

COVER SHEET
for
Research Proposal

Name: Barbara H. Wickersham Title: Assistant Ombudsman/Editorial
Assistant

Department: Learning Research Center Office Telephone: 974-2459

Social Security No.: 413-26-3112 Budget Account No.: E01-2410

Position No.: 06210 Title Code No.: _____ Appointment: 12-month

Current support held from other university or external sources: None

Previous support from Faculty Research, Development and Leave Award
Program: None

Title of Proposal: HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS OF ROAN ACCORDING TO THE
PEOPLE WHO LIVED IT

Amount Requested: Salary: _____ Other: \$11,904.76

Applicant: Barbara H. Wickersham 8 November 84
(Date)

Director: W. H. [Signature] 9 Nov. 1984
(Signature) (Date)

Comments (use additional sheet if necessary):

See attached



November 5, 1984

Dr. C. W. Minkel
Vice Provost and Dean of Graduate Studies
404 Andy Holt Tower
Campus

Dear Bud:

While regional studies are not officially within the "Role and Scope" of the Learning Research Center, I would like to give my full support to the request by Ms. Barbara Wickersham for a faculty research grant. Her project, "History of the Highlands of Roan according to the People who Lived It," is just the sort of study of our south-central Appalachian region that is needed and for which time is running out. My work, both with the Stokely Institute for Liberal Arts Education in developing a regional perspective and with the University Studies' colloquy on "Land and People," has made me especially aware of the importance of this type of regional research. As a state university in the heart of southern Appalachia, UTK is a natural center for work of just this sort. Yet we have no central or coordinated effort in this regard. This is all the more reason to support efforts like that presented in Ms. Wickersham's proposal.

Ms. Wickersham brings to the project the determination, skills, perspective, and enthusiasm necessary for this sensitive project. She knows and loves the area, has a keen sense of its riches as well as its limitations, engages others in a humane and sensitive manner, respects diversity, and has demonstrated the organizational skills needed to manage an undertaking of this type. In spite of heavy responsibilities in this and the Ombudsman's Office, she should be able to make time for this effort and should be encouraged to do so.

I am happy to give my strongest endorsement to this proposal.

Cordially yours,

W. Lee Humphreys
Director of the Learning Research Center
Professor of Religious Studies

THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE
KNOXVILLE 37996-0154
OFFICE OF THE PROVOST

MEMORANDUM

TO: C. W. Minkel

FROM: Ralph Norman *Ran*
Vice Provost

DATE: November 13, 1984

RE: Grant proposal from Barbara Wickersham

Barbara Wickersham is triply qualified to carry on the research she proposes in her request.

First, her long years of experience as chief editor for the Learning Research Center's Teaching Learning Issues demonstrates without question that she is highly adept at the organization and editing of complex and varied research material. Although her own name has not appeared prominently in any of the many editions of Teaching Learning Issues, her presence is substantial and often dramatic in almost every one of them. This is because she has a kind of genius for getting the best out of the work of her colleagues -- that is, recognizing the peculiar voice in which a writer wants to speak, sensing the trajectory of the writer's longer intention, and helping it come to a kind of completion that would never have been possible without her help. This is the stuff out of which fine editors are made, and Barbara Wickersham has been one for a long time.

Second, and directly related to the first point, Barbara Wickersham has an extraordinary capacity for intelligent empathy. Her success as Chief Associate of the Ombudsman office at UTK stems from this ability of hers to size people up, to help them think through their problems, and to suggest imaginative alternatives for them. This is a difficult role in a university, since she is constantly being called upon to negotiate the treacherous path between real and urgent human needs and the sometimes impersonal application of university rules. Her good faith in this is always unflinching, and her spirit is always unflagging in the effort to make UT a more humane place to live and work. There is some technical prowess in all of this, of course: Wickersham is a veteran interviewer and knows how to ask the right questions and tease out into view all kinds of things that less sensitive people would totally overlook.

Third, perhaps most important for the project at hand, she has an intimate knowledge of the region and the people in the Highlands of Roan and the Southern Highlands Conservancy Project. She spends all of her vacation time and every free weekend going to the Highlands of Roan. Although she discovered this area only a few years ago, she has made it her adopted and true country.

I can think of no person associated with the Southern Highlands Conservancy Project, the organization devoted to saving the Highlands of Roan from commercial exploitation, who would come close to her in the ability to achieve a rendering of this area and its people and the kind of document proposed. It happens that I have been familiar with this area around Roan Mountain myself since I was a child, having been a member of excursions up the Mountain to the rhododendron festival since about 1937. It is a part of the world that captures one's allegiance, whether you came to it late as Wickersham has done or are more or less born into the culture. If it (that is, the culture around Roan Mountain) does not vanish as so much has vanished around Southern Appalachia it will be because of the dedication of groups like the Conservancy District and individuals like Barbara Wickersham.

A final note: Hard-nosed scholars and researchers should not be put off by the enthusiastic and sometimes poetic language in which Wickersham describes her project. There is firm substance and methodology and discipline that will go into this work, just as there have been in all the editorial work Wickersham has done for over 20 years at the Learning Research Center. It will be no distraction, but merely an added benefit, that the result will be a work of beauty and grace.

12 November 1984

Mrs. Barbara Wickersham
Assistant Ombudsman
Ombudsman Office

Dear Barbara:

I have read the draft of your proposal for the study of the Roan Highlands history through taped interviews with current older residents and heartily approve of your efforts in this endeavor. While your formal training is not in anthropology, the effort you are making is very much in the tradition of Franz Boaz who encouraged his students to go out and record the cultures that were disappearing from the earth by studying them intensively. Interviews with the older members of the old cultures was an integral part of the manner in which such cultures were documented.

Given the manner in which you plan to do the research, I see no problems with your continued very effective functioning in the Ombudsman Office. In fact it makes good sense to me that you become involved in an academic endeavor to which you can claim clear title and so get a little recognition for some of the work that you do.

I sincerely hope that all goes well with the project.

Most sincerely,



Charles L. Cleland
Ombudsman

CLC:elt

HISTORY OF THE HIGHLANDS OF ROAN ACCORDING TO THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED IT

"The Southern Appalachian Mountains extend in lofty and rambling fashion. . . . They have set the pattern for all human activity taking place in the. . . valleys and on the mountain slopes" (Blackman, 1977).

The target area for this oral history research is the section of the Highlands of Roan which is located in Carter County, Tennessee and Avery and Mitchell Counties, North Carolina. The Roan is part of a vast high country with great balds that roll and undulate in every direction. Winds blow there, averaging 25 mph year-round, rippling the tall oat grass like seaweed in a great tide. Catawba rhododendron bushes clutch the ridges, and flame azalea and mountain laurel splay a wide range of colors across the hillsides. Up at Engine Gap a twisted old hawthorne struggles to survive the blasts of cold winter winds and snows that pull and tug at its lifeline. At its feet two rare plants hold court proudly. Fifty-five rare and endangered species of plants have been identified on the Roan, and some plants there are found nowhere else in the world. In a part of the world where mountains are commonplace, the Roan stands out as unique, different, and special.

Objectives

In the midst of these mountains lies a quiet little unpretentious town known as the Roan Mountain community. Nearby, back in the "hollers," tucked in among balsam and hardwoods, people have survived for generations in extremely difficult and demanding surroundings. The question to be addressed is "How?" and "How well?" The objective of this proposed research is to record life in this community, in these hollows, and on those mountain slopes as it once was but no longer is by interviewing the area's oldest survivors. Five pilot interviews have already been conducted.

Mollie Julian is one of those survivors and she was the first of the project interviewees. This tiny diminutive bundle of banjo-picking energy greeted the interviewers with a warm smile and open heart. Her face, lined with years of having given life the best she had, was so alive, so vibrant, so energy filled, it seemed fairly to sparkle as she recounted story after story, never seeming to tire. Tales of hard times, moonshining, ambushing, and banjo-picking fun-times intermingled, but when she finished, she gave an impish grin and said rather matter-of-factly, "I've had a real good life." Mollie Julian is Ron Vance's grandmother.

Meet the Interviewers

Vance's love for the area brought him back home after college to teach at Cloudland High School. He began early making efforts to search out and preserve interesting bits of regional history. He has produced two small monographs: THE LEGEND OF DARK HOLLOW, a collection of Roan Mountain ghost stories; and TOMBSTONE STORIES, a booklet resulting from research done by his students. MELODIC MOUNTAIN MEMORIES, a collection of Southern Appalachian remedies, resulted from notes he recorded following conversations with various self-styled old-time herbalists.

Barbara Wickersham was born and has spent most of her life in or near the Smokies; she is a comparative newcomer to the Roan, however, having discovered the Roan only about four years ago. Since then she has logged a lot of miles in the area. It was love at first sight for her and apparently the feeling is mutual since she has been favored by the mountains with a wide spectrum of moods and been privileged to listen to its many sounds and secrets and watch its myriad nuances with great awe. She found the people of the area full of tales and wonderment and began asking questions about their recorded history. Little personalized data was found and the seed for this project sprouted and grew.

It was thus a "natural" for Wickersham, with her newfound love for the area (there is no more fervent devotion than that of an initiate), and Vance, with his roots deeply planted, to jell their mutual interests.

SAHC/Anticipated Results

Vance and Wickersham are both members of the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy, a group of unpaid concerned people who are attempting to preserve the area as wilderness and retard the encroachment of developers as they discover its potential. The SAHC is planning a series of monographs about the Highlands of Roan; one of these monographs will be the end result of this project. Sales from the monograph will be used to further SAHC's preservation efforts.

Perhaps one of the most important results from these efforts will be the interview tapes themselves, the primary documents, which, along with the transcripts, will be placed in an archives and made available for study by interested scholars. There is a real dearth of this kind of primary data, and these people, so filled with knowledge of a period fast slipping into silence, will soon be only a memory. These case studies are extremely important from the point of view of interpreting existing knowledge. It is imperative that we record them soon.

Methodology

A minimum of two 90-minute interviews will be conducted individually with a group of approximately 50 older citizens of Carter County. This list of interviewees is an evolving one as various leads emerge from a variety of sources; conversations almost always end with a "You oughta talk with old _____," and another name is added to the possibilities. The list now contains about 100 names; we will start interviewing the oldest first and work our way down the list. Ideally we would like eventually to interview the complete list for preservation purposes but time

and financial constraints will be the determining factors. Initial contacts are to be made by Vance; the actual interviewing will be conducted by Vance and Wickersham. Good interview techniques are crucial to the success of the research. The importance of imaginative listening and consideration of the individual as more than just a source of data cannot be tended too carefully. Two references have proven to be particularly helpful: 1) THE TAPE-RECORDED INTERVIEW (Ives, 1974), which contains excellent interviewing techniques and strategies; and 2) INTERVIEWING: STRATEGY, TECHNIQUES, AND TACTICS (Gordon, 1980), which includes some probing tactics.

Interviewees will be advised at the beginning of the interview that they are being recorded and that they will be asked to sign a release form at the end of the interview. The release form is for publication purposes of both the narrative and any photographs taken or of old photographs loaned for copying.

The tapes will be transcribed and a narrative picture should gradually develop.

After all interviews are completed and tapes transcribed, the two interviewers will read all the descriptions (protocols), analyze the material, search out significant statements and tales, and formulate clusters of themes in an effort to ferret out early history as it relates to three facets of everyday life: things (including places), others, and self. Contradictions which evolve will be checked by going back to the protocols for validation and talking again with interviewees for clarification. This follows a standard phenomenological research procedure as described by Valle and King (1978).

Vance and Wickersham will collaborate in the writing of the final monograph and in developing an accompanying map indicating homes of the

early settlers.

Approximate Schedule for Completion

- Interviews, tape transcriptions, and photograph contact prints should be completed by the end of June, 1985. This may be altered somewhat since winter weather in Carter County makes travel difficult.
- Summer and fall of 1985 should produce at least a draft of the final document. Photographs to be included will be selected and printed.
- A publisher will be sought during fall of 1985 and the final monograph should be produced spring, 1986.

The above schedule is contingent somewhat on time available for Wickersham to spend in Carter County.

Relevance of Project to Learning Research Center Goals

Interest in regional studies has been growing nationally and particularly throughout East Tennessee in the past few years. For the last two years, the director has been an instructor and leader in the James R. Stokely Institute for Liberal Arts Education in Appalachia, one of the goals of which is to develop an appreciation for the history, people, culture, and land of this region. He has also worked with Dr. F. A. Hilenski and others in the UTK University Studies program and their colloquy on "Land and People," which also centers on the south central Appalachian region.

Research conducted by the Learning Research Center staff has continually been interdisciplinary in nature with one particular goal in mind: contributing to the knowledge of scholars. The proposed study cuts across interdisciplinary fields--anthropology, sociology, religious studies, etc.--and will produce and make available for further study a large amount of new information about a little-studied and most unique area of Tennessee.

References

Blackman, Ora. WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA: ITS MOUNTAINS AND ITS PEOPLE TO 1880. Boone, NC: Appalachian Consortium Press, 1977.

Gordon, Raymond L. INTERVIEWING: STRATEGY, TECHNIQUES, AND TACTICS, 3rd ed. Homewood, IL: Dorsey Press, 1980.

Ives, Edward D. THE TAPE-RECORDED INTERVIEW. Knoxville, TN: University of Tennessee Press, 1974.

Valle, Roanld S. and Mark King. EXISTENTIAL-PHENOMENOLOGICAL ALTERNATIVES FOR PSYCHOLOGY. NY: Oxford University Press, 1978.

Budget*

One Month released time for Barbara Wickersham	\$
100 90-min. TDK Tapes @ \$6.49 less 20% (David Burris, UTK Book and Supply Store, Ext. 3364)	519.20
100 Duplicate tapes made at UTK Radio Services @ \$1.50 (Susan Turner, Radio Services, Ext. 5375)	150.00
100 Transcriptions of tapes, average 34 pages per 90-min. tape; time-15 minutes per page = 8.5 hours per tape; 100 tapes X 8.5 hours each = 850 hours @ \$5.00 per hour (this was taken from actual typing of two 90-minute tapes typed by Angela Culpepper - Ext. 2459)	4,250.00
Retyping of corrected transcripts	500.00
50 AA Batterys for tape recorder--approximately 2 per 1½ days used - 3-4 interviews per day. \$2.40 per 2, less 20% (David Burris, UTK Book and Supply Store, Ext. 3364)	48.00
30 Rolls Tri-X, 36 exposure black and white ASA 400 film at \$2.69 per roll less 20% (David Burris, UTK Book and Supply Store, Ext. 3364)	64.56
30 Rolls film processed to contact @ \$2.45 per roll (Carmen Gregg, Photographic Services, UTK, Ext. 3449)	73.50
100 Negatives made from old photographs, toned at \$1.80 and lined at \$2.70 (Carmen Gregg, Photographic Services, UTK, Ext. 3449)	200.00
50-8" X 10" black and white glossy with 1" white border @ \$1.75 (Carmen Gregg, Photographic Services, UTK, Ext. 3449)	87.50
Artwork for map (Hugh Bailey, Artist, Publication Services, UTK, Ext. 6071)	150.00
Final typing of manuscript	300.00
Artwork for cover of monograph (James Kelly, Director, Duplication Services, UTK, Ext. 6071)	125.00
Printing Monograph (1,000 copies, 200 typed on 8½ X 11 sheets and reduced to 6 X 9, cover printed two colors, all other photos black and white, camera-ready copy, approximately 50+ photographs, good book grade paper with 65# cover, binding soft cover with "perfect binding." Price includes 10% in- crease for inflation to time ready for production as recommended by Lewis Rutherford, Graphic Arts Service, UTK) (Gary Williford, Graphic Arts Service, Ext. 5121)	3,850.00
20 Nights motel at Roan Mountain @ \$35 per night	500.00
20 Days food @ \$12.00 per day	240.00
10 Trips to Roan Mountain from Knoxville in personal car, 286 miles @ 20¢ per mile (Mileage quotation from AAA)	572.00
Supplies	50.00
Postage	150.00
Telephone	75.00
Total	<u>\$13,854.76</u>

*Quotation resource follows individual items.

Home Address:

Route 28 - Box 363
Knoxville, TN 37920

Office Address:

Learning Research Center
1819 Andy Holt Avenue
Knoxville, TN 37996-4350
974-2459

EDUCATION

1980-

Classes in environmental and regional subjects, Evening School and Smoky Mountain Field School, University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

1947

Master of Arts in English, with honors, Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee. Minor: Related Arts.

1946

Bachelor of Arts in English, with honors, Peabody College, Nashville, Tennessee. Minor: Economics.

EXPERIENCE

1965 to Present

Editorial Assistant, Learning Research Center, University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

1976 to Present

Assistant Ombudsman, University of Tennessee, Knoxville.

1980

Recipient of the "Nettie Lee Wimberly Recognition for Exceptional Service to the University" Award.

1947 to 1965

Teacher/Office Manager, Manatee County, Florida, and Knoxville, Tennessee. Held successive positions as art and English teacher and office business manager.

UNIVERSITY COMMITTEES

Co-chair, Chancellor's Committee for Re-Entry Women, 1978-79.

Member, Commission for Blacks, 1984 - present.

Semester Feasibility Study Committee, 1984.

Chancellor's Committee on Re-Entry Students, 1983 - present.

Foreign GTA Project Committee, 1982-83.

Planning Task Force on Affirmative Action, 1976-77.

Commission for Women, 1972-74.

Chancellor's Task Force for Women, 1971-72.

PROFESSIONAL ASSOCIATIONS

Midwest Ombudsman Association

Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy

Smoky Mountain Hiking Club

Sierra Club

Tennessee Native Plant Society

Wilderness Society

Appalachian Trails Conference

American Forestry Association

National Parks Association

Save Our Cumberland Mountains

SPECIAL INTERESTS

Preservation of Appalachian history.
Appalachian language research.
Environmental and regional problems.
Photography.

REFERENCES

Dr. W. Lee Humphreys, Director
Learning Research Center, UTK
Ext. 2459

Dr. Charles Cleland, Ombudsman
Ombudsman Office, UTK
Ext. 4311

Dr. Ohmer Milton, Director Emeritus
Learning Research Center, UTK
1-982-5268
(can usually be reached Learning
Research Center, Ext. 2459,
on Thursday afternoons)

ADDENDUM TO RESUME OF BARBARA H. WICKERSHAM

Writing, Editing, and Research:

Write, edit, and assist in research in preparation of Learning Research Center publications, including quarterly TEACHING/LEARNING ISSUES and Graduate Teaching Assistant Handbook. 1965 - present.

Prepare administrative reports and documents, including Proceedings of the Standing Council on the Improvement of Teaching and Learning workshops; edited annual reports for Task Force for Women and Commission for Women; and Affirmative Action Plan.

Developed and wrote manuals for variety of workshops, including teacher-training, values-clarification, and creative writing.

Edit materials for local and regional groups and community organization.

Proof-read copy for manuals, brochures, newsletters, and various other documents.

Interviewing:

Interview and counsel students with University-related problems by listening, probing, breaking through perceived perceptions in an attempt to determine facts; interview faculty, administrators, and/or staff for additional information; make recommendations based on analysis of the situation and follow-up.

Graphic Design:

Designed letterhead, brochures, and advertisement lay-outs for business organization.

Created visual displays for conferences and workshops.

Created batiks and other hangings for law firm; mental health institute; Miraj Medical Center in Miraj, Maharashtra, India; United Church of Christ for its inaugural Sunday in new building. Had two showings of work; participated in a two-person invitational art show during the 1976 Dogwood Arts Festival, and displayed art work at Dulin Art Gallery.

Painted portraits of patients at Lakeshore Mental Health Institute for patient and institutional display.

Designed logo for Commission on Religion in Appalachia, created batiks and other display materials, prepared camera-ready artwork for pins and patches; designed patch representing hawk in Smokies for personal use.

Supervision and Administration:

Direct and supervise professional staff and student assistants; coordinate administrative tasks and delegated responsibilities.

Training:

Team-teach evening school course.

Help organize and execute faculty conferences and workshops.

Planned and executed inter-denominational and inter-racial statewide teacher-training and art workshops.

Taught values-clarification workshops in a variety of settings.

Organized and taught art/crafts classes for diverse groups: state youth leaders, camp counselors, teachers of handicapped children; taught art/crafts and English at Knoxville Evening High School; taught art-therapy and creative writing classes at Lake Shore Mental Health Institute; supervised art education, Manatee County, Florida.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TENNESSEE, KNOXVILLE
KNOXVILLE 37996-0140

OFFICE OF THE VICE PROVOST
FOR RESEARCH

404 ANDY HOLT TOWER

September 13, 1984

AREA 615
TELEPHONE 974-3466

Barbara Wickersham and Ron Vance
Rt. 28, Box 363
Knoxville, TN 37920

Dear Mrs. Wickersham and Mr. Vance:

The project which you submitted entitled, "History of the Highlands of Roan According to the People Who Lived It," CRP #A-264, has been reviewed.

This project comes within the guidelines which permit me to certify that the project is exempt from review by the Committee on Research Participation.

The responsibility of the project director includes the following:

1. Prior approval from the Dean for Research must be obtained before any changes in the project are instituted.
2. A statement must be submitted (Form D) at 12-month intervals attesting to the current status of the project (protocol is still in effect, project is terminated, etc.).

The Committee wishes you success in your research endeavors.

Sincerely,


Marla Peterson
Dean for Research

SCW

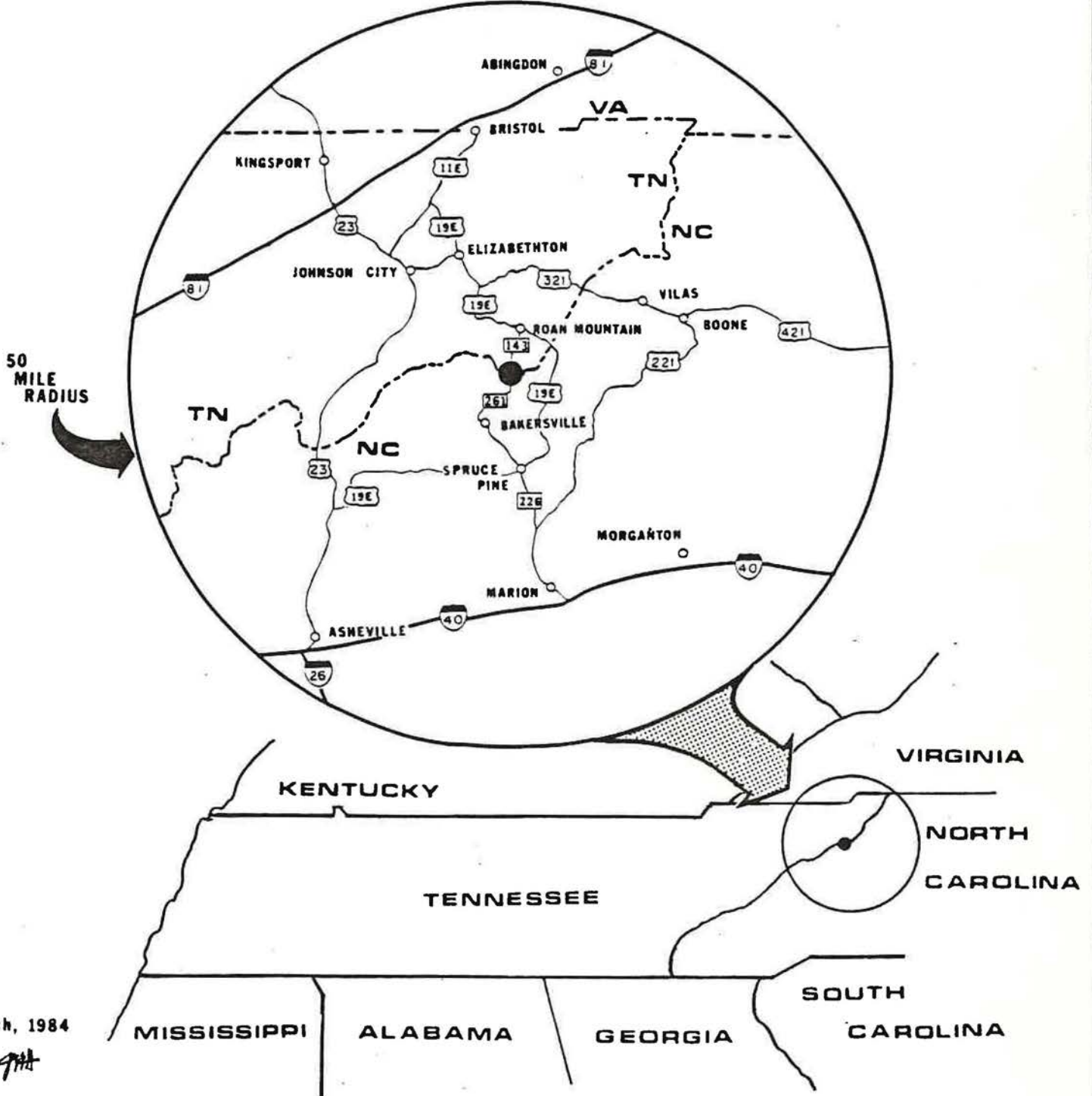
cc: Dr. C. W. Minkel, Acting Vice Provost for Research
Dr. Lee Humphreys ✓

APPENDIX I--The Roan

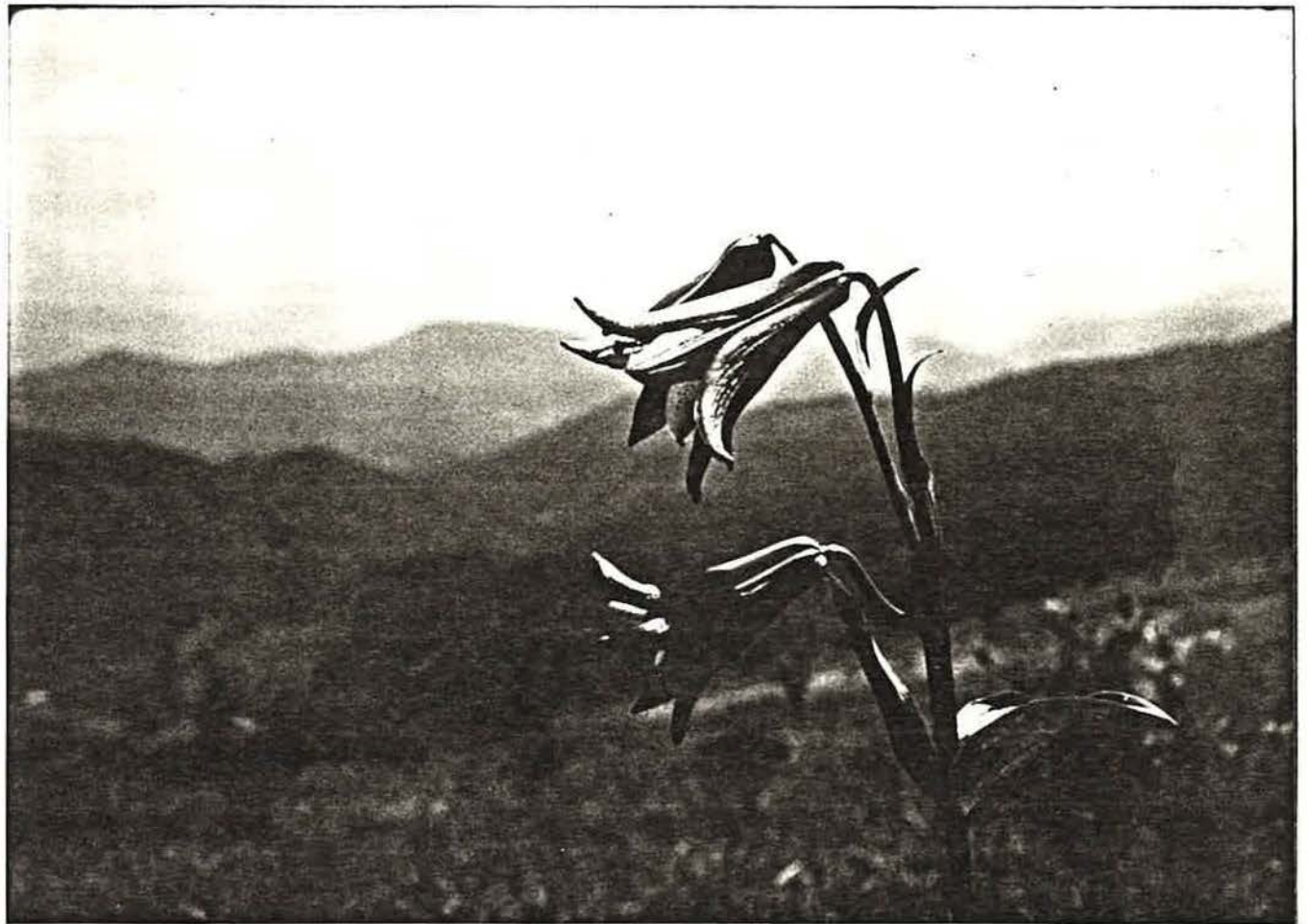
photos by Wickersham

HIGHLANDS OF THE ROAN LOCATION

SCALE
1" = 19 Mi



March, 1984



Lillium grayi (orange bell lilly, also called Gray's lilly) -- rare and endangered

"Up at Engine Gap a twisted old hawthorne struggles to survive the blasts of cold winter winds and snows that pull and tug at its lifeline. At its feet two rare plants hold court proudly."



"In the midst of these mountains lies a quiet little unpretentious town known as Roan Mountain community. Nearby, back in the "hollers," tucked in among balsam and hardwoods, people have survived for generations in extremely difficult and demanding surroundings."



"The Roan is part of a vast high country
with great balds that roll and undulate
in every direction. Winds blow there. . . ."

APPENDIX II

SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN HIGHLANDS CONSERVANCY

SOUTHERN APPALACHIAN HIGHLANDS CONSERVANCY

Form of organization: Membership-type corporation; incorporated in 1974 under Tennessee General Corporation Act.

Location of principal office: Kingsport, Tennessee (law offices of Wilson, Worley, Gamble and Dodd).

Tax Exemption: 501(c)(3) tax-exempt organization. IRS tax-exemption letter is dated May 8, 1980. Non-profit organization identification number is 237422309.

Purpose: Organized for scientific, educational, and charitable purposes within the meaning of Sections 501(c)(3) and 170(c)(2) of the Internal Revenue Code, specifically for the conservation of natural beauty and natural resources of mountain land and other open spaces for the use and benefit of the general public.

Government: Governed by a board of 12-15 elected directors, mostly residents of Tennessee and North Carolina, one-third of whom are elected at an annual membership meeting for a term of three years. Board meets quarterly.

Membership: As of May, 1984, 767 active members, including 79 Life and Founding Members (dues for latter categories are \$1,000 and \$2,000 respectively).

Donor distribution: Gifts have been received from 40 states, the District of Columbia, Virgin Islands, England and Mexico.

Administration: The day-to-day operation is currently carried out by the volunteer officers, a paid, part-time Assistant to the President, a paid, part-time Land Stewardship Consultant, and a paid, part-time secretary. Committees and other volunteers assist on an ad hoc basis.

Finances:

- Administrative expenses, publications, a land stewardship program, and fund-raising costs are financed through individual membership dues according to an annual operating budget.
- Land acquisition (capital) funds are provided by corporate memberships, grants by foundations and corporations, and gifts by private individuals.
- An endowment fund has been established by long-term financial stability and to provide for land management and protection in perpetuity.
- In case of dissolution, all property and proceeds shall be distributed to the Appalachian Trail Conference (est. 1925) if existing or otherwise to one or more charitable organizations.
- Financial records are audited annually by Dent K. Burk Associates, Kingsport, Tennessee.

Sunday, March 18, 1984 • Section D

Columns/Commentary □ Analysis □ Letters

The Highlands Of Roan

Conservancy Seeks To Preserve Priceless Heritage

CARVERS GAP — Some of the finest work in the world is done by those who go quietly and diligently about their rounds. And here in the shadow of the great Highlands of Roan and within a stone's throw of Tennessee, the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy (SAHC) has the noble purpose — really it is a mission — of saving mountains from a threat nearly as powerful as the glacier age of old — commercial development.

I grew up in the shadows of the Roan massif — the magnificent group of peaks that includes Roan High Bluff, Round Bald, Grassy Ridge, Big Yellow and the Hump. And it is hard for me to return here without feeling that these mountains along the Tennessee-North Carolina line are part of the stewardship charged to each succeeding generation of mountain people.

It is equally difficult to view and not fall in love with the mountains' natural diversity, their wild profusion of rhododendron blossoms and their knee-deep grasses when in season, their stark winter beauty, their bounteous crowns in June. Looking out to the peaks on the horizon, one recalls the words of Scarlett O'Hara's father in Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With The Wind*: "The only thing that lasts is the land."

A real-life character of the same era of Mr. O'Hara, botanist Elisha Mitchell, understood the values at stake here. Mitchell, for whom another great mountain was named, saw the Roan in 1839 and wrote:

"It is the most beautiful and will best repay the labor of ascending it of all our high mountains. The top of the Roan may be described as a vast meadow without a tree to obstruct a prospect...It is the elysium of the southern botanist, as a number of plants are found growing in this cold and humid atmosphere which are not seen again until we have gone hundreds of miles further north..."

This natural heritage includes more than 300 plant species and more than 150 species of birds and mammals.

The land, the land — the only thing that lasts is the land.

But on this land where extraordinary flora grows and scientists and hikers and related folk spend years exploring and enjoying there are problems. Much of the land has been privately owned for generations. And because of this economic and



Rick Gunter

social fact, it is vulnerable to development. It only has been in the past decade that the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy has been working to ensure that development is either prohibited or done on a scale that is in harmony with the mountain and its natural traditions.

The key word here is vulnerability. The land is no longer as remote as it once was. Recreational lands have been developed in the shadow of the mountains. Developers naturally want to reduce the Roan's treasures to unnatural condos and the like. The commercialization carries a high cost — a priceless heritage weighs in the balance.

SAHC's quiet, dedicated work has resulted in the preservation of some 6,000 acres. But the group's task is only half-completed. There are another 6,000 acres — at a minimum — needing protection.

SAHC's goals are two-fold:

(1) To secure protection against development and other uses which would alter their nature and appearance.

(2) To assure management so as to accommodate nondestructive scientific, educational and recreational use, while protecting the mountains' biological and physical features.

SAHC is an independent, non-profit, tax-exempt corporation whose purpose is the conservation of natural beauty and natural resources of mountain land and other open spaces for the benefit of citizens. It purchases land with donated funds, seeks conservation easements, and encourages public acquisition. It works with public agencies toward these purposes.

SAHC has been very creative with a legal vehicle called the charitable remainder trust. It applies this arrangement in the Highlands of Roan.

A tract is divided into Parcel A and Parcel B. The land owner establishes a trust in which Parcel A is placed. Even if the land has appreciated in value, the owner incurs no capital gains tax. The typical charitable remainder trust lasts for 10 years, during which the owner receives an annuity. The trust may also enable the owner to take an immediate tax deduction at the time the legal entity is created.

The trustee of the charitable trust then sells parts of Parcel A to persons who could be called "benefactors" — individuals willing and able to risk some capital on behalf of preservation. Initially, benefactors make only interest payments on their subparcel. The payments are tax-deductible. The trustee uses the interest payments to pay the original owner his annuity.

At the same time, the original owner enters into a purchase and sales agreement under which he or his heirs will sell Parcel B to SAHC at the end of the charitable remainder trust. The sum and terms are agreed upon in advance.

Subsequent to the sale of subparcels to benefactors, each benefactor is offered the opportunity to sign a charitable pledge to donate his subparcel to a second tax-exempt organization, the Appalachian Trail Conference, on or before the termination of the trust, and agrees not to alter the property in the interim.

If you would like to learn more about this useful stewardship, either as a benefactor, landowner, or volunteer, please write to the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy, P.O. Box 3356, Kingsport, Tenn. 37664. Ten dollars will buy you a subscribing membership and \$100-\$999 will make you a sustaining member. Life members donate a one-time contribution of \$1,000 or more.

It is hard to think of a worthier charity involved in land stewardship in Western North Carolina and East Tennessee than the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy.

And just so there is no misunderstanding — yes, I am a member of the SAHC's board of directors.

Volunteers On The Highlands Of Roan

by George J. O'Neill

On the frosty Thursday morning of September 28, 1790, an army of nine-hundred, Over-Mountain men from Sullivan County, Tennessee; Washington County, Virginia; and Washington County, North Carolina, lined up in company parade formation on top of Big Yellow Mountain, one of six mile-high summits in the Highlands of Roan. Ensign Robert Campbell, who was there as an officer, made an entry in his diary about Big Yellow: "They found the sides and top of the mountain covered with snow, shoe-mouth deep; and on the summit there were about a hundred acres of beautiful table-land, in which a spring issued, ran through it and over into the Watauga."

"Here," according to the noted historian, Dr. L. C. Draper, "the volunteers paraded under their respective commanders and were ordered to discharge their rifles; and such as the rarity of the atmosphere, that there was little or no report. This body of table-land on the summit of the mountain has long been known as 'The Bald Place,' or 'The Bald of the Yellow.'"

This volunteer army of citizen-soldiers was marching across the Blue Ridge Mountains through Yellow Mountain Gap, which is on the border of present day Carter County in Tennessee and Avery

County, North Carolina, on their way to meet and defeat the British Army at King's Mountain, North Carolina. The British commander, Major Patrick Ferguson, had threatened to "lay waste their land with fire and sword" but the militia of "backwater men," as he called them, stole the march on him.

Today, Tennessee volunteers from Sullivan County and other parts of the state have joined with North Carolinians to form an army of conservation-minded citizens in the Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy (SAHC) with the objective of protecting and preserving over 12,000 acres of the Roan Highlands including the 5,459-foot Big Yellow Mountain.

The Highlands of the SAHC project stretch for eleven miles along the border of the Pisgah and Cherokee National Forests between U.S. Route 19E and Tennessee Route 143. No longer are they threatened by "fire and the sword" as they were 200 years ago but now it is the potential of unrestricted and indiscriminate commercial development as well as the excessive wear and tear on the delicate ecosystem caused by over 10,000 visitors each year.

To leading conservationists with the National Audubon Society in New York, the Highlands and especially Roan Mountain are "sym-



KEN PERRY

Catawba Rhododendron
(*Rhododendron catawbiense*)

bolic of the entire eastern chain, yet like no other mountain on Earth." Stan Murray, the Kingsport-based president of SAHC, says, "The Highlands offer a unique combination of natural treasures that cannot be found anywhere else, and we want all people to benefit from them forever."

One of the fascinating characteristics of the Highlands is they offer something of beauty, majesty, history or mystery to pique the interest of almost any visitor. Botany buffs will be delighted by one of the great natural gardens of North America with over 250 species of plant-life already identified. Some of the more abundant species of flowers that are found in season are wild geraniums, trillium, serviceberry, Dutchman's-breeches, doll's-eyes, bluets, violets, orchids, spring beauties, squirrel-corn and asters. Naturalists say the Highlands is one of the few places in the world where the lovely Gray's lily can be found.

On the slopes of the mountains there are the largest stands of naturally occurring rhododendrons in North America. These gorgeous flowering plants cover hundreds of acres of the Highlands and along with brilliant displays of flame azaleas are the major attraction for thousands of flower lovers and

photographers in the Springtime.

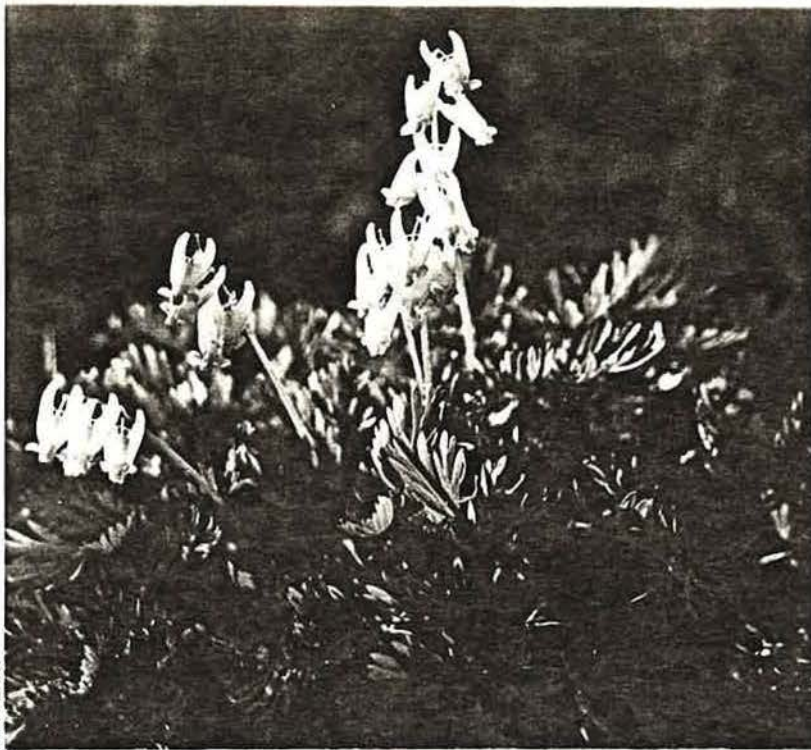
For bird watchers, a stroll along the famed Appalachian Trail, which follows the state boundaries and bisects the 12,000 acre project, might give them a glimpse of some of the over 100 species of birds. Roan Mountain is considered by experts to be the snow bunting's southernmost winter home. The climate on the peaks of the Highlands is cool, wet and windy like the weather in parts of Canada and New England.

Although the Roan Highlands have long been noted for their important role in American history as well as being the home of hundreds of species of flowers, plants and birds, their most interesting feature is a blend of scenery, mystery and legend. According to Ray Hunt and Arch Nichols, who helped prepare the trail guide for the 2,000 mile Appalachian Trail, one of the outstanding features of the southern Appalachians is the occurrences of large, treeless, grassy meadows on the summits. A hiker standing on the Highland balds has a 360-degree sweep of the horizon and on a clear day can see Mount Mitchell of the Black Mountains rising in the South; Little Rock Knob and Ripshin peaks dominating to the North; and to the East there are majestic, rugged Grandfather and sporty Beech Mountains.

To the scientist, the occurrence of these balds is a mystery that is yet to be solved, Hunt and Nichols say, "—although grazing by livestock is undoubtedly a factor. Other factors, which must be discarded because they do not occur consistently, include climate, altitude, heavy winds, tree disease and type of rock base."

To the primitive and intuitive Catawba and Cherokee Indians, the occurrence of the balds could be readily explained by their fertile imaginations. In one Cherokee legend, the balds were believed to be the home of an ulagu, a huge, hornet-like monster that swooped down on the villages of their ancestors in the valleys and carried off their children. After the Indians had killed one of these monsters, the Great Spirit was so impressed with their faith in him and their courage in facing the monster that he decreed the summits should remain unforested forever so the people could station sentinels to keep a lookout for other "ulagus."

Near the turn of the century, the outstanding scenery was not the only reason to visit the Highlands. Unscrupulous advertisements that were typical of the times claimed, "The top of Roan Mountain (6,394 feet above the level of the sea) is above dangerous storm clouds and is free from thunderbolts. No insects or reptiles are found at this



KEN PERRY

Dutchman's Breeches
(*Dicentra cucullata*)

altitude. The atmosphere is perfectly pure and as a health resort there can be no location that is more desirable. Consumption is unknown and malaria finds no refuge among these mountains."

All of the beauty and majesty of the mountains have not gone unnoticed by land developers who within the past 15 years have moved into areas surrounding Roan and established year-round sport complexes and dotted the mountains with "second homes" of the affluent. To head off this threat the SAHC and the U.S. Forest Service have been working together to take 12,000 acres of the Highlands out of the real estate market on a permanent basis.

For its part, the Forest Service will acquire the major portion of the acreage and so far has spent approximately \$1 million for 3200 acres. The remaining land will be bought by the SAHC for an estimated \$3 million. Stan Murray reports his group of volunteers have raised and spent \$300,000 for two tracts of land which include Big Yellow Bald, making the SAHC the owner of perhaps the highest, most remote parade ground and rifle range of the Continental Army of the United States.

The Conservancy plans to get the bulk of its financial support from private foundation grants with the remainder coming from

industry, gifts and memorials and SAHC dues. Another fund raising activity that has met with success on a national scale is the sale of a limited edition print of Raymond Williams' watercolor "The Highlands of Roan" which is available for \$25 per copy.

While Murray is the first to admit that fund raising is the most important task, he is quick to point out that the SAHC has begun to develop an exciting and new experimental program of volunteer stewardship of the project land. The first step was taken in the summer of 1975 when families of nearby hiking clubs camped out on the Highlands during the season the traffic from hikers and backpackers was the heaviest to implement a program to educate them in good hiking and conservation practices.

A second stage was started in the summer of 1976 when the SAHC hired Tom Gatti, a recent graduate of the University of Tennessee, as a fulltime caretaker of the Highlands. Gatti says, "The summer's work laid the foundation for a stewardship program which involves repair and maintenance of the physical resources, education of the users and good management practices that will maintain the integrity of the land and still allow people to get full enjoyment out of using it."

Rick Phelps, who heads up the SAHC committee on land acquisition and management, says, "The experiment has been quite successful and for now we are going to use Tom and the family volunteers to continue our trail education program."

Bob Bible, Brian Dillon, Darrol Nichels and Don Kreh, who are members of SAHC and unpaid volunteers like Murray and Phelps, know there is a striking difference between the modern volunteers on the Highlands and those who appeared in 1780. Their forefathers only stayed one night on Big Yellow Mountain and they moved on to fight their battle, while they have been on the Highlands for several years and are still fighting the battle to preserve and maintain the land for all to benefit from and enjoy. They are hoping history will repeat itself and make the volunteers of the Highlands winners again.

Contributions to support land acquisition and requests for the William's watercolor print can be sent directly to: Stanley A. Murray, President, The Southern Appalachian Highlands Conservancy, P. O. Box 3356, Kingsport, TN 37664.



Roaming The Mountains

Appalachian Room

Appalachian State University

Roan Mountain

Roan Is Mountain Of Mysteries

By JOHN PARRIS

ROAN MOUNTAIN — This is the mountain of the eerie humming music and the circular rainbow.

To know about them you've got to know about the resort hotel that once stood here among the clouds that scrape the 6,286-foot Roan.

Gen. John Thomas Wilder, an enterprising Yankee, used the strange occurrences to promote his Cloudland Hotel where guests could have their meals in North Carolina and sleep in Tennessee.

Few folks had ever heard of the Roan's ghostly music or its circular rainbow until he built his resort hotel on the huge, long, bald mountain that straddles the state line.



JOHN PARRIS

The original structure, a small lodge built in 1878, was of handhewn logs cut from the sides of the mountain. It

became so popular that Wilder replaced it eight or nine years later with a four-story, 168-room building of sawn timber.

It was through the opening of the Cloudland Hotel that folks outside the hills began to know about the mountain's eerie humming music and the circular rainbow.

Guests came and heard and saw and went away to tell others.

The first to call attention to the strange music were lonely herdsmen keeping watch over their cattle on the mountain back in the 1870s.

They fetched the story of the rare phenomenon into the valley and a legend began to grow.

Folks born with the wisdom of the ageless hills allowed a body had no cause to be surprised at anything that happened on the Roan.

Why, since time out of memory, folks caught on the

—Turn To Page Seven-A

Appalachian Room
Appalachian State University

Asheville
Citizen Times Jan. 11, 1976

APPENDIX III

Mollie Julian

Of Mollie Jullian



As she bent her small frame over the banjo, it was as if she and the instrument and her mountain music blended into one--a beautiful study of concentration. Her thin fingers seemed to caress the strings as they moved easily over the frets, deftly finding the right notes for Cumberland Gap, Pretty Little Miss, and many others. Finally she sat back, her banjo quiet in her lap, and sang for us, a real twinkle in her eyes and voice. Mollie is indeed a mountain treasure.



"I make friends everywhere I go," she said, and surely she would!



Mollie Julian's face as she demonstrates her treadle sewing machine. "Don't need no 'nother one," she vowed.

Mollie loves animals--
"always have," she told
us. Here she is with one
of her special friends.





Mollie holding a copper worm from the moonshine still of her husband, Ernest.

EXCERPT FROM:

File No. 1; Tape No. 1-1 and 1-2

Interview with Mrs. Ernest (Mollie) Julian, Roan Mountain, Tennessee
September 7-8, 1984

Interviewer: Ron Vance, Barbara Wickersham, Eileen Wilson

R: Vance

B: Wickersham

W: Wilson

J: Julian

J: I could pick a banjer. I tell you, I learned to pick a banjer on a
homemade banjer that my Pa Holtzclaw made.

W: Out of what?

J: He went and, I don't know what he made the wood part, I don't know what
the wood part was, but he made the head out of a groundhog skin (laughs).
He killed a groundhog and he had to tan its hide. I don't know whe'r you
know what that is or not. But anyway, he killed, he skinned the groundhog
out and had to bury it in ashes for so long.

W: To get the hair off?

J: Yeah, he had to take all the hair off and then he had to scrape it down
'til it got real thin.

W: Then did you put something on it to loosen it?

J: I guess he did. I don't know how the poor feller made it. And then
he had a round can-of-a-thing that he put in the head of it and stretched
'at groundhog skin over it, and he made the head and the neck, but it didn't
have frets on it, never had frets on it.

W: What did he use to hold it, tie it on with?

J: Well now, he had, I don't know whe'r it was a top of a bucket, and he
cut it off and put it down in there, and hit was tied around the wood part,
you know. Some way to hold it, I don't know how he, I never looked at it
enough to know.

W: Then he put the strings on?

J: Mm Hm.

B: What kind of wood did he use?

J: Well, I just don't know. But don't you guess he used cherry or something
like that?

R: Cherry or maple, yeah.

J: Or maple, could-a been maple. But now the head just had that there

skin, and I remember they's a little old round thing looked like a bucket cut in two and slip down in there. But the devilist little ole thing'd pick.

B: What happened to it? You still got it?

J: Well, that's just what I'd like to know. I don't know what happened to it unless it got burnt up; I think Brown had it and you know Brown's been burnt out, his home burnt up. And I'd say that hit might-a got burnt up.

R: Is that where you lived when you and Pa got married?

J: Yeah, they's a old house over there.

R: Did you have running water and toilets and everything?

J: Yeah! And that old house, it was single floor. Honey, you could see right down through the cracks. Chickens'd go up under the floor. Hit's the truth, honey! And you'd just freeze to death in there of a winter time.

B: How'd you heat it? How'd you heat the house?

J: Had an old chimley; hit 'us just a old rock farplace!

W: Did you use wood or coal?

J: And one night hit come a cold wind and blowed the lower door open--it had a lower door and upper door's all it had--and that lower door blowed open and snow blowed in the house, and we got cold and had to git up and build a far (laughs). And I think we cooked breakfast about 3:00 or 4:00 'clock in the morning! (laughs) And I remember I used to like blueberries better'n anything. And we'd always go and pick blueberries and can 'em. Didn't have no freezers ner nothing like that back then. And we opened a can of blueberries and eat some of 'em, and I've never liked 'em since. I don't know whe'r I eat a founder of 'em or what! But I never liked blueberries anymore.

B: You'd have to eat a lot of blueberries to founder!

J: I don't like 'em.

W: Boy, did I get into them on the Roan today.

J: Well, that was where I lived when we got married.

R: And you didn't have any lights, you had what-

J: Why Lord, an old lamp, honey. We was lucky just to have one lamp, and I've got my lamp still in there, the one we bought when we went to house-keeping, honey. Hit's a way over 50-year-old.

R: We need to take a picture of that.

B: Yeah, we gotta get a picture of that.

W: Kerosene?

B: This is something interesting. How did you clean the chimney? I've asked my mother that.

J: Well, them old chimley's, honey, you didn't have to clean 'em, I don't reckon. (Laughs) They just burnt the soot up in 'em.

R: Did you have running water inside the house?

J: No. It was, they was a spout right out in the yard about, and then they was a big old spring out there at them locusses. That was the spring water. They stayed cold all summer, you see.

R: Kept milk and stuff in there?

J: Yeah. And then they was a spout running that water; that was good too; well, it was clean water. You could use it to cook with or clean with, wash with.

B: How did you wash your clothes?

J: With a board, honey.

B: How did you heat your water, did you-

J: Had to heat the water in the tub.

B: In a tub?

J: On the stove yeah, in the wintertime.

B: So you had a cook stove in the kitchen.

J: Yeah.

B: Coal or wood or what?

J: Wood. Lord, yeah, we didn't even know what coal was then.

B: Where did you get your wood, did you go out and cut it just off the mountain?

J: Just go up in the woods and cut it.

R: Was that your job or Pa's?

J: Well, I had to get a lot of it, yes. I had to get a lot of it.

B: With an ax?

J: Yeah, he was gone a lot of times, him and Big Dad got out curly timber, and he would go sometimes and stay a week, then come home on the weekend.

B: What do you mean by curly timber?

J: Hit was curly maple.

B: Curly maple. Where did they get it?

J: Well, they went around over in North Carolina and just around everywhere, everywhere they could find a curly tree.

R: How can you tell one Ma, I want to know?

J: They'd take and cut a chip out of it-

R: See what it'd do?

J: Yeah, and-

R: Curly, you mean the grain is wavy?

J: Yeah, they made furniture out of that.

R: At one time that was high dollar. I mean that was the best you could buy, wasn't it?

J: Good Lordy, you know Big Dad never had no money much 'til he got to working in curly timber.

R: OK. Now I want you to tell about Pa and that deal up there where they's shooting, that's what I want you to tell.

J: Where they shot? Well, now you see-

R: Where it started from, I mean this went way back, didn't it?

J: Yeah, way back. Bertie was the only child I had then, she's just about three months old.

R: Pa's having to make liquor, I guess, in order to survive.

J: Eliot McKinney was on starvation, honey. And they could just run the liquor up to try to get a little money to buy food with.

R: Was that during the depression, Ma?

J: Yeah.

R: Back in the 20's sometime.

J: And so somebody told; old Will went and laid away and watched 'em. They carried the sugar way over into Eff Holler-

R: North Carolina?

J: Yes! And decided they'd come back, and they put it up in the, I think it's up in the Mark place, up there on Grandma's, on that big place up there, you know where we lived. You see we lived up there. And they's ninety-some acres up there and we lived there, you see, and they come back around then and took it up to the Mark place and put it up, and old Will laid away and watched 'em, follered 'em.

R: How many pounds of sugar do you reckon they carried over there?

J: I don't know. They carried 50 pound, I guess, of sugar and that there; I don't know whe'r they had corn or chop now. But poor old Eliot McKinney didn't have a shirt to his back, believe it or not. He didn't have no

shirt on and had the collar sticking up here like he had a shirt on, and his shirt was tore off-a him.

R: Just to make it look like he had a shirt on?

J: And he was barefooted about. He had to come over 't house that night- Ernest had a arn lass....

R: A what now?

J: He had to come over 't house that night and mend his shoes; they was off-a his feet.

R: That arn lass, what's that?

J: Yeah, arn lass.

R: Is that that foot that looks like-

J: Where you put a shoe on, yeah, and fix his shoes before he could go the next morning. And so old Will laid away and watched 'em and whenever it got ready to run, he got old Jess Triplett, he was the law, and took up there where they had made it off, had run it off. And they had it just about run off, had three or four gallons a-setting there, and they had to run whenever they broke a-brush you know. And they had to run off. They didn't catch 'em, but they run off; and they swore to Eliot and Big Dad, and I'll tell you how dirty the law was. Big Dad give Jess \$100 to swear that they couldn't identify Ernest. Just Eliot's the one they got. And so Eliot was so mad at Will, they was a great big old log laid in t' side of the road up here around that curve and he slipped right up behind that big log, and they's somebody had sawed a big cut out of it.

R: Ma, where at now?

J: Right around the curve up there above Coon's house.

R: Okay, I know where it is now.

J: Right there, you know Miss What's-her-name's house is right there, around that curve right there.

R: Part of it's still there, I believe.

J: I think it is. And he just stepped out where that cut of wood was sawed out and shot Will. Will went up the road with a sack of groceries and's a-carrying a lamp oil can, and he put so many shot in that lamp oil can, so many shot in Will. (Someone knocks on the door.)

R: I'll get it Ma. I want you to finish that story. (Pause while door is answered.)

B: So what happened next, did it kill him?

J: Well, you see, no it didn't kill him, but they had to take him to the doctor. I don't know where he went, he didn't stay in no hospital, I don't reckon.

B: Where was the doctor, was there one in Roan Mountain then?

J: I guess they was. Old Hartley used to be down there. But he deserved it! I didn't blame him a bit. He ought t' shot him for being that dirty!

B: Well, did he get arrested for shooting him?

J: Yes, they sent poor old Eliot off.

B: To prison?

J: But Ernest's daddy give 'em \$100 not to swear that they see'd Ernest.

B: What kind of trial did he get? Where did they have the trial?

J: Well, they didn't have no trial. They didn't even mention Ernest. They just arrested poor ole Eliot and took him on, and he had to spend two or three year!

B: And he didn't get a trial or anything?

J: No! I don't remember 'em a-having no trial. They just 'rested and took him on.

W: And he was there for two or three years? Did he come back?

J: Yeah, poor little fellar. Now that's the truth if I ever told it. He didn't have a penny to his name and he was barefooted and they had nothing to eat, and they had been somewhere and had just moved up there on the hill where they lived, you know.

B: How did his wife live while he was gone?

J: She had to go back to her mamma and daddy.

J: He had it up here where we lived, up above our house and cut that timber one year. And then he had it down below Roan Mountain, and they hauled logs down there. And he had it over in, you know where you, just before you git up there to the part, on up there, right up in, they's a road where goes up on the mountain where Sally Miller, the Miller mountain they call it. It's a road goes up there and hit's paved good where the. . .built. And he had a sawmill setting up there awhile. He's just had it around ever-where. And then he had sheep, there was over 500 head that he would take up on the Roan Mountain, up there in the gap, you've been up there, I guess. And that big old bald, well they've run all over that big old bald; and on up there higher they was a big ole rock, and he'd come up there and call

them sheep, all of them. And they'd be a-way down in them balsam's, you know; and whenever he'd give a call, you could here him call plum up here. He'd be up there at the look off, a-way up yonder on that mountain, up this a-way (points toward the Roan), and you could hear him calling sheep? Had the loudest voice you ever heard.

B: What kind of a call did he make, do you remember? How did he call them? What sound did he make?

J: "Coo, sheepy, sheepy, sheepy," only just as loud! You could hear him plum down here.

B: And they'd all come to him?

J: Yes, sir, he was the best singer you ever heard 'til he got old and his voice faded, you know. And we all had some sheep. He had so many head and we had so many head, and they'd graze up on that mountain.

B: How could you tell one from the other, did you brand them?

J: Oh, you had to make a mark, now that was where I had to mark a sheep. Let me tell you, we lived up there and our house, I mean our yard, was warred (wired) in. And I got all of the sheep in the yard and the lambs too. And I had a big cut of wood, you know sawed off about that high? And I had to catch a lamb and hold it, put its ears down on that block, and you had to have a sharp knife. And I had to cut two smooth craps and a split in their ears, at the end of each ear, a little and off of the end of it. And then put a split, and that was our mark then. You had to mark all yer sheep. And had to cut their tails; you see, you have to cut a lamb's tail off atter it gets so big.

B: Why?

J: Why they won't have 'em at the market, you know. They'll mess on theirself and hit'll git gobbed up behind, you know, on their tail; and that's the reasons they cut their tails off, to keep 'em from gommin' it up like that. They won't have 'em at the sale without you cut their tails off.

B: Do they still do that?

J: Well, Bertie was just a little ole thing about four, I guess she 'us about four year old. And I'd catch a lamb and, you know, you'd grab it by the tail and he'd pull and I'd just reach down with that there knife and just whack it off. And he'd go on just a blating ever breath and he'd go around the house a-screamin and Bertie would, too.

B: Me, too! I'd a gone around back of the house and wouldn't come back! (laugh)

J: She'd go round there just a-screamin ever breath. And I had to mark ever one of them old sheep. Oz Holtzclaw was a-gonna come over and mark 'em and he didn't come, and I said, "Well I'm not a-gonna run myself to death anymore. I'll just mark 'em myself." And I did.

B: That's great.

J: I hated to do it but I'd ruther a-done that than to had to go up on the mountain and git 'em and run 'em 'til I got 'em in there.

B: How many would you have at a time?

J: Oh, they's about 30 head of 'em.

B: How long did you leave them on the mountain?

J: 'Til it begin to git cold.

B: And they'd just wander around and take care of themselves?

J: Yeah, they'd take care of theirsself. He went about twict a week and salted them and he could git up there and give a call, and hit wouldn't be no time 'til he'd be covered up with 'em.

B: What do you mean salted? He just put salt out for them?

J: Salt on the rocks, honey, and they'd lick it up. Law, we had sheep and cattle and-

B: Did you put cattle up there too?

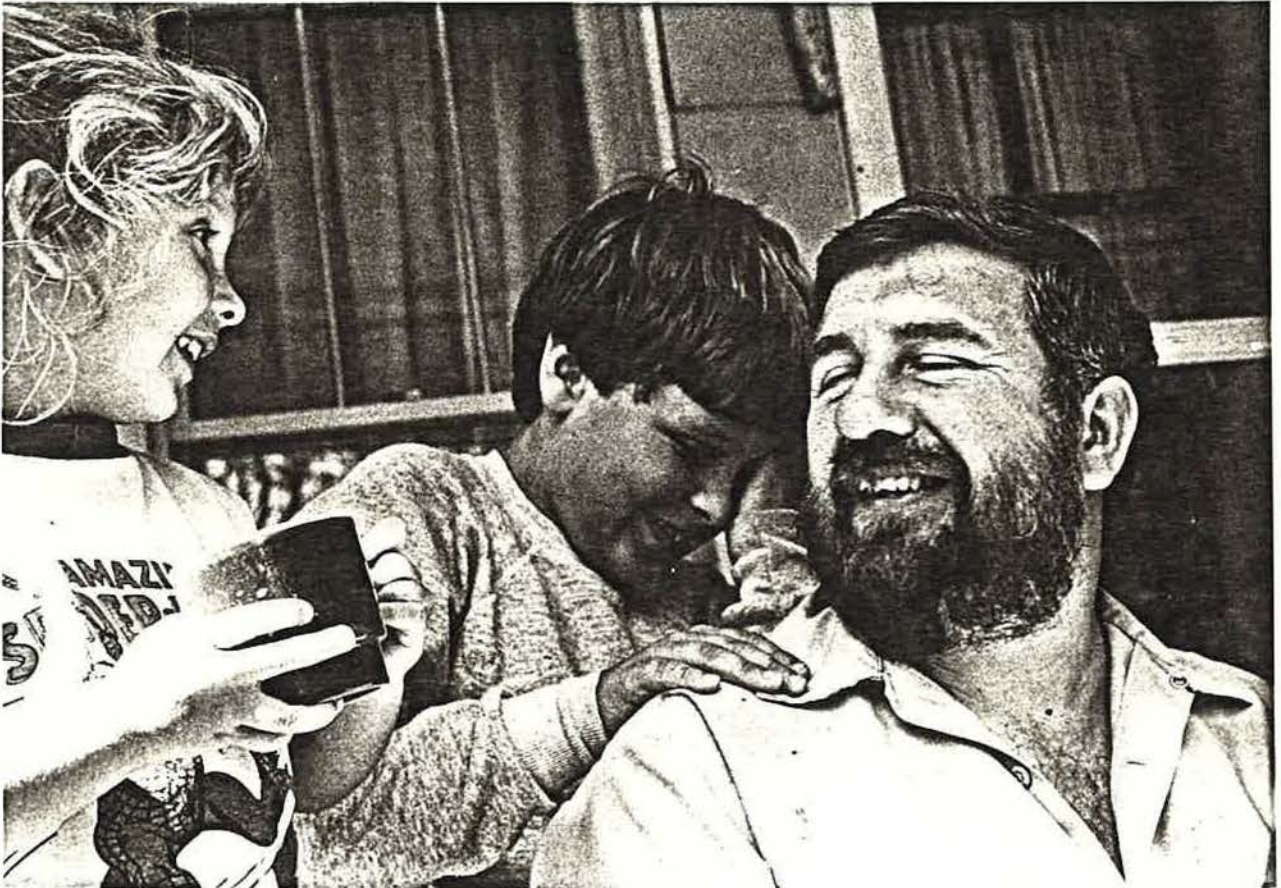
J: No, they was somebody had some horses up there tho

APPENDIX IV

Eddie Roark

I followed Ron Vance's four-wheel drive truck about halfway up Roan Mountain, turned right on a "sort-of" paved road which went from gravel to ruts to dirt, up and down and around and back into the mountains. My little Toyoto bounced along, trying to keep Ron in sight, when suddenly he turned right and disappeared. He had dropped off into a so-called driveway almost straight down and then abruptly up. Holding my breath, I followed. There in front of us, surrounded on three sides by forest and balanced on leveling supports, was the home of Eddie Roark, a mountain equivalent of the Cherokee oral historian. Sitting on his front porch, tucked back in the privacy of Ann's Cove, this modern mountain man and teller of talès, spun stories for us he had stored in his memory from the time he was just a tad of a boy growing up and running the ridges of Carter County.

At bedtime Eddie gathers his children around him and tells them of mountain people and ways of yesteryear, and of ghosts and strange unexplained happenings. He is passing his heritage on to his three children. Here he is with two of them.



EXCERPT FROM:

File No. 2; Tape 2-1

Interview with Eddie M. Roark, Route 1, Box 495, Roan Mountain

September 8, 1984

Interviewer: Ron Vance, Barbara Wickersham, Eileen Wilson

E: Roark

R: Vance

B: Wickersham

W: Wilson

Er: Eric (son)

E: Happened about the turn of the century. There was a woman called Vic Carter, her name was probably Victoria Carter or something, but everybody called her Vic, and about the only thing I know about her is that she was, my grandmother saw her when she was just a child. And she said she's one of the prettiest women she ever saw. And she had long black hair, you know, down to her waist. And she's also kind of a loose type woman; she didn't have any family. She just moved around from family to family, and usually they ran her off after she'd been there awhile because all the men became infatuated with her. And I think her morals were pretty bad, too. But anyway, they decided to run her off and they took her to a place over between Sugar Hollow and Heaton Creek. Well, it's Sugar Hollow Dark Hollow is. And things kind of got out of hand and she was murdered. They meant to scare her and they came and got her, she 'us either on Teaberry or Heaton Creek, I've heard two versions. There's several versions of these things. And they came and got her and took her to Dark Hollow; it's been logged out recently, 'bout the last four or five years, they cut all the timber out of it. Before then there's huge pine trees that grew up, and you could walk through it in the middle of the day and it looked like dusk. And they took her there anyway and, this is just what I've heard now, they pulled her clothes off and whipped her with switches and tied her up and they meant to scare her, then put her on a train and send her out of the country. But one of the women, a woman named Dorie Hardin in the bunch, and she hated Vic. And one of the men was standing there holding a knife over her chest trying to scare her. And Dorie ran up and hit his hand and drove the knife into her chest and she started screaming. Somebody evidently thought they heard something, so one man picked up a fencepost and hit her in the head with it and killed her. And they buried her, and according

to the legend, anytime anybody goes across Dark Hollow--it's between Hampton Creek and Sugar Hollow--if you're a relative of one of people that murdered her were your ancestors, why she'd jump on the back of your car or wagon or, you know, and ride.

B: Have you ever seen her?

E: No, I've never seen her. Obviously I'm not close enough kin. But what I always thought was so tragic about it, the people that murdered her, they weren't thugs or criminals or anything; they were all family men. And they meant to scare her and the thing just got out of hand. And-

B: This is a true story?

E: Yeah, this is a true story. Now the part about, I wouldn't say the part about her riding the bumper of your car is true but the rest of it is evidently true. They, my father-in-law did some research on it. He talked to some people that had first-hand information, you know, that had known the people that were involved and he said they carried her around for several days; they were afraid to bury her, afraid that somebody would find her. And they carried her around for several days and then finally buried her on top of another grave. When somebody died in Hampton Creek graveyard, at the top of Hampton Creek bridge, there's a graveyard there, and when somebody died, they buried her on top of that grave. Other people say no she was killed and buried in Dark Hollow. Some people say that she was killed in that bottom down there where the church is at the foot of Heaton Creek and then taken to Dark Hollow and buried. Now they might-a got away with it except that one night, they carried, they take her a different place every day and if they searched an area, then they would take her to that area the next day so that it wouldn't be, she wouldn't be found. They carried her body around in a box several days. But then one night they hid her in a church basement and some people saw it, and they obviously told other people and a lot of 'em came and saw the body in the church basement. So the people knew that there was a killing took place. They tried to claim later that they did put her on a train and send her out of the country. And my grandmother knew six of the poeple that were involved, five men and the one woman, Dorie Hardin. One of the men was little Ed Shell, who is distantly related to me. And she said ever one of 'em died, well she said, let's see five of 'em went blind and one of 'em went crazy before they died. All of 'em had something bad happen to 'em.

B: And they were never actually punished by the law though?

E: No. One man started an investigation and they told, he got a letter under his door a couple of days later. Said unless you want your son to go to the pen, you'd better drop it. He dropped it immediately.

B: Let's check this now. (pause to check recorder.)

E: You mean when my grandfather lived in the head of Heaton Creek? Ronnie knows where this is. It's up in Heaton Creek, my, well all my ancestors came from up in there. I don't know when the first Roark's moved in here but my grandfather was born in 1888. And in the year 1900 his father Nelson was walking to Bakersfield to buy some hogs and-

R: That's be through Rowan Creek and down through Elk Hollow wouldn't it?

E: Probably.

R: How far'd he walk?

E: It was several miles. Anyway he was gonna walk there and drive the hogs back, which was quite a job. But anyway he was found, he never did come back and 'bout a week later he was found. Someone had hung him. And with hickory bark rope; they'd stripped off strips of hickory bark, put around his neck and hung him.

R: Was that in the Roark Hollow?

E: No. This, well yeah it was up next to, over in there somewhere. He was nearly home I think. Anyway they found him, he'd been hanged by the neck and they, nobody believed it was suicide, but the coroner and the sheriff and everybody got there, they ruled it suicide. The man who found him was some farmer over in there and he said that there were tracks leading away in the snow. But when the sheriff and the coroner got there, the snow had melted off. It was raining when they found him but it 'ud been snow on the ground. So they ruled it suicide because there's no clues or anything. His hands weren't tied. And he was famous for, he'd strip bark off and he was famous for making chair bottoms. Well, not famous, but known for that. He could do it better than anybody else, putting a bark bottom in a chair. So they ruled it a suicide. Because all his money's gone and the hogs weren't ever found either, so nobody really believed 'em. My grandfather was 12 years old when this happened. He had an older brother named Ed and Ed ran off to West Virginia and got a job working in the coal mines. And my grandfather 12 years old had to support the family. And he worked for, he put in a 12-hour day for people, you know, maybe get paid fifty cents.

But in those days, you could buy a bag of flour or something, he'd buy it and bring it home. And he had a younger brother, name's Benny, Uncle Benny, I've always heard him called, and there were some Brewers that lived up in Roark Holler at this time too and they were always feuding. And my grandfather said that one of the Brewer's names was, probably a nickname, was named Hard, called him Hard Brewer. He was about my grandfather's size, course he was a lot older than my grandfather; at this time he was only about 17 and Benny was only about 14 when this incident happened. But they were coming through the woods and met Hard and his brother and my grandfather saw that there's no way to avoid 'em--they always avoided 'em when they could cause Hard's always trying to pick fights with 'em--and my grandfather said, "I'll fight Hard but you'll have to fight the other one." And he said, "But watch him, he carries a knife." And the younger one, they came right out and started, jumped on 'em right then. And my grandfather said that this younger one pulled out his knife and struck it over at Uncle Benny and struck, stabbed straight at his heart. And the knife was deflected by, they wore bib overalls in those days, by the buckles on the overalls. And he said that this man struck at Uncle Benny's heart and the blade was deflected by the overall buckle, and they grabbed each other and went rolling down to the bottom of the hill. And my grandfather got scared, he figured he'd better finish off Hard Brewer pretty quick. So he tried to grab a rock but he got a frozen clod of dirt and threw it, and hit Hard between the eyes and the dirt got in Hard's eyes and he couldn't see. Then my grandfather said he just killed him then (laughs). He beat him 'til he fell down then he run to help his brother, Uncle Benny. And when he got down to the bottom of the hill, Uncle Benny was standing in a creek up to his waist in water. And it was, you know, up in the fall of the year. And he's standing there, water up to his waist and he said, "Where's Brewer?" And Uncle Benny said, "He's down here in the bottom of the creek. I'm standing on his neck." And my grandfather said, "Well, you're gonna kill him." And Uncle Benny said, "Yeah, I know." So my grandfather had to go in and pull Uncle Benny off--a the other Brewer, and they pulled the other Brewer guy out and laid him across a log and pounded on his ribs 'til they got him breathing again. And then left and the Brewers didn't bother 'em too much after that.

B: I'll bet not.

R: There's something about a cart, on Hampton Creek a horse and cart or

something.

E: Oh yeah. That's a whole 'nuther tale there. This one's supposed to have some basis, supposed to be real. How much I don't know. There's a, supposedly a cart-load of silver came through Hampton Creek. Now this was, some people put it right around the turn of the century and some people put it during the Civil War. But I couldn't really say. But anyway, there's supposedly a man came through Hampton Creek and he had a cart-load of silver, pulled by mule. And he got in the bottom, across the road from Tom Gibb's, where, well below Reece Farmer's house, and there's a big bottom down through there and he got in there and the mule bogged down in the swamp. And floundered around and broke a leg and the man couldn't decide whether to put it out of its misery or not to. Because he was angry or something, he pulled out a big knife and supposedly whacked the mule's head off. And then he buried the silver and left, and never returned. And from then on, there've been all kinds of stories about people seeing a headless mule over there. And a lot of these people were, the way they put it, "I was drinking but I wasn't drunk."

B: Just a little tipsy?

E: Yeah. There's one man going down through there and he was on his, he said, this guy said he was on his way to git some liquor. He was on his way to buy, he obviously knew at that time a lot people made it. And he was on his way to the local bootlegger to git some liquor, and he said he looked over in the bottom and there was a mule standing there. A white mule with no head. I reckon that's the way they can tell it's a mule because of the legend. And he said that then it started raining out of a clear blue sky. It was late in the evening but he said there wasn't a cloud in the sky and it was just rain, just drenched him. And it sceered him 'til he went back home and he didn't visit the bootlegger that day. But it sceered him to death. And then three of my mother's cousins were camping out over in there and they were drinking. Well, there's really four of them, four brothers. The three of them were a lot older than the youngest one. And they were all drinking and wouldn't let him have anything to drink. And he'd hung his jacket up on a limb there beside the fire and after they eat supper, the three older ones set around and nipped at the bottle a little bit and then they, one of 'em just reached up and put the bottle in the younger one's coat pocket. Well that night it got a little bit colder

and they put their jackets on and setting 'round the fire, and they heard, started hearing hoofbeats. And they kept getting closer and closer and they looked and they said here come the mule. You know, and it was, the younger one hadn't drunk a drop when this happened and they saw the mule and he said it was, you know, it looked to him like it was tall as the trees and it was coming right toward them. And they all jumped up and run, left everything they had sitting there and took off through the trees just a-flying. And the younger one said he could hear the mule gettin' closter and closter behind him and then suddenly he felt that bottle, or heard it, it fell out of his pocket and landed on a rock and broke the liquor bottle. And he said when it did, the hoofbeats stopped immediately. And they went on home. Came back the next day and got their stuff, in daylight; they didn't go in the dark.

B: Do you know what their names were?

E: They were Shells. Uh, one's name was Hall, one's name was probably Leon, Hall and Leon and I can't think of the other two.

R: Is Hall living now?

E: No. He's dead. Leon and Hall both are dead now....