

**NORTH STATE PLACES AND NAMES**

**AND**

**MEMORABILIA**

"The accomplishments of the men of no era commands so thoroughly my unbounded admiration as do those of the men who as mere boys, - children - took up the burdens of life and faced its responsibilities at the close of the War between the States. Fortunes were gone, the old affluent plantation life was a thing of the past. These boys faced a new social, political, industrial and financial order. The big majority of them met the new conditions with courage and ability. They did not sit among the ashes of past glory and dead hopes and bemoan their fate, but proved worthy descendants of pioneering ancestry.

"Such a one was John Pickett Council ...."

This book is dedicated to the John Pickett Council family, to the charter members of the Club and to the traditions of sport, fellowship and good times enjoyed along North Fryer by generations, both past and present, and, hopefully, by many to come.

**NORTH STATE PLACES AND NAMES**

**by**

**Henry A. McKinnon, Jr.**

**July 1991**

## PREFACE

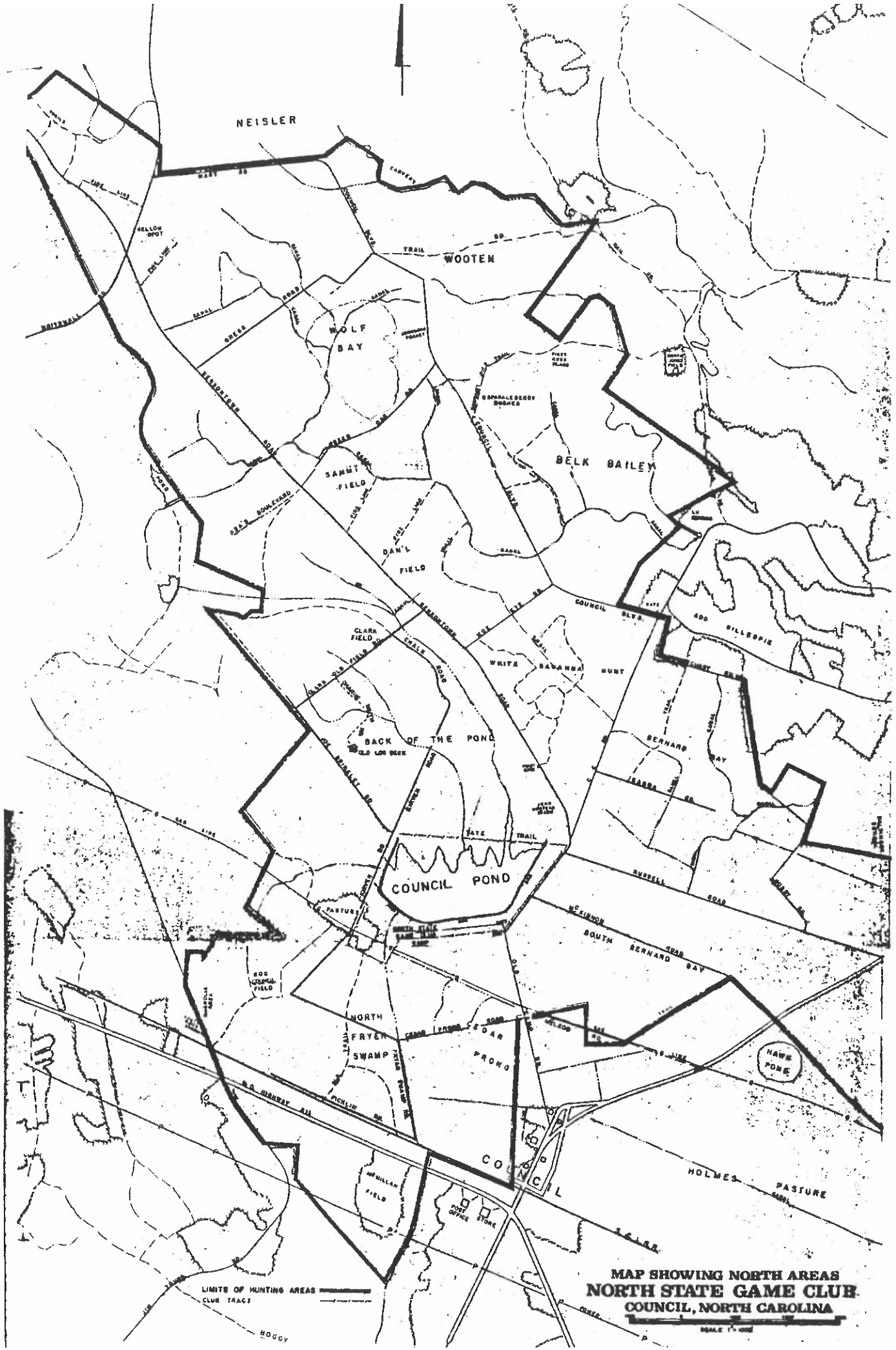
North State Game Club is so full of history that several volumes could be written. One possibility would be a formal history, recording the facts of its organization and tracing its existence, its activities and its membership over the years as shown by the minutes of meetings, which have been preserved from the beginning. Another approach would be to try to record stories of the fun and fellowship which we have experienced and heard about, and some of the tales that have been told around the campfire about the "greats" and "characters" of the past.

Either of these would be a formidable task, calling for research, sifting of the records and the memories of members, and trying to choose the best from nearly ninety years of history, but they ought to be considered as projects.

As a beginning, I have attempted to set down some things I have heard, known and found about the places and names of geographic features associated with the club, which we use in planning our hunts and in locating things that happened and didn't happen as we talk about the hunts afterwards. This includes some of our history and a few of the good stories, but not nearly all.

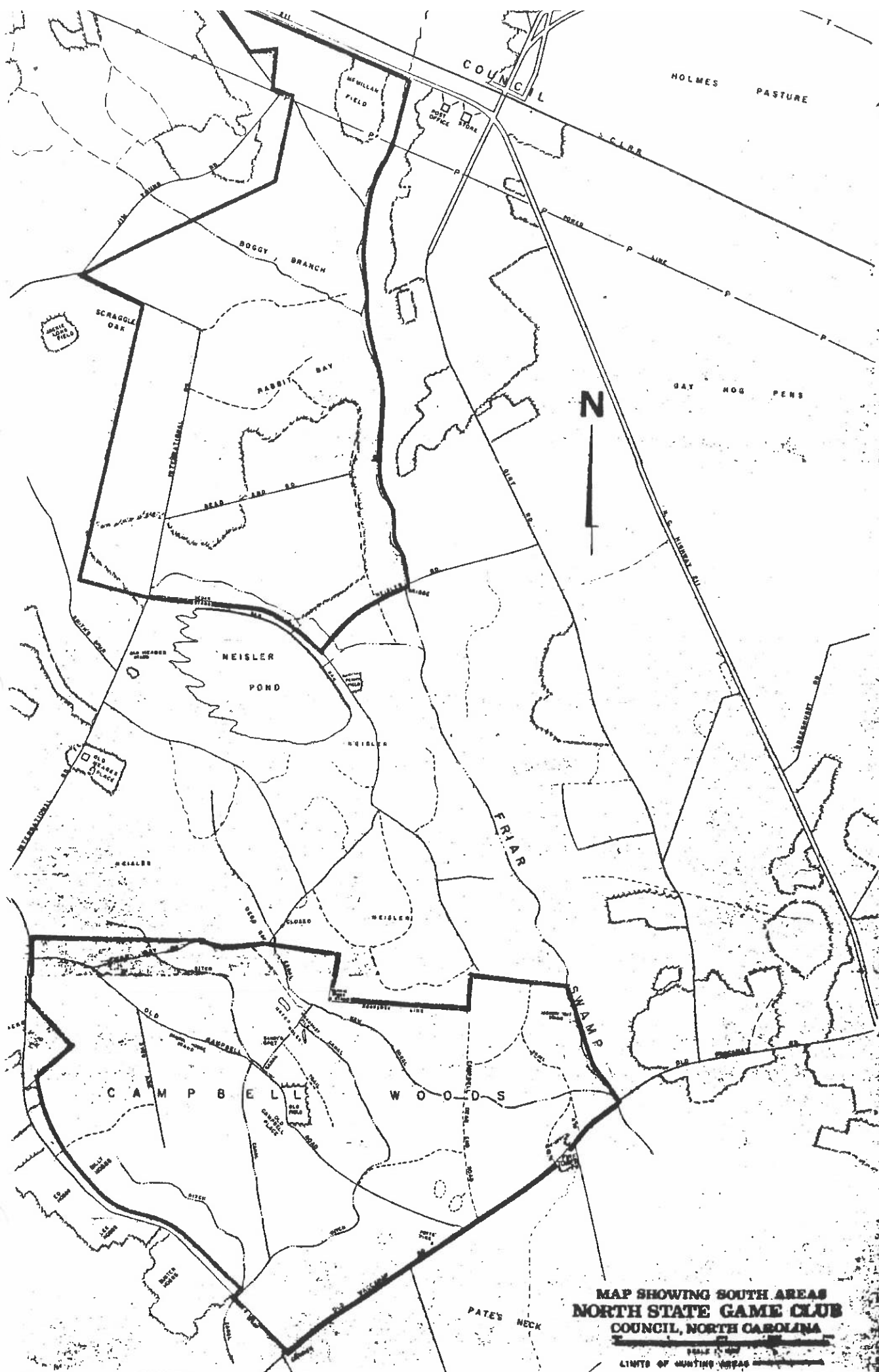
I have shared my findings with Doug Clark, Alex Gregg and Jack Council, whose knowledge of the club goes back as far as mine, and with some others, and they have verified some things, added others, and sometimes contributed different versions. Others have more to offer, I'm sure, and with time, there will be new names and new features to be added to our continuing history. I would hope that some of you may be encouraged to begin your own "North State Memoirs" and to share them with the club.

Sandy McKinnon  
July 1991



MAP SHOWING NORTH AREAS  
 NORTH STATE GAME CLUB  
 COUNCIL, NORTH CAROLINA

SCALE 1" = 1 MILE



**MAP SHOWING SOUTH AREAS  
NORTH STATE GAME CLUB  
COUNCIL, NORTH CAROLINA**

SCALE 1" = 1/2 MI.  
LIMITS OF HUNTING AREAS

## NORTH STATE PLACES AND NAMES

The names by which we identify our hunts, our stands and other geographical features at North State Game Club have origins that may go back as far as early colonial days or be as recent as the memories of some of our newer members. They come from a combination of facts and lore, and like most things which have been passed down orally through generations of camp fire tales and conversation, there may be more lore than fact. Often there are different memories which give several versions of a story and make the origins even more colorful, if more confusing. This is an attempt to try to record some of the things I have known and heard about our club's features.

My memories of North State go back to about 1932, when as a ten-year old I first went to camp with my father and my uncle, Arthur J. McKinnon, from our home in Maxton. In 1936 I took my first stand alone and missed my first deer, in the Campbell Woods, and I have hunted every year since with the exception of two years during World War II. It was not until I became a member in 1947 that I began to pay serious attention to the names of our hunts and the places associated with them.

From my earliest years until well into the 1950's the leadership of the club was in the hands of the "second generation" members - K. Clyde Council and John M. Council, sons of our founder, John Pickett Council, and their cousins, A. Russell Council and Joe Brinkley, and others of their generation. I knew one charter member. A. L. Council - "Uncle Arthur" - who in the 1930's lived at the camp as caretaker during hunting seasons.

Until his death in 1951, Clyde Council was very much "the man in charge" as manager and treasurer, with back-up from his brother - "Big Jawn" - as secretary, and some others. Russell Council took over as manager for several years in the 1950's, and he may have been the most colorful storyteller of all. As one member who knew him well said, "Russell would lie!", but it was always in the interest of making a story better or a hunt more exciting. It was from these "greats" that I heard most of what I know.

A good place to begin may be to try to place some of the names mentioned in two poems about camp life by Kinchen B. Council, with which all members become familiar. Kinchen was a charter member, a brother of John Pickett Council, and the father of Russell Council. He was the chief mechanical man at the Council Tool Company, which was then located at Council. He was a man of many talents, and could be the subject of a book by himself. His poems, written in the early years of the club, give a picture of the camp and our hunts which we cherish, and we can still recognize many of the names and places he mentioned. By following the poems with a club map you can relive many of his thoughts.

## THE BUCK THAT GOT AWAY

I TOOK MY WING AND GUN AND HORN AND ALL THE HOUNDS ALONG  
AND STRUCK HIS TRAIL THAT AUTUMN NOON DOWN ON THE CEDAR PRONG.  
WE TRACKED HIM FIRST AROUND THE POND THAT TURNS THE WATER MILL  
AND JUMPED HIM IN THE BAY BEYOND THE HAWK NEST ON THE HILL.  
DOWN THROUGH THE ISLES OF SASSPAN HE HAD A MERRY CHASE,  
BISHOP, DUNCAN AND KILGO RAN THE LEADERS IN THE RACE.  
PRESIDING ELDER, MINISTER AND KHOSLER FOLLOWED FAST,  
AND ALL THE NEIGHBORS' BUCK-LEG CURS BARKED AT THEM SWEEPING PAST;  
AND NOW AND THEN A MONGREL TRIED HIS SPEED AGAINST THE PACK,  
THEN CHASED A HARE OR WHEELED AND TRIED THE HEEL END OF THE TRACK.  
THIS FOOLED NO HOUND-ALL KNEW THE SHAME OF METHODS MONGRELS TAKE-  
THEY WANT TO LEAD, AND FOILED, CLAIM THE CHASE IS ALL A FAKE.  
JACK GILLIAM DOWN THE RAILROAD TORE TO MIND THE WHISTLE POST-  
THE DEER WENT BY AND GILLIAM SWORE THAT HE BEHELD A GHOST.  
AN OLD FRIEND FARRIOR STOOD ON GUARD BESIDE THE MILE-POST RUN,  
HE SAW THE DEER AND PULLED SO HARD THE TRIGGER LEFT HIS GUN.  
JIM TAYLOR THUNDERED UP WITH NANCY HANKS' VIM,  
JIM SAW HIM TOO AND SNAPPED A LOAD OF SQUIRREL SHOT AT HIM,  
OLD CAPTAIN BARNES THE DEER NEXT FOUND AS HE WENT LAUGHING BY-  
CAP'N SHOT A BIG HOLE IN THE GROUND, ANOTHER IN THE SKY.  
JOE HOLMES WAS HEADED HERE AND THERE ON LIMBER LEGS AND SPRY  
ALWAYS IN TIME TO MISS THE DEER AND CHEER THE HOUNDS ON BY.  
DICK CAMPBELL GRABBED HIS MUSKET STOCK TO HOLD THE SCHOOLHOUSE HILL,  
HE SHOT AND MISSED-HE'D MISS A FLOCK OF FREIGHT TRAINS STANDING STILL.  
DOWN THE SWAMP PETE NEWELL RAN AND MET HIM UNAWARES;  
WHEN PETE UNLIMBERED HIS "QUEEN ANNE" EACH STANDER SAID HIS PRAYERS.  
ON WENT THE DEER AND HOUNDS IN LINE THROUGH AN OLD MILL POND STRAND,  
AND LEAPED THE LAKE ROAD AT THE PINE THAT MARKS SAM POTT'S STAND.  
BUT SAM WAS FAST ASLEEP; 'TIS TRUE HE WOKE IN TIME TO SEE  
A WHITE FLAG WAVE ADIEU! ADIEU! IN COURTEOUS MOCKERY.  
TWO HOUNDS HERE BALKED FOR SAM'S OLD FIEST JUMPED TO RAISE A ROW,  
BUT KILGO CRAWLED HIM IN A TRICE (THAT CUR IS WISER NOW);  
BUT WHILE THEY FOUGHT THE BISHOP BROUGHT THE TRAIL OUT STRAIGHT AND PLAIN  
AND EVERY PUP WENT RUNNING UP AND ALL LET OUT AGAIN.  
SO NECK AND NECK AND SIDE BY SIDE THEY RAN ON TILL THEY SAW  
THE GALLANT QUARRY BRAVELY RIDE THE WAVES ON WACCAMAW.  
THE STANDERS MET-ONE POINT THEY ALL AGREED WAS CLEAR-  
SUCH A WEALTH OF HORNS WAS NEVER KNOWN SAVE ON A PAINTED DEER,  
BUT MISTER CHAUNCEY FIXED IT, THOUGH; THAT EVE HE WROTE TO SAY,  
"YOUR HOUNDS ARE HERE. THEY RAN A DOE DOWN TO THE LAKE TODAY."

Kinchen B. Council



This real or imaginary deer took a trail which covers every part of our hunting territory from the camp to Lake Waccamaw, including several areas we no longer hunt. Kinchen obviously took "poetic license", but with the names furnished and some imagination you can trace a chase which began south of the camp, went around our mill pond and east across the Carver's Creek Road, then south across the railroad, back west across N.C. 211 and into Rabbit Bay, and then back east again through the Campbell Woods and across the Lake Road and eventually to Lake Waccamaw.

It would have passed through two areas east of Council which we hunted for many years. Holmes' Pasture north of the railroad and the Gay Hog Pens south of it and east of N.C. 211. Holmes' Pasture got its name from the Holmes family of Council, and A. G. Holmes was a charter member of the club. I have never heard the story of the name of The Gay Hog Pens, but I assume it may have come from a family name and not the sexual orientation of the hogs.

It is impossible to imagine an organized hunt this big, but several of the hunters mentioned have the family names of neighbors we have known along this route, and it must have been that the whole community became involved in the hunt as it progressed. The poem also describes dog power far beyond what we know today, but there have been times when we have had our dogs returned from as far as Lake Waccamaw.

Following the lines of the poem, we know the "Cedar Prong" as the branch leading into Fryer Swamp south of the camp and our Cedar Prong Road. "The Pond" is the millpond at camp, and "The Hawk Nest" must have been at The Hawk Pond, which is a small bay just east of the Carver's Creek Road and south of the Russell Road intersection. "The Isles of Sasspan" would have been in the Gay Hog Pen hunt, where Sasspan Branch begins and flows south toward Fryer Swamp. "The Whistle Post" and "The Mile Post" were stands on the railroad east of Council. Jack Gilliam was Henry Gilliam who went by "Jack" as a nickname. He was the brother of Uncle Buck Gilliam (real name Neil Maultsby Gilliam) who hunted with our club in the days of John Pickett Council, Clyde Council, and later Russell Council. Uncle Buck's son, Jim Gilliam (Little Buck) lives at Lake Waccamaw and hunts regularly with the Neislars. Jack Gilliam was a large man who was a good deer hunter and allegedly on one occasion killed two bucks with one shot. Henry Farrior was a charter member, and Joe Holmes must have been one of the Holmes of Council.

"The school house hill" was on the Old Campbell Field Road, west of the Campbell Field, where a school attended by Clyde and Russell Council stood, and Dick Campbell must have been one of the Campbell family who owned that land. Russell sometimes moved the School House Stand from place to place in his tales, but it was always in that vicinity. There was an old road from Council to the school which crossed Fryer Swamp at the "Bunn Guyton Ford", just south of Council, and traces of that road can still be found along the west edge of Fryer in the Rabbit Bay hunt.

A Newell family lived on the dirt road from Council to the lake, just north of the crossing of Fryer at the fire tower, and Pete Newell probably took his stand there. The "old mill pond strand" may have been at the outlet of Neisler's pond below Rabbit Bay (then the Meares Pond), as it runs into Fryer Swamp.

"Potts' Pine" still appears on our map as a stand just south of the entrance to the Old Campbell Road, and it has been the subject of several good stories. From there the deer would have gone through Pate's Neck, once one of our hunts east of the Lake Road, and then across Slap Swamp and to Lake Waccamaw.

NORTH STATE GAME CLUB COMPANY  
COUNCIL, NORTH CAROLINA

DEAR FRIENDS:

To each and all of you, kind greetings I extend-  
May fortune join you in the hunt and stay until the end;  
Not in the present chase alone, but till you hear the hounds  
Hot-foot behind the four-snags in the Happy Hunting Grounds.  
I herewith send my hounds and horn in faithful Williams' care;  
Enclosed you'll find my rabbit foot-my heart is also there.  
They all are yours and with them all that mind of man begets  
If wishes could be realized in tangible assets.  
I'd like so much to be with you and help you work the trick,  
But fate has ordered, otherwise, so what's the use to kick?  
Still in my dreams I'll clasp your hands and ask about your folks,  
And sit with you around the fire and hear your latest jokes,  
And I will hear you tell just where you held your stand all day,  
And how you shot the four-snap down and why he got away!  
Again I'll hear a beater shout and fire a signal gun  
To let the sleeping standers know the game is on the run.  
Then kettles, cans, saws, pots and pans join in the raucous song,  
Come rattling down on Boggy Branch or through the Cedar Prong,  
Maybe the Big Chief's nap is out, then oh! for Homer's verse  
To canonize a buck as big as any beggar's purse,  
From Meares' Pond to Carver's Creek and out on Sasspan's plain,  
And around the shrine of St. Bernard I'll beat the bush again,  
With all the zeal that Sir Launfal searched for the Holy Grail,  
I'll go to it (alas in dreams) when I shall strike the trail.  
Now just a word, my patient friends, before is said "adieu",  
Then in the language of Big Ed, "I'll lef' it all wid you".  
the watchful, waiting policy, made famous by Woodrow  
Looks good to me upon a stand as in a Greaser Show.  
But should a yearling come along, or spike-buck canter by  
It's wasting time to hand him out grape-juice diplomacy.  
I'll be on hand again some day, if Fortune will denote  
A dreadnaught fleet or safety vault, where I can hide my goat.  
Good Friends, to each and all of you, kind greetings I extend,  
May Allah's rarest, fairest gifts upon your heads descend.

K.B. Council  
Wananish, North Carolina  
November 16, 1914

In this poem, the touching letter written by Kinchen Council on November 16, 1914, when he had to miss the hunt, there are many references to places and people connected with the club. Again, I am combining some knowledge and considerable guessing in identifying the names.

I don't recognize "faithful William" - possibly a camp helper of that time. Boggy Branch is west of Fryer at the north end of the Rabbit Bay hunt, crossing the road we have known as "the Jim Young Road". The recent county road sign names it the "Boggy Branch Road." Jim Young was an old Indian who used to take his stand at Boggy branch whenever we hunted in that neighborhood.

We know "the Cedar Prong" as the hunt south of camp, and the "Meares Pond" is south of Rabbit Bay. Carver's Creek is our northern boundary above Alex's cabin. "Sasspan's Plain", east of NC 211, has been mentioned earlier. "The shrine of St. Bernard", would be Bernard Bay, which lies on both sides of the Russell Road.

"Big Chief" was the club's name for my grandfather, Alexander J. McKinnon, the original "Sandy", and "Big Ed" was Ed Gillespie, a black man who lived just north of our territory in the community where Cicero McLean and Thomas Beatty now live. His son, Add Gillespie, and his grandson, Clyde, were later at times helpers at the camp. "The Big Ed Road" was the predecessor to the C. C. Road, and evidence of it can still be found just east of the C. C. Road, in spite of the plowing and planting.

I didn't catch it until "Big Jawn" Council explained it to me that Kinchen also included a reference to then-current world events. "Woodrow" refers to then President Woodrow Wilson, who at the time was having difficulty with Mexico - "the Greasers". The reference to "grape-juice diplomacy" may have been a dig at North Carolina's Josephus Daniels, who as the then-Secretary of the Navy had banned the use of alcoholic beverages on Navy ships and at other functions.

### The Millpond and the Camp

From its beginning the heart of North State has been the Council Millpond and the camp there. Tradition is that for several years before the club was organized an informal group had been meeting at John Pickett Council's millpond to hunt in the area. According to the old minutes, on November 23, 1905, a group met at "The Three Snag Inn" and decided to form a club for hunting and game protection, with eighteen charter members. The corporate charter is dated August 10, 1906. The minutes of the meeting in October 1906 state that J. P. Council was allowed \$20.00 per year "for rent of camp".

Records are hazy and memories are dim as to when the pond was built and as to the early buildings, but a few things can be pieced together. J. P. Council and other family members had established the Council Tool Company at Council before 1890, and

beginning in about 1892 he began acquiring land in the vicinity of the camp. Over the years his deeds are too numerous to recount, but in 1896 he bought a tract from C. K. Council whose beginning corner was at a stake "on J. P. Council's mill dam". The first line ran westward ten chains to "the mill race", and then down the run of Fryer Swamp about one-half mile before turning westward. This deed appears to cover much of the land within the present pond, at least west of the mill race. The beginning of the pond must have been between 1892 and 1896.

I have heard a story from either Big Jawn or Russell Council that Mr. Council built the pond as a sort of private WPA project to provide work for the people of the neighborhood during a period of hard times. The national Panic of 1893 brought on a depression that lasted several years, and this fits with the deed records as to date. Hand labor and mules with drag pans were used in the building. The unusual length and unique U-shape of the dam make me think that it may have been built or enlarged over several years.

Add Gillespie used to tell that he worked as water boy in the building of the dam, and that he also served as J. P. Council's personal dog handler. Add would be over 100 years old today.

Undoubtedly there was a mill house at the spillway, but no memories remain of it. The mill stones were found below the dam during one of the many repair efforts. There are still posts standing in the pond about opposite the camp gate from some structure there, and until recently there was evidence of a platform beside the dam some distance north of the camp. I have heard that there was once a pavilion there for dances.

The records are even more dim as to when other buildings first appeared at camp. In fact, it is surprising to learn that no reference to any buildings appear in the minutes until the 1950's. Apparently two generations of Councils took care of things as they went along, and no club action was required. The minutes continue to show annual meetings at the Three Snag Inn through 1914. Later they merely say "at the camp site" or "at the camp". It is possible that there was a real inn somewhere in the Council neighborhood, but I think it is more likely that this was a fancy name given to some building at camp, as we later did to the Hilton and the Mayflower.

In my earliest memory, the dining room was where ours is now, with an attached board-and-batten whitewashed building on the east end, which came to be known as The Blood Kin Room. It served as the gathering place and sleeping quarters of the "elite" of the club. It may have begun as truly only for those of Council blood, but its privileges were expanded through the Blood Kin Jug, a crockery demijohn into which were poured the dregs of anybody's bottle or jar at the end of a hunt. Anyone who could stomach a drink from this jug became "blood kin". This room was strictly for grown men, and no boy dared cross the

threshold. (Pictures of these buildings can be seen in the Saturday Evening Post article of October 1946).

In 1955 Frank (Sr.) and Carolyn Averitt "turned Russell Council loose" on an extensive renovation project. New siding was put on the buildings, the interiors were panelled, and a picture window overlooking the pond was put in the Blood Kin Room. The dining room had fancy ox-bow chandeliers. These fine quarters burned on New Year's Day 1973 during the hunt, when only two women cooks were in camp. The present dining room was begun that fall, and the John Pickett Council Room was added after we became landowners in 1983. (Some pictures of the remodeled building are in the dining room, labelled "The Way It Was".)

I have heard that the Bull Pen was originally the only sleeping quarters, certainly for other than the elite. It has been rebuilt several times. The Heifer Pen on the west was built later, and Russell Council came up with the name and contrasting blue and pink paint for "he's and she's" when we began the Ladies Hunts in the early '50's. A privy across the ditch, reached by a narrow bridge, served necessary purposes.

Two cabins at their present locations have existed throughout my memory. The Mayflower was called "The First Cabin" and sometimes the Jim McNair Cabin. A letter from John D. Chalk, Sr., on the wall in this cabin tells that he and several others built it with J. P. Council's permission. Mr. Chalk became a member in 1927 and Mr. Council died in 1929, so it was between those years. James L. McNair of Laurinburg was among the group who built it, and he is supposed to have paid for the addition of a bathroom, so it may have deserved his name.

The second cabin was called "Clyde's Cabin", and there is no record of when it was built. It later had a shed room added with kitchen and quarters for Charlie Smith, a hunchbacked widower who lived at the camp as caretaker until he died in 1956. The original cabin burned down in a gigantic forest fire which swept from Rosindale to the millpond in 1976. Only heroic efforts by Ed Hobbs and others saved the rest of the camp. The Averitts replaced it with the present modern cabin, and its luxurious features caused someone to dub it "The Hilton" and to name the first cabin "The Mayflower".

The other additions to the camp property have come since we became owners of the land, through the efforts of many members.

#### Fryer Swamp

A look at our maps will show that Fryer Swamp is the backbone of our entire hunting territory. Its headwaters are just above Charles David McNeill's pond near our northwest boundary, and it flows east and south to create the Council Mill

Pond, then south to become the eastern boundary of the Rabbit Bay hunt and later the northern boundary of the Campbell Woods hunt. It goes on to join Buckhead Swamp and Slap Swamp before flowing into Lake Waccamaw. (It is interesting to note that Council Boulevard is the approximate fall line dividing waters which flow to Lake Waccamaw from those going to the Cape Fear River.)

The name "Fryer's Swamp" appears in old Bladen County colonial land grants as early as 1750, and one in 1763 is for "100 acres on both sides of Fryer Swamp, joining the old Lake Path". It could be guessed that this would be where the Lake Road crosses Fryer at the fire tower, or nearby. In a 1759 act of the Colonial Assembly establishing road districts for the building of a road from Anson County to the Livingston Creek Bridge (now in eastern Columbus County) "a pine tree two miles east of Fryer's Swamp" was made the dividing point between the First District of Bladen County and the White Marsh District. This was described as near "a small run, called Plummer's Run, near Carver's Creek". Plummer's Run is still known by that name, and is east of Carver's Creek Methodist Church on NC 87.

In various instruments and maps over the years I have seen the spellings "Fryer", "Fryer's", "Freyer", "Fryar" and "Friar". Russell Council used "Friar" in some of his letters, and that spelling is used in the North Carolina Gazetteer, which notes: "Council Mill Pond is on Friar Swamp". Such spelling variations are not unusual for landmarks this old, and I am inclined to guess that it got its name from an early settler named Fryer. That family name appears several times in colonial records before 1750, although I have not located one from the immediate Bladen neighborhood. At this late date there is no way to say what the "official" spelling should be for our "Court of North Fryer".

### Slap Swamp

Although it is just outside our territory, I can't resist mentioning Slap Swamp, which runs behind Ed Hobbs' home and crosses the Lake Road south of Union Chapel Baptist Church. Its original name, "Slap Arse" Swamp, appears in a 1765 land grant to Abraham Freeman for "100 acres between the Forks of Fryers Swamp and Slap Arse Swamp", and in seven other land grants over the next ten years (once as "Slapers"). J. C. Furnas took note of this name in his social history, "The Americans", as an example of the earthy language of the colonists. Later residents must have wanted to be more elegant, and by 1808 it appears on a state map as "Slapo", and it eventually became just Slap Swamp.

I have heard two stories of the source of the original name. One is that the swarms of mosquitoes in the swamp caused anyone crossing it to "slap arse" frequently. The other, from one of the Councils, was that a lady attempting to ford it in a buggy went into the water "slap to her ass".

## Our Roads

The principal roads in and around our territory have varied histories. The Whitehall Road is mentioned in early colonial records, and it was a major route from Whitehall Landing on the Cape Fear south through Rosindale and Hallsboro and on toward South Carolina. The paved road east of camp is generally along the route of an old road leading from the river landing at Elwell's Ferry and Oakland to Lake Waccamaw, crossing NC 211 at Council and going on by the Campbell Woods, which I believe to be "the Lake Path, or Road", referred to in old deeds.

I have always imagined that this was the route taken by the 1735 traveller whose account of his trip from the Cape Fear to Lake Waccamaw is recorded in the Supreme Court opinion in Council vs. Sandlin, with which we are familiar. (Incidentally, the Pickett Lands, which were the subject of that case, were about two miles east of Council on the railroad. Although the club has not hunted it in many years, members of the J. P. Council family still retain the hunting rights established by that decision).

The Bensontown Road, which begins as the old road from Council to camp and runs around the pond and northwest through our territory, is also an old road, predating North State's use of the area. Bensontown was a settlement west of the Whitehall Road, and at one time the area was well populated and in cultivation. The road was the path for traffic from that community to the then-thriving village of Council. In my early memory the Bensontown and Whitehall Roads were maintained by the State Forest Service in cooperation with landowners, for fire protection.

The C. C. Road was built in the 1930's by the Civilian Conservation Corps, an early New Deal agency which provided employment and public services, to improve access to Council from the black community at the north end of it. It paralleled and supplanted the old "Big Ed Road" from that area. Even after World War II, I can recall an occasional old black man travelling it by mule and wagon to and from Council on Saturdays. The rural mail carrier used this road and "The Mail Road" along our northeast boundary in serving this area. Some of us still refer to "the Mail Box Stand" at the intersection of Bensontown Road and the camp road, where the club's mail box stood when Uncle Arthur Council and later Charlie Smith lived at the camp.

The extent to which these old roads may have been "public roads" in a legal sense is an interesting question, but with the changes of land ownership and use, and the availability of more convenient routes to descendants of those who might have had a claim to them, it is probably not a live question now.

Most of the other roads we use are of post-World War II vintage. The Russell Road was the first one built, in the early '50's, named for Russell Council, and it split Bernard Bay. Not

long afterward Alex and Jane Gregg began improvements for fire protection and management by building Council Boulevard and the Mary Road, Cubby Road and Sabra Road, named for their three daughters. The present Hoe Eye Road and Green Oak Road were built approximately where two old woods trails with those names had been, and later the Gregg Road was built, giving us the hunting blocks we now use.

The Hoe Eye Road may have the most different stories about its name. One is that there was a tree at its entrance which had a distinctive shape resembling the "eye" or crook of a hoe shaft. Another is that at this location the head of a hoe had been driven into a tree. Russell Council used to make a big play at hunt circles of saying, "Go to the Hoe Eye Road, H - O - E", apparently to make clear that he was not referring to a lady of ill-repute.

Obviously there was once a green oak on the Green Oak Road, or its predecessor. Alex Gregg thinks he remembers one at about the first stand south of Council Boulevard, but once when a hunter claimed he had stood under the Green Oak, I heard Big Jawn say that the original green oak had blown over in his boyhood. There may have been many replacements over the years. We agree on the location of the stand.

The major roads south and west of the Russell and Bensontown Roads have all been built since 1982 when Federal Paper Board acquired the Averitt part of the Clyde Council lands, and present-day members had a part in naming them. The McLeod Road was named in honor of Malcolm McLeod, and the McKinnon Road (a dead end!) was named in recognition of three generations of the McKinnon family. (There was an old McKinnon Trail which extended through the middle of the Dan'l Field Hunt, commemorating where I killed my first deer after 25 years without a shot).

The Cedar Prong Road and Fryer Swamp Roads took their names from nearby streams, and the Ficklen Road was named for "Doc" (Conway Ficklen). The Kirven Road is near the path of an old trail which led from the end of the pond dam toward the Clark Old Field, on which Clarence Kirven, the beloved "Mr. Pussy", always led standers, and its extension, the Chalk Road, was named for three generations of John D. Chalks who have been members. The Tate Trail named was earned by Buddy Tate for his efforts in surveying this north line of our purchased property, and also in memory of his father, C. Lacy Tate. The Joe Brinkley Road was named for a Council cousin who was the camp character in his day, and the Charlie Smith Road was named for the long-time caretaker who lived at the camp for many years, also a Council relative.

The Clark Old Field Road (not to be called the Old Clark Field Road) is an improvement and extension of an old trail which led from Bensontown Road to the Clark Old Field, which was just south of Fryer on the right. This field was in cultivation as a



part of Alex Gregg's pasture and later for deer feed as late as the 1950's.

Asa's Boulevard, which led south from the end of the Green Oak Road, has been obliterated by recent planting. Russell Council said it was built by Mr. Asa Clark of Rosindale in an attempt to attract "the extensive mercantile trade" from these woods to his store!

#### OUR HUNTS

This will identify some of the landmarks in our hunts which have not been mentioned earlier. The changes in the landscape which have come with timber cutting and new roads over the years have resulted in different hunting patterns, but we have retained many old names long after the sources have passed on. This begins by using the map of our North Area and working up the Bensontown Road and clockwise from the camp around our hunts.

#### "Back of the Pond"

This hunt, south of Bensontown Road, sometimes extended as far north as Asa's Boulevard, and with less standers usually stopped at the Clark Old Field Road. A telephone line right-of-way which preceded the gas line was usually the southern boundary. Shortly after World War II Alex Gregg fenced almost the entire area for cattle. The fence included a pasture at the camp and the old Bob Council Field to the south, as well as the Clark Old Field and the surrounding woods.

The John Umstead Stand was named for a long-time (1940-1958) member from Chapel Hill, who was a leading legislator for whom the Umstead Hospital at Butner is named. I don't know the event which gave the stand its name, but it was a favorite of his and many others. The First Gate was one of several gates to the pasture off Bensontown Road.

The old Kirven Trail, mentioned earlier, put standers in the head of the pond and along a ridge leading to the Clark Old Field, in the middle of the hunt. It seems to me that in the old days there was more certainty of a big buck heading for the mill pond from any hunt nearby than there is today.

#### "The White Savannah"

My childhood memory is that most of our woods, at least on high ground, were then tall pines with much open space underneath, covered mostly with broom straw. I picture the area that we call the White Savannah as like that, and assume that this is where the name came from. I think this name was used to include the hunt as far as the Green Oak Road before the Hoe eye Road was built.

In this hunt, about one stand up the fire lane leading north from The First Gate and on the right, is the only remaining tar kiln bed that I know of in our territory. There used to be many, remaining from the days when turpentine was collected and distilled here.

### "The Dan'l Field Hunt"

Before the reforestation of the Gregg lands by Federal Paper Board Company there was visible in about the center of this block evidence of an old home site and field known as the Dave Dan'l Place. It was just north of where those words appear on the map. J. P. Council acquired a tract of land in this area from David Daniel, and this must have been his home place. I have been told that in the days when turpentine was being produced each worker had his allotted area for scraping and collecting, with his cabin and garden field within it. The Sammy Field, off the Green Oak Road, is still recognizable by the light growth on it, and it was probably a tenant's home. The Henry Pond, a small water hole with cypress growing in it, was at the intersection of Green Oak and Council Boulevard.

### "Wolf Bay"

Wolf Bay was once a nearly impenetrable bay located as shown on the map. Before the Gregg Road was built we usually included in this hunt all the land to the Whitehall Road. In the hunt is one of our best-known stands, Johnson's Pocket, which is at the end of a finger of high ground which extended well into Wolf Bay. It was and is a natural avenue for a deer to run. It was named for Charles M. Johnson of Burgaw, a member from 1938 to 1952, who was a long-time State Treasurer and a candidate for governor in 1948. He was a close friend and political ally of Clyde Council, and this must have been a favorite stand of his. The best story I know about it happened the year after Charlie Johnson had been defeated by Kerr Scott. Mr. Clyde had assigned Joe Brinkley to Johnson's Pocket, with instructions to go some distance down the ridge. After the hunt Mr. Clyde was accusing Joe of not being in the right place to see a deer that had passed that way and asked him, "Just how deep did you go into Johnson's Pocket?" The irrepressible Joe answered, "Not near as deep as Johnson went into yours!"

The Yellow Spot gets its name from the yellow sand which is sometimes visible in the Whitehall Road. The stand near it deserves to be named "The Bob Gordon Tree-Kill Stand", in memory of the pine Bob shot down several years ago while trying to level on a deer. He got the pine but not the deer. The "mount" may be seen in the Hilton cabin.

Before the Mary Road was built our access to the north side of the hunt was by a trail called the Butler Wright Trail, which left the Whitehall Road on Neisler land, then looped back into the hunt and east to continue as the Wooten Land Trail past Alex's cabin. On it were the Butler Wright Stand, a name lost to memory, and the Arthur McKinnon Stand, named for my uncle. I think it was there that in the early '30's he killed the deer now named "Rudolph", whose refurbished mount hangs in the John Pickett Council Room.

### "The Wooten Land - Belk-Bailey Hunt"

This hunt's name came from former owners of the tracts which it covers. The area along the Wooten Trail near Alex's cabin was once the prettiest stand of long-leaf pines in our territory. The Wooten Trail leads east to the Mail Road on Neisler land, and we have always cooperated with the Neisler family here in exchanging permission to use each other's roads and land for better access to our hunts.

One landmark almost forgotten is the Callihan Branch, which begins in an unusually deep ravine just inside our east property line and runs east to the Neisler pond on the Mail Road. The fire line leading south from the gate on the Wooten Trail circles around this ravine.

The Sawdust Pile Trail runs through the middle of this hunt, and on it are the Sparkleberry Bush Stand and the Pikey Russ Place. The sparkleberry bushes were still there before the reforestation, and they were a favorite spot of Russell Council's. Whether they were just big huckleberry bushes or the tree sparkleberry which is listed in tree guides, I do not know. Both bear that name. The Pikey Russ Place was an old home site which could be identified by several big sycamores, and the sawdust pile was close to it. The Mortie Jones Field was on Neisler land as this road continued eastward, and it had a large oak in it which fell to Hurricane Hazel. "Lu Bertha's" was the site of the home of an old black lady, where the Mail Road left the public loop road at the southeast edge of this hunt. Alex Gregg says the hogs ate Lu Bertha.

### "Bernard Bay"

Bernard Bay extended on both sides of the Russell Road, and it was even worse than Wolf Bay for dogs and drivers, and especially for the retrieval of a crippled deer. The Russell Road split this into two hunts, and it and the later roads made it a much more pleasant place to hunt. Some of its landmarks have been mentioned earlier.

### "The Cedar Prong"

Most of the roads and landmarks in this hunt have been identified earlier. This used to be the traditional Saturday afternoon hunt, when all remaining dogs were turned loose as a windup to the week of hunting. Some favorite stands used to be along the railroad, beginning at the cotton gin and sawdust pile in Council, the trestle over Fryer and the whistle post. Southwood Crossing on the railroad was once a flag stop for trains for people from the community up Shiloh Church Road, which crosses there.

The Bob Council Field can still be recognized by the stand of pines left growing in the last clearcutting, and west of it near the Shiloh Church Road was an old homesite evidenced by several large magnolias, probably the Bob Council home place. J. P. Council acquired several shares in the division of the Robert Council land, which make up most of the Cedar Prong hunt.

## THE SOUTH AREAS

### "Rabbit Bay"

Moving to our South Areas map, we now call the entire area from NC 211 to Neisler's Meares Mill Pond the Rabbit Bay hunt. The bay itself is approximately as shown on the map. Before the International Road and its dead end roads were built we hunted it in a variety of ways. The McMillan Field, on NC 211 on Averitt land, was a good place to put in dogs with the hope that they would run down the swamp. Some standers would stand on land we had access to east of the swamp, and others would ford the swamp at the Bunn Guyton Ford. There were trails in from the Jim Young Road on the west, one of which led past the Jackie Long Field and the Scraggly Oak Stand, which was in the cutover area south of the entrance to the International Road.

We had access to the southern part of this hunt by turning off The Lake Road and crossing a causeway and bridge over Fryer, which allowed us to stand the road around the Meares Pond, again with the cooperation of the Neislars. Just south of the intersection of this road with the International Road is the Dan Meares Stand, always a "hot spot". The Meares family once owned a large plantation there, which extended north of the International Dead End Road. The Meares Pocosin was just north of that road.

### "The Campbell Woods"

For as long as I can remember this tract has been owned by a succession of timber and paper companies, but it is supposed to have belonged to a Campbell family and to have been farmed in the past. The Old Campbell Field Road has been there for as long as we have hunted it, and the site of the old Campbell House was about midway this road. Within the last thirty years there was one old building there, which tradition says was once a law office for a member of the Campbell family. The Campbell Pocosin was south of the road in the western part of the hunt.

Before the New Campbell Road was built our access to the north side of the hunt was by several woods trails, one of which led from the fire tower shops and required the fording of Thompson Branch, now a canal. Stands were along the hill of Fryer Swamp, including the Hickory Nut Stand on a hardwood ridge there. Other trails led from the Old Campbell Field Road to the north side, and for a while we used Neisler roads to get to that side. Clarence Kirven killed his first deer near the end of a dead end road there.

Sam Potts' Pine and the School House Stand are at least as old as "The Buck That Got Away", and the Dennis Biggs Stand got its name in the 1950's, when Dr. Dennis Biggs, then of Lumberton, who was notorious for shooting at questionable deer, shot nine times at two different deer in one hunt. Over the mantel in the

Mayflower cabin are two small skulls, one a spike and the other a doe, which drivers found the next year near this stand. "Sandy's Spot" was the name bestowed on that stand by Henry Von Oesen after I killed a nine-pointer there in 1981, and found it only through his good help in tracking the sound of the dying deer.

South of the Campbell Road a stand which should be remembered is the Lee Hobbs Stand, on the paved road just west of Union Chapel Church. Mr. Lee Hobbs, father of Ed and grandfather of Billy, used to take it whenever we hunted the Campbell Woods, frequently with success.

The clearcutting and canalling of the Campbell Woods has completely changed its character and has wiped out many landmarks. Anyone interested in how it used to be should look at Russell Council's sketch and instructions to me on "How to Hunt the Campbell Woods", written not long before his death in 1959, which is in our scrapbook.

As mentioned earlier, we used to have the Pate Neck Hunt, east of the Lake Road, and it was the custom to hunt one side in the morning and the other in the afternoon, with hot dinner served at the fire tower by the camp cooks between the hunts.

\* \* \* \* \*

The minutes of the organizational meeting of the club in November 1905 show that a committee was appointed to investigate titles of lands and to assess values of hunting privileges from members of the club holding lands in the territory and to lease all lands wanted or needed. At the October 1906 meeting, K. B. Council reported 9978 acres leased and permission to hunt on 3000 acres more, with an additional 2000 acres available for lease. It cannot be known what lands this covered, but there are a number of surrounding areas that the club is known to have hunted over the years. Almost certainly all of the land that we now hunt has been hunted by North State members since the beginning.

OLD DOCUMENTS

FROM THE SCRAPBOOKS

OF

NORTH STATE GAME CLUB

AND

JANE COUNCIL GREGG

Charter of  
THE NORTH STATE GAME CLUB  
COMPANY

Filed August 29, 1906

Certificate of Incorporation of the North State  
Game Club Co.

This is to certify that we J. P. Council, Ch. Clerk  
M. A. Currie, G. H. Currie, M. B. McAulley, J. D. Clarke  
L. B. Evans & H. H. Hasty associate ourselves into a  
corporation under & by virtue of the provisions of an act  
of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, session 1906  
entitled an "act to revise the corporation laws of North Carolina"  
and the several supplements thereto, & do severally agree to take  
the number of shares of stock of par value one respectively named  
1<sup>st</sup> The name of the corporation is the North State Game Club Company  
2<sup>nd</sup> The location of the principal office in this state is in  
the town of Clarkton, County of Bladen,  
3<sup>rd</sup> The objects for which the club is formed are the leasing  
or buying land for protecting, grazing and hunting  
native wild animals  
4<sup>th</sup> The total authorized capital stock of this corporation  
is Twenty Five Thousand Dollars divided into shares of  
10<sup>00</sup> dollars each

(Jan)



5<sup>th</sup> The names and post office address of the incorporators.

Name	P.O.	No. Shares
J.P. Council	Wannamish N.C.	3
O.L. Clark	Clarkton N.C.	3
M.A. Currie	" "	3
G. H. Currie	" "	3
G. L. Clark	" "	3
L. B. Evans	" "	3
M. B. McCulley	Whitakersburg "	2

No stock shall be issued at present but an initiation fee shall be charged each member of the Club.

and no one shall become a member of the Club or a stockholder in the Club hereafter except upon the consent of a majority of the members.

6<sup>th</sup> The period of existence of this Corporation is unlimited.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals the 10<sup>th</sup> day of August 1906.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of

- G. H. Currie (Seal)
- L. B. Evans (Seal)
- N. A. Currie (Seal)
- O. L. Clark (Seal)
- G. L. Clark (Seal)
- M. B. McCulley (Seal)

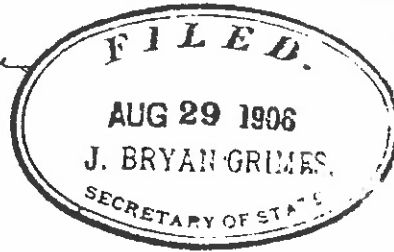
State of North Carolina  
County of Bladen

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of August 1906 before me a Notary Public personally appeared N. A. Currie, O. L. Clark, G. H. Currie, G. L. Clark, M. B. McAuley & G. H. Currie who I am satisfied are the persons named in and who executed the foregoing certificate, & having first been known to them the contents thereof they did each acknowledge that they signed sealed & delivered the same as their voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein expressed. Witness my hand & official seal

Frank A. Harrington  
Notary Public



My Commission expires  
Jan 22nd 1908.



Charter Members, as shown by the Club Roster

J. P. Council	A. I. Smalley
O. L. Clark	A. G. Holmes
N. A. Currie	D. P. Meares
G. H. Currie	M. B. Meares
G. L. Clark	James Daniel
L. B. Evans	D. J. Council
M. B. McAuley	W. C. Wayne
C. K. Council	A. J. Edwards
K. B. Council	George Dowless
James Council	Robert Council
A. L. Council	W. H. Chancy
C. C. Covington	James G. Flowers
A. O. Trust	B. J. Sanderlin
Henry Farrior	

New Members 1908

H. L. Lyon  
Andrew Fickett  
A. J. McKinnon

For easier reading, the charter is reproduced as follows:

Certificate of Incorporation of the North State  
Game Club Co.

This is to certify that we J.P. Council, O.L. Clark,  
N.A. Currie, G.H. Currie, M.B. McAuley, G.L. Clark,  
L.B. Evans do hereby associate ourselves into a  
corporation under and by virtue of the provisions of an act  
of the General Assembly of the State of North Carolina, Session 1901,  
entitled an "Act to revise the corporation law of North Carolina"  
and the several supplements thereof, and do severally agree to take  
the number of shares of stock opposite our respective names.

1st The name of the corporation is the North State Game Club Company

2nd The location of the principal office in this state is in  
the town of Clarkton, County of Bladen,

3rd The objects for which the club is formed are the leasing  
or buying land for protecting, grazing and hunting  
native wild animals,

4th The total authorized capital stock of this corporation  
is twenty five thousand dollars divided into shares of  
(ten) 10.00 dollars each.

5th The names and post office address of the incorporators are

Name	P.O.	No. Shares
J.P. Council	Wannannish, N.C.	3
O.L. Clark	Clarkton, N.C.	3
N.A. Currie	Clarkton, N.C.	3
G.H. Currie	Clarkton, N.C.	3
G.L. Clark	Clarkton, N.C.	3
L.B. Evans	Clarkton, N.C.	3
M.B. McAuley	Abbottsburg, N.C.	2

No stock shall be issued at present but an initiation fee shall be charged each member of the club and no one shall become a member of the club or a stockholder in the club hereafter except upon the consent of a majority of the members.

6th the period of existence of this corporation is unlimited.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals the 10th day of August 1906.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of

G.H. Currie	(seal)
L.B. Evans	(seal)
N.A. Currie	(seal)
O.L. Clark	(seal)

G.L. Clark (seal)

M.B. McAuley (seal)

State of North Carolina )

County of Bladen )

Be it remembered, that on this 10th day of August 1906, before me, a Notary Public, personally appeared N.A. Currie, O.L. Clark, G.H. Currie, G.L. Clark, M.B. McAuley and G.H. Currie who I am satisfied are the persons named in and who executed the foregoing certificate, and having first made known to them the contents thereof, they did each acknowledge that they signed sealed and delivered the same as their voluntary act and deed for the uses and purposes therein expressed. Witness my hand and official seal.

Frank A. Harrington

Notary Public

My Commission expires

January 22nd 1908

Filed

August 29, 1906

J. Bryan Grimes

Secretary of State

By: Mrs. J. A. Brown

(Date Unknown)

(Newspaper clipping from the scrapbook of Jane Council Gregg)

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JOHN PICKETT COUNCIL

The accomplishments of the men of no era commands so thoroughly my unbounded admiration as do those of the men who as mere boys, - children - took up the burdens of life and faced its responsibilities at the close of the War between the States. Fortunes were gone, the old affluent plantation life was a thing of the past. These boys faced a new social, political, industrial and financial order. The big majority of them met the new conditions with courage and ability. They did not sit among the ashes of past glory and dead hopes and bemoan their fate, but proved worthy descendants of pioneering ancestry.

Such a one was John Pickett Council, whose death on December 23rd removed one of the county's most prominent, substantial and public spirited citizens. His English forebears were followers of the great Cromwell, and when the Stuarts were restored to the throne, his ancestors fled to America and joined the company of the settlers and builders of the New World. When the Old Order fell in the South, John Pickett Council joined the builders of the New South. He early evidenced that initiative that later built his fortune. At the age of ten, he made a wagon, mounted on gum tree wheels, broke a pair of steers, and made his first money hauling cross ties to the nearest railroad station, much to the chagrin and humiliation of "uncle Kelly," a former slave of his father's, and a true aristocrat. At eighteen, school days being over, he cast about for another job. Building houses attracted him, and he began a contracting business, in which he made good, even as a boy, some of his houses still standing in the county, notably the old Brinkley home in the lower end of the county, and the old Flynn house recently destroyed by fire at Hallsboro. He later established a mercantile business, and in 1884 began the manufacture of turpentine tools at Council station. In his business he found a field for his mechanical genius, and in the manufacture of strong, honest, reliable tools he made his honest fortune. He had spent some time in the turpentine fields of Georgia, and knew what kind of tools they needed. He experimented with steel, sulphur and carbon until he found the right combination and processes of manufacture. His pride was in his product, and any less than the best was promptly consigned to the scrap heap. In 1902 he moved his plant to Lake Waccamaw, and transferred his citizenship from Bladen to Columbus. His factory has been enlarged and his business has had a steady growth, until today the payroll of the Council Tool Company averages around \$400 a day, or \$150,000 per annum, and his product is known for its excellence all over the South and

West. The dividends are shared with the employees, according to their salary or wage, and in the same ratio as to the stockholders. This is an excellent way to avoid conflict between capital and labor.

John Pickett Council was cast in a large mould, - large in body and large in mind and heart. In his younger days he was the incarnation of energy, decision, tenacity and courage, and these qualities remained with him in a remarkable degree to the last. He had no patience with the lazy person or the trifler. He was not afraid of work nor choice as to the kind, provided it was honest and honorable. He knew the value of play and relaxation, and took his in outdoor sports. He was a grim fighter of shams and falseness, and lived his belief in honesty and simplicity. While never an aspirant for political honors, he was keenly conscious of civic responsibilities, and ready to give of his time and his means to these duties. Whenever there was a movement on for civic, industrial or educational uplift, in the county, the chairman in charge would receive a substantial check from him to help finance the enterprise. While opposed to indiscriminate giving, real objects of charity received generously of his bounty, though it was always quietly bestowed. Mr. Council was not of the "hale fellow well met" type. Like most executives, there was a certain dignity about him that repelled undue familiarity, yet those who knew him best found him genial and most friendly. Being a great sportsman and lover of nature and the out-of-doors, his hospitality was probably at its best at his famous deer camp in Bladen county, where hundreds of sportsmen from this and other states flocked for the annual Thanksgiving week of fun and sport. As one of the guests of the camp told me, here he was not interested in the hunt himself, but very concerned that every guest have a shot at a deer and a good time generally.

Perhaps Mr. Council's outstanding characteristics were his supreme regard for justice and his respect for the law. He was loyal to his state, his section and his county, and loved their history and their traditions. In an age accused of complete absorption in material things and indifference to the means by which money is made, and of selfish use of accumulated wealth, he set an example of honesty, integrity, fairness and benevolence which gave him distinction, as does the scarlet thread in a Scotch plaid. A state and a county is richer for the possession of such men and poorer when their light goes out.

THE ORTON

Friday, December 18, 1903  
Wilmington, North Carolina

(Newspaper clipping from the scrapbook of Jane Council Gregg)

COUNCIL TOOL CO. SUPPLIES WORLD TURPENTINE TOOLS

---

Only Plant of Its Kind in This Country, Wananish Manufacturing  
Plant Makes Wide Assortment Of Implements.

---

WAS FOUNDED BY LATE JOHN PICKETT COUNCIL

---

Had Its Early Beginning In Repair Shop For Wagons, Carts And  
Buggies; Was First Situated At Council; Moved In 1902.

---

A business that had its beginning in a buggy repair shop many years ago, The Council Tool Company, of Wananish, is at present supplying practically the whole turpentine industry of the world with tools. This company has long had an established name in the business circles of this country. In addition to the enormous output of turpentine tools which this corporation handles, it also manufactures a large amount of agriculture, forestry, and at least forty different kinds of special tools.

The company ships tools all over the world. With the exception of a few implements which are made in France, they supply the world's demand for turpentine tools. Their products go to India, New Zealand, the West Indies Islands, Phillipine Islands, and many countries in South America.

The Council Tool Company had a unique beginning. It was through that ingenious person the late John Pickett Council, that it has become known as the leading manufacturing plant of its kind in this country.

As a boy, Mr. Council showed a talent for tool and implement manufacture. He possessed unusual initiative, and while yet a small boy his talent and mechanical trend was marked. As soon as he was grown he started a repair shop for wagons, buggies, carts, and other vehicles. While thus engaged, he conceived the idea of the Council Tool Company, and from this tiny nucleus, that large manufacturing plant of today evolved.



After completing his plan for a tool manufacturing plant, Mr. Council realized that the best method to begin such an enterprise was to manufacture tools for which there was an actual demand. Accordingly, in 1886 he went to Georgia to ascertain this information. Three months were spent in that state learning something of the tools necessary in the turpentine industry, and what kind would give greatest satisfaction.

In that same year, 1886, The Council Tool Company was incorporated, and the plant established at Council Station, Bladen County, where all of the family lived.

During the first year of the new plant's existence, the two brothers, Kinchen B. and John Pickett, the former who is still with the plant, spent more time in experiments than they did in the actual manufacture of tools. The year following the incorporation of the tool company, about three hundred dozen tools were manufactured, which then perhaps seemed a monstrous amount.

The company was still operating at Council, and steadily growing. The principal tools manufactured by the concern at that time were turpentine implements.

In 1902 it was moved from Council to Wananish. The former station is situated on the Seaboard Air Line Railroad, and it was necessary for shipments to be made over that line to Wilmington, thence on the Atlantic Coast Line. Rates were unsatisfactory, which was one of the main reasons, perhaps, for moving the plant.

Mr. Council had been to Waccamaw and around Wananish fishing and liked the place. He bought a tract of land from Robert Bridger, built up the roads and houses around Wananish, and in 1902 began operations in the new plant.

To one not versed in metallurgy, and familiar with the various processes under which steel has to be subjected before it is manufactured, it would be difficult to explain the operation of this plant. Nevertheless, a trip through the shop, which is situated a short distance South of Route No. 20, and covers about an acre, contains many interesting revelations. A day could be spent in the plant, and for the layman, he would obtain only a gist of what goes on in the manufacturing plant.

This company has a large number of employees, practically all of whom are Columbus County men. Some of them have been there as long as thirty five years. They were taken in as country boys, perhaps started as fire boys, and today are as familiar with the machines they operate, or the pattern of steel which they are supposed to beat out, as they are with the nose on their face.

Country boys are the hardest workers, the foreman of the plant has observed, and they can be more easily trained into skilled laborers. Recent machines which have been invented long since the Council Tool Company was incorporated, have taken place of many men. There is one machine which does the work of fifteen men.

Most of the raw steel which is used for making tools comes from Pittsburgh and Checko-Slovakia (sic). Experiments are being continually carried on in the plant, new kinds of steel being tried, and other materials being given a trial. An interesting feature was that this company uses more emery wheels in the sharpening of its tools than all other industries in North Carolina combined.

There has been no one yet selected to succeed the late John Pickett Council, founder of the organization, and president of the corporation. K. Clyde Council, his son, is vice-president, and treasurer, and another son, John M. Council, is secretary to the corporation. They are following in the footsteps of their father, and carrying on the business founded by him.

Poem found in the scrapbook of Jane Council Gregg

(Probably by Kinchin Council)

-1-

From Arkansas  
To Waccamaw,  
A veteran came one day,  
To bring to bag,  
A lucky stag  
That from others got away.

-2-

From Big Cane Break  
And Reel Foot Lake,  
Many a creel and bag  
Was taken by him  
Filled to the brim,  
Astride his hunting nag.

-3-

This brave old vet,  
Would wager a bet  
That he was sound in every limb,  
And the gore he'd spilled  
Of the yanks he'd killed  
Was as much as they had drawn from him.

-4-

"He's ne'er been harmed  
His life is charmed",  
'Twas thus the native spoke;  
"This sly old game  
Will skip your aim  
And your shooting be a joke".

-5-

"Just cite to me  
His lair" quoth he,  
"Your story makes me smile;  
I'll hand to him  
The goods that trim  
In true Arkansas style".

-6-

By sheer good luck  
His trail was struck  
As soon as the hounds were cast;  
This sly old stag  
Hoisted the flag,  
And the race was furious--fast.

-7-

The forest crashed,  
The brambles thrashed, --  
"You old blood pump be still,  
This is no fake,  
But a real earthquake,  
Or an exploding powder mill".

-8-

"Good reason why  
The deer got by  
This is shaky ground!  
Why, doggone it, I  
Shot a hole in the sky  
And another in the ground".

-9-

Young Callahan  
With his old Queen Anne  
Was attracted by the fray:  
Hard by the stand,  
With gun in hand,  
He waited for the quay.

-10-

The smoke rose high,  
Up to'ard the sky,  
The echoes died away;  
"I'll tell you what,  
They changed my shot!"  
The veteran advanced to say.

-11-

"Tis scarce the truth  
Thus spoke the youth,  
Your aim was not in line.  
If I believe my eye,  
As the deer went by,  
The top fell from a pine".

-12-

A year went by  
As time doth fly,  
They yanked him up in court;  
"It's just a year  
Since you missed a deer,  
The Club lacks your report".

-13-

The Jury stood--  
Men true and good.  
"Guilty" said every one.  
"On mercy's trail,  
Cut his shirt tail  
For harmless seems his gun".

-14-

Sad to relate,  
Such is the fate  
That awaits us every one.  
As time goes by  
It dims our eye,  
We lay aside our gun.

-15-

And life o'er and o'er  
The days of yore  
When we and friends together,  
Enjoyed forest & stream--  
Oh, what a dream!  
Lies out beyond the heather.

WHEN THE HOUNDS GIVE TONGUE!

I REMEMBER, WHEN AS A YOUNGSTER, HOW I'D TRY TO BEAT THE SUN  
TO MY STAND UPON A RUNWAY, WITH MY OLD ONE-BARREL GUN;  
AND I MIND ME HOW THE QUIVERS KINDER CANTERED DOWN MY BACK  
WHEN THE PURPS WOULD YELL TO TELL ME THEY HAD STUCK A LIKELY  
TRACK;  
AND 'THO MY KNEES ARE GETTING OLD, I KNOW MY HEART IS YOUNG,  
FOR IT THRILLS ME JEST LIKE LIKKER

WHEN THE HOUNDS GIVE TONGUE!

I LOVE TO HEAR THE MEDDER LARK UP AT THE PEEP O'DAY,  
AND IT SORTER STIRS MY BLOOD, LIKE, WHEN A BAND BEGANS TO  
PLAY.  
IT MAKES ME SOFT AND DREAMY WHEN I HEAR AN ORGAN ROLL,  
AND GOOD OLD-FASHIONED SINGIN' KINDER BRACES UP MY SOUL.  
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING DOUBLE-DISCOUNTS ANY SONG 'T WAS EVER  
SUNG,  
AND THAT'S THE RINGING CHEERS

WHEN THE HOUNDS GIVE TONGUE!

YOU MAY TALK ABOUT YOUR TENNIS AND YOUR FOOTBALL, AND ALL  
THAT;  
YOUR BASEBALL AND YOUR GOLFIN', AND ALL SUCHLIKE SIMPLE CHAT;  
BUT FOR SPORT THAT'S FIT FOR GROWN-FOLKS, JUST GIMME MY OLD  
GUN  
AND PUT ME ON SOME LIKELY STAND WHERE A BUCK IS APT TO RUN;  
AND THROUGH THE GATES OF HEAVEN ABOVE, TO LET ME THROUGH  
WERE SWUNG,  
I JUST COULDN'T LEAVE MY STAND, BOYS,

WHEN THE HOUNDS GIVE TONGUE!

SOMETIMES WHEN FOLKS GET OLD AND WEAK, THEY 'LOW THEY SEE  
STRANGE THINGS,  
AND HEAR THE TWANG OF HEAVENLY HARPS AND THE SWISH OF  
ANGEL'S WINGS.  
I HOPE THAT WHEN MY JIG IS UP, AND I LAY DOWN TO DIE,  
IT JIST WILL CHANCE THAT SOMEONE'S PACK IS RUNNING SUMMAS  
NIGH;  
AND MAY THEY OPEN WIDE AND FULL; JEST FIT TO BUST A LUNG-  
AND I'LL FORD THAT RIVER JORDAN

WHEN THE HOUNDS GIVE TONGUE!

KINCHEN B. COUNCIL

# H. C. WATSON

DEALER IN

Cotton, Cotton Seed, Cotton Seed Products  
Fertilizers, Oils and General Merchandise

Reference:

A letter from H. C. Watson,  
grandfather of Watson Stewart,  
to Kinchen B. Council about the  
1919 hunt. Note the annual dues

of \$18.00, including War  
Tax!

Rockingham, N. C., Nov 17 1919

Mr. K. B. Council,

Nanawish,

N. C.

My Dearlly Beloved;

I am in receipt of  
your kind notice of the  
hunt being called for the  
evening making of the 20<sup>th</sup>  
for which I thank you,  
We Hunter and myself expect  
to go down on the morning  
train ~~tomorrow~~ Wednesday  
in order to get a good nights  
rest and be ready to do  
a good job, soon Thursday  
morn. I notified Tom Tate  
according to your orders and  
he says he cant get there  
before next week, as he has  
a previous engagement. I  
herewith enclosed you a  
check for \$18.00 which will pay

my part of the Annual dues  
and the ~~Wor-Tax~~  
hoping to see you Wednesday  
I remain,  
Your friend Always  
~~Henry Clay Watson~~

11/29/82

Sandy, This letter was written to Mr. Council by  
my grandfather, Henry Clay Watson, in response to  
the call for the hunt in 1919. I understand that  
"the" hunt was of two we.'s duration at that time.

---

COUNCIL v. SANDERLIN.

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This is an excerpt from an opinion of the Supreme Court of North Carolina in the case of COUNCIL V SANDERLIN, decided in 1922. Mr. John Pickett Council, founder of North State Game Club was "the plaintiff", and the case established his right to reserve hunting rights when he sold "The Pickett Lands" in 1902. His heirs still are entitled to those rights. "The Pickett Lands" are about two miles east of Council along the railroad and are not now hunted by the Club, but the "haven of rest maintained by the plaintiff" would include the Club's present territory.

We have quoted largely in this opinion from the learned and well considered brief of the plaintiff, and as a matter of more than usual interest to the public and the profession, we insert here from that brief the following incident which occurred very near to, if not upon these very premises, on the banks of Lake Waccamaw, 168 years ago, as follows:

"On 18 July, 1734, a traveler, lured by the glowing descriptions that he had heard of Waccamaw Lake, set out from a point on the Cape Fear River to visit that spot. In making the journey he passed quite near to, if not through, the hunting preserve of the plaintiff. This soldier of fortune, writing of the trip, says in part: 'We came to a large cane swamp, about half a mile through, which we crossed in about an hour's time, but I was astonished to see the innumerable sights of mosquitoes, and the largest that I ever saw in my life, for they made nothing to fetch blood of us through our buckskin gloves, coats, and jackets. As soon as we got through that swamp we came to another open pine barren, where we saw a great herd of deer, the largest and fattest I ever saw in those parts; we made shift to kill a brace of them, which we made a hearty dinner on. We rode about two miles farther, when we came to another cane swamp, where we shot a large she-bear and two cubs. The swamp was so large that it was with great difficulty we got through it. When we got to the other side, it began to rain very hard, or otherwise, as far as I know, we might have shot ten brace of deer, for they were almost as thick as in the parks in England, and did not seem to be in the least afraid of us, for I question much whether

## COUNCIL v. SANDERLIN.

they had ever seen a man in their lives before, for they seemed to look on us as amazed. We made shift as well as we could to reach the lake the same night, but had but little pleasure; it continued to rain very hard, we made a large fire of lightwood, and slept as well as we could that night. The next morning we took a particular view of it, and I think it is the pleasantest place that I ever saw in my life. It is at least eighteen miles around, surrounded with exceedingly good land, as oak of all sorts, hickory, and fine cypress swamps. There is an old Indian field to be seen, which shows it was formerly inhabited by them, but I believe, not within these fifty years, for there is scarce one of the Cape Fear Indians, or the Waccanaws, that can give any account of it. There is plenty of deer, wild turkey, geese, and ducks, and fish in abundance; we shot sufficient for forty men though there were but six of us." Sprunt's "Chronicles of the Cape Fear," 46 (2 ed.).

To which the brief appropriately adds: "All must agree that these worthy gentlemen, near two hundred years ago, upon the very game preserve, the right to a part of which is involved in this appeal, set a bad example by shooting enough game for forty men when only six could benefit thereby. Sad to record, this bad example has been so universally followed that the once magnificent American game, like its *quondam* denizens of the pristine forests, the American Indian, has become almost extinct. The look of amazement detected by the stranger in 1734, in the appealing eyes of the beautiful deer of the Waccamaw section as they looked, perhaps for the first time, upon man, has given place to a glint of horror and despair as the few survivors rush headlong for the haven of rest maintained by the plaintiff. They have learned to know that there they may rest in peace save for two months in each year, and that even during this time they will occasion far more fright to the inexperienced hunters to whom they so suddenly appear than they need entertain for themselves.

"The plaintiff, big of body, of mind, and of heart, living by the side of the beautiful Waccamaw, is no more a lover of the hunt than of the hunted. Nature speaks strongly to him, and he is a lover of all wild life. Always has he labored for the enactment and enforcement of wise and beneficent laws intended to prevent the complete extermination of the game which once so richly abounded in his section. Doubtless there is more game on the preserve maintained by him, and for miles around it, than in any other part of the State; yet, had it not been for his persistent efforts, the hide and horns of a deer would be today an object of great curiosity in all that section. So that not only by the law of the case is his position sustained, but by a wise policy as well."

Modified and affirmed.



I suspect of what will - and hunting and then a  
 line up to count standers. There are around 25  
 standers and four drivers - Dr Hunter and John  
 Carmie placed standers this a.m. ~~and~~ I wish I knew all  
 the standers - so that I could pick ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> ~~ones~~ <sup>ones</sup> for  
 my friends. There have been some ~~too~~ <sup>too</sup> long enough  
 to know them but my mind can't ~~stay~~ <sup>stay</sup> make work  
 look the same twice. After leaving car out then woods quite  
 a distance with John Carmie to get stand but found  
 Dr Hunter dead just across one in from R.R. to some  
 stand so I came back near car to a place that looks  
 rather good. At my next it is in good open place with  
 some deer trails near - and a mighty good place  
 to run and might be good place to ~~stop~~ <sup>trap</sup> if necessary.  
 Finally got situated about 8:45 am here dogs ~~was~~  
 several directions. I heard several shots and if  
 some one hasn't killed a deer there are some ~~best~~  
 photos around. I'm about 1 mile from any real road ~~at~~  
 South end of Lowell. Hugh Barnes is on stand next to me - ~~was~~  
 is always next. In for McManis nest and John Carmie next. There  
 heard no shooting from this sector.

Nov 15 = 1928  
 Near Cornwall's Mc North State Game  
 Club

Came down to the camp yesterday with Mr Bob  
 McLeath on his 1922 open Buick. Car run good considering his age  
 of use. Wonder some times why he runs an old car when he is  
 empty able to have a good closed car. From people dead as he  
 does in this section we would be much better off  
 financially. Not on short deer drive yesterday pm but with no result  
 I had looked forward to a nice piece of ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~best~~ <sup>best</sup> ~~venison~~ <sup>venison</sup> for supper  
 but of course if no deer killed no venison for supper. After  
 supper had annual meeting - without business of special interest.  
 The new members. Walter Lundquist - Jesse Lee - and Mr Ray Smith of  
 Charlevoix. Regent Henry Cate and Mr & Mrs Page dropping out.  
 The following officers re-elected. P. L. McLeod, Pres  
 J. W. Wainwright, V. Pres  
 K. B. Carmie Secy  
 J. L. Cannon Treas. - Gen. Mgrs

That to bed about 10 o'clock in "Bull Pen". 18 of us slept in there.  
 It is a shed with pine shaves on ground on which we lay our  
 bedding. The shed is closed on 3 sides and open on front. Near  
 which we keep a big fire burning through out all of the time. Now  
 Mr McLeath got little too much to drink.  
 Up early in morning after a fair night's rest. You have to learn  
 to ignore the snoring and talking in sleep here.

It was always peculiar to me. How little animal life you can see in these ~~woods~~ wild woods down here. Just occasionally a bird will flutter from one tree to another.

and occasionally wood-pecker - will scare you - it's when you hear a deer bark than the timber. but most of the time there is almost no sign of life. It is now 9:15 and I hear some train passing near Cornsals. Today's now in hearing and every thing is quiet. Just enough breeze stirring to wave the brown straw. If things don't live up a bit, I am afraid I will get dull and sleepy. I really wonder some time if I enjoy deer hunting. I know I love to eat broiled venison better than any meal in the world. In my life I have killed

3 medium sized deer. I Buck 2 does, but I can't say I got any big amount of pleasure out of it. Of course in a way was proud of it but I guess I am just a little chicken hearted and also felt just a little regretful, when they were kicking for their last breath. I would tho like to kill one big buck and mount his head. Last season was the 1st yr that the killing of does was prohibited here. I am rather glad of it.

I wonder if I am going to let a deer pass while I am writing. I look up hurriedly at every noise of any. A white butterfly just made me jump. It was flying along about 3 ft high and I thought maybe it was white tail a deer's tail.

I wonder some time if I should continue as a member of this club. It has become rather expensive. (does about \$100 per year) and most of the members are far more able to pay for than I. My father enjoyed it the more than most anything, and that is one specimen I like to retain my membership. A great many of his friends have died or dropped out - but some are still with us. ~~the~~

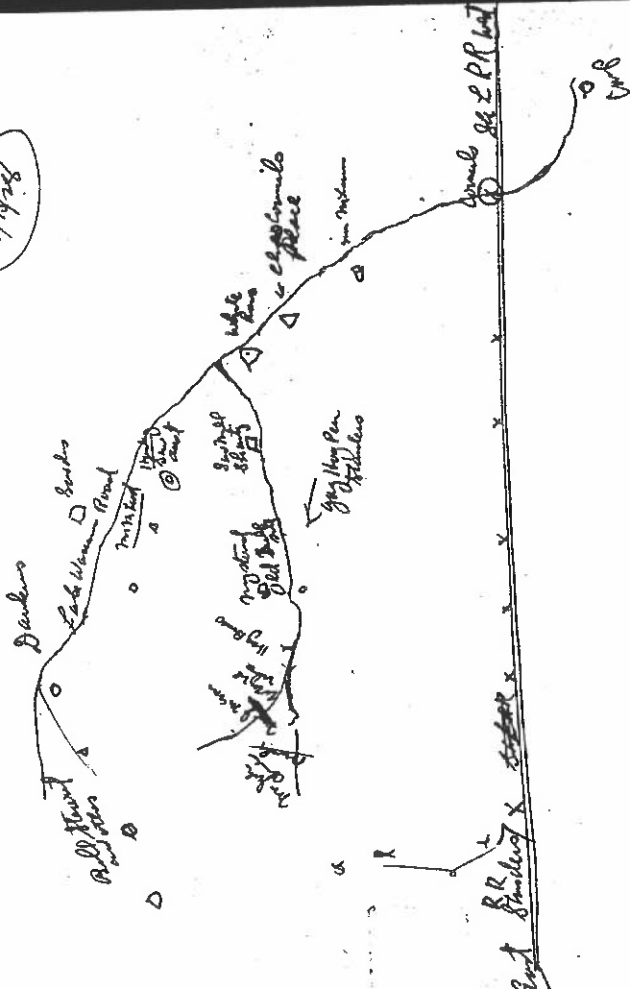
"Bang" a shot near me. I will try to be alert until I see whether anything comes this way.

News reported from above - a short nap. then cleared 20 yams from which had no car and the crowd came in - I understand now but resulted in one little buck head by Walter Lumberty. A number of deer seen. ~~but no deer to camp~~ at 12:30 P.M. 50 yams - deer and cats make driving uncomfortable - but its all very nice.

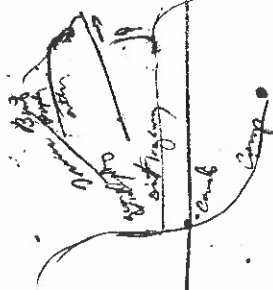
After Coyne's ~~at~~ on RR. RR. 1928

A guess of mine about this mump position

17/18/28



To get to Boggs Branch Slacks



On the west corner on S&L P.P. hut stand  
Nov. 16-1928 3:35 P.M.

near North State Game Club

Mr. Bob Mink is just to my left and Wayne Williams to my right. Then Hugh Barnes.

Yesterday afternoon hunt also resulted in ~~no deer~~ killed. It seems ~~prob~~ unusual to see no deer killed when we use to bring in 2 to 5 or nearly every day hunt. Then we are talking does tho. We use to kill from 25 to 40 a year total. Last year we killed 13 Bucks. I saw one deer yesterday pm about 4 or 500 yds away but did not get anything like close enough to shoot. We hunted Barnard Bay. I was way up to the left of By road. I slept better last night. Just waked through sleeping. We had brewed venison for supper and how I do like it.

This morning we hunted North Slacks and Minkes woods. The dogs ran all morning

ESTABLISHED 1886

# The Council Tool Company

INCORPORATED

MANUFACTURERS

AXES  
BUSH AXES

TURPENTINE TOOLS SPECIAL TOOLS

HOES  
FIRE RAKES

Wananish, N. C. U. S. A.

October 26, 1938.

Hon. F. Don Phillips,  
Rockingham, N. C.

Dear Don:

At the meeting of members of the North State Game Club on the 18th, you, William Harry Enthwistle and Walter Lambeth were named committee to redraft rules and by-laws of the club and at your request Dr. Hunter was added to the committee.

You requested that copy of minutes covering rules and by-laws be sent you.

From the minute book it appears that the first meeting for the purpose of incorporating was held November 23, 1905. Reading between the lines I gathered, which is in accord with my recollection, that perhaps for five years prior to 1905 the club was operated as an association or just an assembly of good fellows. Messers. G. H. Currie, O. L. Clark and L. B. Evans were appointed as a committee to obtain charter. The officers elected at this meeting were: O. L. Clark, President; O. A. Trust, Vice-President; J. P. Council, Treasurer; M. B. McAuley, Secretary.

The second meeting was held November 19, 1906, and in the book immediately following the minutes of meeting #2, several blank pages were left, probably for the purpose of writing up meeting #3 containing copy of charter and by-laws but this meeting was never written up because immediately following the blank pages are minutes of meeting #4, held November 9, 1908. You will note from attached copy that application for charter was filed August 29, 1906, same being Certificate #4467. Evidently, the original charter was lost or misplaced because the paper I have is a copy certified by W. N. Everitt, Secretary of State, August 9, 1924. Same was recorded in records of incorporation

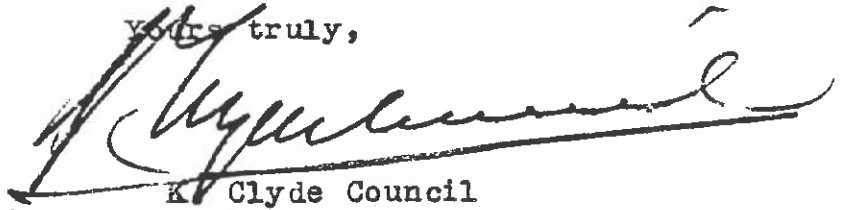
Book 2, Page 3, by W. J. Davis, C. S. C. It is my recollection that Mr. Davis was then Clerk of Court in Bladen County.

If my memory is correct, the club at one time did have a brief set of rules printed in flyer form.

It would be my suggestion that your committee draft a set of by-laws. Also rules, and submit same to a meeting during the November hunt. It might be well to amend the charter unless the original charter meets present day needs.

Prior to the November meeting I hope to find time to read through all of the minutes held during the past thirty years and see if I can dig out anything which would be helpful.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read 'K. Clyde Council', is written over a horizontal line. The signature is written in dark ink and is somewhat stylized.

K. Clyde Council

KCC/g

C cy: Messers. Enthwistle & Lambeth

# THE STATE

A Weekly Survey of North Carolina

NOVEMBER 9, 1940



TEN CENTS

Senator Clyde  
Cottrell  
WAYNESVILLE, N.C.

North State Game Police -



If you don't catch the significance of this picture, ask some of your friends who go deer hunting.

Notes written on a stand by Henry A. McKinnon (Sr.) in 1943 following his brother's habit.

ORGANIZED 1829

*NS Game Club*

THE  
**FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO.**  
OF PHILADELPHIA



Notes while on a deer hunt  
Nov 22, 1943. Notes started at  
10.15 A.M. Remembering have  
seen some notes made by others  
while deer hunting put the  
idea in my head. Never  
saw his notes until we  
found them after his  
death. These are for me to  
look at in the future. Come  
down early this morning  
with Gus Harty, his first

FIRE — MARINE — WINDSTORM — AUTOMOBILE

hunt here. (2) Had a good bank-  
sout, found mostly the usual  
crowd, Clyde Council, Bill  
Lamb, Big John, Charlie Smok  
Homer Dany, Stewart Gordon  
etc. Was especially glad to  
see Russell Council, though  
he has been very successful  
I understand, is the same old  
noisy, big spirited country-  
man he was in Avalon.  
We are hunting what I think  
is called the means Root,  
Woods, a Prazin, South  
of hard-surfaced highway.  
I was placed by Dany J.  
Herm, the last of

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THE  
FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF PHILADELPHIA



(3)

several standers he brought  
out. It is a beautiful spot,  
with no opening thru most  
stands I have been on.  
Could see a deer if  
one came by, & I was  
looking. The stand was  
pointed out as one where  
Big John had missed  
lots of deer. = Right here,  
10.30 had excitement, but  
nothing else. all was quiet.



(4)  
I glanced up, saw something  
moving, pushed gun &  
wondered if I could find  
horns, then saw it was  
a big dog, trailing  
along without noise. Don't know  
what that means, will ask  
some of the old hunters. As  
dog was going off to  
reservation - I am right  
on the line, - tried to  
stop her, but not successful  
I think it was a big brown bitch.  
I don't believe a deer had  
gone by where the dog  
went since I have been  
here. Would like to see

ORGANIZED 1829

(5)

THE

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF PHILADELPHIA



a buck where the dog  
was, but in the hurry  
I was in, might have missed  
him. Had a little trouble  
locating pen after the dog  
paraded, but it was in  
my side coat pocket.

It is a beautiful day for  
this sport, if I can call it a  
sport; just cool enough to  
feel extra of snappy, but  
not cold enough that  
you wish you were home by

FIRE — MARINE — WINDSTORM — AUTOMOBILE

the fire. I started to say (6)  
Something about the spot where  
I am when the dog started  
me. Right now hear dogs in  
a distance in front of me,  
and squirrels in a tree  
behind me. Have stood up  
to listen for a while, but  
nothing close enough for  
thrill, though enough to  
keep my attention from my  
waiting. Wouldn't like to  
let a deer go by without  
seeing it, my feelings are  
to stand on always misty  
between a ~~tree~~ deer.

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THE

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO.  
OF PHILADELPHIA



(7)  
that a deer will come by  
and a fear that one will  
come by & I miss it.

11.05. '05 is quiet now  
except the rustling of the  
wind in the leaves. Most of the  
morning there has been very  
little wind, but falling leaves  
keep me jumping. I am in  
a sort of semi-circle where  
there is no under-branch  
surrounded by a branch  
or bay, where it is thicker

(8)  
but still not as thick as  
may in this country. The  
opening is probably 100 yards  
across. In it are some fine  
12-24 inch in diameter  
pine trees, tall and straight,  
& with many hollow tops - but  
but short-leaved, I think. It  
is terrible what an ignorant  
country man I am. Don't know  
trees, birds or crops, in fact  
nothing more but a fair  
knowledge of North Carolina  
law & a little pharmacology;  
mostly little spelling. The  
only other vegetation in the  
opening is a small, tall

ORGANIZED 1829

THE

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA



(9)  
gums, sweet & black, & some  
small green vines on the  
ground. The ground is covered  
with brown and yellow leaves,  
& pine straw. It is wet weather  
all would be damp & soggy,  
but it is dry now.

Across the opening was  
a long mound with a  
ditch on one side. I don't  
know whether it is an old  
tram road or a canal, &

FIRE—MARINE—WINDSTORM—AUTOMOBILE

the mound is where the duck (10)  
 was thrown up. Looks like  
 the canal. She about 11.25  
 I suddenly slipped writing -  
 but will finish sentence I  
 started. It is now 11.45. Read  
 of sentence: through the old  
 and fields around Charleston.  
 In fact this island looks  
 much like me I had <sup>water</sup> with  
 Mr. M.: lived on a mound  
 down there.

All was painfully quiet,  
 so much so that a crow  
 lit in a tree right over  
 my head and began to "Caw!"

ORGANIZED 1829

THE

FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO.

OF PHILADELPHIA



(11)

the first bird I had heard  
 this morning. About the same  
 time I heard somebody yell ~~then~~ then  
 a few ~~lots~~ banks of a dog  
 or two gun shots, then some  
 more dogs and stayed up  
 and on to alert for about  
 20 minutes. The shots seemed  
 to be in about the direction of  
 where we left Big John, or  
 maybe 5 or 100 yds. Hope I  
 got a deer. I have heard only  
 one other shot this morning.

FIRE - MARINE - WINDSTORM - AUTOMOBILE

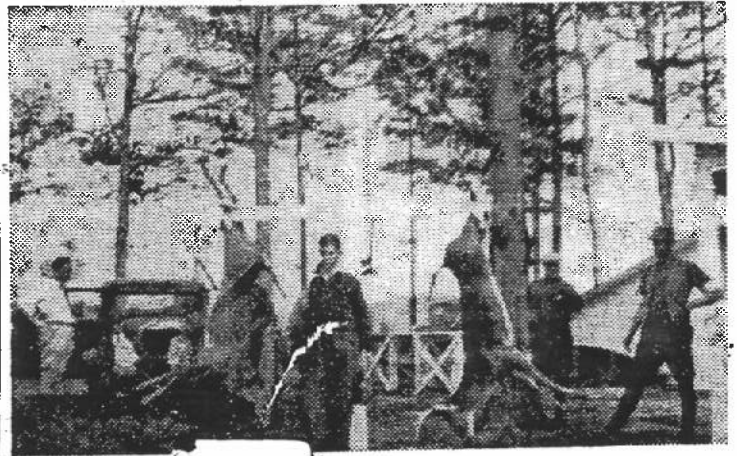
it at quite a distance, and (1.2)  
just as an air-plane was  
passing by early after I got  
on the stand; might not have  
been a shot.

# LAMBETH DESCRIBES CLUB

## SOME MEMORIES OF HUNTING DAYS



WALTER LAMBETH, Charlotte insurance man, is shown at the left above as he "brings home the bacon" after a deer hunt. At the



right above is his nephew, John Lambeth, with the results of his first hunt. Hunters and dogs are shown below.

## Annual Hunts At Council Mean *Pathos* For Hunters

**BY WALTER LAMBETH.**  
I look forward to the opening of the deer season and our annual hunt at the North State Game club with as much anticipated pleasure as do our children to the coming of Christmas.

Sometime the latter part of November, the members of this club gather for their annual ten-day hunt at council. This club has a limited membership of 20 members and each member is entitled to have one person at a time as his invited guest, so the hunt generally starts with from 35 to 40 participants, each person carrying his own bedding-roll and hunting equipment, every other necessity being furnished by the club.

Back in the eighties a group of several sportsmen, headed by the late John Pickett Council, realized at the abundance of deer, wild turkey and small game was rapidly becoming exhausted from the lack of protection. These sportsmen called a meeting with the land owners of Carvers Creek township, Bladen county, and an agreement was made to refrain from killing deer or wild turkey for a period of five years. This action on the part of this group was the begin-

to shoot until satisfied that you were shooting a deer with horns.

I have missed several deer due to the precautions that I have taken, as it is impossible to decide in a flash whether the deer crossing the opening had horns or not and I let them go by for someone else who had a better chance to determine their eligibility.

After the standers are counted off, the manager asks certain of the older members to step out and instructs them where to place the various standers, each stand master taking with him five to 10 standers. All through this procedure, the drivers are selecting their dogs from the kennel of some 30 or 40 fighting, baying, eager dogs. Each driver gives to the master of hounds, a list of the names of the dogs that are assigned to him. All through this ordeal, the standers are widely excited, scrambling into their cars to follow their stand master to their respective places before the dogs are unleashed, at the appointed hour. **THE HUNT BEGINS.**

Another long blast is sounded from the hunter's horn and the hunt is on. There are generally five or six drivers taking from three to five hounds in various directions,

big-game animals and has a wonderful sense of smell and sight. **PATHOS.**

With all these pleasures however, there is pathos. Out of the 20 charter members of the club, there is only one living member today Arthur Council, who is in the seventies. Some of the finest sportsmen that I have ever known are those who have passed on, and through them I have taught a lesson, not only in the sportsmanship of hunting, but in the sportsmanship of life. I have also been taught many lessons in the psychology of the every-day, plain men, and all men are plain and equal on an occasion like these hunts.

My first invitation to this club was given by the late Honorable Frank Page, at that time chairman of the State Highway commission, and I had the humiliation of missing two big buck on that hunt, however, that did not hamper my realization of the fact that a man becomes better acquainted with himself in the out-of-doors life.

Some of the pictures appearing with this article show the morning or afternoon kill. There are you

will notice with a young lad, John Lambeth by name and a nephew of the writer, standing between two large buck that he killed on one of the morning hunts. John loves the out-doors and after some persuasion, his mother agreed to allow him to go with me to Council. He was equipped with an old rusty 16, double-barrelled gun, which he had borrowed from one of his friends, and a broad and expectant smile. He was placed on a stand far enough away from all the men-folk to be certain that he would not mistake and shoot any of them for deer, when, lo and behold, luck was with him and these two fine buck came across his path and he downed one with each barrel. John was one proud boy among a bunch of surprised, old and tried deer hunters. He certainly made a name for himself as these were among the largest buck that have ever been killed at the club.

In closing this story may I point out with emphasis that all this sport, pleasure, and good fellowship has been made possible by the far-seeing vision of John P. Council in the conversation of wild life.

ning of the abundance of deer that now roam the club range and surrounding territory, in fact the club range is a reservoir for an overflow to the surrounding sections furnishing sport and pleasure to hundreds of sportsmen.

There were no game laws to speak of back in those days and the wonderful result brought about in the increase of game in this section was due to the sportsmanship of the community.

The North State Game club was incorporated in 1905 with a limited membership. Each season there are from 40 to 50 fine buck killed, but on account of the conservation method used, there are more deer there today than when I became a member 10 years or so ago. During my membership in this club, I have known of only one doe being killed by a member or guest of the club and that was a case of mistaken identity. To maliciously kill a doe would be a disgrace beyond the comprehension of sportsmanship.

Each morning, just before day-break, the blast of a hunter's horn is sounded by the club manager and we pile out from our warm blanket rolls, hover around a big lightwood fire in front of the bull-pen and slip into our clothes. After going through the necessary morning essentials, we have breakfast in the large dining room that accommodates approximately 30 people, broiled venison tenderloin being one of the delicacies we enjoy for this meal. After breakfast has been served, the horn sounds again and we form a semi-circle in front of the dining room, count off to see how many standers are there; receive instructions as to the morning's hunt plus the warning that there has never been an accident due to the carelessness of any of its members or guests, and are requested to maintain that record and be careful, remembering not

and in 30 minutes you hear dogs running North, East, South and West. You are just as apt to have a deer come up behind you as you are in front of you, in fact, most of the deer killed at this club are not even being trailed by a dog, they were skulking out, and a skulking deer is apt to be a big buck.

At 12 o'clock, the horn is blown to call off the morning hunt and we proceed back to the club for lunch. After lunch, we again form a semi-circle and follow the same procedure as in the morning and go out at two o'clock for the afternoon hunt. Our State Game law limits the number of deer each person may kill per season to one buck deer per day, or three per season. If you are so fortunate as to kill a deer in the morning, then it is not possible for you to go hunting in the afternoon, however, there are many other things to do around the club, for instance, there is a large fishing pond full of bream and bass, also duck hunting, bird hunting and squirrel hunting.

The afternoon hunt is more interesting to me because the deer are jumped without the necessary trailing as in the morning, the race is faster and more furious, and then too, it seems in the afternoon that the dogs seem to pack together better and you have a most beautiful and thrilling chase. This I enjoy as much, or more than the actual killing of a deer. Two horses are provided, one for the manager of the club and one for the stand master. These horses are used to bring in from the woods the deer that have been killed. It would be almost impossible to get the deer out by any other means as they are usually killed some distance from the road in the forest.

Many a brave heart that started out with enthusiasm that morning comes back at night only to attend Shirt Tail Court and to be relieved of a piece of their flannel. Those who are lucky enough to kill a buck get a good paddling, or if it is their first buck, their faces are smeared with it's blood.

After the afternoon's hunt, and after packing away a large supply of boiled venison, we sit around the camp-fire in front of the bull-pen. The bull-pen is a lean-to-shelter 30 by 50 feet, with the open side to the fire and around this fire is a semi-circle of benches. This is where the Shirt Tail Court is held and where all the wild tales of the day are expounded. By the way, in the light of this beautiful fire, I had the humiliation this year of having my most valued hunting shirt uncomfortably shortened in the rear. It really was not my fault, but the prosecuting attorney, Judge Don Phillips, was too good for my representative and rather than go to the humiliation of having my shirt cut all the way up to my shoulders, I took the case out of my representative's hand and compromised with a cut of six inches; however, I think it was nearer 12.

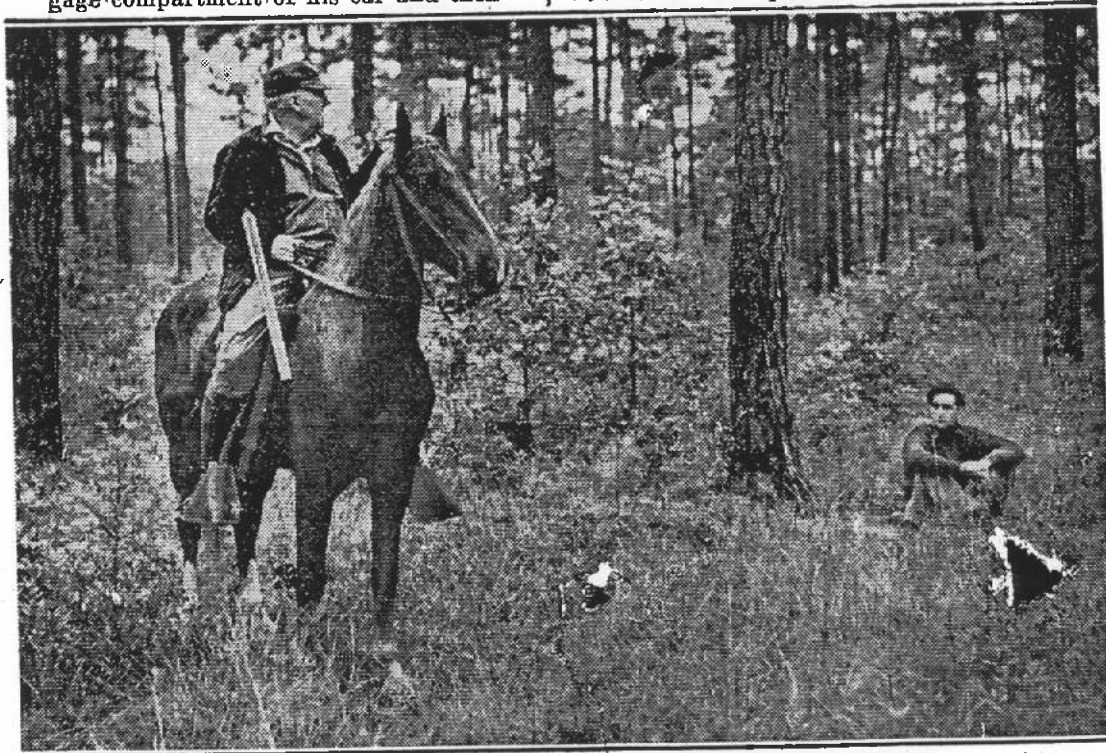
And so the hunt goes on from day to day, each adding new thrills, new stories and new records of prevarication. These hunts furnish those who are interested in wild life an excellent opportunity to study the habits of deer, as to how they feed, what they feed on, where they rest during the day and the runs they take when frightened. A deer is one of the most intelligent



### Getting Ready for North State Gun Club Hunt

While the standers are being placed around the hunting grounds, this hunter places his hounds in the baggage compartment of his car and then

leaves for the forest, where he lets them loose in search of a trail. Once they "jump" a buck, they keep chasing it until the deer passes line of standers.



### State Senator Clyde Council Places Standers

But the moment the Senator, on horseback, shows up, he finds this stander acting the role of a "sitter." The "sitter" is Seth Gordorn jr., son of the director of the Pennsylvania Game

Commission and a member of the North Carolina conservation staff. Senator Council, who succeeded his father as director of hunt, knows practically every inch of the 16,000 acres.



**CLIPPING** Pvt. Charles M. Johnson, Jr., son of the State Treasurer and now in France, clipped a picture from The Stars and Stripes, Army newspaper, and sent it to his Dad.

Son Charlie thought his Dad would be interested in the picture, although it is very dim, since it showed a group of deer hunters cutting off the shirttail of one unfortunate hunter who had missed his shot. The cutting-off process is a tradition among deer hunters, and Private Johnson remembered that he and his Dad had witnessed such scenes many times while on deer hunts in Eastern North Carolina.

What Private Johnson didn't know, however, was that his own Dad is in the picture. The scene of the picture was at the North State Game Club in Bladen County, and it was taken about a year ago. Treasurer Johnson identified others in the picture as: Paul Whitlock of Charlotte; Sheriff David Jones of New Hanover; John Curry of Rockingham; Joe Brinkley of Wilmington (who was having his shirttail cut off); former State Senator Clyde Council of Wannamaker, and a Penninger of Rockingham whose first name Treasurer Johnson could not recall yesterday.

Had the picture been clearer, Private Johnson also would have recognized Council, who officiated at the ceremonies when Private Johnson, at the age of 9, had his own shirttail cut off at the same block. Private Johnson, who has been overseas for six months, is serving with the Seventh Army in France.



### Here One Hunter Is Paying the Penalty

shouted the jury without to retire and consider the plea that the buck was far beyond the range of a shotgun loaded

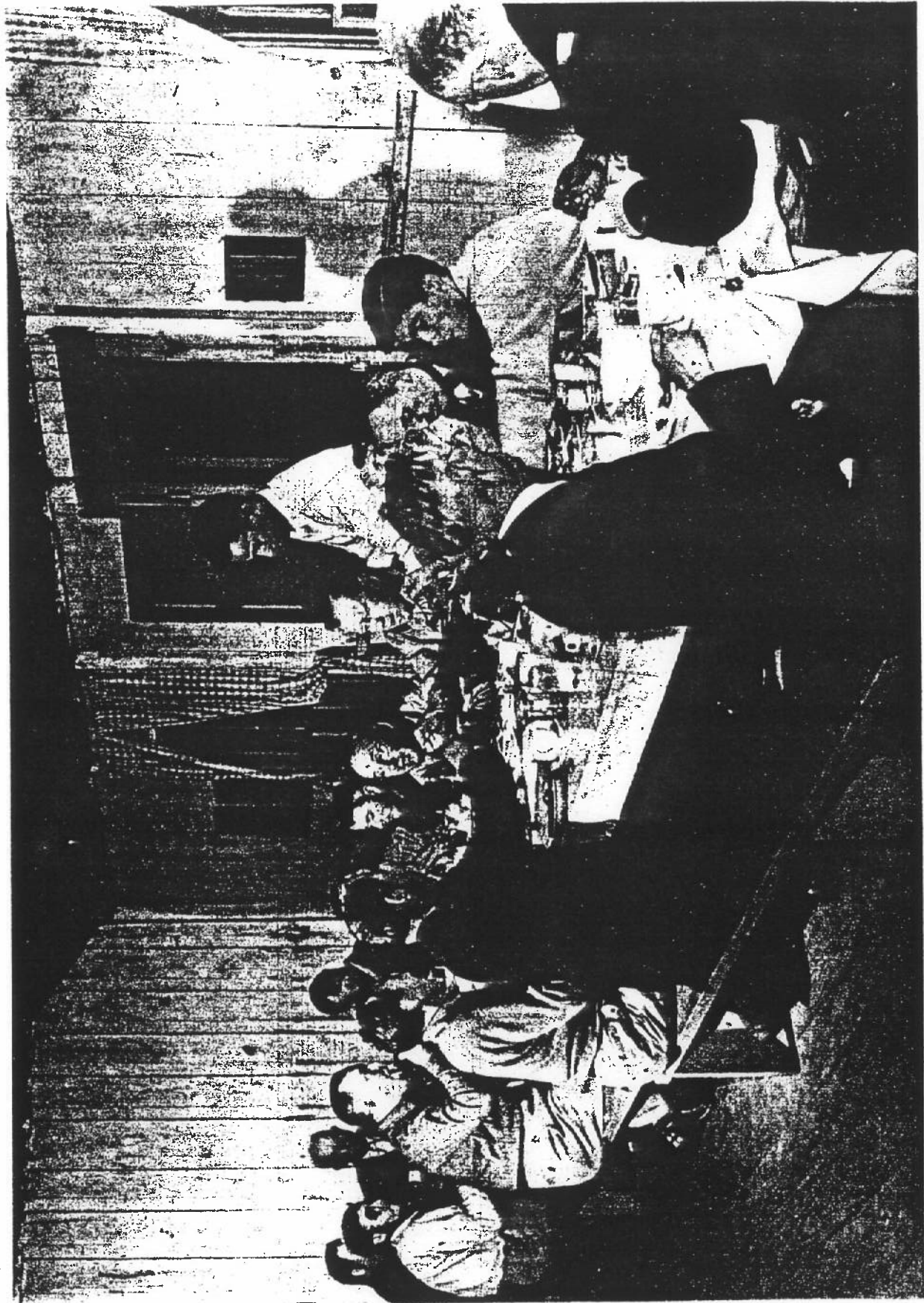
with buckshot. "Off with his shirttail" was verdict of the court, and justice was administered promptly with huge knife the club keeps for purpose.



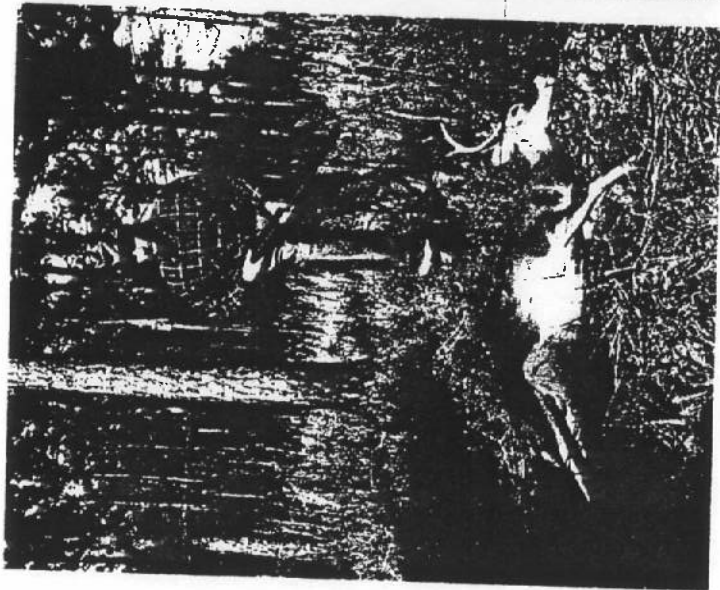
### Successful Nimrods Shown With Their Catch

These fortunate hunters, displaying wide grins, pose for the photographer after they hung up their catch for skinning when the day's sport was

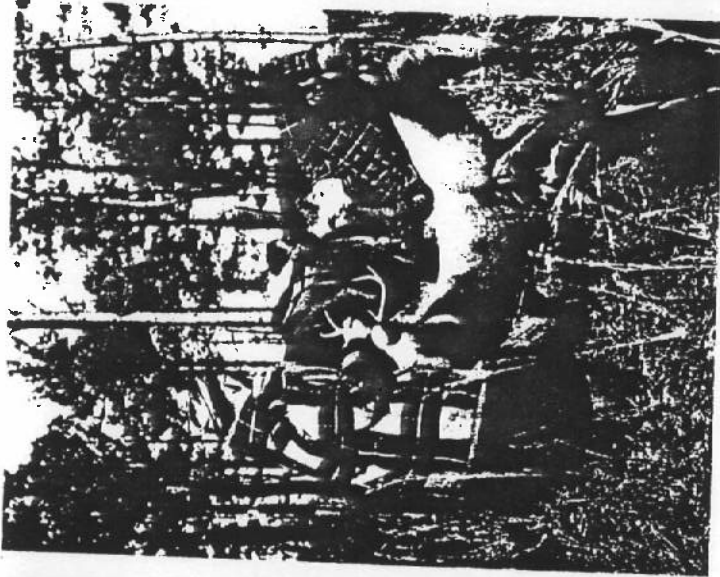
over. This club operates in Bladen county, N. C., and since it was organized 40 years ago, not a serious accident has occurred.



The climactic event of the day at this North Carolina club is the sampling of the day's bag—spiced with stories of near misses.



**THE FIRST BUCK** of the day. The huntmaster, mounted on a horse, will come for the quarry.

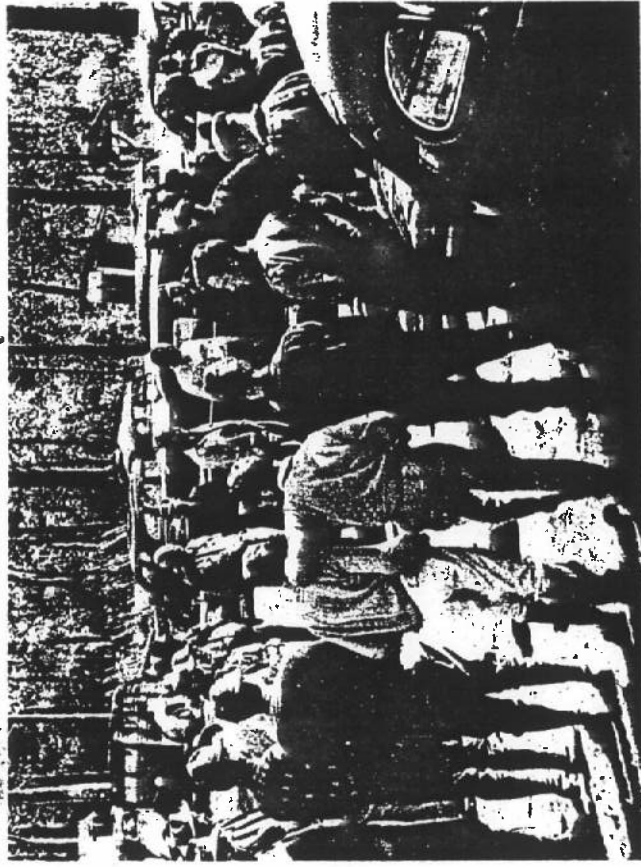


**THE HUNTMASTER** will assist in slinging the catch on a pole and carrying it to a car on the road.

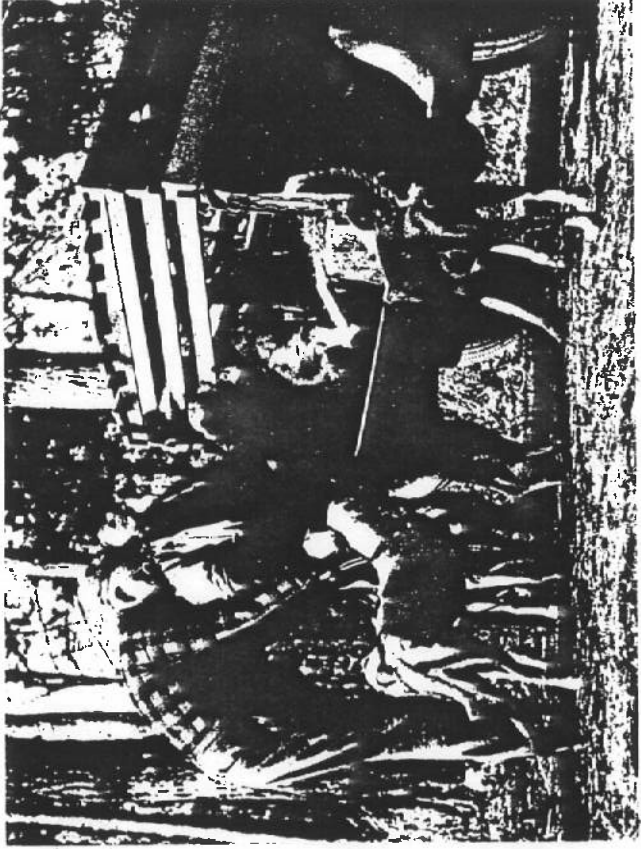


**"BIG JOHN" CURRY** hasn't missed a meet in 49 years, skins and butchers the kill, as only he can.

# ALL OUT FOR THE BUCKS—Continued



**BEFORE** the hunt starts the members count off and are assigned "stands." An experienced hunter has the job of supervising several of these posts.



**MEMBERS** of the hunt assemble the eager dogs prior to the start of the day's shooting, and take them to the section of the woods to be worked that day.



**HUNTERS** START out for their posts. If the hunt-



**SHOTGUNS**, not rifles, are used for deer hunting



**BILL SHARPE**, of Raleigh, and one of the hounds

THE TRUE STORY OF  
HOW THE "FIRST CABIN" (MAYFLOWER) WAS BUILT

September 30, 1946.

Hon. Charles M. Johnson  
Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Charlie:

Seems like I have about retired from the deer hunting business. The only deer hunting I have done in the past five years, I believe, is a two day trip I took to Council year before last and a short hunt or two I had with Dave Henry in South Carolina, therefore I have no need for my cots and the cabin space at the North State Club. It is the left hand space as you enter the door, for two cots. You have slept there many times. There are two iron cots and the mattresses that go with them. When that cabin was originally built I obtained the permission from Mr. John Pickett Council to build it for Henry Wall, Bill Stewart, Jim McHair, Ernest Hardin and myself. Henry Wall, of course, is dead, and I believe Ernest Hardin disposed of his interest. So much for the past history of it. Clyde is familiar with the situation as it was originally set up. Now, if you will accept my interest in the outfit, it will give me pleasure to pass it on to you so that you can continue to snore and grit your teeth while sleeping, as you usually do.

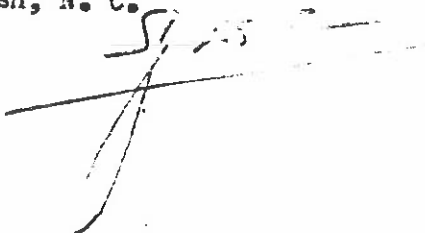
Trusting that you are enjoying the usual good health and success, and with all good wishes, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

John D. Chalk

JDC/vw

Copy to: Mr. K. Clyde Council  
Wannanish, N. C.



## Clyde Council

A Tribute from the  
"Journal of Forestry"  
of August, 1951.

K. Clyde Council, 65, industrialist, statesman, sportsman, and pioneer conservationist died suddenly of a heart attack at his home in Wananish, N. C.

A former state senator and member of the N. C. Board of Conservation and Development, Mr. Council contributed much to the development of North Carolina's forestry program. He was a past-president and, at the time of his death, a director of the North Carolina Forestry Association.

For 30 years he was president and treasurer of the Council Tool Company, manufacturers of about 90 per cent of the tools used in the turpentine industry in the United States. As owner of extensive forest holdings in southeastern North Carolina, he was a pioneer and enthusiastic booster of scientific forest management. His properties were among the first to be certified under the N. C. Tree Farms program.

Mr. Council was president and chairman of the board of the nine-branch Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company, A trustee of the Greater University of North Carolina, a director of the Tide Water Power Company and the Carolina Telephone Company. He was also a trustee of the Columbus County Hospital, chairman of the board of deacons of the Waccamaw Presbyterian Church, member of the Lake Waccamaw Lion's Club, associate member of the Society of American Foresters.

Mrs. K. Clyde Council has many friends in Monroe who will regret to know that she is very ill at her home in Waccamaw, following a heart attack she suffered six hours after the death of her husband Sunday, June 24th. Three nurses are attending Mrs. Council. Her sister, Mrs. Carlyle Crosland of Monroe, is at her bedside.

## K. CLYDE COUNCIL

LAKE WACCAMAW, June 25—Funeral services for K. Clyde Council, prominent banker and manufacturer, will be held from his lakeside home at Lake Waccamaw at 11 a.m. Tuesday.

The Rev. C. W. Worth of Aberdeen, former pastor of Mr. Council, will officiate. Interment will be in Lake Waccamaw Cemetery. Mr. Council, 65, died suddenly at his home Sunday night.

All branches of the nine-branch Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company, of which Mr. Council was president and chairman of the board, will be closed Tuesday.

For more than 30 years, Mr. Council was president and treasurer of Council Tool Company of Wananish, which was founded by his father, the late John Pickett Council.

Mr. Council served as a state senator for one term. He was a director of Tide Water Power Company.

Mr. Council was a past president and a director in the North Carolina Forestry Association and was a director of Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company. He was chairman of the board of deacons of the Lake Waccamaw Presbyterian Church.

He was a member of the board of trustees of the Greater University of North Carolina and was a former member of the state Conservation and Development Board. He was a member of the board of trustees of Columbus County Hospital in Whiteville and of the Lake Waccamaw Lions Club.

He owned extensive property in Bladen and Columbus Counties.

Mr. Council is survived by his widow, Mrs. Emma Cole Council; two daughters, Mrs. Carolyn Averitt of Fayetteville, and Mrs. Jane Cole Gregg of Lake Waccamaw; two brothers, John M. Council and Edison Council, both of Lake Waccamaw; one sister, Mrs. Agnes Lytton, Lake Waccamaw; and five grandchildren.

The family requested today that no flowers be sent.

## Death of Mr. Council

K. Clyde Council, age 65, died Sunday night at his home in Wananish, Columbus County. He was president and treasurer of the Council Tool Company for 30 years, president and chairman of the board of the Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company, a trustee of the University of North Carolina and a former state senator. He had a host of friends all over North Carolina and was popular with all who knew him.

## Dies

Wananish, June 24.—K. Clyde Council, about 65, died tonight at 9 o'clock while lying on a couch on the back porch of his home here. Death was due to a heart attack.

Council was president and treasurer of the Council Tool Company for 30 years, president and chairman of the board of the nine-branch Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company, a trustee of the University of North Carolina, a trustee of Columbus County Hospital and a former State Senator.

In addition, he was a director of the Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Tide Water Power Company, and a former president of the N. C. Forestry Association. He served as chairman of the board of deacons of Lake Waccamaw Presbyterian Church.

Surviving are his wife, the former Emma Cole; two daughters, Mrs. Carolyn Averitt of Fayetteville, Mrs. Jane Cole Gregg of Wananish; two brothers, John M. Council and Edison M. Council, both of Lake Waccamaw; one sister, Mrs. Agnes Lytton.

## CLYDE COUNCIL DIES SUDDENLY

Former State Senator Succumbs To Heart Attack At His Home Near Whiteville.

(Reprinted From Yesterday's Late Edition)

WHITEVILLE, June 24.—K. Clyde Council, former State senator and a trustee of the Greater University of North Carolina, died suddenly at 9 a.m. today of a heart attack at his home in Wananish.

Widely known in business and public life in Columbus county and throughout the State, Mr. Council held positions as president and board chairman of the Waccamaw Bank and Trust company for twenty-five years, trustee of Columbus county hospital, director of Tidewater Power company, and director of the Carolina Telegraph and Telephone company.

He was also chairman of the board of deacons of Lake Waccamaw Presbyterian church and a former member of the State Board of Conservation and Development.

Funeral arrangements are incomplete.

Surviving Council are his wife, the former Miss Emma Cole; two daughters, Mrs. Carolyn Averitt of Fayetteville and Mrs. James Cole Gregg of Lake Waccamaw; two brothers, John M. and Edison M. of Wananish; and one sister, Mrs. Agnes Lytton.

## Mr. K. Clyde Council

"He was a big hearted man."

Thus a Wilmington friend of K. Clyde Council who knew him from his college days onward describes the Columbus county banker and industrialist whose death has shocked southeastern North Carolina.

The two had been closely bound by ties of friendship and business for forty years. In further tribute, the Wilmingtonian adds that Mr. Council continually went out of his way to help unfortunates, with an especial fondness for farmers.

His business career started when his father, J. P. Council, died and he took over the operation and administration of the Council Tool Company at Wananish. It is especially interesting in Wilmington to know that the father owned and promoted the settlement of Sunset Park.

Having what it takes to get ahead, the son Clyde, in addition to the tool plant, was soon also engaged in the banking business. When the final summons came, he was chairman of the board and president of the Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company, with headquarters in Whiteville and eight branches located in Chadbourn, Tabor City, Fairmont, Clarkton, Kenansville, Rose Hill, Southport and Shallotte.

One would suppose that with such heavy business responsibilities Mr. Council would have followed the example of many busy men and dodged political and civic duties. On the contrary, he served in many posts, all of which required much time and thought.

For example he was on the Columbus County Board of Education and the Board of County Commissioners for varying periods. He was a member of the state senate; a trustee of the University of North Carolina; trustee of the Columbus County hospital; member of the state Conservation and Development board, and a director of the Tide Water Power Company.

Probably no resident of southeastern North Carolina in recent years was in touch with so broad a cross-section of the population. It is the general testimony that he gave the best there was in him to every task he undertook and that his judgment and vision — no less than his friendship — were an asset to the entire area.

### KITCHEN CLYDE COUNCIL

LAKE WACCAMAW, June 27.—Funeral services for Kinchen Clyde Council, 65, who died Sunday, were held at his home here, this morning.

For more than 30 years, Mr. Council was president and treasurer of Council Tool Company of Wananish, which was founded by his father, the late John Pickett Council. He was also president and chairman of the board of directors of the nine-branch Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company of Whiteville.

Mr. Council was a past president and a director in the North Carolina Forestry Association and was a director of Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company. He was chairman of the board of deacons of the Lake Waccamaw Presbyterian Church.

## Council, UNC Trustee, Dies

WHITEVILLE — K. Clyde Council, former State senator and a trustee of the Greater University of North Carolina, died suddenly yesterday morning at his home in Wananish following a heart attack.

Funeral arrangements are incomplete.

Mr. Council was widely known in

business and public life in Columbus County and in the state. He had held positions as president and board chairman of the Waccamaw Bank & Trust Co.; trustee of Columbus County Hospital; director of Tidewater Power Co. and director of the Carolina Telegraph & Telephone Co.

He was also chairman of the board of deacons of Lake Waccamaw Presbyterian Church and a former member of the State Board of Conservation and Development.

He is survived by his wife, the former Miss Emma Cole; two daughters, Mrs. Carolyn Averett of Fayetteville and Mrs. James Cole Gregg of Lake Waccamaw; two brothers, John M. Council and Edison M. Council of Wananish; and one sister, Mrs. Agnes Lytton.

### Dies

Wananish, June 24.—K. Clyde Council, about 65, died tonight at 9 o'clock while lying on a couch on the back porch of his home here. Death was due to a heart attack.

Council was president and treasurer of the Council Tool Company for 30 years, president and chairman of the board of the nine-branch Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company, a trustee of the University of North Carolina, a trustee of Columbus County Hospital and a former State senator.

In addition, he was a director of the Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Tide Water Power Company, and a former president of the S. C. Forestry Association. He served as chairman of the board of deacons of Lake Waccamaw Presbyterian Church.

Surviving are his wife, the former Emma Cole; two daughters, Mrs. Carolyn Averett of Fayetteville, Mrs. Jane Cole Gregg of Wananish; two brothers, John M. Council and Edison M. Council, both of Lake Waccamaw; one sister, Mrs. Agnes Lytton.

## K. CLYDE COUNCIL DIES IN COLUMBUS

### Prominent Industrialist Of SENC Succumbs At Lake Waccamaw

LAKE WACCAMAW, June 24.—Kinchen Clyde Council, prominent Southeastern North Carolina industrialist and well known throughout the state, died suddenly at his home here about 8:45 tonight. He was 65.

For more than 30 years, Mr. Council was president and treasurer of Council Tool Company of Wananish, which was founded by his father, the late John Pickett Council. He was also president and chairman of the board of directors of the nine-branch Waccamaw Bank and Trust Company of Whiteville.

Mr. Council served as a state senator for one term. He was a director of Tide Water Power Company.

Mr. Council was a past president and a director in the North Carolina Forestry Association and was a director of Carolina Telephone and Telegraph Company. He was chairman of the board of deacons of the Lake Waccamaw Presbyterian Church.

He was a member of the board of trustees of the Greater University of North Carolina and was

a former member of the state Conservation and Development Board. He was a member of the board of trustees of Columbus County Hospital in Whiteville and of the Lake Waccamaw Lions Club.

He owned extensive property in Bladen and Columbus Counties.

Mr. Council is survived by his wife, Mrs. Emma Cole Council; two daughters, Mrs. Carolyn Averitt of Fayetteville, and Mrs. Jane Cole Gregg of Lake Waccamaw; two brothers, John M. Council and Edison Council, both of Lake Waccamaw; one sister, Mrs. Agnes Lytton, Lake Waccamaw; and five grandchildren.

Funeral arrangements will be announced later by McKenzie Mortuary in Whiteville.

1953

MEMBERS OF NORTH STATE GAME CLUB

We have just completed a good hunt. While we only got four deer (missed five we know about), we fed the boys broil for supper every day Sunday through Saturday except Thursday, Thanksgiving, a day dedicated to "His Majesty" Turkey and Country Ham and a "buffet job" at evening time which all enjoyed. Only had one dissenting comment on not having broil Thursday night, and that was from a visitor, not a guest or member. (That really perplexed the management???) Anyway, when hunt was over we had enough venison to divide a whole deer among such members as were present and had enough left to feed two meals at next hunt.

We had a good crowd. The glamour boys dressed by L. L. Beane were out in great number. The near-rich from Sears-Roebuck and God fearing souls, real deer killers, attired in raiment of North Friar Mercantile Company were there. Everybody had a good time. The dogs really entertained, and the least lost motion I have ever seen on a hunt.

The next hunt will be the week following Christmas. Supper will be served Sunday night the 27th through Friday the 1st. Plan now to be there and bring a guest. If you are not there you will miss a good time.

Now we want to see everybody who was at the last hunt and Alex Guion, Davis Bruton, Ed Cato, Dial Gray, Hardison, Jim Lybrand, Pop LeNeave, Marshall, Swinson, and Erk Smith there next time. We missed you Thanksgiving. Come on down.

Sincerely,

*Russell Council*

Russell Council



*The North State Game Club, Inc.*

*Council, North Carolina*

*(Since 1906)*

December 11, 1953

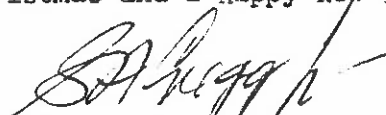
Gentlemen:

By Russell's last letter you were advised that our next hunt would begin on Monday, December 28th, and would extend through New Year's Day. Camp will be open Sunday night for supper. If possible, inform your secretary of your plans so that he may pass on this information to the "chef".

To those who have been absent, we have missed you and do hope that you will be able to attend our last hunt.

At our last meeting two new members were added to our membership-- Dr. Jerry Freeman of Wilmington and Dr. Douglas Clark of Lumberton. To these two new members your secretary sends their first notice of a hunt and with this, our club's feeling of comradeship. We welcome you.

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

  
S. A. Gregg, Jr.  
Secretary

STATEMENT OF NORTH GAME CLUB AS OF DECEMBER 16, 1953.

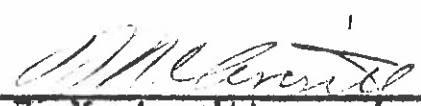
Balance in Waccamaw Bank, 1-1-53	\$3295.13
Deposits during year	5318.13
Total Receipts	<u>8613.26</u>
Total Checks	6065.99
Balance in Bank, 12-16-53	<u>2547.27</u>
Checks on hand	300.00
Balance due from members	375.00
Total	<u>\$3222.27</u>

Accounts Payable

L. P. Borter Estate	\$ 95.34
C. W. Smith -December pay	100.00
N. S. Timberland Acct--Averitt lease	600.00
	<u>895.34</u>
Net	<u>\$2426.93</u>

Checks Summarized for 1953

Council Tool Co., coal, heater, etc.	134.10
C. W. Smith -12 months salary	1200.00
C. W. Smith, dog feed through 12-5-53	830.50
Council Tool Co., Groceries Dec. '52 Hunt	135.52
4 County Electric - year	43.02
Veterinary fees - T. B. Campbell	21.00
Sanderline-Maultsby - Lumber	57.60
C. W. Smith -camp wood	80.00
Lease-Int. paper	160.09
Lease-Mrs. Mattie Holmes Estate	350.00
Lease-Mrs. S. A. Gregg, Jr.	600.00
Council Tool Co., pump, pipe	240.89
H. M. Chason, Bladen Tax Collector	36.43
The Leathercraft Co., dog collars	41.95
Sanderlin-Maultsby, Bridge Lumber	52.48
Quality-Motor Co., truck	1385.48
Council Tool Co. Refrigerator	250.24
C. W. Smith-Camp help and gas advance	151.00
J. D. Peterson-Installing ranges	27.80
Sanderlin-Maultsby Lumber Co., dog truck body	12.44
C. W. Smith-Camp help, cleaning	28.00
J. L. Hardee--Roof Repair	18.00
C. Squires, For roofing	43.78
J. W. Murchison Co.	108.68
L. P. Porter Estate	6.99
C. W. Smith-gas advance	50.00
Total	<u>\$6065.99</u>

  
F. M. Averitt,  
Treasurer.

1953

NORTH STATE GAME CLUB

Members of the North State Game Club:

A good many years ago it was decided we would dedicate the hunt we had each year between Christmas and New Years as the Boy's Hunt. The custom has been a great success. Sons of members on their holiday vacation would come and bring their friends. Those members of the club who only take a week or two vacation each year and come to North Friar to relax, tell their new stories (some old) and indulge in the art of "Working the Pump Handle" have rejoiced in the fact that our first two hunts each year are for "Men Only". Anyway the boy's are most welcome to the holiday hunt. Come and have a good time.

I am enclosing a post card. Fill out and mail by December 19.


I hope every member will be at this hunt. Supper will be served Sunday night, December 27 through January 1. If you find you can't be at the whole hunt, send a guest. It is hard to put on a good hunt with less than 25 people.

We have done some work to be able to put on a couple of new hunts this time. Charley and Ed have located a good bunch of deer in Big Island and along Pasture Branch. We have not hunted that in a long time. They should pay off better than Rabbit Bay did this year.

Get your card back to me at Councils.

May you and yours have a happy Christmas.

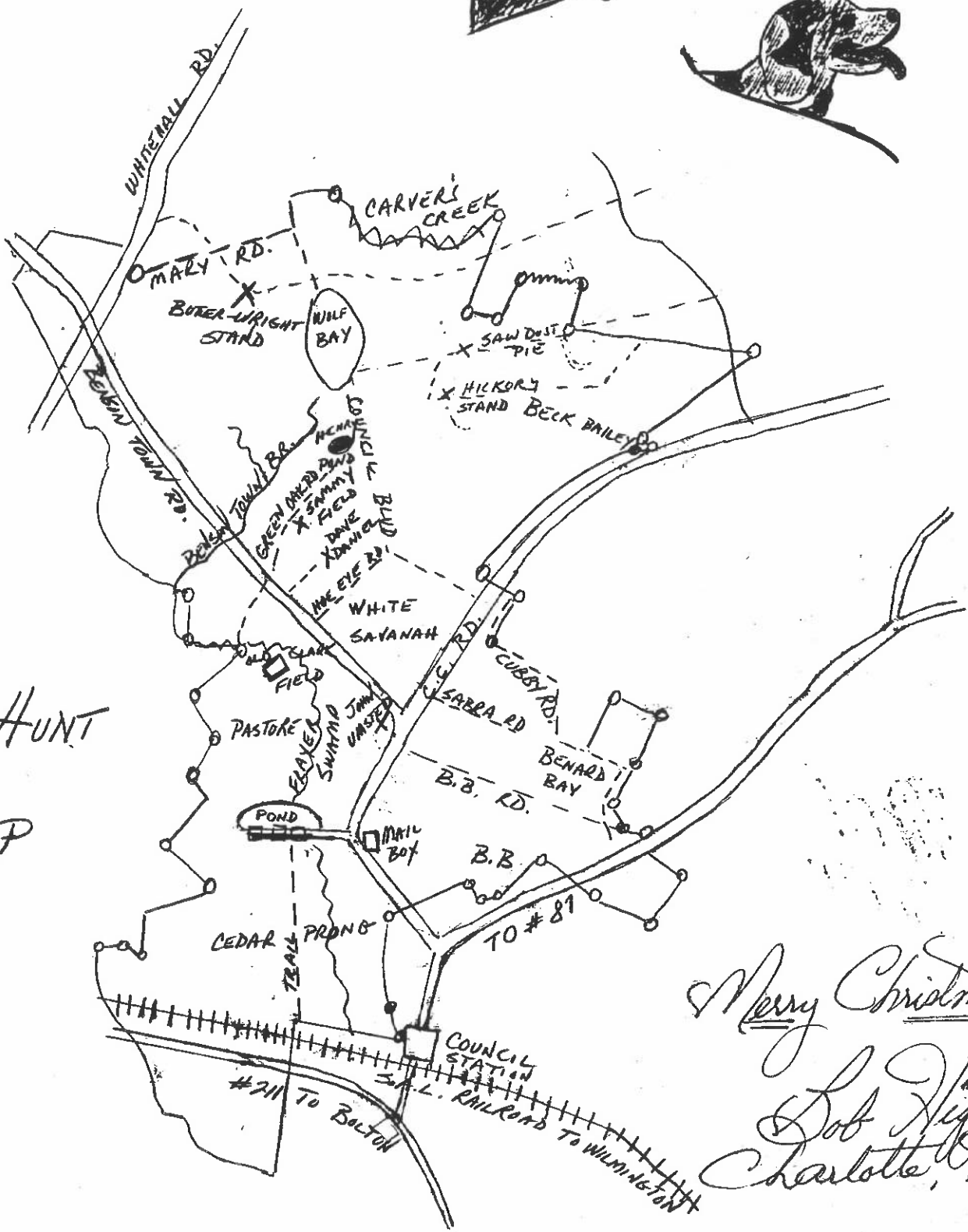
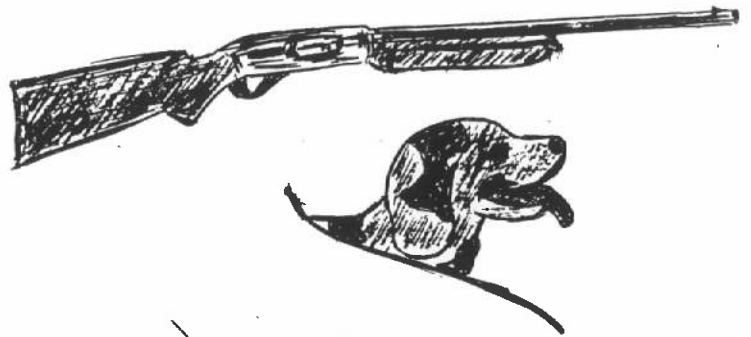
Sincerely,



Russell Council

4607

# NORTH STATE GUN CLUB - COUNCIL, N. C.



THE HUNT  
AT  
CAMP

Merry Christmas!  
Bob Higgins  
Charlotte, N. C.

Club letters by A. R. Council while he was huntmaster and major domo in 1954 - from an old file of his found at camp after his death

## RUSSELL COUNCIL

SHARPS, VA.

September 29, 1954

I have some other letters from members in response to some of these - Bill Stewart, Homer Lang, Guy Carswell, Stewart Gordon, Frank Averitt, Hervey Evans et al

### Members of North State Game Club:

The cool mornings and frosty air is a reminder for the "Deer Slayers" to assemble on North Friar. There have been so many changes at the camp. About the only things you will recognize is the Bull Pen with a new coat of whitewash, the ump, with a new pitcher, and Charley Smith with a "new look."

I will not try to tell you all we have done for your comfort and pleasure. Just wait and see. Will say the dam has been fixed, cabins all remodeled to a King's taste, and more fire lanes built than you could imagine. We have a boulevard from John Umstead's stand at corner of Mill Dam to Hawk Pond on highway (through Bernard Bay). Also, from Ad Gillespies west to Paradise. All told about six miles of wide open stands. On six hunts you can really wrap up.

We are calling first hunt October 18th, 19th, and 20th. Supper Sunday night the 17th. We are having it first three days of week. First, our dogs are soft. They can't hold out for whole week. Second, Neisler will be hunting then, and we can enjoy each others hunt. We will plan another three day hunt in early November. Then a short hunt for the wives and girl friends to follow the second hunt. We will plan to hunt entire week of Thanksgiving. Then the hunt for boys, to be held week following Christmas.

Plan to be at this first hunt. Bring a guest. If anything should happen you can't make first hunt, send a guest. Annual meeting Tuesday night, October 19th.

No ticks or redbugs. Why should there be with three boulevards? They don't have any on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, or Broadway in New York.

Good dogs, lots of deer, nice beds, and excellent food. Come on down.

Sincerely,

P. S.  
Dues \$150.00. Send check to Frank Averitt, Box 1243, Fayetteville, N. C.

# RUSSELL COUNCIL

SHARPS, VA.

October 7, 1954

## Members of North State Game Club:

The cool mornings and frosty air is a reminder for the "Deer Slayers" to assemble on North Friar. There have been so many changes at the camp. About the only things you will recognize is the Bull Pen with a new coat of whitewash, the pump with a new pitcher, and Charley Smith with a "new look."

I will not try to tell you all we have done for your comfort and pleasure. Just wait and see. Will say the dam has been fixed, cabins all remodded to a King's taste, more fire lanes built than you could imagine. We have a boulevard from John Umstead's stand at corner of Mill Dam to Hawk Pond on highway (through Bernard Bay). Also, from Ad Gillespies west to Paradise. All told about six miles of wide open stands. On six hunts you can really wrap up.

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Good dogs, lots of deer, nice beds, and excellent food. Come on down.

Sincerely,

P. S.

Dues \$150.00. Send check to Frank Averitt, Box 1243, Fayetteville, N. C.

RUSSELL COUNCIL

SHARPS, VA.

October 27, 1954

Dear Member of North State Game Club and Your Sweet Wife:

Considering what Hazel left with us, we had a good hunt, missing five, getting two; dogs tender, weather hot, and hunters tender too. Anyway, we have lots of deer, and we will be able to get to them on next hunt, which will be November 4, 5, and 6th for members and their guests. Dinner Wednesday night, the 3rd.

Now, the first hunt we have ever put on for the wives of our club members and their guests will be on November 8, and 9th. Dinner will be served Sunday night, November 7, at 7 o'clock.

We want you all to plan to be with us, as the writer believes he can get the lady folks to stay on their stands and get a deer. We will have a three hour hunt each morning and a two hour hunt in the afternoon, giving you ample time for a siesta. Please come.

In all seriousness you will have a good time. Try to be with us and let's make these two days hunt for the ladies a big success.

The next hunt for men will be entire week of Thanksgiving, beginning supper Sunday night the 21st. The boy's hunt will be December 29, 30, and 31st. We have about fourteen new dogs for next hunt.

Write me a letter and let me know when you will be there and how long you will stay so I can figure on the help and make proper plans to feed you well. I have sent two hundred postcards for you to sign and return in the past two years and I have only gotten back twenty-three. So write me a short note.

Sincerely,

*Russell*

# A. R. COUNCIL

Sharps, Virginia

November 15, 1954

Members of North State Game Club:

I am convinced more than ever of the old saying, "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world". The ladies know how to hunt. They came garbed in the best of Beane; some were clad by Gokey, some were Ivey's, and one or two from Sears and Roebuck. It was really a sight to behold.

They did not talk back, went to their stands, hid off the road, didn't cough and parade and carry on a conversation with the next stander, and stayed there until I called them off at 11:30 and 5:30. They saw every deer jump the first day in the Campbell woods, fifteen does and one buck, even knew the color of some of the does' eyes. We didn't get a deer the first day, but got two nice bucks the second morning, a nine pointer and a cow horn.

I have about come to the conclusion it would be a good idea to have the "Precious Things" on every hunt.

Girls, come again. You know the score.

After the first day or the "count-off", I had ten applications for a "fire builder" in the Co-Ed cabin, among whom was Uncle Buck, Big John, Joe Wiggins, Swinson and others. I took the job.

Our next hunt will be Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 24, 25, 26, and 27th. We will have dinner Tuesday night the 23rd at 6:30. I previously wrote you we will come in on Sunday night, but this has been cancelled due to the condition of the territory since "Hazel" went through, and the dryness. We can't take a six day hunt now. Now come on and let's hunt four solid days and I hope everybody will be there for the whole hunt. Bring a guest, and if you can't come, send someone. We can put on a hunt with twenty standers. You can't put on a hunt with six.

Write me a letter and let me know you will be there so we can anticipate our dining room requirements.

Sincerely,



RUSSELL COUNCIL

SHARPS, VA.

December 15, 1954

Members of North State Game Club:

We had a good hunt Thanksgiving week. Anytime you shoot at 15 deer, it is a good hunt. We only got two and that was not the deer's fault. They presented themselves, and if we forgot to load our guns or got the "safety" confused, it still was not the deer's fault. If we run the meat by you and you do not bring it into camp, why the next thing in order is "shirt tails", and next thing on the menu is "North Friar Pompano" (mullet).

We cut off so many shirt tails Friday night, the "refreshments" gave out and the axe got hot.

The boy's hunt (of course, grown folks are expected, too) will gather at the club Tuesday night, the 28th, for supper. We will hunt Wednesday the 29th through Friday the 31st, and if enough want to, at least twenty standers, we will hunt Saturday, January 1st, too.

Now, I want every one of you to come, bring a guest or send one, but let me know when you will be there and help us keep things going. It's your club and any suggestions will be most welcomed. Take off five minutes and write me here at Sharps, so we can have things lined up for you. Would request that the "Thick Blooded" young hunters bring their sleeping bags. By doing that, you help the "Old Folks" who have to lay down on a bed. You will all know about that when you pass fifty.

Hoping you and yours a grand Christmas, and we will plan a good New Year for you.

Now write me.

Sincerely,

Russell

so

Minutes of the State Game Club

Draft of  
the preceding  
letter

We had a very  
short Thanksgiving week. Anything you  
want at 15' DEFN - it is a good  
hunt - We only got two - and that  
~~was not~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> the deer's fault - They  
~~presented~~ <sup>presented</sup> themselves aloud, and if  
we forced to load our guns - on  
got the "Safety" engaged - it still  
was not the Deer's fault. If we  
~~can~~ <sup>RUN</sup> the meat by you - and you  
do not bring <sup>them</sup> it into <sup>Camp</sup> - why  
the next thing in order is "shirt tails" -  
and next thing on the "KAKAU" is  
"North Frisa Pompano" (MULLITT.)

WE CUT OFF SO MANY SHIRT TAILS  
Friday night - THE "REFRESHMENTS"  
GAVE OUT AND THE AXE GOT LOST.

The Boy's Hunt (OF COURSE - FROM LETTER  
AND EXPECTED TOO) ON ~~THE NEXT HUNT~~  
WILL GATHER AT THE CLUB Tuesday night  
For supper - 28TH - We will  
HUNT - 29TH (Wednesday) thru Friday  
31ST AND IF ENOUGH WANT TOO - AT  
LEAST TWENTY STAGS - we will hunt

Mrs. A. Russell Council  
Milden Hall  
Sharps, Virginia

Saturday Jan 1, 1900

Now - I want very much of you to  
come - bring a suit or suit me -  
but let me know ~~what~~ when you  
will be there - and help me keep  
things going - For your clubs and  
any suggestions will be most  
welcome - Take off five minutes  
and write me here at Sharps - so  
we can have things lined up for  
you - ~~the~~ would regret that the  
"THICK BLOOD" - ~~you are~~ ~~forget~~ ~~to~~  
bring their shopping bags - By

doing that - you help the "Old Folks"  
who have to lay down on a bed -  
you will all know about that when  
you pass FIFTY -

Hoping you & yours & grand a good  
Christmas - and we will plan ~~the~~ a good  
New Year Fun for you -

Now with me -

Russell

Dec.16, 1954

Dear Captain Russell,

I plan to be at camp Tuesday Nite for supper and will have Bob with me. Jim Currie called me the other day and said to let him know so I may have that gentleman with me. Would like for you to personally see that some meat exposes itself to me or the boy. Be sure to bring some of yoursauce for the oysters, isn't that what you are serving the first nite?

Best wishes to you and the good wife for a Happy Holiday Season and we'll be seeing you.

regards,

Stewart.  
SG/s.

*The North State Game Club, Inc.*

*Council, North Carolina*

*(Since 1906)*

27 August 1956

Members of the North State Game Club:

With these cool mornings in Virginia (hope it's the same in North Carolina) makes one visualize that it's only six weeks before the first gathering along North Friar.

Cousin Ed Thompson, Frank Averitt, Bill McKay, Fred Barnett, "Big Jam", Dial Gray, Uncle Buck, Ed Hobbs, Charley Smith, and your Humble Servant met at the "Pump" in late June and formulated the ground work for the October hunt.

We have planted every available foot of ground in peas and corn to attract the deer and birds. I understand from those who roam the woods that we are blessed with a goodly quantity. Ed Hobbs and Dick Young say we have more than ever. We have checked a few signs around Hoe-Eye, Big Neck, Campbell Road and they look good. The Waccanaw Club, who are tops in deer prognostication, (about the same as Mr. Gallup is in politics) say we are better off than we have ever been. Anyway it does look good.

We have about all the dogs that we need. If any of you have one that is AA+1, bring it along. Don't bring anything but B+ or better.

We have on the new list for members, which has been passed by the executive committee, George Hook of Bessemer City, Tom Henderson of Charlotte, and Bud Baker of Lumberton. Any kick on either of these gentlemen, advise the writer by letter. Otherwise, we will inform them before the first hunt that they are members. We have three other vacancies which have come up since these gentlemen have been considered. Namely, Alex Guion, Davis Bruton, (who is sharing a membership with Lacey Tate, but is not active) and Bongy Hardison. We will need three new members to take their places.

The first hunt will be the 18, 19, and 20th of October, with supper on the night of Wednesday, the 17th, and the annual business meeting on the night of the 19th unless otherwise advised. I hope everybody can be there at the first hunt.

Sincerely yours,

*Russell*  
Russell

COMMONWEALTH CLUB

~~RICHMOND~~, VIRGINIA

SHAW 1/14/59

Dear Sandy -

I HAVE your letter of 11<sup>th</sup>  
THE FIRST WORD on Xmas Hunt - EXCEPT  
GROTHAN NITE - who lives in Richmond now  
gave me a short resume of what  
HE HAD done THERE - HE GOES HOME  
AFTER A. HE COME AND THAT IS FOR  
NEARLY EVERY HUNT.

I AM sorry you did no better, but  
such is luck. WERE you don't kill  
draw - THE PIRING room ECHOE'S - IN  
THE ILL - I KNOW all about THAT. WHEN  
you HAVE to buy \$5000 worth of dishes -  
or KITCHEN utensils - THAT ECHOE'S TOO.

ANYWAY, I will make a bet with you -  
IF you will put 6 STANDEW (with  
any kill & draw) for FRIER TO  
CLAYBROT DAY - (AS PER ATTACHED SHEET -)  
I will give \$10000 FOR EACH HUNT you  
do NOT HAVE a CHANCE TO SHOOT - IF you  
will give me \$5000 FOR EACH CHANCE you  
do SHOOT - I NEVER STAND IT IN MY  
LIFE SOMEBODY did NOT SHOOT - I didn't say  
K.I.V.

COMMONWEALTH CLUB  
RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Am glad John could put on a show that  
she had the right crowd. With I could  
have been there.

Anna has had a terrible cold for 3 weeks  
work, - she said it was a regular old  
Nigger cold. I told her that was a poor  
way to integrate, but about like it  
should be.

Give your Daddy my love - I do hope  
he will do better. Looks like we all got  
to falling to pieces when we got 65  
they bought to make back social security to  
55 - then maybe we could pay it a little

I watch Old Reliable every week to see  
when you see - I keep up with you  
had about to begin thinking you didn't  
love me -

Anyway - give Ma our love - and hope  
I can get down to see you before  
too long

Russell

## COUSIN RUSSELL HUNTS THE CAMPBELL WOODS

(Diagrams and notes in a letter from Russell Council to Sandy McKinnon written January 14, 1959 after the last season he hunted before his death.)

#1

"All stands on north are good. Anyone you love - put on #3 and 5, and especially love, put on #10 south of Pasture Branch. I know every foot of this 'cause I cut one two-horse wagon load of lightwood every Saturday during my youth - to keep warm - no oil or coal - for radiators or hot air."

"If you will put 6 standers (who can kill a deer) from Friar to Clayroot Bay I will give \$100.00 for each hunt you don't have a chance to shoot - if you will give me \$50.00 for each chance you do shoot. I never stood it in my life somebody did not shoot - I didn't say kill."



# 1

Clay Roof  
Box

NEISLA

NORTH FINE RIVER

LOW FLATS

OUTUM BAY

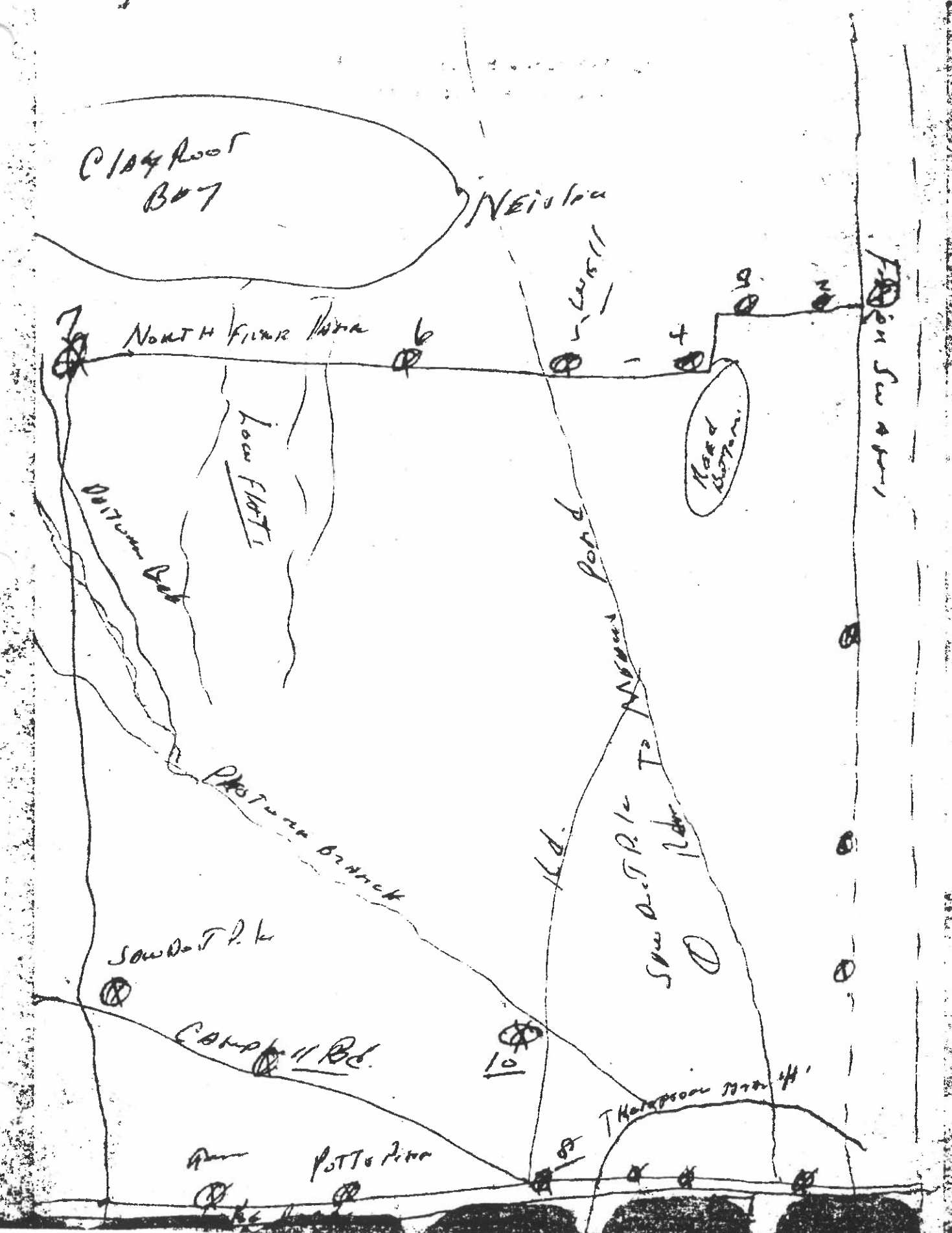
PASTURE BANK

LOW DIRT Pk

CAMP 11 Rd.

POTTU PIRA

THALAPPOON MIRA H.



#2

"This is west side of Campbell Woods - Clyde always said #21 was best place to kill a deer - I say #1 - at Campbell Branch - Papa always said #25 on west side of Campbell Branch - about 200 yards north of Campbell Road before you get to house - Uncle J. P. always said #30 on west side of pocossin. When they used to hunt this when I was a boy, if they had only two standers they put them on 25 and 30. If they had 3 they put third one at Pott's Pine if driving toward pocossin and they never missed. If you are driving north of tower - one at Well - #5, one at Thompson Branch - #8 on Page 1 - or Pott's Pine, and one at #25, Page 2, or Pott's Pine. Old John Currie laid more down at #8, Page 1, than all the rest of the hunt."

"#10 is where you shot the only deer you ever saw - I put you there and came back after you."

#12

No Five Lane

Norfolk Rd.

PASTOR GIBSON

2  
O  
SINK HOLE'S  
ALWAYS WATER

Black

Campbell Rd

Campbell Hill

Campbell  
Pond

Lake in Pond

Log  
Hobbs

old road to  
Campbell Hill

Campbell Hill

old road to  
Houlihan

Houlihan  
25  
2

Church

farm

Campbell  
Street

PUNCHBOWL  
RESTAURANT

H. J. TOP

C. C. D.  
THREE  
Ponds  
Potts Pine

Choking  
stone

Potts Pine

## 'THIS IS NO MEAT MARKET'

# Fun, Friendship And Venis

**COUNCIL**—There are many methods of hunting deer, several of which do not necessarily entail the killing of deer, and one of the best of these several is to belong to the North State Game Club.

The North State Game Club proudly admits that it's not only the oldest hunt club in North Carolina, but also the most exclusive. And it survived to its present state of treasured antiquity by the simple system of stressing camaraderie and friendship beyond the mere act of killing a deer.

An invitation to hunt with the North Staters is regarded as a real privilege—and to be a guest on one of their hunts is an experience that should never be turned down. This is common knowledge among Tar Heel deer hunters, and when Charlotte's Paul McGarity asked "Would you?" he got an immediate "Say when!"

"You can come, see, enjoy if you will," Paul said, "and the only other thing I would add is this—we don't run a meat market. It's no great calamity if we don't kill a deer every hunt."

This is a bit of philosophy that should be accepted by all deer hunters, anyway, but the North Staters have developed it and live by it. They're interested only in killing enough deer to make things interesting, and keep the camp supplied with its daily ration of venison.

The club was organized in 1906 on vast tracts of flat, sandy and sometimes swampy lands overlapping the Bladen County-Columbus County line near Lake Waccamaw. Its basic idea was to furnish controlled hunting of the area's deer, which had been brought back from a near-depleted state through efforts of the Council family.

★ ★ ★

**NATIVES** of the area around the turn of the century thought nothing of eating venison the year around, and whether the deer that furnished the meat had antlers meant little. The Councils enlisted the aid of other landowners and put a ban on deer killing for several years.

Enforcement of the ban depended on common assent, and the man who went right on with his deer killing was all but ostracized

## CAMOUFLAGE

# Ducks Will Make Circles To See

By B. KERMIT CALDWELL

The two greatest safety factors a wild duck possesses are his speed and instinctive ability to immediately detect anything unusual about the wild terrain he frequents.

Thus the duck hunter must not only practice and become adept at wing shooting, but must properly equip himself to meet the challenge of outwitting a wily opponent in his home territory.

His normal procedure in approaching a feeding or resting area is to warily circle above gun range while carefully inspecting the terrain until satisfied no danger exists. Mallards, at times, and especially if they have been shot at recently, will make from 25 to 75 inspection circles before landing.

There are exceptions to this rule however, when ducks



## Archery Strings



# on (Maybe)

by the community. This put a stop to all deer hunting, except for a few hard-hided poachers, and the herds built back.

Clyde Council served as head of the North State club until his death, and a nephew, Russell Council, took over and reigned until his death several years ago. Since that time Alex Gregg, a son-in-law of Clyde Council, has run the club as secretary-treasurer and hunt master. Superior Court Judge Sandy McKinnon of Lumberton is the current president.

The club existed with a limit of 25 members until 1946, and then rising costs brought on the agreement to take in 15 more over a period of five years. And that's where the limit has been pegged ever since—40 men.

Most memberships are hand-me-downs from father to son, and only occasionally does a member from outside the old circle gain admittance. The average is less than one per year, and even to be considered the fellow seeking admittance must have partici-

## IS ESSENTIAL

# ake Up To 75 arch Terrain

have been accustomed to feeding and resting in areas over a period of time without being disturbed.

In order to outsmart old Mr. Quack, the hunter must prepare the shooting area so as to appear as natural as possible.

For most decoy shooting a good duck boat painted dead grass green, is essential for reaching the wild, marshy areas used by feeding ducks.



Unless the blind is built so as to conceal the boat, it should be anchored some distance from the shooting area and in natural foliage if possible.

All colorful objects should be carefully camouflaged and the outline of the boat broken with natural foliage from a nearby area.

Duck blinds should be large enough to allow at least two hunters to shoot without danger. They should be constructed prior to the opening of the season, if possible, so the ducks will not suddenly be confronted with a strange, new object in their favorite feeding grounds.

Natural foliage, which blends with the surrounding terrain, should be used so as to conceal the hunter and yet allow shooting freedom when standing.

At all times when ducks are in sight avoid even the slight-  
movement or an returned



# ALL OUTDOORS

with *Dick Perce*

parted in a minimum of three of the club's five hunts the previous year.

"We want to make sure that he likes us and our way of doing things," explains Gregg, "but more importantly, we want to make sure he's the type man we want."

The club has two bunk houses plus a larger building which contains the kitchen and dining room, plus a sleeping room that will house 10 men. Both the bunk houses and the sleeping room have big, open fireplaces where huge oak logs roar at night and before breakfast.

One of the camp's "hired help" comes around late in the afternoon and just before the roust-out call in the morning, and starts the big fireplaces to blazing.

## Dogs Are Sold Following Season

ONE OF the camp's unique features, however, is its facilities for the fellow who wants to rough it a little more. For these men there is the "Bullpen," a three-walled building that has 18 to 24 inches of pine straw for its floor. The open side of the building faces an earthen pit in which the big oak logs are kept flaming all night.

The men who choose the Bullpen use sleeping bags, and this usually includes the group who are inclined to sit up a little later swapping the tall tales of past hunts. An adjacent building of identical structure is called the "Heifer Pen," and this one is used by the wives who are allowed to participate in one hunt per year.

The annual membership fee is \$150, and this entitles the member to attend all five hunts, bring one guest per hunt, his wife to one hunt, and his sons to the year's final Christmas week hunt.

Members once owned two to a dozen dogs apiece, but some years ago the club took over ownership of the dog packs. This proved to be quite an expensive proposition, however, for the dogs had to be fed 365 days a year in order to be hunted three months. Now all but eight or ten of the very best dogs are sold at the end of the season and then, oddly enough, repurchased from the same man the following season.

"Might sound strange," says Gregg, "but it saves us several hundred dollars per year."

One member, Lumberton's E. J. Britt, would rather work with the dogs, and hear a good chase from close range, than hunt. And Britt owns a small pack personally which he uses along with the club's dogs. Britt usually is the fellow who cruises the back roads in the area of the day's hunt, picking up stray dogs.

## Guests Do Most Of Deer Killing

ALL OF the club's dogs wear collars and identification plates, and many are found, penned up, and later exchanged with other clubs and individuals in the area. Many, of course, are stripped of their collars and never find their way back from strange pens.

There is not much value attached to a deer dog, however, since just about any hound breed (or mongrel combination) can be used to run deer. In fact, the eastern Carolina deer dog is about as far down the hunting dog ladder as you can go. The beagle or beagle mixture is preferred because of its slowness afoot, and the fact that it won't push the deer too fast for a stander to get a shot.

One of the club's standing jokes is the fact that guests kill more deer than the members. And this, most of them will admit, is simply because the guest will listen to Gregg's instructions, and is more apt to keep quiet and awake on his assigned stand than a member.

Some of the club members admittedly never have seen a buck in the woods, and several more never have had a shot. Still another group has had shots—but never killed a deer.

One member who is constantly ribbed is Lumberton's Dr. Dennis Biggs. Biggs is called "Mr. Three-by-Three" by his pals, and the title concerns the fact that he emptied his gun three times at the same deer—and missed. Biggs' wife, hearing that her hubby had lost his shirttail up to his collar button, arrived at camp the following day bringing Dr. Biggs five boxes of buckshot. He's been supplying his buddies with shells ever since.

\* \* \*

## *Charcoal-Grilled Venison Great*

THE MEMBERS usually have breakfast on the fifth "final" call, and get into the woods around 7:30 or eight o'clock. If the dogs aren't involved in some red hot chases, the hunters start wandering off their stands around 10 a.m. They'll return to camp around 11 for conversation, lunch, a nap, and then back to the woods around two o'clock for more deer hunting.

The two Negro men who do the cooking, Lee and Paul, have been with the club for many years. Lee, who is nearing 70, lives in Philadelphia and takes a train down to be on hand for every hunt. His round trip train fare is exactly seven cents less than his total salary for a hunt. "But that's not what counts," grins Lee. "What counts is that I love these men and they love me."

Paul feels the same way as Lee, and when he took a good job as head chef at a very fine motel restaurant near Whiteville four years ago, he had it understood that he would be away every time the North State club held a hunt.

Every evening meal features two or three kinds of meat, plenty of vegetables, and small hunks of venison served sizzling right off a charcoal. Ed Hobbs, the camp custodian, always serves the venison. Ed puts a huge piece of gravy-catching cardboard under the grill, which he brings straight to the table from the charcoal, and no Paris headwaiter ever served crepes Suzettes with more pride or flourish.

In other words, buster, if Paul McGarrity, Joe Wiggins, Clyde Goforth, Bill McKay, Fred Barnette, Walter Lambeth or Mayor Jim Smith, or any of the other Charlotte members ever mention the North State Game Club and "Would you?" in the same breath, take some advice and answer: "Say when!"

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This book was compiled by Bob Gordon in the fall of 1991 as the leaves were changing, the air was cooler and high anticipations of another year at North State abounded.