

JANUARY, 1982

Tombstone Stories

OF
ROAN MOUNTAIN



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7TH & 8TH GRADE STUDENTS
CLOUDLAND HIGH SCHOOL
RON D. VANCE, SPONSOR

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INTRODUCTION

The stories presented in this booklet are the culmination of many hours spent by students at Cloudland High School researching their direct ancestors, some of which date back to the 1700s. All students who participated were seventh and eighth grade Reading students. They are responsible for all information, either factual or fictional in their stories.

Many skills were used in researching this project. The project incorporated art, English and history and required personal contact and social studies skills.

The three primary goals of the collection of these stories were as follows:

First, any profit made from the sale of these booklets will be used to update the materials in our Reading Department;

Second, the collection will provide recognition, as well as a permanent record, of ancestors for those students involved in the project;

Most important, the project exposed the students to a new and challenging learning situation.

I would like to express appreciation to all students and their relatives for their efforts in collecting these stories. Also, I would like to thank the faculty of Cloudland High School and to Mrs. Sally Buckner and her typing class. Thank you for making our project a success.

Sincerely,



Ron D. Vance

DANIEL ANDREW ARROWOOD
by
Mark Stevens

Daniel Andrew Arrowood was born in 1887 in Crabtree about three miles below Roan Mountain, Tennessee. He was the son of John and Lorinnie Oaks Arrowood. Daniel was the oldest of six children. He had a twin brother named Alfred and two younger brothers whose names were Ike and Sam. He had two younger sisters whose names were Sally and Verbie. His youngest sister died at the age of nine years old. Daniel, his brothers and sisters went to school at Crabtree. The School had one room. Their teacher was Mrs. Minnie Julian. There were eight grades taught in the same room at the same time. Daniel didn't get much education. He only went to the third grade. Back then times were hard. There wasn't much work. His dad, John, made a living by farming. They raised everything they ate. They would take corn to the mill and get it ground into cornmeal so his mother, Lorinnie, could make cornbread for them to eat. Daniel quit school to help his dad farm. They raised cattle, hogs, chickens, and turkeys. Once their cattle got lost and Daniel's dad sent him out to search for the cattle, and he came upon a copperhead and got bit. Daniel was lucky because there was a doctor who lived close by, and he saved Daniel's life.

When Daniel and his family had to go to the store, they would have to walk for miles. Daniel, his brothers and sisters didn't have any shoes so they had to walk barefooted. Back then some kids weren't fortunate enough to have shoes but they didn't mind. They were a happy family. Their mother made their clothes out of the chop sacks that hog feed came in. Daniel and his twin brother Alfred loved to hunt. They would hunt rabbits and squirrels. They would bring them home for the family to eat. They would go fishing with their dad and catch all the fish they could eat.

Daniel, his dad, and brothers would have to cut all their wood out of the mountains to keep warm during the winter. They also had to use the wood to burn in their cookstove to cook the meals. They didn't have electricity so they had to use kerosene lamps. When they weren't working, they would play games to keep themselves amused. His sisters, Sally and Verbie, would help their mother with the house chores.

Back when the May flood came, Daniel was visiting his friends in Crabtree. He got stranded and had to stay overnight. His mother and father were worried sick because he didn't come home. They thought he had drowned in the flood. The next day he came home, and his mother and father were glad to see him. They were so happy to see him safe that they cried.

Daniel got interested in music. He learned to play the guitar and banjo. He would go to Elizabethton to play for people at dances. Daniel enjoyed his music, but he decided he wanted to join the army when he was seventeen years old. After he joined the army he was stationed at Fort Mead, Maryland, where he eventually became a sergeant. He stayed in the army fifteen years. While he was in the army he married Francis Mae Wayson. They had seven children. There were four sons--George, Harry, John, and Alicison; and there were three daughters--Eva, Vivian, and Ruth. Daniel retired from the army after fifteen years and moved back to Tennessee where he got a job as an electrician. He helped wire the Bemberg Plant in Elizabethton and then worked there after the plant was opened. He worked there until he became ill and was laid off. He died at the age of 56 in 1942.

MARY ANN ASHLEY
by
Robert Tribble

Mary Ann Ashley was born on July 24, 1879, in Hughes, North Carolina, in a place called Squirrel Creek. She stayed there until she was about 18 years old when her parents moved to Shell Creek on the Bluegrass Road in Tennessee. They bought property there and built a new home.

Mary Ann had one sister, Bethie Ashley, who married Robert Taylor Briggs two years after her family moved to Tennessee. They had four children: one boy, David Wesley; three girls, Ethel, Nellie and Annabell. Ethel married W. H. Ledford; Nellie married Bert Elliot; and Annabell married Clancy Pickens. David, the only boy, married Flossie Franklin.

Mary Ann's father gave them property on Bluegrass Road on which she and Robert built a new home. They lived there until Robert died on April 10, 1913, after a short illness. The doctor said Robert had typhoid fever. Mary Ann was left with four small children to raise.

She farmed, raised cattle, and made a good living for herself and her children. Mary Ann's father helped her very much, and her son David did much of the outside work until he married and left home at age fourteen.

After Robert had been dead for nine years, Mary Ann married Dave Ledford. Their marriage did not turn out very well, but she stayed with him. They had one girl, Nancy Pauline, who married Coburn Jack Blackwell.

In 1920 Ethel married and left home. In 1925 Nellie married and left home, and Annabell left home and lived with Bettie Isaac. About this time Mary Ann, Dave, and Pauline moved to Johnson City. Mary ran a small grocery store for about three years. Her marriage grew worse so she and Pauline moved back to Bluegrass Road. They lived together until Pauline married and left home.

So Mary Ann was left alone. One of Nellie's girls came to stay with her. She was Mary Ruth Elliott who stayed with her until Mary Ann decided to sell her home and move in with her daughter, Pauline Blackwell.

Several years later Mary received word that her son David had been killed in an accident in Bay, Idaho. This hurt Mary Ann to the point that she never got over his death. She had him brought back to Shell Creek and buried in the Isaac Cemetery.

Pauline decided to go to California, and so Mary Ann took turns staying with her three daughters, Ethel, Nellie, and Annabell. In the meantime, she divorced Dave Ledford and took her old name back--Mary Ann Briggs.

In 1969 Mary Ann died from a brain hemorrhage at the age of 90 at the home of her daughter, Annabell Pickens, and was laid to rest beside her first husband, Robert Briggs, in the Isaac Cemetery.

MACK BAKER
by
David Jones

My Paw Baker came from the state of North Carolina to the state of Tennessee when he was about fifteen years old. His mother and father, Davie and Mary Baker, had both died. He came to live with his aunt Vernie Richardson, where he stayed until he was nineteen years old and helped them farm. This is where he met Florence Winters, and they were married. They built a two-room house. Then my mother was born in 1942. They had one more child, a son they named Cread Baker. Cread was nine years old when my grandmother got sick. Back then they weren't sure just what was wrong with her, so grandpa took her to Virginia to a doctor who said she had cancer. My grandmother died in 1945. Paw moved to Upper Shell Creek and lived with the Garfield McKinney family. My mother and Cread stayed with our grandpa and grandma Winters whose names were Ed and Carrie Winters. Paw Baker worked at a sawmill and paid for his room and board. He worked for people like Luther Tipton, Floyd Moody and Will Tipton. He was working for a man named Tom Kerley, cutting timber, when another man cut a tree on him and hurt him real bad. From there he retired and went on Social Security. Now he is real sick with emphysema. He stayed in the hospital most of the time. Paw was a hard working man and always provided for my mother and Cread.

EUGENIA BOONE
by
Tracie Boone

On September 28, 1884, on Heaton Creek a baby girl was born to John and Martha Hicks Julian. This baby girl was the fourth child of this couple. She was named Eugenia. The late A. A. Julian was her oldest brother. Carrick was the next oldest. He died at the age of eighteen. Then followed Nettie who married the late Judge James N. Julian, Ida who married Will Garland (both deceased), and the youngest of the seven, Frank Julian who is also deceased.

Eugenia attended school on Heaton Creek, and her first school teacher was Jim Boone. Other teachers were Bob Range, who later studied medicine and became a doctor, John Zappin, and Edd Hayes. Those who knew Eugenia during her school days say she was never known to miss a word in spelling. In those days and for many years "spelling bees" or "matches" were regular forms of entertainment. For years Eugenia was the champion speller.

Eugenia liked a brother of her first school teacher who lived in the neighborhood. After Jim went by they decided to sign a contract. H. N. Boone went to Elizabethton to get the marriage license for them; while doing some errands for a neighbor, he missed the train back to Roan Mountain causing him to get back to Heaton Creek late.

The young couple had planned to be married by Mr. Boone's brother, Rendar Boone, who was a magistrate but changed their plans and decided to wait until the next day. Eugenia spent the night with good neighbors of hers, Mr. and Mrs. Ike February. Mr. February, wanting to be helpful to the young couple, went early the next morning to H. N. Boone's father, J. F. (Dick) Boone and got a Methodist preacher who had spent the night there. His name was F. M. Comhesand. He came to the February home and the wedding ceremony was performed before breakfast. Mrs. February prepared a big wedding breakfast for the newlyweds and the minister. So, Eugenia Julian became Mrs. H. N. Boone. They were married on St Patrick's Day, March 17, 1903. Mr. Boone died August 9, 1957.

The Boone's lived on Heaton Creek until 1940. They then moved to Hampton Creek. They built their house on Hampton Creek.

Ten children were born to this couple. Crumley who lives in Elizabethton; Okla, Ivan, Blaine, and Forrest all of Roan Mountain; Mary Andrews of Watauga; Oran who is now deceased; Herman who died at age 2; Pauline and Paul who were born October 8, 1918, but Paul died that same year; and Pauline Brown of Newport News, Virginia.

Mrs. Boone started the first hot lunch program in Carter County under the direction of Mrs. Frank Dugan. This program began with the free lunch program at Cloudland High School. Mr. H. T. Shell was principal. Mrs. Boone cooked for nine years. The first year, the students were to bring from home a plate, a glass, a fork, a spoon, a soup bowl, and a dessert dish.

Mrs. Boone was active in church work and the PTA and politics.

Many grandchildren and many great-grandchildren were born to Mrs. Boone. She died on November 1965. To me she was a great lady. She was my Grandmother Boone.

CAIN AND MARY ANN BOWLING
by
Mary Ann Green and Vivian Leigh Shell

Cain Bowling, the son of Jacob and Jane Bowling was born on December 26, 1879. Mary Ann Caldwell, the daughter of Taylor and Martha Caldwell, was born on March 14, 1885. They spent their childhood in the Roan Mountain area.

Taylor Caldwell died January 23, 1893. Marth Caldwell died September 19, 1967. Jacob Bowling died December 23, 1895. Jane Bowling died August 27, 1894.

Mr. Cain Bowling and Miss Mary Ann Caldwell were married at Crabtree, Tennessee, January 6, 1905, in the presence of Pender Boone. They had five children: Hazel Bowling, born on April 7, 1906; Katherine Bowling, born on May 5, 1914; William David Bowling, born on October 22, 1918; Ruth Bowling, born on May 2, 1923; and Evelyn Bowling, born on April 1, 1926.

Hazel Bowling married H. C. Waycaster of Hampton, Tennessee. They had two children. H. C. Waycaster is deceased. Katherine Bowling married Roy Brown of Roan Mountain, Tennessee. They had nine children. Roy Brown is deceased. William David Bowling married Lucille Bowling. They had no children. William and Lucille Bowling are both deceased. Ruth Bowling married Charles Aggers of Hampton, Tennessee. They had nine children. Evelyn Bowling married Creston Bradley of Elizabethton, Tennessee. They had three children. Mary and Cain Bowling lived their entire lifetime at Crabtree, Tennessee. Cain worked on the railroad. They farmed and raised their own food. They made their own clothes out of cotton material. They washed their clothes outside in a tub on a washboard. They made the soap that she washed her clothes with. She cooked on a wood stove. She made her quilts out of cotton material. She made her pillows out of cotton material and filled them with feathers. She had to carry her water from a spring and kept the milk and butter in a spring box.

Cain Bowling died of a stroke on March 26, 1949, at the age of 60. Mary Ann Bowling died of a heart attack on September 19, 1967, at the age of 83. They gave the land that the Bowling Chapel Methodist Church was built on. They helped build the church.

Cain and Mary Ann were my great-grandparents. I was named after my great-grandmother. I live in my great-grandparents house. Cain and Mary Ann were Vivian Leigh Shell's great-great-great aunt and uncle on the Mackley side of the family.

JAMES WILLIAM CLARK
by
Rachel Vance

William Clark who was my great-great-grandfather founded Clarktown about two hundred years ago. William Clark and his family crossed the mountains from Watauga County, North Carolina, to settle their own community--a remote 600-acre tract of mountain land located between Tiger Creek and Western North Carolina.

This was the beginning of Clarktown and for three or four generations it grew as William Clark, his son, and his great-grandsons cleared the land of its timber and farmed it. Some of the Clarks also herded sheep.

My grandmother Nancy Clark Miller who was William's granddaughter is my grandmother on my mother's side. This is what she told me about how her grandfather came to settle in Clarktown: He (William) and his two brothers came from the old country (England) and landed somewhere around the coast of Virginia or North Carolina. Upon reaching America, they separated on the coast and both went their own way. And it is told that two of them settled on the same mountain. One on one side and the other on the other side of the same mountain and didn't know where the other brother lived until one of them died.

But William traveled on to Watauga County years later until he came to the place now called Clarktown. My great, great, grandfather William bought the 600 acres of land that the town is on for one dollar an acre. William was married to Susane Tusk of Valle Cruz, North Carolina who lived to be 96 years old. Both she and her husband are buried in the family graveyard in Clarktown. They were the parents of Harrison, Jim, John, Jasper, William Newton, and Dove Clark. Their daughters were Carolina who married Blake Byrd; Adelaide who married Tim Franklin; and Elizabeth who married Zackery Taylor. All lived in Clarktown except Harrison who remarried in Watauga County, North Carolina, when the family moved westward over the mountain. Carolina's husband, Blake Byrd, and Adelaide's husband, Tim Franklin, made shoes for everyone on the mountain. Most of the children had sheep, and some of the family took on the job of shearing the sheep, while others carded the wool. Socks that they wore were knitted by the women. This is how they got their clothes to wear.

The only way across to the community at that time was by wagons or horseback, and there wasn't a store within eight miles of the mountain. When they just had to go to the store for something they really had to have, they would throw a saddle over an old horse and just take off, and in about an hour they would be at A. J. Miller's or later on at Blevin's Store on Tiger Creek. If it rained there wasn't any going at all. Tiger Creek would be so swollen they could not get across it or "ford it" as the old people called it. William Clark's sons constructed the first school on Clarktown which was also used for church. It was standing until just a few years ago. My mother remembers growing up in Clarktown and attending church on Decoration Day with the people that still lived on the mountain. The school and church have since burned down. One big event concerning the school and my grandmother was the first flag-raising at Clarktown. John Arrowood and Loss Morgan brought an American Flag to the Clarktown school. Walter Morgan was the teacher at that time at the school. The daughters of John Clark were the first to raise an American flag on Clarktown. They were Nancy and Dove Clark. It was a great honor for my grandmother. William Clark also had a grist mill and a sawmill both of which were in great demand. Until then most of the homes were log structured, but after the sawmill was built there were some frame houses constructed. The old grist mill was operated by water. After William's death the mill was operated by his son.

Dove operated the grist mill. The whole town depended on it to grind their meal and flour (corn and wheat), but the sawmill kept going from hand to hand. My great uncle, Charlie Clark, said that in the spring of 1917, the year he was married, there was a killing frost on June 12 and all the crops were ruined. The growing season just became so short, they had to move out. He also remembered going to drive the cows in to milk one night and discovering from one hill on the mountainside that he could see from that one spot the smoke coming from 23 different chimneys. So, one could say that at one time Clarktown was a busy little town. According to my grandmother, when the seasons changed for a few years, the days were so short and cold, the summer months were also short and cold. They couldn't even grow a good crop before it got killed by a freeze. It just became so hard to earn a living there that the younger generation moved off the mountain to find jobs. William Clark is now dead; so are most of his children and many of his grandchildren. The land is still there, but Clarktown now is owned by the forest service.

IRA CLAWSON
by
Sally Clawson

On December 25, 1904, Christmas Day, a baby was born to Hermon Taylor and Mary Molly Clawson. His name was Ira Edward Clawson. He was born in a small house in Butler, Tennessee. He was born at home back when you didn't go to the doctor, the doctor came to you. Ira Edward started school at the age of six and went to the sixth grade. He took bread and jelly or bread and milk for his lunch. He put his milk and bread in the spring to keep it from spoiling. People used to keep butter and milk in the spring.

When Grandpa was eighteen he got a job at the Pittsburg Lumber Company where he met my Grandma Bessie Guy. Shortly after that (about a year later), they got married. Their first child was a boy named Alvin. They had nine more kids. About six months after he was born, Alvin died. Grandpa said he never found out what happened to Alvin, but he said he knew that the baby was in Heaven and some day he would see Alvin again. Grandpa worked at a sawmill until he got his legs broken when a log rolled over him. After that all his kids didn't want him to work at a sawmill any longer. He retired. Only one of his children started working as a lumberjack, and he was my daddy, Ira Edward Clawson, Jr. Daddy still has a mill and I guess always will. About one month before Grandpa died he had bought a piece of land on Beach Mountain, but he lived out on Mill Creek. We went over to his house, and he was real sick. And Daddy and Mom took him to the hospital. About 8:00 Daddy took me and my cousin to our house to take care of the kids. We stayed up all night. At 2:15 on Monday morning he died, but Angie and I didn't find out until 1:00 Monday afternoon. It broke everyone's hearts, but someday we'll get to see him, just as he got to see Alvin. Grandpa died November 24, 1980.

JESSIE KELLY COLE
by
Karen Cole

One day long ago on July 17, 1896, a baby boy was born to Mr. and Mrs. Grant Cole. He grew up to be a shy and honest boy. He loved school and the work he had to do around the house. He went to church every Sunday even though he had to walk to church. When he got older, he fell in love, got married and settled down in a large house hoping to raise a family. He picked a good wife for she was a terrific cook. Not long after they were married they had their first baby. In all, they had seven beautiful children and their names were: Jerry, Rose, Violet, Kathaleen, Less, Dessaree, and Arvel. He taught his children right from wrong and good from bad. He provided for his children by growing wheat and corn to sell. Jessie's children grew up. His son, Jerry, and his son's wife had a child. Every morning if Jessie's grandchild wanted candy, he would walk five miles to the nearest store to get candy. Jessie would bring people home for dinner and he would always tell them that his grandchild was his own child.

Jessie was not going to put up with drunks around his house. His children's children who are now going to school are wanting to be just like their grandfather. The man I am talking about is my grandfather. He was a good man and treated people with respect. Some of his children are growing up doing wrong, and I'm sure it would hurt him if he were here today. He never drank, smoked, or gambled in his life. Even though people treated him wrongly, he always prayed for them. He was a noble type person and was loved by everyone except his enemies (who were drunks).

Jessie became very ill. The doctors said there wasn't anything they could do for him except pray. He stayed in the hospital for a very long time. The longer he was there the sicker he became. Then one sunny day as I was coming home from school I saw "Slow Funeral" signs near my house. I was too young to know what they meant, but when I got home my dad was waiting for me at the door. He told me that my grandfather had died. Of course I understood what that meant and I will always remember that day. On his tombstone they put: "Jessie Kelly Cole; Died , 1975; Born July 17, 1896; A brave and honest man." His last words were "I'll see you in the pearly gates of Heaven." Then he was gone.

DALLAS CORDELL
by
Tammie Shell

On December 27, 1897, a baby boy was born to Adolphus and Mararet Cordell. The baby boy was named Dallas Victor Cordell. Dallas was the youngest of three boys. He had two older brothers named Henry and Roscoe.

Dallas grew up in Carter County. He went to school at the Upper Shell Creek School. At the age of thirteen, he started going to Boone, North Carolina, with his father to work in a sawmill camp. He worked with his father at the camp until he was twenty-four years of age.

Dallas married a young maiden by the name of Fleece Vance. They were married in Boone, North Carolina, in 1921. After they were married, they lived with Dallas' parents.

Dallas and his wife moved back to Carter County when he was twenty-six. For awhile, they lived in a barn which they turned into a dwelling house. Dallas and his wife had one son while they lived in this place. They named him Clifton.

Dallas started working at the North American Rayon at the age of thirty. He built a new house and had one more son whose name was Bynum. He also had two daughters--Alexie and Gladys. While working at North American Rayon, he worked also as a farmer, raising tobacco, corn, cows, hogs, chickens and a garden.

At the age of forty, he quit working at North American Rayon to take care of his disabled parents. Dallas and his wife moved in the house with his parents to take care of them both day and night.

At the age of forty, Dallas started working at the store which his parents had operated before they had become disabled. Dallas bought and sold furs and chickens. To earn some extra money, he dug roots and gathered herbs and sold them at the herb house in Roan Mountain.

Dallas' hobbies were hunting and fishing. Sometimes he would go hunting and stay all day and all night. He loved fishing so much that he decided to build his own pond and stock it with fish. He stocked his pond with bluegill, trout, bass, and walleye.

During this period there was no electricity in this region. Oil lamps were used for light at night and clothes were washed on a washboard. Clothes were hung out to dry in the sunshine because there were no electric dryers. For heat, wood and coal stoves were used.

Dallas was a very likeable person in the community. He attended the Christian Church in the Upper Shell Creek section of Carter County.

On the morning of December 26, 1974, Dallas arose early, ate a very heart breakfast, and then went to the store. He sat down in a chair, where his son found him dead of a heart attack. Dallas was buried in the Cordell Cemetery.

KEN CORDELL
by
Heather Cordell

My grandfather, Ken Cordell, was born on May 15, 1902, His mother and father were named Nat and Nancy Jane Cordell. His mother died when he was only a year old. His father was a farmer and a timberman who owned a sawmill. My grandfather's father and his family settled here after buying much land in what is now called Shell Creek and Bear Branch.

After his wife's death my grandfather's father married a woman named Lillie Potter who is now ninety-six years old and lives in Elizabethton, Tennessee.

My grandfather met his wife at church. Her name is Iva Lee Miller. They married a short time later. My grandmother is the daughter of John and Julia Shell Miller. My grandparents later had a son, my father, Marshall Cordell who married Louise Ashley Cordell. They have five children.

My grandpa and grandma moved to Kentucky where my grandpa worked as a teamster driving horses that pulled logs to the sawmill. After a long period of time he developed rheumatism and had to come home walking on crutches. The doctors said that he would never walk again, but he came home and overcame his illness.

Grandpa went to Arizona and worked on a ranch for two years. He then came back home and worked at North American Rayon. Then my grandpa developed tuberculosis. He died on September 2, 1932. He was just thirty and my father was only six years old.

FLETCHER C. GOUGE
by
Karen Gouge

Fletcher Calvin Gouge was the son of the late Dass and Minnie Winters Gouge. He attended the upper Meaton Creek Holiness Church. He worked as a painter and a produce salesman. During the war he worked at the Holston Arsenal. He was married to Mrs. Edith Henson. They had nine sons: Fletcher Gouge, Jr., Elizabethton; Kenneth, Zeb, Jim, Robert, Larry, Tony, Teddy and Dayton Gouge; His daughters were Mrs. Brenda Bartly and Mrs. Linda Powell. He had five brothers--Frank and R. D. Gouge, Jonesboro, Howard, Richard and Ernest Gouge, Johnson City. He had two sisters--Mrs. Oakley Barlow and Mrs. Ivellee Kilduff both of Johnson City. He had twenty-four grandchildren. Fletcher died at the age of 64 at Carter County Memorial Hospital following a brief illness on November 15, 1976.

THOMAS GRAY, JR.
by
Robin Gray

On February 28, 1918, Thomas M. Gray Jr. was born, the first child of Mr. Thomas M. Gray, Jr., and Mrs. Bertha Archer Gray. He later had five brothers and two sisters. His brothers are Carroll, Paul, Beryl, Dana and Jimmy. His sisters are Evelyn and Mary Belle. Evelyn died at the age of three.

Tom attended Cloudland and graduated in 1938. After he graduated he worked at Harris Lumber Company in Johnson City as a lumber grader. In 1940 he started working at North American Rayon in Elizabethton as a pipe fitter until the time of his death.

On January 13, 1939, Tom married Alma McGuire. He became the father of three children, Wilburn, Carolyn and Richard. Wilburn is an electronic engineer for the Telephone Company in Atlanta and is the father of two children Tammy and Tracie. Carolyn was a math teacher for five years and is now a housewife and the mother of two children--Kim and Brian. She is now living in West Virginia. Richard is a pharmaceutical salesman and is attending law school in Knoxville. All three of Tom's children graduated from East Tennessee State University with honors.

Being a man of many talents Tom liked to write. He wrote many poems which were published On October 31, 1979, Tom wrote a poem called DePeyster's Cry which was published in an Overmountain Victory Trail pamphlet and was put to music and sung at the Overmountain Victory Trail celebration. Tom wrote many letters to the editors of newspapers about worthy causes in the community. He also enjoyed photography and took pictures of nature scenes. He developed the pictures himself with his own equipment. Tom was on the Wildflower Tour. He was honored at many dinners given by the Wildflower Tour organization. He also helped to organize the Birdwalk organization. Tom started writing about the Overmountain wane and started organizing the Overmountain Victory Trail in 1975. The trail starts at Abingdon, Virginia, and ends at King's Creek, South Carolina. Tom was the Vice Grand Marshal in 1977. He had been the County Marshal several times before. In 1978 Tom was the Grand Marshal.

Tom was active in the First Baptist Church of Elizabethton and the Hampton Masonic Lodge. He was also a membership chairman for the Watauga Historical Society and a member of the Watauga Genealogical Club.

On April 13, 1979 Thomas M. Gray, Jr., died of an apparent heart attack at the age of 61.

FRED HARRISON
by
Pat Harrison

Fred was born in Roan Mountain in a little cabin upon a hill. His real name was Fred Howard, but when he was sixteen he got into trouble with the law so he went to Kentucky and changed his name to Fred Harrison. His parents were John and Rosy Howard who never saw him again until he was twenty-four.

Fred came home and met Sadie Harrison. They dated for two years then got married at the age of twenty-six. They moved to Buck Mountain and lived there until he was sixty-four. Then they moved to Valley Forge where they lived until he died at the age of seventy. They had five boys and six girls.

One day old Fred went on a hunting trip. He grew very tired in the woods, so he sat down and went to sleep. When he woke up it was dark. He started home and saw a berry bush, and he began eating the berries. A bear got after him and before he got home the bear ate the whole rear end of his pants.

HILLEY HILL
by
Eddie Triplett

Mrs. Hill was the daughter of Mr. Tom Whitehead and Mrs. Sarah Ann Whitehead. Mrs. Hill married A. B. Hill, and they had 12 children--seven sons and five daughters. Their names were Jim, Walter, Kate, Will, Glenn, Bonnie, Bell, Floyd, Ethel, Maxie, Clyde and Crawford. Just six are living today.

Mr. and Mrs. Hill were members of Little Mountain Church. They lived near Fork Mountain. They had a little home of about two or three rooms. They had wooden floors. They didn't go to stores like today. Mrs. Hill made Mr. Hill's shirts and pants. They could only get one pair of shoes each year and it would last them the whole year. They wouldn't wear them in the summer, just in the winter. They told me that the shoes were "built good."

Mrs. Hill and her family would grow things like corn, peas, onions, tomatoes and potatoes. They would also make applebutter, jams and jellies.

Mrs. Hill had two brothers and two sisters. Their names were Ora, Liviles, Davie and Bill. They are all dead as I know of.

Mrs. Hill didn't work she just stayed home and took care of her family. Mrs. Hill I was told was a hard worker who cared about her family. Mrs. Hill died in 1940. She died of heart trouble. She is buried near Bear Cage Road. When I went to the graveyard I got a spooky feeling as if someone was watching me. I don't know but it could have been Mrs. Hill.

PAULINE BARNETT
by
Viencen Hitechew and Brian Gouge

Pauline Barnett was born October 16, 1940. She was delivered at home by Dr. Bingham, physician of Roan Mountain, Tennessee. She was the daughter of Leonard and Rosie Odum Barnett. Pauline was the youngest of five children which included Stella, Bonnie and the twins Clarence and Herman. She lived with her family in Roan Mountain, and attended grade school at Cove Creek School, a two-room school that contained grades one through eight.

Pauline's mother died on January 1, 1949, of tuberculosis when Pauline was nine years old. Her father married Belvia Winters when Pauline was fourteen. At the age of fifteen, Pauline quit school and traveled to Pennsylvania to live with her aunt for two years. Three years after she returned to Tennessee, she met Sam Oaks, Jr. and married him on January 11, 1958. The two oldest of her children, Penny and Larry, died. She then had three more--Anita, Bob, and Paula. After eight years of marriage, her husband died of a gunshot wound.

On April 6, 1968, Pauline married Wally Hitechew, and two years later she gave birth to her sixth child, Viencen. Pauline became ill on Christmas Day in 1972. The doctors started treatments on her. There were several different kinds of treatments. When Pauline first got sick, she thought she just had some accidental bruises. That was the first symptom of her disease. Then she took the flu and had to go to the doctor. She had been for checkups before and she knew her blood was low, but they checked her finger nails for blood color by pressing them. It went from these small symptoms to more serious ones. Her doctor realized that her illness was serious and then he knew she had cancer. The doctors at Duke University Hospital immediately started cobalt treatments on her. The treatments made her hair come out and her skin very tender. She seemed to be getting along well until about the last few months of treatment. She had bone marrow tests and it was found the disease had gotten worse. The doctors asked for permission to use a new treatment on her that had only been used twice before. This was the only chance for Pauline--that the treatment would work. It didn't. Her liver swelled slowly until it burst. It was eighteen months from the time Pauline found out she had cancer until she died. The doctors told her family that if she had not sought treatment when she did she would have died sooner.

Pauline spend most of her time in the hospital after her illness was diagnosed. The doctors tried so many different things in treating the disease including giving her raw blood. The treatments would help Pauline for awhile, but then she would get worse. She wasn't afraid to die. The only thing she didn't want was to leave her family, but she knew God was ready for her. She died at home just two days before her youngest son was to turn five on August 23, 1974. She was buried at the Hughes family cemetery. Pauline was a happy person and lived a very fulfilled life. She had a great deal of courage and never feared death itself. She made everyone love her, and she is remembered and loved by all her family.

TAMMY GAIL HODGE
by
Rebecca Ann Hodge

Tammy Gail Hodge was born May 15, 1966. She had a sister named Rebecca Ann Hodge; her parents were Brownlow and Judy Hodge. She was a member of the Roan Mountain Church of Christ and attended Cloudland Elementary School. Her grandparents were Dayton Harmon and Mr. and Mrs. Pierce Hodge of Roan Mountain. When she became real sick, Tammy had a home teacher. She became sick when she was about seven. Her illness was uncontrollable. She stayed in the hospital for a long time. Tammy couldn't eat anything with salt because she had high blood pressure, but she still had some chips now and then. They never bothered her. She had an aunt named Fay Hodge and an uncle named Willie Hodge. When she got out of the hospital, she was glad because she had been in the hospital for a long time. Tammy had a dog named Nukie. She really liked her dog. She died with it in her hands. The dog is still living. Tammy had jet black hair, dark brown eyes. She and I had the same kind of clothes. She has another aunt and uncle named Fred and Frances Lebean. They live in Flint, Michigan. They have a son named Sells Lebean.

Tammy died at 4:30 a.m., Thursday, May 29, 1975, at home following an illness of two years. She was born at Elizabethton, Tennessee. Her dad Brownlow Hodge was born December 22, 1942, at Banner Elk, North Carolina. Her sister Rebecca Ann Hodge was born October 29, 1968, at Elizabethton. She had lots of friends at school until she had to get a home teacher. Tammy liked her home teacher but she didn't like to get her homework. She had a boyfriend who was kind of cute. He had black hair, and his name was Mark. She loved her mom, dad and sister. Tammy's favorite food was greens with lots of vinegar.

One day Tammy went to the store with her grandpa and got all kinds of food. Tammy said, "If I can't have it all I just don't want anything." She went back to her grandpa's house and started singing Rock of Ages. So her grandpa said "Come on and let's go to the store, and you can have anything you want." Tammy bought what she wanted and then she was happy.

Tammy is buried in Markland Cemetery. The funeral service was led by Hansel Winters at Roan Mountain Church of Christ.

JOHN ROBERT HUGHES
by
Todd Hill

Back in the mountains outside of Buladeen, North Carolina, on September 8, 1899, a little baby boy was born, and his name was John Robert Hughes. As a boy, he grew up very slowly. He was a very mischievous little boy. He loved to get into all kinds of messes. He liked to lay out of school, too. When he was six years old he got to go hunting with his dad for the first time. When he was seven, he went out to kill squirrels on his own. In his spare time he had to chop wood, work in the garden, and when I say work in the garden I mean he had to really work! He had to pull weeds from out of the rows; he had to hoe the vegetables; he had to help plow the garden; and he had to pick the vegetables. Besides chopping wood and working in vegetable gardens, John had to feed all the chickens, the cows, the horses, and the dogs. He really had a full-time job. He liked to not only help around the house, but he liked to be off by himself. The best place he liked to be was the woods around his house. He also liked to fish. He had some of the best fishing holes in the world to fish in. He caught many fish. He caught rainbow trout most often. He didn't give the fish to anyone else to clean but did it himself, and sometimes he even cooked them. When he was 17, John started dating girls. He was a tall, slinky boy.

On March 5, 1903, he and a young girl by the name of Vernie Herrel were united in marriage in the middle of the road. John had many different jobs during his lifetime. He was a carpenter and also a beggar. When he wasn't doing carpenter work or begging he put out a garden and also went fishing and hunting. John Robert Hughes and Vernie Herrel not only were farmers, but

they were the proud parents of five children. Their children's names were Pauline, John Wesley, Loy, Mack and Dwight. John Wesley, Loy and Mack are all deceased. John Robert Hughes worked most of his life at not only carpentry and being a beggar but he also had other jobs. He loved to go hunting for raccoons and squirrels. Most people go hunting even though they can't shoot a gun but John was a very good shot. John was a member of Burbank Free Will Baptist Church. Together his five children gave John seventeen grandchildren. John and Vernie had nineteen great-grandchildren.

John Robert Hughes and Vernie Hughes watched their children grow up very slowly. Pauline married William Hill and they had five children. Then the rest of John's and Vernie's children got married. It was sad to see all of their children leaving and getting married, even though their children didn't move away but only moved down the road a little ways. After his children were gone, John kept working at different jobs. Vernie worked also. One of her jobs was as a cook at the elementary school. She was one of the first cooks at the school.

After a few years John Robert retired and from then on chopped wood and worked in his garden. John told some of the best stories I have ever heard. John Hughes told stories about when he went hunting and fishing. He also told stories of signs--that is when the moon is full or when it tells what the weather will be. On May 10, 1977, John Robert Hughes died. I knew him only nine years. During those nine years he was the greatest man I have ever known.

WILSON HUGHES

by

Missy Birchfield

Wilson Hughes lived in Avery County, North Carolina, until 1942. He then moved to Roan Mountain, Tennessee. He had four brothers and three sisters. He married Darcus McCoury in 1921.

Wilson's parents were Wilt and Lawa King Hughes. Darcus' parents were Ben McCoury and Matilda Freeman. Darcus and Wilson had ten children and three died as infants. The second oldest child is my granny, Edith McNahan. My great-grandfather died when he was eighty-six. I can remember him coming through the field right before the mail run. When he became ill it was so sad to see him laying in that hospital so quiet. We were waiting for him to get better, but one day the Lord took him away. It still hurts for granny to talk about him. He read the Bible, he was a mason and a very good man.

VIRGINIA ETHEL JACKSON

by

Billy Thompson

Virginia Ethel Jackson was born in Patrick County, Virginia, on January 24, 1900. She had five brothers and three sisters. My grandmother Virginia only went to the fourth grade. Her mother was very ill, and she had to quit school and help take care of her family. Besides she had to walk four miles to school. My grandmother was married when she was fifteen. She married to Clady Briggs and had four children. He worked on the railroad until he died of pneumonia in 1936. He was only 36 years old. My grandmother had four children to raise by herself. So she sewed clothes to make a living. Her children's names were Melissa Ilene, George Dewey, Cecil and Letha Alice. Melissa Ilene Briggs is now 59 years old; George Dewey was killed in World War II at Iwo Jima Island on his twenty-third birthday the American flag was raised on Iwo Jima on February 23, 1945; Cecil Briggs is 47 years old and lives at Newport News, Virginia; Letha Alice is 47 years old and lives in Ashboro, North Carolina. George Dewey was buried in Iwo Jima Cemetery and was eventually reburied in 1947 in the United States.

My grandmother moved to Winston Salem, North Carolina, in 1910. She lived there until she met my grandfather in 1941. She married Lawrence Alvin Hooper in December 1941. She was 41 years old and he was 63. They moved to Newport News, Virginia, and there my mother was born. She was Annie Bell Hooper. My grandmother was 43 and my grandfather was 65 at the time my mother was born. In 1941 after they had moved to Newport News, my grandmother went to work at the army post at Fort Eustis, Virginia. She had eight people who worked for her. She ran a tailor's shop that fixed the uniforms for the new GIs. At that time General Dwight D. Eisenhower was commander of Fort Eustis. My grandmother also fixed clothes for him. In 1951 my grandmother and grandfather and mother moved back to Winston Salem, North Carolina. My mother married my father when she was 15 years old and my father was 16. They had three children-- Donna Tammy and me.

My grandfather was a painter and carpenter. He lived to be 80 years old. He died of a heart attack on March 10, 1960. My grandmother moved back to Newport News in 1968. She still sewed and made dresses and wedding gowns for people. One Wednesday morning she was sitting at the table talking to my great uncle and died of a heart attack. This was on February 25, 1970. She was 70 years old.

EARNEST L. JOHNSON

by

William Burrow

Ernest Johnson was a good man. He lived on Fork Mountain on a farm, and raised animals such as pigs, cows and chickens. He was married to Mannie Caldwell. They met in Tennessee and had nine children, two girls and seven boys. They were named Bruce, Harold, Ed, Martha, D. D., C. C., Abe, Ella, and Edmond Johnson. His wife, Mannie, died in 1948. She died with a tumor. Ernest was working at the plant in Elizabethton at that time. Two years later Ernest had married Mrs. Roxy Welly. She lived in Hampton, Tennessee. They met at Brown's Store in Hampton. He was still living on his farm on Fork Mountain. They were married in Hampton at Charley Campbell's Church. They had six children--five girls and one boy. The names were Linda, Lois, Shirley, Nina, Dina, and Frankie Johnson. Shirley Ann Johnson died with the fever in 1964, and a week later her sister Nina Kristen Johnson died with the same disease. Their birthdays were the same day and month. Nina Kristen was born on Shirley's birthday. Eleven years later it was discovered that Mr. Johnson had cancer. It had eaten out his insides and he would not live long.

Mr. Johnson used a wood-burning cook stove and lanterns for light. He had a grandfather clock that ran by winding it. Mr. Johnson was getting along good and then the cancer attacked his liver. He had to go back into the hospital where he died a few days later. He willed all his belongings to his children.

CAIN JULIAN

by

Michelle Hicks

Cain William Julian was born on Heaton Creek on March 22, 1896. His father and mother were LaFate and Sarah Twigg Julian. The house in which he was born was torn down in the 1920s. Another house now stands in the same place--five miles south of Roan Mountain. Cain owned 65 acres on which he raised corn, potatoes, beans, and other vegetables. He also raised cattle, sheep, pigs, horses, and chickens; and occasionally he raised turkeys. On one occasion thirty turkeys disappeared out of an apple tree in one night. They never returned and their disappearance is still a mystery. Some of the fruit trees which Cain set out are still standing today. The farm was all in trees, bushes, and briars when Cain was a boy, and as he grew up he helped clear the land.

Great-grandfather Cain built a small dam which diverted water to a mill house. In the mill house was a grist mill on which corn was ground for the neighbors. In this mill house there was also a dynamo which made electricity. This was years before electricity came to Heaton Creek. Cain also ran his saw with energy created by the waterwheel.

There weren't any bridges across the rivers, or creeks, when great-grandfather was growing up. In the winter, the creeks would freeze over and for months people would cross on ice. The nearest town was Roan Mountain. Great-grandfather would hook the horses to the wagon and go to the store, to Elizabethton and Johnson City to peddle apples, potatoes, and beans. This would take two or three days. He would take a quilt and pillow and sleep in the wagon.

Great-grandfather was one of the first people in the area to own a car. He was a farmer, a minister, and a school teacher. He was married to Delia McKinney in 1916. Delia is my great-grandmother and a very active woman. She ground corn at the grist mill, fed the livestock milked the cows, fed the chickens, and gathered the eggs. She had a full-time job, plus her housework. Delia now lives on the Nath Garland farm in Roan Mountain. Delia and Cain raised three children, Norman, Nath, and Geneva. My great-grandfather has been dead for twenty-five years as of October 18, 1981.

The farm on Heaton Creek is now owned by Larry McClanahan. The farm is grown up in trees as it was years ago. It is interesting to hear my grandmother Geneva Blevins tell all of these historic tales.

My grandmother Geneva is married to John Sterlen Blevins, my grandfather. They raised two children, John, Jr., and Evangeline. Evangeline married Henry Hicks, Jr. They, in turn, had four girls, Kimberly, Michelle, and Sandra Dee and Cynthia Lee the twins. When I was three years old, Kimberly eight years old, and the twins two months old, our Daddy was killed in a tractor-trailer truck. When the public hears us speak of Daddy Sterl and Mother Geneva we are referring to our grandparents who took over when we lost our real daddy.

Ronnie Vance's great-grandfather owned the first radio that my Mother Geneva ever heard. She enjoyed going to Brownlow Julian's house and listening to the Grand Ole Opry. Her favorite was old Dave Macon.

As time passed, great-grandfather sold the farm in 1946. The buildings were torn down and the land is again being covered in timber as it was many years ago.

JAMES NORTON JULIAN
by
Kelly Julian and Jon Julian

James Norton Julian was born in 1808 and died in 1888. He is buried in the old Julian graveyard on the land that was given to him by his father-in-law, France Hampton. This cemetery is in the Heaton Creek section near Roan Mountain, Tennessee. This land is now part of Eagle Nest Ranch.

James Julian came to Roan Mountain sometime in the 1820's or 1830's. He was invited to Roan Mountain by France Hampton to teach school. Hampton and Julian met at Knoxville, Tennessee while Hampton was picking up dry goods for his store in Shell Creek. James was fairly well educated for his day and Mr. Hampton told him they needed a school teacher in Roan Mountain. Julian moved from Knoxville to Roan Mountain and began teaching for \$10 a month. After a while his salary was raised to twelve dollars a month because he was such a good teacher. James Julian came to America during the Revolutionary War. One story has it that three Julian brothers who were German Jews were run out of Germany and settled in France. During the Revolutionary War, they volunteered to fight against England with Lafayette and came to America. They stayed and a brother settled in South Carolina. The brother who settled in Virginia moved to Knox County, Tennessee, and was a grandfather or father of James N. Julian.

After James came to Roan Mountain, he married Eliza Hampton, and his father-in-law gave him the greater portion of what is now Heaton Creek. James' and Eliza's children were Caroline, William Marion, Lafette, George, Henry, and Eliza.

William Marion was my great-great-grandfather. He was born in 1838 and died in 1919. He married Myra Hughes, and they raised eight children. The children were William Brownlow, Betty Hacker, Cain, Min, Polly Lowe and Jane. He also had six children by another wife. Her name was Eliza Heaton.

William Brownlow became my great-grandfather. He married his first cousin, Minnie Holtsclaw, and raised six children. He was born in 1884 and died in 1966. He is buried in the Hinkle and Julian graveyard in Roan Mountain. William Brownlow's children were Ernest, Bernice, Clarence, Thurman, Heirl, and Novelle. Thurman is my grandfather and is still living. He married Mable McMahan and they had four children--Hershel, Donald Lee, Gerald, and Ondrea. Donald is my father.

My knowledge of my ancestors is limited, but everyone tells me that they were hard-working religious people who took much pride in the Julian name. My great-grandfathers were both in the lumber business. Neither had much education. My great-grandfather never attended school a day in his life but could write his name to sign checks and other papers. My great-grandfather was a very successful man. Along that time he owned five houses in the town of Roan Mountain and one in Florida. He also owned very much land. James Julian was a respectful gentleman in the community and was instrumental in starting the Methodist church on Heaton Creek.

HARLESS LARGENT
by
Tina Roberson

Harless was born in Carter County in the Whitehead Hill section. Harless had two brothers and four sisters. They then moved to Fork Mountain, where they lived in a six room house on a little hill. He and his sisters and brothers worked on a farm. When he was old enough, he started to work at North American Rayon for approximately one year. Then he decided to go to work at ET&WNC Railroad Company, which he did for about three or four years. He quit that particular job and worked for Hancey Construction for about six years. He soon, however, went to the Army and fought in World War II, leaving in 1942 and coming home in 1945. Then in 1945, Harless met Rosie Whitehead. They got married and she became Rosie Largent. They had three boys named Freddie, Dillard, and Willard, and three girls named Susan, Lucille, and Maxine. They were a happy family. Rosie had a stepson and stepdaughter who came to visit every now and then. They were good friends with the stepsisters and step brothers.

The Largent family moved from Fork Mountain to Bear Cape Road into a little white house with five rooms. The kids all got married except Freddie and Willard. Harless and Rosie lived together thirty-five years. One night Harless and Rosie were sleeping and Harless woke suddenly. He had been having a nightmare about dying, a dream he had dreamed twice before. He told Rosie that he loved her and then had a light heart attack. His wife screamed for Maxine to come and told her to go to Ed Whitehead's Store to get a Pepsi. The family called the rescue squad and told them to meet them. The family got Harless into the car and drove up the road to Pat Hill. Harless' head fell back against the car seat. The family called "Harless" and "Daddy," but he could not answer. The rescue squad carried him to the hospital emergency room where medical people attempted to revive him. Their efforts were useless because Harless had died. His family and friends were very unhappy. Harless' son was coming from Florida and when he arrived and found out that his father was dead, he blamed himself. The family told him that it was not his fault but that it was time for Harless to die. This is the story of Harless Largent.

JERRY AND DIANE MCKINNEY
by
Angie McKinney

Jerry McKinney was born April 1, 1860, and died April 7, 1945. Jerry was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bill McKinney. Jerry was born and raised in Mitchell County, North Carolina. Later he became a farmer. He had mostly sheep. When my dad was a boy, Jerry gave him two live sheep and got him in the sheep business. Dad still has some sheep. At a later time, Jerry moved to Shell Creek. My grandpaw was two years old at the time and he is still living at the same place. Jerry lived to be about eighty-five years old. He had married a woman from the same place, and her name was Diane Osborne. Jerry McKinney was my great-grandpaw.

Diane McKinney was born July 2, 1866, and died October 12, 1966. She grew up at Mitchell County, North Carolina. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dave Osborne. She got married at the age of thirteen. She also joined the church at the same age. She lived a long time--one hundred years. She fell and broke her hip at an earlier age and lived for a long time after.

Jerry and Diane got married and lived in North Carolina for a short time. They then moved to Tennessee. They had ten children, five boys and five girls. Now there are only two children living--my grandpaw Garfield McKinney and Rev. Ed McKinney. Even though I never knew them I know I would have loved them.

THOMAS BROWNLOW ODOM
by
Beth Anne Laura Reine

Thomas Brownlow Odom was born July 31, 1889, on Shields Creek which was later to be known as Odom Town. His parents were Waites Odom and Rhoda Whitehead Odom. There were several brothers and sisters listed as follows: Sam, Nancy, Sally, John, Vico, Neal, Polly, and Milburn; Temple and Robert died in early infancy or childhood. Tom died November 1972.

As a child, Tom lived on an eighty-acre mountain farm. The family raised nearly all their food, working oxen using a hillside turning plow as the farming implement. Tom never saw a level land plow until he was a grown man. They sold peaches, apples, dried fruit, and other produce in order to purchase necessities. Hunting and fishing were dependable food sources and Tom learned at an early age to load a hog rifle by standing on a chair.

Tom walked two miles through the woods to a one-room school house on Tiger Creek. Plato Wright was the teacher with Ikey Wright and Nanny Lacey serving as substitute teachers.

At age nineteen, Tom married Laura Ellen Barnett. The wedding ceremony was performed on Tiger Creek by A. J. Miller on February 24, 1909. They lived in a very small boxed house near the Simon Wise house, and Tom worked in timber and sawmills for the wages of ten cents an hour. Tom and Laura then moved to Odom Town and built a house on a piece of land adjoining the family farm. Tom's brother, Sam, and his sister, Sally, also brought their respective spouses and settled on the Odom farm during this same time. Tom and Sally's husband, Will Hill, began a general store and were in business for three years. A. H. Miller had a store at the same location.

Tom moved his family to White Rock, and he cut extract or paperwood for three or four years for Dayton Hill before selling his team and wagon and leaving for work in Ironton, Ohio, where his brother, Neal, lived. He worked in a locomotive plant that built motors used in mining operations and stayed there for one winter. Returning to White Rock, Tom sold the property in Odom Town and bought a home in Blevins in April 1929. He moved the family possessions to the railroad by sled and loaded them onto a dump car pulled by a motor car which was operated by Dave Lacey. After settling at Blevins, known to locals as "the Gorge," Tom worked at Bemberg and also at the White Rock tower. He then went to work on the railroad with a section crew putting in ties, rails, and keeping the track clear; the pay was twenty cents an hour and ten hours a day.

Later on in life, Tom became a deputy sheriff working two years under Moreland, two years under Ernest Brumitt, and four years under Mike Boatwright at which time the family moved to Burbank (1943); he then worked with Dalphie Garland.

In 1945, Tom returned his family to Blevins and began a business on his property which consisted of a small grocery store and barber shop. The railroad was still in operation next to his property line, so Tom dug a road by hand around the Doe River to allow for use by automobiles.

Children born to Thomas Brownlow Odom and Laura Ellen Barnett Odom are listed as follows: Clyde Ernest (3/24/10), Ford Henry (1/11/13), Florence Nettie (7/11/20) and June Bernice (7/25/29).

JACKSON G. POTTER
by
Tracie Bennett

Jackson G. Potter was an oldtimer who believed in public service. He and his six sons served their country for many years in the armed forces. All of his sons saw shooting action and all returned safely home. Two of them made a career of the Army but have since retired. Jackson was so anxious to get in on the action immediately following the Spanish American War that he suddenly got three years older on paper so that he could sign up in May 1901. After training in Texas where he was assigned to the 12th Cavalry, he was shipped out to the Phillippine Islands. He did not see battle action as the peace treaty with Spain was signed in 1898, but the occupation troops had plenty to do. That was during the day. At night some the soldiers went out-on-the-town. They weren't supposed to get into any trouble. To help control the possibilities the Army MPs wouldn't bother them if they ate some food before drinking the native beer. After a little over three years, Jackson returned home to the mountains.

Jackson was born on September 15, 1881. He lived on Buck Mountain for eighty-five years. He had seven brothers and four sisters, two who are still living. They are Mrs. Nettie Slusser of Roan Mountain and Mrs. Lillie Hardin of Elizabethton.

Jackson and his wife also had a family of six boys. They were John (deceased); Robert (deceased); Dan (San Antonio, Texas); Crawford (Buck Mountain); Stover (Alabama); and Henry (Hampton). There were six girls: Lillie Grant (Roan Mountain); Orpha Scott (Oklahoma); Cleo Oaks (Buck Mountain); Destie Caraway (Buck Mountain); Ann Oliver (Buck Mountain); and Laura Potter (deceased). The grandchildren have leveled off at forty, but at the last count of great-grandchildren there is a total of 100 and still climbing.

Jackson said he had to steal his lovely wife Laura Bell. He courted her for sometime before they decided to get married. They didn't exactly have her father's consent because he said that he "wouldn't let Laura Bell marry just anybody." On the day they decided to get married Jackson went over to Laura's house for the showdown. Her mother was visiting a neighbor and her father was gone.

Mrs. Potter died of cancer in 1952. Her daughter Destie and her husband lived with Jackson. All of the family attended the Laurel Fork Church of Christ.

Life was hard but rewarding in those years. A farm family had to be independent and resourceful. Providing the essentials of life took hard work. The children attended Laurel Fork Elementary School and then Cloudland High School. There weren't school buses in those days so that meant walking both ways to school. Jackson earned extra money during winter by sawing trees, trimming and dragging them out. He hauled the logs with a team of horses to Roan Mountain. There the train hauled them to Hampton.

In 1932 Jackson started his last term as a magistrate for the 16th district of Carter County. With two previous terms this accounted for eighteen years that he served his country and home district. He had been an active and staunch Republican all of his life. Even after retiring from elective office his influence in the county continued for many years. It became known that if a man had the support of Jack Potter success was inevitable.

In recognition of his many contributions to his country and to his county, Jackson was awarded an honorary life membership in the Captain Lynn H. Folsom Post 21-6, Veterans of Foreign Wars in August 1965.

Jackson Potter was ninety years old when he died on January 9, 1971. He was my great-grandfather.

Sarah Elizabeth Potter
by
Bryan Edwards

My great-grandma, Sarah Elizabeth Potter Campbell, was born on May 27, 1878. She died of diabetes on January 31, 1960. Her parents names were Ezekiel Potter and Lydia Maager. Her brothers names were John, Saulman, Jack, Walter, Joke and Alfred. Her sisters names were Jane Potter Timbs, Nettie Slusser who is still living, and Nettie Harden who is still living. She was married on August 4, 1894, by Pastor Patten Vias. She married W. M. Campbell. They had fourteen children. Seven died at an early age. The rest of them are Alice Campbell (April 16, 1902); Jerry Ezekiel Campbell (May 16, 1904); Lonas Campbell (August 20, 1905); Tillman Campbell (September 5, 1907); Viola and Nola (October 19, 1908) (twins who died at an early age); Ivaloe Campbell (October 5, 1909); Oassy Campbell (July 16, 1911); and Mainard Campbell (May 22, 1912). She lived in Burnsville, North Carolina, for three years. Sarah then lived on Buck Mountain the remainder of her life. On weekends Sarah rode a horse from home to the old hotel on top of Roan Mountain. From there she would go to Bakersville where she would get on a train to Burnsville.

She got her nickname, "Granny," because she was so nice to the children in Campbell Hollow. She used to take them into the woods and show them the different plants and trees. When she got too old for housekeeping, she moved in with my grandma. She also went to Ohio to live with her other daughter. She stayed there six months. From there she went to Indiana to live with her son. She stayed there three months. Then she came back and lived ten years before she died in Carter County Memorial Hospital. She was buried in the Isaac Cemetery on Buck Mountain.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN PRESNELL
by
Randy Presnell

Abraham Lincoln Presnell was born April 20, 1880. He died November 12, 1965. He was born in Beech Creek, North Carolina. He was the youngest of eight children. He had six brothers and one sister. Their names were Ham Presnell, Scofield Presnell, Finley Presnell, Carfield Presnell, Rilde Presnell, John Presnell, Mary Presnell and Abraham. Abraham spent his childhood years on Beech Creek, North Carolina. While growing up he worked in a sawmill with his father and helped him farm. They farmed so they would have food for the family and so that they would have a little left over to sell and get a little bit of money. He also hunted and fished. They would dig roots and herbs for money to buy things they couldn't grow.

Abraham and his family lived in a three-room house made of logs. In the wintertime, snow would blow through the cracks in the house. When they woke up, they would find their blankets covered with snow and their hands and feet almost frostbitten. The mattresses were made of corn shucks and chicken feathers. The pillows were also stuffed with feathers. Abraham's family made their covers from the furs of the animals they killed as well as from small pieces of cloth they had left over from the clothes they made.

Abraham helped support his family until he was twenty-three years old when he married Dorothy Harrison, a child bride of thirteen. Dorothy was born and raised on Buck Mountain. She and Abraham had six children. Two of them died at birth. One of her sons died from a brain hemorrhage. The others are still alive and well. While growing up, Abraham's children helped provide food for the family. Abraham had an outside job that provided things that they couldn't grow. He worked as a sawer for different people including James Ray in Ashby, North Carolina. He also worked in Virginia and South Carolina. Many times he would take his children with him. He would take my grandfather, Frank Pressnell, with him often and teach him the different skills he had learned over the years. He taught his children to provide well for their families. My grandfather grew up and got married. He and his wife had eleven children.

When my great-grandfather died, he said he wouldn't "forget what everyone did for him when he was in the great place." My great-grandmother is still alive and well at the age of ninety-six. Four children are still alive. I feel very privileged to be a descendant of this great man who was born so many years ago and suffered great hardships in his lifetime but still had much self-respect and made a good living for his family.

LON ROARK
by
Shannon Roark

Lon Roark was a man of abnormal physical strength, and with very little education he could figure out the longest arithmetic problems. At age twelve Nelson Roark, Lonnie's father, was walking across the mountain into North Carolina. He was going to buy pigs. When he did not return a few members of the community went to look for him. He was found lunged by the neck with a piece of hickory bark. It was thought that he had been robbed but no one was ever certain about his death. An old work horse was one of the few things left to the family at Nelson's death. Lon who was twelve years old at the time took on the responsibility for the support of the family. His older brother who was seventeen had left home at this time to go to West Virginia to work in the coal mines. He did not return for two years.

Lon would hire out to the farmers in the community. For a 10-hour workday he would receive fifty cents for his work and fifty cents for the use of his horse, the average wages of the time. Lon would plow, log, or do whatever kind of work he could get. His feet would get very sore in the summertime because he had no shoes. At fourteen he got a job at a local sawmill. He worked forty straight days before he ever received any pay. When payday finally came the mill boss said, "I owe this man more than any man here." He received forty dollars for forty days work. He hid the money in different places on his body because he feared being robbed on his way home.

Lon's brother Ed returned home a little over two years after Nelson's death. Ed was about nineteen or twenty years old. One particular night everyone was in bed, and like all fourteen year old boys, Lon was playing and making noises. His brother Ed hollered from the other upstairs bedroom and told Lon to be quiet or he would take the old leather strap to him. The leather strap was a barber strap on which razors were sharpened and Nelson had used to punish his children when necessary. Lon's mother told Ed to leave Lon alone, but Ed went into Lon's room to give him a whipping. Lon reached up from a prone position, took Ed by the hair with his left hand, and gained Ed's respect with his right hand.

A few years later Lon went to West Virginia and got a job in the mines. Because of his great physical strength he was able to load more coal than any man in the mine, and as a result made more money. During the time he was in West Virginia he married Floey Rash. Lon and Ed had heated outside bath houses in which their wives would wash clothes during the day and Lon and Ed would clean up in after work. One day as both men were taking a bath, Ed began to flip Lon on the behind with a wet towel. After a couple of warnings to quit, Lon had to gain Ed's respect once again. After several years in the mines Lon saved enough money to buy a farm.

Transportation was very poor in those days and on his trip home Lon was forced to stop at a small town for the night. All he could find for the night was a small run down hotel on the outskirts of the town. While paying for the room Lon made the mistake of letting the desk clerk see the money he had saved for his farm. When he went to his room Lon noticed that the door had no lock; so he slid a large high back dresser in front of the door. He discovered that there was a window with no glass behind the dresser. It led into the hallway. Lon realized his situation and was certain that the desk clerk would try to rob him in the night. He took his pistol from his small suitcase, and he emptied a box of shells onto his bed where he sat down facing the doorway and waited for his robbers. Five times that night someone tried to open the door or come through the window. He told them he had a gun and would use it. The next morning he left the hotel with his gun in his hand. He met a policeman outside the hotel. The policeman asked him why he was carrying a gun. After Lon told the policeman what had happened the night before, the policeman told him that there had been reports of people

Lon settled on a small farm in East Tennessee and raised five children. During this time he operated a grist mill and ran a small country store. The last thirty or forty years of his life he farmed. He died at the age of eighty-three on New Year's Day 1971. This man was my great-grandpa.

ALMA REBECCA JANE ROBERTSON
by
Sandra Dee Robertson

Alma was lovingly known as Janie. She was the daughter of Thomas and Mable Robertson. She had six brothers and three sisters. She was a very bright and fun-loving girl. She loved all kinds of sports. She left high school for two years but returned to finish. She was a very good student and her teachers all thought she was a very bright student in all subjects, especially in math. She wanted to become a secretary.

Janie loved her brothers but they were always picking on her and she would let them have it. They would hold her and say "Mom, Janie is hitting us," and her Mom would say "You started it. Now finish it!" and they would get mad and go running to get away from her. Janie loved all kinds of music especially rock and roll. Janie had such a short life that much cannot be written about her. She was killed in an auto crash in Frederick County, Maryland, on the night of September 6, 1970. She left two children--a daughter Sandra Dee and a son John Burton. My grandparents are now raising my brother John. Janie was buried at Stone Chapel Cemetery at Warfieldbury, Maryland. She was born on August 15, 1951, at Gist Maryland and died on September 6, 1970.

ARTHUR AND DOVIE SHELL
by
Angi Shell

Arthur Chester Shell was born December 15, 1898, at home in Roan Mountain. He had two brothers and six sisters. They were Carrie Winters, Lillian Knight, Edith Bare, Geneva Nave, Blanche Shell, Maude Johnson, Frank Shell and Floyd Shell.

Dove Street Shell was born July 31, 1900, at home in Roan Mountain. She had three sisters and ten brothers. They were Myra, Mollie, Annie, Harrison, Will, Bale, Graner, Joe, Fondren, Roby, Bud, Frank, and Cranille.

Arthur and Dovie had eight children. They were Willie Cox, Fred Shell, Bert Shell, Frankie Cox, Verl Shell, Dempsy Shell, Betty Jean Frye, and Eddie Joe Shell. Arthur and Dovie lived on Hampton Creek all their lives. Arthur's father owned seven hundred acres on Hampton Creek and Sugar Hollow. They had a large farm where they raised animals such as cows, sheep, horses, pigs, chickens, ducks, goats, mules, dogs, and cats. Their garden consisted of squash, corn, beans, potatoes, radishes, etc. The description of their house is as follows: It was a one story house with four rooms. It had newspaper and cardboard for wallpaper. Arthur had a huge feather tick bed. They kept their milk and butter in a springhouse. In the living room, they had a trapdoor under a chair where they kept their potatoes. They moved from the head of Hampton Creek. They purchased a huge two bedroom house near the foot of Hampton Creek. They lived in it until they purchased a trailer.

Arthur died on March 20, 1979. His death was caused by a lung disease. Dovie died on March 28, 1979, eight days later. She had two heart attacks before she died. She had had a pacemaker inserted before she died but when it stopped, it was all over.

DANIEL SHELL, SR.
by
Denise Stevens and Toni Zollinger

Johanna was born in 1730. His home country is not known. He arrived in Philadelphia on the ship "Robert and Alice." The ship was from Rotterdam, Netherlands, but the ship made a stop in an English port called Towes. It isn't known when or where Johanna got on the ship. He settled in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. January 1748 records show he tried to buy 100 acres in Adams County, Pennsylvania. He had the needed warrant for the land, but during the survey it was discovered the land was already sold. It is believed that he was bound or indentured because of the length of time between his arrival and the time when he tried to buy land (1742-1748). By records in Lancaster County dated 1757, he paid land taxes. However there is no record of any actual buying of land.

In 1749 Johanna married Anna Catharina Gertude in the Trinity Lutheran Church in Lancaster County. According to church records of baptisms, they had eleven children as follows:

John Shell, born in Lancaster County on January 8, 1753; baptized July 3, 1750. He fought in the Revolutionary War.

Anna Maria, born in Lancaster County on April 3, 1753; baptized July 3, 1753.

Henry Shell, born in 1755. Later he settled in South Carolina and moved into North Carolina.

Michael Shell, born in 1759.

Sara Shell, born in 1761.

Catherine Shell, born about 1763.

Gertrude Shell, born on October 14, 1766, in Pennsylvania and baptized in Hagerstown, Maryland in the Reform Congregational Church.

Benjamin Shell who settled in Mississippi. No known birthdate.

Casper Junior, born May 27, 1772 in Hagerstown, Maryland, baptized June 5, 1773.

Charles Frederick, born November 25, 1774 in Hagerstown, Maryland, baptized in the Zion Reform Church in Hagerstown. (The Reform Congregational and the Zion Reform could be the same church.)

Records show Johanna sold 275 acres in 1768 in Lancaster County. With this and the baptismal records, he must have moved to Hagerstown, Maryland. It is known he moved to Lincoln County, North Carolina, before July 19, 1779. It is believed that he got on a ferry, crossed the James River and landed in Virginia. He then traveled through the Shenandoah Valley to Lincoln County North Carolina.

Johanna died about 1804 in Hickory, North Carolina. His will was dated June 22, 1804. Final settlement on the will was April 10, 1806 in Lincoln County, North Carolina.

Johanna's oldest son, John, was born in 1750. In 1772 he married Catherine Selgley. They had a son, Daniel L. Shell.

Daniel Shell had several sons, one of whom was Daniel Shell, Jr. He was born in Burke County, North Carolina, in 1785. He married Polly Miller who lived in Johnson County, Tennessee. Polly's father deeded the land he owned to Daniel. Daniel later moved to the Shell Creek area of Carter County. Daniel Shell, Jr., had several sons and daughters. One son was Lenore Shell (1878-1958). Lenore's sons were Ford, Claude, and Carl. He had four daughters.

HUBERT RAYMOND SHELL

by

Todd Johnson

Hubert Raymond Shell was born on March 24, 1895, and died on March 22, 1977. His parents were Thomas and Lottie Shell. He was born on Shell Creek. He had two brothers Henry and Thomas, Jr., and one sister, Maggie. His father died when he was two years old which was about 1897. His mother and sixteen-year-old sister contracted typhoid fever and died when Hubert was about seven years old. Hubert and his older brother moved to Minneapolis, North Carolina, to live with a relative. His younger brother, Thomas, stayed on Shell Creek with his grandparents. Hubert and his brother took jobs working from daybreak to dark in the fields. They left Minneapolis as teenagers and returned home to Shell Creek.

Hubert met his future wife Faithie and after about a year of courting, they were married on March 14, 1914. To them were born thirteen children; four died in the early months of their childhood. There were six boys and seven girls. The boys were Carl, Allen, Dexter, Conly, Kell and Dale. The girls were Essie, Shirley, Oakie, Deola, Nell, Arlys, and Ruth. They had thirteen children, forty-two grandchildren, sixty-eight great-grandchildren, and seven great-great grandchildren.

Hubert worked in the iron ore mines in Cranberry, North Carolina. He walked from Shell Creek to Cranberry, worked ten hours, and walked back. After he quit mining, Hubert worked as a timber cutter for Ritter Timber Company at Grandfather Mountain in North Carolina and several other timber cutting jobs in other states including one in Virginia. In 1937 he went to work at the North American Rayon Plant in Elizabethton, Tennessee. He worked there for many years until he retired. After he retired he raised tobacco and had a few head of cattle, mostly for his own use. Back in 1929 he built a log cabin with only four rooms on ten acres of land which was all woodland except the homeplace. Later he cleared the land for raising crops and for grazing cattle. After he had made a little money, he built more onto the log house, which is still standing, and put in running water, a bathroom, and electricity. On his property he had a barn, tobacco building, and a woodhouse. After all his children had grown up and gotten married, Hubert and Faithie took in Faithie's niece who lived with them until she married. Her father was in service and her mother had died.

On a Sunday morning in March 1977, Hubert had a stroke. He was partially paralyzed. He recovered enough to walk, talk and do some light chores around the house. Five years later he had his second stroke and passed away. His wife is still living in the old home place. She is eighty-three years old. Hubert was buried in the Richardson Cemetery on Shell Creek.

JULIA ANN STOCTON

by

Shannon Stockton

Julia Ann Stocton was born on July 1891. She was the daughter of E. L. and Eurie Hughes. She married John Ervin Stocton. They had nine children which included four daughters and five sons. The boy's names were Claud, Voyd, Marshall, Spence, and Paul. The girl's names were Mary Street, Dorothy Roberson, Nola Roberson, and Ida Henson. Julia also raised some of her grandchildren. Voyd's wife died when their first child was born so Julia kept the baby and raised it. Voyd married again and had two more children. He died and his wife had to be put in a mental hospital. Julia had to take care of these children. She had a hard time taking care of her family. In the summer she had the crops to tend and the farm animals to feed and the cow to milk. She would take the small children to the garden and sit them down in a place she could keep an eye on them as she went about tending to the crops. She raised potatoes, corn, beans, pumpkins, onions, squash, etc. As the vegetables ripened she would can them and put them up for the winter. They would raise hogs for meat and also chickens for meat and eggs. Their cows supplied them with milk and butter. In the fall they would dig their potatoes and store them for winter. The apple trees supplied them with apples to make applebutter and jelly. They also had an apple house made out of stone in which they kept apples to eat in the winter time. In the summer when berries were ripe Julia would go to the field and pick wild strawberries and blackberries which she would can or make jelly from. She didn't have all the conveniences that we have today. She cooked on a woodstove and the family ate off a wooden table with wooden benches on each side. She didn't have carpet on her floors. She had wooden floors that had to be scrubbed with soap and water. Their house had one large bedroom with several beds. Whenever she had housework to do and the children were small, she would raise the bed leg and sit it on the children's dress tail so that they couldn't get into anything. Julia had to wash clothes on a washboard down by the creek with homemade lye soap she had made. When the children or other members of the family were sick she would doctor them with home remedies. For cold she would make catnip tea. Julia had to sew and make clothes by hand for the children to wear. There was little money for clothes and store bought goods. Her husband had to work on a job so most of the farm work was left for her to do.

In 1966 her husband died and she was left alone. She lived by herself as long as she was able. When it got so that she could not take care of herself and live alone she stayed with her children. She finally went to stay with the granddaughter she raised. In September 1977 she died and was buried in the Stocton Cemetery beside her husband after living a long and fulfilling life. She was 86 when she died.

WILLIAM D. TOLLEY

by

Emily Diane Tolley

William D. Tolley was born on August 30, 1910. His parents were the late Charlie and Ellen Tolley. Being born to farmers he learned to farm also. He worked very hard at everything he did. When he was twenty years old he married Ruth Victoria Barnett on April 4, 1930, in Johnson City, Tennessee. He worked very hard. William was one of the most honest men one could ever know. He was liked by everyone he knew. He and Ruth raised three children, Stella, Bud, and Carl. Times were hard back then, but he always kept plenty to eat. On his farm he raised hogs, cows, and horses. He planted corn, potatoes, and other vegetables.

William had seven grandchildren before he died. They were Allen, Kathryn, Helen, Ruth, Emily, Bill, and Ricky. If he had lived to know, he had two more grandchildren: Carl, Jr., and Jerry. One of his grandchildren, Helen, had gotten married to Bob Blevins and they had Bobbie Maria.

William made moonshine and cut timber, also. He died on September 12, 1974, at the age of sixty-four. Before he died he became a member of the Church of Jesus and lived a Christian life for a number of years. To me my papa was the greatest.

JAMES WAYCASTER
by
Tonya Edwards

James Waycaster was a brave, military man. He was born in 1920 and died in 1976. He fought in World War II and had six children--Buddy, Brenda, Allen, Tommy, J.R., and Linda. His mother's name was Mrs. Zellia Waycaster. His father was Charles Waycaster. He lived on Buck Mountain. James had two brothers, one living and one dead, and two sisters, only one living. James was drafted in 1940 and served in the South Pacific. He was at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. James served nine years and received nine medals and commendations. When he was discharged from the military in 1949 he moved to several different places. He moved to Ashland, Tennessee, where he worked spraying enamel on hot water heaters, but he became ill and had to return to Roan Mountain in 1970. James moved again, this time to North Carolina, but he became ill again and was checked into a veterans' hospital at Black Mountain, North Carolina. He stayed in the hospital for several months and it was determined that he had lung cancer. When he was released from the hospital, he returned to Roan Mountain to live with his sister, Georgia May Edwards. He became much sicker and was checked into the veteran's hospital in Johnson City. James lived about one year after that time and was in and out of the hospital during the year. James died in 1976 and was buried at the Mountain Home Cemetery with a military funeral.

JAMES T. WHITEHEAD
by
Scotty Stanley

James T. Whitehead, a noted hunter, lived with his wife, Sally Chambers Whitehead, and several dogs on Tiger Creek. He lived to be eighty-six years old. His wife lived to be ninety-seven years old. James was a very well known man and a dear friend of Governor Alf Taylor. When Mr. Taylor ran for governor and the votes started coming, he kept asking if the votes from Tiger Creek had come in. The final vote for Taylor from Tiger Creek and Limestone Cove were 551 for and none against.

Tiger Creek along with Tiger Valley got its name from James Tiger Whitehead. He was a famous bear hunter. It is written on his gravestone that he killed 99 bears. On his death bed, a neighbor brought him a small cub to kill so that it could be said James Tiger Whitehead had killed 100 bears. James refused to kill the cub.

James kept several dogs. He loved his dogs very dearly and expected other people to treat them as well as he treated them. One day a fur trader came to James' house to buy some furs. As James and the trader started into the house, one of the dogs jumped on the trader; the trader kicked the dog. With fire in his eyes James told the trader to leave. The trader's treatment of the dog was an insult to James and he refused to sell the trader any furs.

James had a large grist mill. He kept many families in food because he was a generous man.

James is now buried in a small cemetery on Tiger Creek. He was the first person to be buried there. He had picked that spot because he had killed his largest bear there. His wife is buried beside him. The tombstones read as follows: "Noted Hunter, James T. Whitehead 1819, Died Sept. 25, 1905, Killed 99 Bears, We Hope He Has Gone To Rest; Sally Garland, Wife of James Garland, and James T. Whitehead, Age 97, She was not only a mother to the human race, but to all animal kind as she gave nurse to one fawn and two cubs, she is now resting from her labor."

JAMES "WOLFE" WHITEHEAD
by
Brett Thomas Matthew Reine

According to Margaret Whitehead Reine's extensive research of public records, the oldest Whitehead recorded is James "Wolfe" Whitehead. He was dubbed "Wolfe" as his parents were and are still unknown. The nickname of "Wolfe" would seem to refer to the ancient myth of the abandoned twin boys, Romulus and Remus, who were found and suckled by a female wolf. The Carter County census records list his parents as unknown and his birthdate as 1793. However, his tombstone shows his lifespan as 1789-1884. Carter County court records show that James was married on May 1, 1821, to Jane Garland. Jane Garland Whitehead's birthdate is recorded in the 1850 Carter County census as 1806. However, her tombstone notes the same lifespan as her husband's marker 1789-1884. Her mother's name was Susannah Garland, and she lived in Unicoi County, Tennessee; her father's name is unknown.

According to Carter County census records in 1850 James "Wolfe" Whitehead was 57 years old and Jane Garland Whitehead was 44 years old. Their children are listed as Sara 22, Mary 20, John 18, Carter 15, Thomas 12, David 10, Vinny 9, Hannah 8, and Elizabeth 3. The name George Carver, age 20, is also listed among this household, and it is assumed that he was a slave or ward of James "Wolfe" Whitehead.

James and Jane were pioneers to the the area now known as Roan Mountain, Tennessee, and required many acres of land in the Blevins-Hopson area. They are buried in the Blevins Cemetery.

James and Jane Whitehead were my great-great-great-great grandparents on my mother's side of the family tree. Their two sons, Thomas and Carter Whitehead, were my great-great-great-grandfathers on my grandfather's side of the family tree. James and Jane were my great-great-great-great grandparents on both the maternal and paternal branches of my mother's family tree.

Many of the personal possessions of James and Jane such as bibles, quilts, guns, and cooking utensils are in the possession of their descendants. Photographs of four of their sons John, Thomas, Carter, and David, are also property of family members as well as being on display at a local eating establishment (Pizza Inn, Elizabethton, Tennessee).

WILLIAM WHITEMORE
by
Brian Whittemore

My grandfather William Whittemore was born in 1900 in Tolley Town on the other side of the Iron Mountain. His mother died when he was born. My grandfather lived with his grandmother Rebecca Whitehead Tolley and her husband Daniel Tolley. He and his two year old brother Earnest Whittemore, lived about two years with his grandparents until his father remarried and took William and Earnest to live in Elizabethton. They stayed a short time. The children's grandfather, Daniel, heard that the children were being mistreated so he walked across the Iron Mountain and got them. He carried them back to Tolley Town to live with him.

William's grandparents had an old log house with an open fireplace. His uncle was holding him in front of the fire and happened to have a seizure and dropped William into the fire. William had a scar on the side of his head where he had gotten burned.

When he was eight years old William attended school in a little school house in old Fairview. The boys, William and Earnest, never got to go to school very much because they had to help with the work at home. William's grandfather died when William was fourteen years old. Shortly thereafter William got a job with Bud Smalling who had two sawmills. Smalling had bought land and timber in Clarktown, about two miles from where my grandfather William lived with his grandmother. William would start walking to work before daylight. His first job for Smalling was swamping roads to log. Horses were used to log. They pulled train cars on wooden tracks. There was some fine timber and the men could saw three thousand feet of lumber a day; a typical work day was from sunup to sundown, about twelve hours. Bud Smalling was smart and was able to develop ways to get his lumber to Hampton. He built a flume or trestle from the top of Clarktown to Hampton where he stacked his lumber. The railroad came through Hampton. The lumber would fall from the sawmill edge into the flume. Water ran in the flume and it carried the lumber. Men had to be along the flume and when it got clogged up, they got it unclogged. Some of the older men of Hampton can still remember the flume.

About all the men drank whiskey in those days. The men would order the whiskey and it would be shipped on the train to Blevins station close to White Rock on the road to Roan Mountain. The men would get a gallon or two each. One of the men would go get all the whiskey and bring it back. This was during Prohibition days. Later some of the men made moonshine. The people would make music and dance. There would be corn shuckings where a jar of moonshine would be put in the bottom of the corn pile. When the corn was shucked, the men would drink the whiskey. All the families would help each other with whatever needed to be done.

Bud Smalling owned about all the land in Fairview. He had a lot of lumber stacked at Hampton, and when World War I was over he had held his lumber for higher prices. Instead the prices dropped and Smalling lost about everything. He sold most of his land to people in Fairview. He had a big farm on the Falls Road (now the Ray Simerly Road) which he kept. My grandfather got a better job. He became a teamster; he drove horses and logged. Because he was two years too young my grandfather did not have to go to war. He worked and stayed with his grandmother.

William's grandfather had been a "horse trader." He bought the north side of the Iron Mountain for a cow saddle and a sack of salt. Salt was very hard to get then. People went to Virginia with horse pulled wagons to bring back salt.

Pulpwood was hauled to Hampton and loaded on a railroad car to be shipped to a paper company. The road had to be constantly worked on because the wagons loaded with pulpwood would cut down into the road and make ruts. Poles had to be put across the road about one foot apart so the wagons would not sink and get stuck. When a wagon happened to get stuck the passenger had to wait until someone came along and helped pull them out. There would be two to three teams to one wagon.

The people all had cattle and hogs. There were no fences so the cattle and hogs ran loose on the mountains. The people would take turns hunting the milk cows and bringing them in. They would milk them and put them up at night. The next morning they would milk them again and take them out. The hogs would stay out. There were plenty of chestnuts and acorns for them to eat. The people would mark their hogs to be able to identify them. When sows had pigs, the pigs would be caught and marked for the next year. There is a place called Hog Pen Gap. This is where hog pens were built. With the help of dogs the hogs were driven to this place and penned up. They were fed corn and grain and fattened up for killing. The hog meat was put in smoke houses and salted and cured. Because they didn't have jars to can in, people dried most of their food. Some was pickled and some was made into jams, jellies, applebutter or put in stone jars or crocks. Almost every family had bees and used the honey for sweetening.

My grandfather's brother, Earnest, left home when he was about thirteen years old. He went to West Virginia. My grandfather went up there later and worked in the coal mines for a while. He came back and married Rena Cochran when he was twenty years old. They moved to a little house where he was born and lived two years. He began working for Bud Smalling again, and moved to Smalling's farm. Two sons were born there, Otis and Roy. Roy is my father. William lived there for five or six years. The winter was very cold then. He would have to chop a hole in the ice where the creeks would freeze over so that the horses could drink. The creeks would freeze so hard the horses could walk over them and not break through. Later, my grandfather and his family moved to Fiddler's Branch and lived there for a while; William still worked for Smalling. He would go see his grandmother often to get her whatever she needed. Wages averaged about ten cents an hour. My grandfather then moved to the Twinn farm where his daughter Roxie (now Mrs. Roy Hyder) was born. This was in the 1920s and times were hard.

My grandfather met a man named Bob Byrd. He owned a small house in Fairview on 12½ acres. Bob was going to Michigan to get a job. So my grandfather bought the house and land. I now live in the same house in Fairview. Bemberg and North American came to Elizabethton and my grandfather got a job there. He made about twelve dollars a week. The roads were bad and my grandfather and all the men had to walk to the bottom of Simerly Creek (about four or five miles) to catch a taxi to Elizabethton. In the winter the men worked all three shifts. The temperature was freezing and storms would occur which would cause the creeks to flood the roads. The men would have to walk through the woods to get home. When they changed shifts they would get very little sleep.

William's grandmother lived in Tolley Town until the late 1920s when she died of old age. Her sons lived around the mountain in the area that is now Tolley Town. (The Tolleys came to South Carolina from Ireland and England. They worked their way up through North Carolina to Clarktown.)

My grandmother was Rena Cochran Whittemore. Her father owned the land that the school was on at old Fairview. He gave the land to his daughter Nola. She married Nat Carver, and they lived in the school house. My grandmother Rena and her brothers now live in what is now Fairview. Grandmother's brother John Cochran owned a grocery store. John gave an acre of land and the people built a two-room school building. They had box suppers to help pay for the school and supplies. When they went to church, they had to walk about four miles to Clarktown. So the people started a church. John Berry gave a corner of land. The people gave some lumber and some did the work. They gave what money they could, and when they got it under foot the people had box suppers and cake walks to buy whatever else they needed. The church is still standing in Fairview. It's where I go to church now.

My grandfather died in 1941. My grandmother died in 1966. All that I have written about happened before I was born. My dad, Roy Whittemore, told me what his father told him.

NANCY RACHEL WILLIAMS

by

Marsha McKinney

Nancy was born in Ashe County, North Carolina, on June 16, 1859. Her parents were Larkin and Sarah Williams. She had three sisters, Lizzie, Mollie and Ellen. She also had two brothers, Dick and Billy.

When Nancy was a very young lady she went with her father, her sisters, and brothers to the mountains on a camping trip. Their purpose was to gather evergreens for resale in order to make a living. They made camp and went to sleep. They slept very warm, but when they awoke there was about three or four inches of snow on them. From this exposure Nancy developed a very bad case of asthma. This disease stayed with her the rest of her life. When Nancy was about seventeen years old she met and fell in love with a fine young man. He was from Ashe, North Carolina, also. They courted for approximately one year. They were deeply in love and were married. His name was David Ashely. After being married for a short time this fine couple moved to a place called Squirrel Creek just above Minneapolis, North Carolina. While living there they had two lovely daughters, Betty and Mary Ann. After Mary Ann was born Nancy developed childbed fever and almost died. This disease made Nancy semiconscious for many weeks and she tried to give her children away. Of course, David wouldn't allow that because he knew she wasn't in her right mind. After this dreadful disease Nancy could never have any more children. They just put all their love and affection on their two daughters. While living in North Carolina, Betty the oldest daughter married Bert Isaacs. Shortly after Betty's marriage David, Nancy and Mary Ann moved to Tennessee. They moved to Shell Creek on the Bluegrass Road.

Mary Ann met and fell in love with Robert Briggs. They were married and had one son David Briggs and three daughters, Ethel, Nellie and Annabelle.

In the meantime Nancy's asthma grew worse. Mary Ann's husband had died; so Nancy and David moved in with Mary Ann. By this time the asthma had gotten so bad that Nancy was no longer able to do her own housework. She and David stayed with Mary Ann quite awhile until Nellie met and married Bert Elliott. Nancy and David moved back home and Nellie and Bert moved in with them and stayed a while. After the granddaughter and her husband moved out on their own, David hired a girl to come in and take care of Nancy and to do the housework. Nancy was a fine Christian lady who loved her Bible and her Lord. She spent her time sitting by the fire reading her Bible continually. She was also a devoted wife and mother.

About three years before she died, Nancy's asthma turned into tuberculosis, and she was confined to her bed the rest of her life. On June 8, 1928, she was buried in the Isaacs Cemetery.

JAMES WALTER WINTERS

by

Marsha Winters

On July 23, 1886, a son was born to Monroe Winters and Alice Daniels Winters. They named him James Walter Winters. There were seven children in this family. Four boys and three girls. The boys were Harvey, Riley, and Martin. The girls were Mamie, Nan, and Birtha. They all helped their mother and father with the farming and the gardening.

James served four years with the United States Army in Texas and in Mexico. On March 15, 1913, he married Miss Nellie Whittington at Shell Creek, Tennessee. She was raised in a very large family. She had five brothers and five sisters. Her brothers were Morley, Claud, Stan-ford, Tom, Willard and Howard. Her sisters were Bessie, Vert, Flossie, and Nammie. James and Nellie built their home on forty-eight acres of land. They farmed the land and raised cattle. On August 10, 1914, their first child was born. They named the little girl Hattie. They were so proud of her. Two years later their second child was born on November 6, 1916. They named him Willard. McKinley was born on May 14, 1920 and Theodore was born on September 4, 1922. On September 18, 1926, Audrey was born. Then James Walter, Jr., was born. Billy was born on June 5, 1930; Margaret was born on June 15, 1932; and Phyllis was born on February 4, 1939. James and Nellie had nine children, twenty-eight grand children, and twenty-nine great-grandchildren. Three sons, McKinley, James Jr., and Theodore, served in the U.S. Army and all fought in World War II. On June 16, 1950, Hatt their first child died. She was 36 at the time. Willard died in 1979. The other children are still living. McKinley had two sons. He now lives in Jonesboro, Tennessee. Theodore who had five children, two boys and three girls now lives in Newland, North Carolina. Audrey had one child and lives in Longview, Texas. Bill had two children and lives in Painsville, Ohio. James who had two girls now lives in Roan Mountain. Phyllis who had three girls now lives in Oliver Springs, Tennessee.

James died at the age of eighty-three. He was a retired farmer and a member of Taylor Chapel Church on Buck Mountain, Tennessee. Nellie is still living where she and James built their home fifty or so years ago. She is eighty-nine years old. She is my great-grandmother and James was my great-grandfather.