He has had an extensive career in fire and rescue not only in Graham County, NC, but also across the country.

IN SEARCH OF THE LOST

by Marshall McClung

Search operations are a big part of the services provided by the Graham County Rescue Squad. The bulk of these calls is for lost or injured hikers in the Joyce Kilmer-Slickrock Wilderness Area and is almost always at night or during bad weather or both. This area contains some of the most rugged and remote terrain in Graham County and is accessible only by foot. More search and rescue missions take place in this area than all the rest of the county combined.

I suppose I started tracking people before I even started school. My brother Sam who was five years older than me and a neighborhood friend Gerald Phillips who lived across Atoah Creek from us would be going into the woods and didn't want *little kid Marshall* tagging along.

I would wait until they had a head start and then started tracking them by sign they had left such as ruffled leaves, etc. I would stay far enough back with some cover such as bushes between us so that they wouldn't see me and make me go back. When they got to where they were going, I was there too. They finally gave up and let me go along. I could keep up with them and didn't slow them down.

When I got into full-fledged tracking, I looked for what signs such as footprints, scuffed leaves, broken twigs, discarded items, scratch marks on rocks, anything that nature had not put there. I was able to detect these signs in daylight or in pouring rain on a dark night. I noticed that people would break a small twig from a trailside bush and always bend it in the direction they were going. I also noticed that a right-handed person always broke a twig on the right side of the trail, and left-handed on the left side of the trail.

In later years, after having been with the U.S. Forest Service for a few years and having already been on a number of searches, I was sent to tracking school. The school was held in the Great Smoky Mountains National Park near Gatlinburg. The school was taught by the same instructor that taught U.S. Border Patrol officers.

A basic principle of tracking is: At first a lot of "sign" to track by is left, but there gets to be less sign each day.

On a morning when we were getting well into the training, we were greeted by heavy rainfall. All of the class members except me were FBI agents who thought we would spend the day indoors due to the heavy rain. I told them I didn't think so as many of my searches had been in inclement weather. I brought my rain parka just in case. The instructor called the role and said we were going to the woods. I had instinctively known to bring my rain gear, but the doubting FBI agents were offered black plastic trash bags to wear.

The instructor took us up a gravel road and told us that the person we were searching for was last seen walking up this road and for us to go find him, then promptly left us. It was raining so hard that a stream of water was running down each rut of the road. The FBI guys said there was no sign to track by. I told him there would be where he left the road.

A short distance up the road I saw where he had gone off the road and started walking into a small stream. I followed him there by the scratch marks left on rocks in the stream made by bits of small pieces of grit and small pieces of stone in the soles of his shoes. I followed the stream until I saw where he had left it and stepped out into a moss covered area. Each step he took in the moss left a depression filled with rain water.

I tracked him up into a small, narrow cove, when all at once there were no more Cont'd Pg. 6

IN SEARCH OF THE LOST (cont'd)

tracks. The FBI agents concluded that he had climbed a tree and all stood gazing up into the trees. I didn't think so and began taking a look at the last set of tracks, noticing they were deeper than the other tracks.

I knew by this that he had started walking backwards in his tracks. I backtracked him until I saw where he had turned up another small cove. There I saw him standing in the woods. I opened my mouth to tell the rest of the crew that I had found him, but he motioned for me to be quiet and come to him.

He said, "You have done this before." I replied I had. He told me to just watch the show. After some time, he finally had to come out, as it was evident that the rest of the crew was not going to find him.

I joined the Graham County Rescue Squad in 1970, but had been active in search missions with the U.S. Forest Service for three years before that.

During my time with the Rescue Squad I served as a member, squad leader, assistant search and rescue coordinator, and the last several years as search and rescue coordinator.

SEARCH AND RESCUE RECORD

1967-2019: 52 Years

Total Search Missions: 300

Total Persons Found By Me: 275

Total Persons Found By Search Crew I Was With: 168

Total Persons Found: 443

- Many of the Searches were at Night or During Bad Weather or Both
- Most of the searches were in the Joyce Kilmer – Slickrock Wilderness Area; more there than in all other areas of Graham County put together. Running a close second was Big Snowbird
- Most of the Hikers were lost, some injured, some deceased
- Almost all were non-locals

FIRE FIGHTING RECORD

U.S. Forest Service 1967-1994: 27 Years

North Carolina Forest Service 1994-2017: 23 Years

Total: 50 Years Of Fighting Forest Fires

HOW NOT TO GET LOST

- Know the area**, or go with someone who does
- Use maps**, compass, or GPS unit
- Go prepared.** Take a light, warm clothing, matches or lighter, food, water
- Stay on the trail**
- If you lose your bearings, **try to backtrack** to a known location
- Before leaving** for the woods, let someone know where you are going, how long you expect to be gone, where you are entering the woods, and where you plan to come out



2023 GRAHAM COUNTY HERITAGE FESTIVAL GCHA BOOTH



Talk to our knowledgeable volunteers about GCHA/county history and families, see historical photo displays, purchase a membership and/or merchandise, and enter raffles at any of the GC Festivals and Farmers Market.

A QUILT WITH A UNIQUE STORY ON DISPLAY IN STECOAH

*Bicentennial Quilt by Graham County Native
Nora Jenkins*

A patriotic quilt with a unique story and lots of Graham County history is on display at the Stecoah Valley Center through the month of July



This beautiful bi-centennial quilt currently hanging at the back of the Lynn L. Shields Auditorium was brought in by Stecoah alumni, Iva Lee Gibbs.

As a young girl, Iva Lee was transferred to the Stecoah school after her own was flooded by the TVA during the construction of the Fontana Dam. She is always full of stories about her days at Stecoah but it was a bit of Robbinsville history that she carried in this week.

This quilt was sewn by Gibbs' mother, Nora Jenkins, to help raise money for the construction of the Robbinsville town swimming pool. Each class at the school was challenged to help raise three hundred dollars for the project – Iva Lee's son, Roger, was in fifth grade at the time.



Nora's daughter, Iva Lee Gibbs, pictured here with her mother's quilt

Jenkins was inspired by a picture in a magazine and drew out the pattern by hand. Iva Lee purchased the fabric for the quilt herself from Snyder's Department Store, the home of the future Graham County History Museum.

The quilt was to be donated and sold to raise money for the pool, but when it was finished the family was reluctant to part with the beautiful handiwork and chose to make a financial contribution to the project instead.

Judaculla Rock

ANCIENT HISTORY NOT FAR FROM HOME

Buried in the mountains of Jackson County, just outside of Sylva, there exists a very, very strange rock. The rock is rather large and adorned with mysterious and indistinguishable carvings and writings.



The drawings, carvings, writings all seem to be some sort of 'map' or maybe a story? Archaeologists believe the rock might be two to three thousand years old.

The name *Judaculla* derives from the Cherokee word *Tsul'kälû'* that roughly translates as "slant-eyed." *Tsul'kälû'* (or Judaculla) was said to be 7ft. tall, with 14 fingers and toes, a "lord of the hunt" in the spirit of "master (or mistress) of animals".

James Wafford, of the western Cherokee, who was born in Georgia in 1806, says that his grandmother told him that she had heard from the old people that long before her time a party of giants had come once to visit the Cherokee. They were nearly twice as tall as common men and had their eyes set slanting in their heads, so that the Cherokee called them *Tsunil'kälû'*, "The Slant-eyed people," because they looked like the giant hunter *Tsul'kälû'*... They said that these giants lived very far away in the direction in which the sun goes down. The Cherokee received them as friends, and they stayed some time, and then returned to their home in the west. **To visit: 552 Judaculla Rock Rd, Cullowhee, NC**

GUN RAFFLE






HENRY SILVER BOY .22 WMR, Model H0045M

PURCHASE TICKETS AT:

GCHA Booth at GC Farmers Market & Special Events
Hometown Tax Lovin Equipment & Sales

Chances \$ 5.00 Each or 5 for \$ 20.00

Drawing to be held at the 2023 Stecoah Harvest Festival

Winner is required to legally own/obtain a buyer's permit and pass all background checks. If not be eligible to own and/or acquire a firearm permit, the winner will be disqualified and another ticket will be drawn.

All Proceeds benefit the GRAHAM COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

DAM KIDS

'An Idyllic Life': 'Dam Kids' remember great times at Fontana

An article by Fred Brown
<https://archive.knoxnews.com>

They arrive every year, although their numbers are thinning, to be near each other, to return to the high mountain places of their memories in a time when America powered up its imagination and ingenuity to fight a war...

Men and women, now in their 70s and 80s, were children and teenagers in the early 1940s when their parents moved to the cascading hills along the border of Western North Carolina and East Tennessee to build the largest dam east of the Rocky Mountains.

The Dam Kids moved with their parents to a mountain wilderness accessed by traveling over gut-wrenching dirt roads.

Fontana was so remote and isolated it was like landing in a new world for most of the kids. Today, Fontana is about 20 miles from the nearest town. Then, it was a distant planet...

While their parents worked, the Dam Kids went to school, hiked, played tennis, softball, swam, fished, danced and created the kinds of memories that ordinary lives are made of.

When construction began, workers from 47 of America's 48 states showed up looking for jobs. They had been struggling through the Great Depression era and were desperate for work.

The skilled laborers not only built the dam, but also houses for the 5,000 workers, a hospital, post office, school, grocery store, and many other buildings at the same time they constructed the vast concrete structure.

"My daddy gathered us up in a 22-foot trailer and drove us from Ripley, Miss., to Nashville and then to here," says Mary Grace Cox, who now lives in Jackson, Miss. "He had to buy my mother a new set of dishes to get her to go along.

"I was six years old and I remember the place was just in a frenzy. It was the war years. We lived in that trailer. There were a multitude of other trailers above the village (resort). We were one mile from town and the grocery store."

Her father, Lee Roy Cox, was a welder and a steamfitter and worked at night on the big earth-moving equipment.

"It was an idyllic life," says Cox. "We had square dances, ice cream shops, huge bingo games and movies."

Harvey Welch, 86, of Kirkwood, Mo., came to Fontana in 1942 with his parents, Jimmie Jones and Frances Jones. Even though he was still in school, he worked on the dam half the day and went to school the other half.

His father was a carpenter working on the face of the dam.

"I remember he came home one night and said, 'one fell off today.'"

Welch says his father was near the top of the dam working when another worker suddenly fell past him.

"My father said he could hear the wind whistling in his britches when he went by."

Gordon Schmittou, 83, of Southaven, Miss., near Memphis, was in the 8th grade when his parents moved to Fontana in 1943.

"I had all these mountains to play in," he says, reminiscing.

"I camped almost every weekend. I walked all over these mountains. I could not have lived in a better time or in better circumstances," he says.

"There was no better life."

Today these "Dam Kids" still stay in touch by returning to Fontana Village for reunions. Contact: www.FontanaVillage.com.



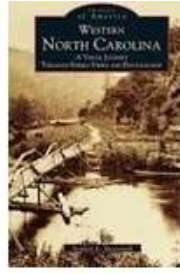
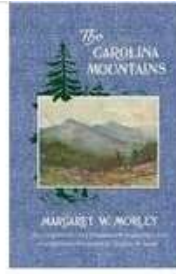
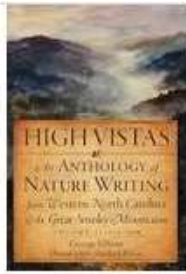
The TVA built a community for 5,000 workers and their families. The construction camp included 19 dormitories, a cafeteria, a community building, a recreation facility, refreshment stands, and a softball field. The permanent village included nearly 400 houses and 400 trailers and featured a 50-bed hospital, a business district, two racially segregated schools, libraries and movie theaters.

In November 1944, Fontana Lake began to fill, submerging small towns in the area like Proctor, Forney, Almond, and Japan. On 20 Jan. 1945, the powerhouse produced electricity for the first time. The project cost \$74.7 million, consumed 2.8 million cubic yards of concrete, required 34.5 million man-hours to build, and created a reservoir of more than 11,000 acres with a 240-mile shoreline and a drainage area of more than 1,500 square miles.

By the early 2000s, the three generating units at Fontana Dam had a total productive capacity of 225,000 kilowatts. The Appalachian Trail, which extends over 2,000 miles from Georgia to Maine, crosses the top of Fontana Dam.

END

CHECK OUT THESE WESTERN NC BOOKS



High Vistas: An Anthology of Nature Writing , by George Ellison	The Carolina Mountains by Margaret Warner Morley	Bushwhackers: The Civil War in North Carolina: The Mountains by William R. Trotter	Western North Carolina: A Visual Journey By Stephen E. Massengill	North Carolina: Images of Wildness by George Humphries	Mountain Passages: Natural and Cultural History by George Ellison
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Become A Member

JOIN US TODAY

MEMBERSHIP LEVELS		Membership Benefits
1-year	\$25.00	Membership Card Quarterly Newsletter Meetings and Committees GCHA Decal 10% discount on GCHA merchandise
5-year	\$100.00 (1 year free)	All 1-year benefits plus GCHA Short-sleeve Tee Shirt
10-year	\$200.00 (2 years free)	All 1-year benefits plus GC Centennial Book
Lifetime	\$1000 or more	All 1-year benefits plus memorial at Museum

Become a Member Today and proudly display your new GCHA Window Decal!

Send your payment:

- Through **PayPal** to grahamcountymuseum@gmail.com
- Drop off at **Hometown Tax**, 62 Tapoco Road, Robbinsville
- Mail to **GCHA, PO Box 1221 Robbinsville, NC 28771**

If you know someone who loves history like you do...

Gift a MEMBERSHIP!

GRAHAM COUNTY HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION MEMBERSHIP / DONATION FORM

The work of Graham County Historical Association is greatly assisted by your generous support!

Membership Includes: Membership Card & Decal / Meetings & Committees / Quarterly Newsletter

1 year \$25.00	5 years \$100.00 (1 year free)
10 years \$200.00 (2 years free)	Lifetime \$1000 or more

Name _____

Company _____

Address _____

City/State _____ **Zip** _____

Phone _____

Email _____

* First \$25 of donation goes to 1-year Membership

Membership \$ _____ Donation \$ _____

One-time or Monthly Donation \$ _____

METHOD OF PAYMENT

Check | Money Order (Payable to GCHA)

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