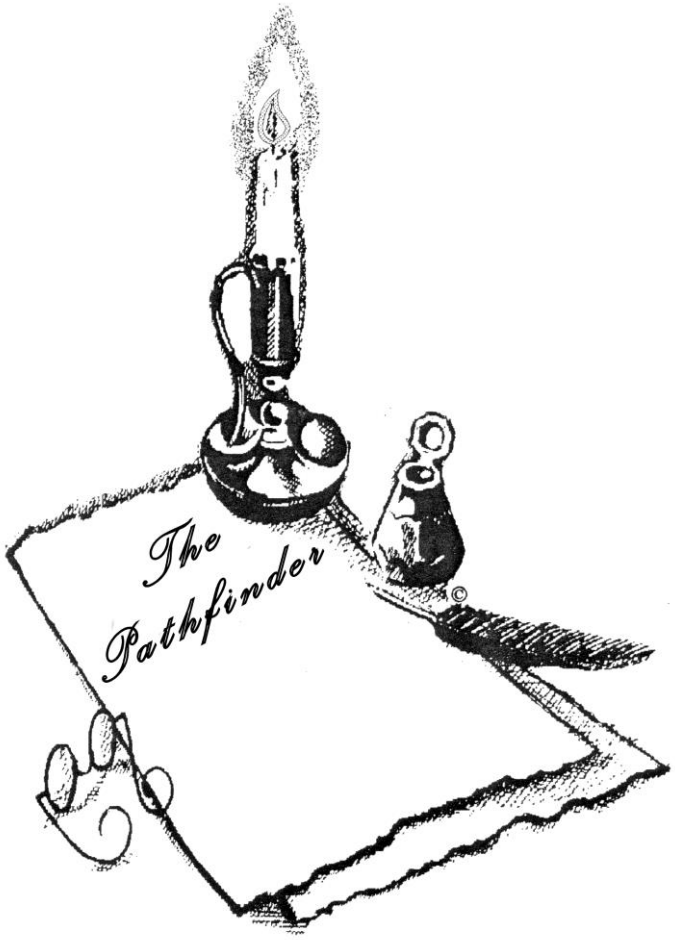
The Pathfinder

A Quarterly Publication of the Grundy County Historical Society

Grundy County, Tennessee



Vol. 26 Number 1 – March 2021

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News, Notes, & Greetings from the Pathfinder Editorial Staff

Library workers are intensifying their efforts to update our cemetery books which were published in 2013. At some point in the coming year, we hope to publish a volume of new burials, corrections, and additions to our current cemetery volumes. The information in the current volumes will not be reprinted, just additional information and corrections where applicable will be published. If you have new information or additions for *Cemeteries of Grundy County, TN, Volumes 1 or 2*, please send your changes as soon as possible to heritagelibrary@blomand.net. Our cemetery books have been well-received and are a "must" for serious genealogists who have Grundy County roots in their families.

As always, we are thankful for those volunteers who work in keeping the building open for visitors, gathering historical records and in making them available for patrons to use in research and just for enjoyment.

Our readers and supporters are all so very valuable to us. Over the past months we have received numerous books and resources. Sandra Tate Hereford has given hard bound volumes of the 1850-1880 *Census of Grundy County, TN*, as well as a Brother printer, scanner, copier in memory of her late husband, Ken Hereford. David Patton has donated several boxes of Grundy County records and materials of various kinds that he has collected during his lifetime as the Palmer Town Historian. Judy & Marshall Sartain donated both foreign and local WWI newspapers. The Grundy County newspaper of that day was the *Grundy Times*. *Henley Family: Ancestors & Descendants of Horace Aubrey Henley and Alma Catherine Brasher* by Karen Fults Kaler was given by Mary Roper Haynes. *The Sartain Family of Grundy County*, a highly pictorial history, has been donated by Tish Springer. We have also received a couple of books and items for which we didn't get the donor's name. Those books are *Tennessee Democracy* and *The Weaver Family of Shelby County, Texas*. If you were the donor of these books, please let us know.

We are very sorry to report the death of long-time member Madeline Adams.

Thank you all,

Editorial staff

Janelle Taylor

Mr. Richmond Remembers

by Nell Savage Mahoney

(Transcribed 2021 from the *The Nashville Tennessean Magazine* of June 4, 1950)

The early days at Monteagle when enthusiastic guests of the newly organized Sunday School Assembly slept in tents and ate communal-fashion under a "big top"; when the first cottages were erected and the only public building on the Grounds was the Amphitheatre. When William Homer Richmond, Sr. recalls the early days at Monteagle and how, in the first place, he came to settle in the community, there is a suspicion of a gleam in his eye after the lapse of sixty-six years:

Richmond Brothers
Left: William Homer Richmond, Sr.
Right: James Samuel "Jim" Richmond

"I came to Monteagle the 15th of June, 1883, to work for my brother James. We called him just plain Jim. We came from our home in Dade County, Georgia, near Chattanooga. It was just twelve miles from there that we lived."

"Jim, at that particular time, and I had been employed at the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company's ore mine in Sequatchie Valley, at the place called Inman. Work shut down, and we had nothing to do. Jim was the kind of a fellow who prowled around, and he heard of work to be had at Monteagle. He went there some time before I did."

"In fact, I didn't mean to stop here. I was headed for Old Mexico. I was just going on a railroad. I'd heard a great deal about the great mining interests South of the Border and the get-

rich-quick schemes which were then paying off in such a big way. I thought I might get something or other."

"It was on a Saturday that I stopped off at Monteagle to see Jim. He begged me to stay over Sunday with him in the house where he was boarding with Mack Young, who also came from North Georgia. Well, on Sunday, old Brother Richard Moore, a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher out of the Valley whom we knew, came to preach at the little Union Church. He came to the mountain once a month. It was his Sunday."

"Well, Mrs. Young had an old-maid cook, an orphan she had raised, who asked me to got to church with her. After the service was over, she gave me an introduction to several young folks she knew. Among these was Amanda Tucker. Everybody called her Mandy. Mr. Tucker, her father, lived right across from the Sanders' place on the old Jasper Road. Mandy was twelve years old when Arch Tucker and his four sons moved to the mountain out of the Valley."

"After Mrs. Young's cook had made us known to each other, Mandy asked me to walk home with her. When we got to the gate, I said:

"I'm a stranger here, and I'd like to come over this afternoon."

"Come along," she said.

"After this visit I'd fully made up my mind I wasn't going to Mexico right then." (No comment necessary at this point except to state that he married "the Tucker girl" on September 13, 1885, when she was nineteen years old.)

"Jim and I went right to work the following Monday morning on three houses for the Assembly. They had all the materials ready. One cottage was near the North Gate, the other two on the road down the hill to the right of the Amphitheatre, across from old man Metcalf's flower garden which he was just starting."

"The old Amphitheatre was where the Auditorium is now. This was the first public building on the Assembly Grounds. It was an old rustic building with open sides and trees with the bark left on the trunks were set up to support the roof. It was almost round in shape, and had a platform and just common home-made benches with backs made of slats."

"Old Colonel Webster designed and built this building the first year of the Assembly. He came from somewhere in New York—Rochester, I believe it was. The trustees brought him here to lay out the Grounds. He was also the General Manager, I reckon, until the year after I got to the mountain. He must have left Monteagle about 1884."

(It is pertinent to point out that the Amphitheatre was built especially for the purpose of carrying out the Chautauqua idea, then the most powerful cultural force in the United States. At Monteagle for many years, as a numerous other Chautauquas throughout the country, the

greatest names among lecturers, preachers, monologists, and musicians, etc., all showing in their programs a definite religious flavor, appeared on the platform of the old Amphitheatre. Everyone on the mountain, in the Village as well as on the Grounds, availed himself of these educational advantages sponsored by the Sunday School Assembly.)

"While Colonel Webster was at work on the Grounds the trustees ordered several car-loads of shrubbery and evergreens from Rochester, New York, and he had these set out the first year. He was a careful man and planned everything to make the money go as far as it could."

"People, hundreds and hundreds of them, first came to Monteagle in June, July, and August of 1883. Everybody lived in tents and ate in a big one until the Assembly built the old restaurant where the Assembly Inn now stands. This was a great, big, old flat-topped dining room, with a lean-to for a kitchen."

"My big, chief job was putting up tents for the crowd of people who came to Monteagle. No building could be done during the season on the Assembly Grounds as hammering disturbed these summer visitors. So during this time I joined up with the Assembly."

"Colonel Webster would tell us what kind of a tent was to be used and where to put it; and then we put down a floor, drove our stakes, and stretched it up on poles. This would take from an hour to two hours because during the winter we had made the floors according to size and stacked them up in a convenient place until needed. The regular tent-town was from the Assembly fence parallel with the railroad tracks in the Village to the North fence and the Gate leading out of the Grounds towards Table Rock."

"Everybody slept on canvas cots. The Assembly furnished these and pillows, but no mattresses. At that time the people understood the situation, and brought with them three or four great big packing trunks. And they always had them full of bedding."

"Some of the people sort of camped out and brought canned goods with them. The first two years Lewis Stroud had the only grocery store, located in the Village. E. W. Holcombe afterwards bought this property an kept a General Store in it."

"There was very little housekeeping the first few years on the Assembly Grounds. The old restaurant was operated the first year or so by the Management. Then D. D. Wilkins, of Duck Hill, Mississippi, ran it until it was pulled down about the close of the season in 1894."

"The main entrance to the Grounds was always where it is now. The gate-keeper had a tent close by in which he slept. There were two little ticket-office buildings—little box houses about ten feet square—on either side of the big gate. In one tickets of admission to the Assembly were sold to pedestrians; and in the other tickets were sold to people in carriages. There were so many people that it took eight or ten carriages to haul them to and from the Railroad Station, and to the Views. Trunks were stacked in the Assembly's wagon and delivered on the Grounds

by the three Metcalf boys, Will, Charlie, and Albert. They hitched Old Morgan, a dappled-gray, and a big bay horse to this wagon, and as often as not my Bill and the other boys would climb in for a good ride."

"With so many people on hand it soon got so that it was a real problem where to put them. Tents were used for several years—at least three or four. Then Colonel R. B. Reppard, of Savannah, Georgia, a big timber man, gave the Assembly about 200,000 (two hundred thousand) feet of yellow pine. Car-load after car-load was shipped to Monteagle, and had to be unloaded and stacked. This was quite a job. The Assembly went deep into building houses. Many of these cottages were sold before they were finished."

"After the Amphitheatre the next public building ordered by the trustees was the Childrens' Temple where Twilight Prayers were held for many years. It was built the same year and by the same man who put up the Nashville Home. This Temple was one main building with wings, which gave it a sort of round appearance. Inside it was one big room. The roof had five or six gables with windows in them. It stood for a long time without being painted on the outside."

"Captain (Matthew Barrow) Pilcher, of Nashville, and one of the first people here, conducted the Childrens' Hour in this Temple every night of the week at twilight. A big bell called the people to it. The Captain, who was liked by everybody, led the singing and big and little folks alike joined in. He also talked on a verse from the Scriptures and prayed. It was the most enjoyable hour of the day."

"The Childrens' Temple was also used by the little tots as a sort of kindergarten, and they had low tables and red chairs for them. No child ever missed what went on inside this building, not even when it stormed—which used to scare their mothers half out of their wits because lighting on the mountain is no joke."

"The Temple originally stood on the Mall on part of the lot where the Reading Room was afterwards placed. When Jim Usher and I build the Reading Room it was necessary to move the Childrens' Temple further north, to a site later made into the back tennis court, nearly opposite the recently burned Pilcher Building."

"The plans for the Reading Room were made by me after discussions with the Assembly Management. The building was begun in the early Spring and finished in time for the opening of the summer season. It was painted white. The green blinds reached to the floor level of the porch which ran across the entire front and down both sides of the large reading apartment. On the north wall of this big room was an open fireplace, built of native stone by old Uncle Scotch-John Smith. It had a fire in it on cloudy or rainy days made of four-foot logs. It had a fire in it on cloudy or rainy days made of four-foot logs. This room gave the men a place to sit and read in comfort. They seemed to like to go there to meet each other, away from all the stir that their

children made. There were no strangers at Monteagle in those days. Everybody soon got to know each other."

"More and more people kept coming to the mountain and they needed more space to put them. So the Assembly Inn was put up and ready to use by the summer of 1895. It was built where the old restaurant used to stand. The Inn was designed by R. H. Hunt, a Chattanooga architect. It's right interesting how we got enough lumber to construct it."

"We had to have timbers to frame this hotel and to build and finish it. So Tucker, Usher & Company of Monteagle bought up a thousand acres of land which old Dr. Dunscomb had owned, and cut the trees and then the planks, etc. we needed. This land cost one dollar an acre at the time Jim Usher and his partner, who had the contract to put up the Inn, made their purchase. It lay across the Railroad tracks in Marion County not in Grundy where the Assembly Grounds are located."

"Jim Usher, who helped me build the Reading Room, was a big, fat Irishman, who was always full of fun and jokes. It made the time pass fast just to have him on a job. I worked with him and many other carpenters on that Inn. It was a big place and we had to stay at it to get it ready for the opening of the Assembly. In fact, we had to keep on working there most of the summer to get it in shape."

"The next, and biggest job, I ever had was the new Auditorium. In 1900 the old Amphitheatre was torn down to make room for it. I went to Madison, Wisconsin, where they had a little Chautauqua with a building shaped round about sixty or seventy feet in diameter. I went there to get the design. I came back to Chicago and engaged Morrison H. Vail, and architect and the designer of the building at Madison, to enlarge his design to one hundred and ten feet in diameter."

"Vail drew the plans for the new Auditorium for the Monteagle Assembly, and we engaged him to have the structural steel fabricated in Chicago. This was shipped here on open flat-cars—two or three car-loads. Until we put it together to hold up the roof like and umbrella, it was just a pile of rods."

"When I got back to Monteagle from this trip, they told me to go to Savannah, Georgia, and furnish Colonel Reppard with a bill of materials for the entire building. Dr. George B. Summey was he head man of the building committee, and he gave me my directions and the money for the trip. Colonel Reppard had promised to give the Assembly "a lift," and he kept his word by giving the most of the lumber. I stayed in Savannah two days."

"We commenced the Auditorium in October, 1900, as soon as the plans arrived, which was about as soon as I returned from Savannah. The next step was to tear down the old Amphitheatre. We started in the early Fall and worked all Winter so that we had it ready by the next summer when the Assembly opened."

Mr. Richmond might have added what he well knows and therefore probably thinks others should too, and that is that the Amphitheatre having served its day, the building of the new Auditorium ushered in a new era in the life of the Monteagle Sunday School Assembly, and so brought to a close the first phase of a Utopian—and practical—experiment whose primary purpose was to stress spiritual and intellectual, not economic values.

Better than most people who have long known about Monteagle, and because he had such an active part in the building of the place dear to the hearts of so many over more than half a century, William Homer Richmond, Sr. remembers that the Sunday School Assembly from its inception based its foundation on Christian precepts, there by establishing through the years a tradition so vital that, in spite of the occasional intrusion of worldly-minded and avaricious people, it remains undiminished today.

As he sits in his favorite porch swing and enjoys a leisure he has not always possessed, Mr. Richmond, in remembering the early days at Monteagle, has made another rich contribution to the history of a beloved section of Tennessee's Mountain District.

NOTE: Quotation marks depict words of Mr. Richmond. Notes without quotations are words of Nell Savage Mahoney. *The Nashville Tennessean's* older issues help the Grundy County Historical Society get in touch with its lost or forgotten history. Mr. Richmond's memories are a delightful read for those interested in "How it was back then!" (Jackie Layne Partin)

The second MSSA Auditorium was built in 1900. (The Last Feature movie shown in this building was "The Fire Alarm." The big, round structure burned Sept. 11, 1926 during the feature movie.)

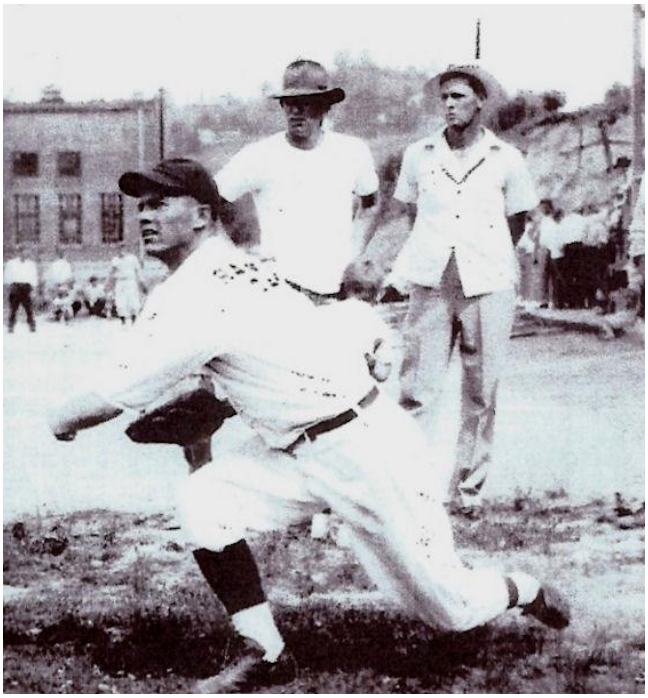
"Lefty" Peterson Recalls Golden Era of Coal Town Baseball

Lee Roy "Lefty" Peterson (1920-2000)

by Kedrick Sanders, Author and Writer

Transcribed from the Kentucky Explorer 1998

One of the most colorful eras in the history of Eastern Kentucky was during the 1920s. 1930s and 1940s. Because I was born in 1941, I was able to relive this time only through the stories I had heard from my elders who were there. About the only entertainment in the coal camps was the movie houses and the baseball teams. One of the best-known ballplayers in the region was my uncle, Lee "Lefty" Peterson. Few pitchers could hurl a fastball like this southpaw. One of my earliest recollections is when I was about six years old. Uncle Lee was out in the yard at Grandma's house in No. 15 Hollow. It was a hot summer morning, and he was dressed in his McRoberts baseball uniform eagerly awaiting the game he was to pitch that afternoon. Before going to the park, he would stand in the yard and throw the baseball into the air and catch it. As he warmed up, the ball went higher and higher. When he saw me watching, he gave the ball a throw and I'm sure it nearly went out of sight. I could see only a dot in the sky. To a little boy, it seemed like minutes before the ball returned from the stratosphere. Uncle Lee took maybe one step left or right, put his glove behind his back. And WHACK! A perfect catch. Was I impressed? You bet!

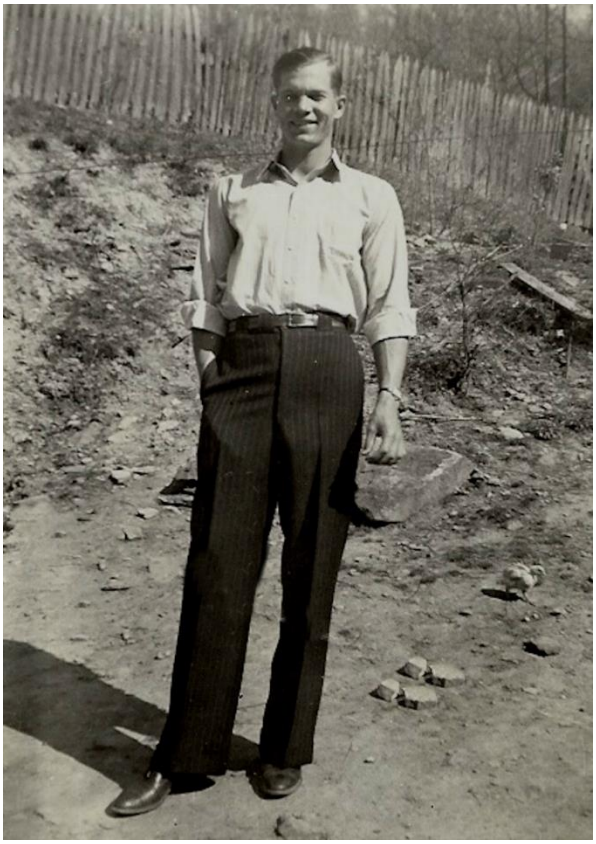


Lee Roy "Lefty" Peterson shows his form while warming up just before he pitched during a game at Clintwood, Virginia. (About 1947)

I got to see him pitch only one game when I was a kid as his career was ending in the late 1940s. There was no television in our community then, and my only knowledge of baseball was the game of stickball that us kids played. We called it "rollie bats." The object was to give the batter a good pitch so he could hit the ball. The batter then laid the bat (usually a stick) on the ground and the fielder tried to roll the ball and hit the stick. If he was successful, he got a turn at bat. When I saw Uncle Lee pitch, we traveled to Clintwood, Virginia. I guess you could say that the Clintwood team brought in a "ringer" because "Lefty" was not a regular member of that ball club. I remember seeing him wind up and throw the ball so fast it was only a blur. The grandstand

with wooden seats and metal roof was directly behind home base. With most every throw, there was a swing, a miss and wild cheering and razzing by the hometown fans. When a batter finally connected, the ball went straight up into the air, and I can still hear it hitting the metal roof. The game puzzled me because it wasn't anything like "rollie bats." To be perfectly honest, I was not too impressed with Uncle Lee's pitching because he very rarely threw a pitch that the batter could hit. Like I said, I was very young and I had never seen a baseball game before. It surely didn't look like it was as much fun as "rollie bats."

I recently sat down with Uncle Lee, now age 78, and relived some of the stories he had told many years ago. Lee was born in Coalmont, Tennessee, a small coal mining community not too far from Chattanooga. His dad was from Oslo, Norway and came to Tennessee by way of Minnesota. At Coalmont he married Lillian, a half-Cherokee Indian. They had seven children as they tried to eke out a meager living in the small coal mining camp. In 1927, when Lee was seven years old, the family moved to Fleming in Letcher County, Kentucky. Lee says he still remembers traveling from Tennessee. His dad hired a fellow to drive them in a car. The entire family of nine plus the driver all rode in the car. Uncle Lee said he spent most of the trip on the running board vomiting because he had never ridden in a car before and he got "car sick." Uncle Lee does have a tendency to embellish his storytelling.



Lee Roy "Lefty" Peterson was born in Coalmont, Tennessee. His mother Lillie Savannah (Sanders) Peterson was the daughter of Adrian S. and Sophrona "Fronie" (Meeks) Sanders.

His dad had gotten a job with Elkhorn Coal Company at Fleming, and a four-room company house was waiting for them when they arrived. The community with rows and rows of neat white houses, streets, and sidewalks was quite different from the tiny house they had left in rural Coalmont, Tennessee. The city of Fleming, like most coal towns during that era, was totally owned and operated by the coal company. The coal reserves, the surface land, the homes and the businesses were all company owned. The town was small, and all of their worldly needs were provided within walking distance: the coal mine and mine offices, the company store, theaters, recreation halls, hospital, schools, city hall and most importantly, the ball park.

At an early age Lee developed an interest in baseball and his physical prowess became well known among the other kids. Lee was big for his age; he had inherited his tall, slender, muscular physique from his Norwegian blood line. There was no Little League baseball program for the kids so they just got together each day and chose teams. The population in the small town was very dense; most every family had several kids. All summer the boys would meet at the high school ball park and play ball all day long. The high school did not have a baseball team, but a ball park had been built for girls' softball team and for the adult men's baseball team. Most every coal camp had a baseball team.

As a teenager, Lee played his first organized ball which was sponsored by the American Legion. At a young age he became well-known in the area as a fierce competitor who not only had amazing speed and accuracy from the mound, but he was also a left-hander which made him ever more difficult to hit. "Lefty" played in every organized game he could find and practiced his pitching endless hours each day. As his speed increased, it became more and more difficult to find a catcher with the nerve and stamina to catch him in games and in his incessant practice regiment. When he had worn out all of the would-be-catchers on his team, he would get his sister, Mildred who was two years younger to catch for him so he could continue is practice. Mildred was a catcher on the girls' high school softball team at Fleming High, and she enjoyed the practice sessions as much as "Lefty". Invariably the combo would draw an audience. As they would wind-down their practice sessions, "Lefty" would throw some wild pitches in all directions and in the dirt just to show-off his sister's fielding expertise. When "Lefty" turned eighteen years of age, he took a job working for Consolidated Coal Company in the nearby town of McRoberts, Kentucky. Though all of the ball clubs were supposed to be amateur, it was well known that many of the players received pay in some form or fashion. The five-dollar handshake was commonplace. In some of the communities the competition became so fierce that the company sponsors became more blatant about their sponsorship. "Lefty" acknowledged that he was recruited to play baseball under the guise of being a laborer. Each day the team would report out to work at the tipple or shop on the surface. They would "piddle around awhile" then go to the ball park to practice all day. On weekends the hometown fans would turn out in droves to root for their beloved team. The team members continued the schedule from early spring through autumn then they were given regular jobs in and around the mine through the winter months. "Lefty" said his starting pay was $4.60 per day and it was the most money he had ever seen in his life. As his skills and his reputation grew, "Lefty" became one of the most feared and respected pitchers in the region. Though he remained affiliated with Consolidated Coal Company (after all, that was his bread and butter) he also hired-out to pitch for other teams outside his league. On several occasions, if he was not scheduled to pitch for his home team, he would catch a train to another town and pitch for another team. On some occasions, he would pitch for McRoberts on Saturday then travel to another town and pitch again on Sunday. "I only made $23.00 a week working for Consolidated Coal Company, but I could get $50.00 to pitch one game

in another league," said "Lefty" with a smile. By today's standards, that would be like getting a thousand dollars a game.

Several leagues were organized throughout Eastern Kentucky, and some like the Lonesome Pine League extended into the neighboring state of Virginia. Other leagues in the area included the Kentucky River League. Each year the better teams from throughout the state advance to the state tournament. In one state tournament game, the 1939 McRoberts team, which was generally acknowledged as being one of the best coal town teams ever, advanced to the state tournament with 22 straight wins. Unfortunately, they were defeated by Prudent, Tennessee, which played in an interstate league. In another state tournament game, "Lefty" was pitching for Beattyville, Kentucky. In what he considers to be his best game ever, "Lefty" struck out 27 batters in a row.

His exploits on the mound became legendary. On one occasion his team was completely overwhelming its opponent. In a display of confidence in their pitcher, "Lefty's" teammates sat down in their respective positions for one inning to add insult to injury of their intimidated opponent. What was the result? You guessed it, three up, three down.

The following article was clipped from a Clintwood, Virginia newspaper dated October, 1978. The writer was recalling a game which "Lefty" had pitched for Clintwood more than thirty years earlier. "Did you ever try striking at an aspirin tablet with a bat? Opposing teams had this to cope with when Lee Peterson was on the mound. To add a little humor, but a fact, to Peterson's pitching ability, we wish to share with our readers this incident. Clintwood was playing Clinchco, Virginia (Peterson pitching), and the late Ayers Friend was the hometown umpire. Now, Ayers would sometimes lean in favor of Clintwood if the call could be so adjudged. The late Balfor "Frog" Farmer was at bat and Peterson fired one of his smokers to the plate. "Strike one,' said the umpire. Peterson again fired one to the plate. 'Strike two,' said Friend. Farmer, a bit disgruntled with the call turned and said 'Ah, come on, Ayers!', hit the ground with his bat and stepped back into the batters box. Peterson, a little disturbed over Farmers reaction, really fired a blazer. 'Strike three,' said Friend. Then Farmer once again turned, this time steaming to, and said to Friend, "Ah hell, Ayers, you didn't even see that ball!' Friend replied, 'Well, you didn't either, so what are you arguing about?"

When "Lefty's" baseball career ended in the late 1940s, the small towns and companies had ceased sponsoring their own teams. World War II had changed the world, the nation and the small towns. The coal mines were becoming mechanized and fewer and fewer men were needed to mine the coal. An out-migration of families from the area changed the way of life in the mining communities forever. The families who were fortunate to retain their jobs with the coal companies began buying automobiles, televisions, boats and such, and the interest in hometown baseball waned. "Lefty" chose to stay with Consolidated Coal Company after his baseball career ended and worked in the underground mine until his retirement in 1978. During

his own mining career, he held numerous jobs and served on one of the mine-rescue teams. During one period he served as a field worker for the United Mine Workers of America. Bethlehem Steel purchased all of "Consols" holdings in the area in the 1950s and the workers made an easy transition through the change of ownership.

"Lefty" enjoys reminiscing about life in the coal mining communities during the period when the people were so close. A special twinkle comes in his eyes and a smile on his face when the subject invariably turns to baseball. "Lefty" still lives in McRoberts with Maxine, his wife of 58 years. They met at the company recreation building where Maxine was working and were married in 1940.

This is a tin type photo of Kelly Greenberry Nunley, who was born in 1861. He married Minerva Haskins and is buried in Bonny Oak Cemetery in the Fremont community. He had 9 children: Joseph, Savannah, Kate, Carroll, Henry, Bessie, Yancy, Robert, and my grandmother Dora Nunley Killian.

-Taken from a Facebook post by Mike Partin

Recounting Life in Rural Pelham Valley & the Hillbilly Highway

by Janelle (Layne) Taylor

Joseph Elbert Layne was commonly called “Ebb” after being given that name by John Euel “Bo” Medley, a local Pelham Valley mechanic, sometime in the 1940’s. It was easy to differentiate how a person knew Daddy, for if they were in his family or from Layne’s Cove, they always used the formal name, “Elbert”. If a person knew him late in the 1940’s after he moved to Pelham, he was always “Ebb”.

A most popular place to get married –
Ray Crowe's office in Ringgold, GA

Ebb & Elsie were among the many, many couples who went to Ringgold, GA, to be married by Ray Crowe, a local justice of the peace there. There was no waiting, just cross over into Georgia with your two witnesses and get married that very day. Frank and Lena Kate (Bowlin) Wilson, newly married themselves, were their witnesses, and that day was September 4, 1944. At that time in Tennessee there was a required blood test which necessitated a few days of waiting between the time the blood was drawn and the time the report was returned. The blood test, if you don’t know, was to determine whether either party of the new union had syphilis. If one was positive for the disease, it had to be treated before the marriage license was issued. That requirement lasted until 1980 in Tennessee.

Frank and Lena Kate rented the first floor of the Campbell house, as it was called then, while Ebb & Elsie rented the second story. (It had been remodeled numerous times, but this house is still standing in January 2021 and is immediately across State Route 50 from the Pelham United Methodist Church and is currently owned by Tony & Lisa (Panter) Medley.)

There was little work in Pelham, Tennessee, at the time. Mama had worked on WPA in the cannery, at the hospital in Camp Forrest while Daddy, fresh out of the Army from his post on Bora Bora in the Society Islands in 1943, worked at sawmills or hauled whatever there was to be hauled (coal, feed, fertilize, lumber) with his truck, so having a full time, good paying job seemed like the desirable route to follow. World War II wasn’t completely over at the time, so the new Layne couple packed up and moved to Akron, OH, where Daddy was able to find employment at the Firestone Rubber Plant. (In 1900, Harvey S. Firestone established the Firestone Tire and Rubber

Company in Akron, Ohio.) I wasn't on the scene then, but there were lots of European men who were also working in the factories at the time. Daddy said that he remembered seeing this scrawled on a restroom wall: "Come on boys; let's take Japan. We took over Akron and never lost a man." My mother didn't like Akron much, so by January of 1947 they had returned to Pelham with Daddy resuming his old job of hauling whatever there was to haul.

Joseph Elbert & Mary Elsie (Payne) Layne in Akron, OH, 1944

After I arrived, there was another person to support, so our family decided to, move again, this time, to Cleveland, OH, to find work. By that time many people from Grundy and surrounding counties were working there. Two of Daddy's sisters and their husbands, Bob & Dauntie (Layne) Gipson and "Dellie" & Annie (Layne) Gilliam, had moved their families there and had found work at such places as Fischer Body and Craft Tints. I remember the long, long trip which was probably between 6 and 8 hours, but seemed like an eternity, to Cleveland. I remember staying a little while with the relatives who were already there. As I recall there were 3 apartments on the second floor of the building which housed Lillian's Grocery downstairs. Lillian's was on East 152nd Street at the intersection of Aspinwall St. On the side of the store away from the corner was a set of steep stairs that led up to the 3 apartments upstairs and next door, adjoining the stairs, was a "honkeytonk" called the Buckeye, where many of the hillbillies who had come to Cleveland to work liked to spend their spare time & their money. It was loud and boisterous. The unsecured stairwell was a scary place with somewhat inebriated men often lingering just at the bottom of the stairs. It was also scary to be in the narrow hallway that gave access to the 3 separate apartments because these drunken men could move all the way up into the hallway, down the opposing side stairway, out the other side of the building, and sometimes they did.

Lillian's Grocery on East 152nd St., Cleveland, OH, with the Buckeye in the next building to the right

We didn't stay as the guests of our relatives too long, but I can remember going down the dark back steps of the building on East 152nd Street and walking across Aspinwall to a rummage sale. I loved to go to the rummage sale. (We'd call it a flea market now.) I crawled around under the tables to find a nickel, dime, or quarter. I still have a plate that Mama bought at the sale. We had bedspreads and other bed linens that came from there, too. We moved to a house on Aspinwall where we lived for a while. Later we lived on Alhambra Street in an apartment with two older ladies named Minnie and Mae Oliver who were also from Pelham, TN. One of them worked at the drugstore on 152nd Street. Joe and Thelma (Mayes) Oliver lived in a portion of their large rambling house, and we lived in a part of it for a while as well. I remember having measles while we lived there. It was near Christmas time, and Daddy had bought me some of the then-popular mallow cream Christmas shaped candies that had Santas, Christmas trees, reindeer, wreathes, and bells. I loved seeing the different colors and objects, so I placed them all out on the carpet and told Daddy, "Don't eat them. Just look at them!" He loved telling that little story about my candy to look at rather than to eat. While we lived in Cleveland, Daddy worked at Allied Plating. The company did nickel plating for several things, but I remember that he worked on plating spindles for record players to make them shiny and attractive. (Decorative bright nickel is used in a wide range of applications. It offers a high luster finish, corrosion protection, and wear resistance. In the automotive industry bright nickel can be found on bumpers, rims, exhaust pipes and trim. It is also used for bright work on bicycles and motorcycles. Other applications include hand tools and household items such as lighting and plumbing fixtures, wire racks, firearms, and appliances.)

For entertainment, we went to Euclid Beach on Lake Erie. There was an amusement park there with lots of rides and attractions. I remember seeing many other people from our hometown at that park, so it was, apparently, a popular place for all ages. For some reason I particularly remember bumping into L.D. Sartain and his wife Reba Jo (Bennett) Sartain on one of our visits.

We walked to Five Points for shopping, and most of the young kids from Grundy County who went to school in the hillbilly area of Cleveland went to East Clark School.

I don't know how many years we stayed in Cleveland because Mama and I would frequently move home for a while, and Daddy would stay there. He and another man or two from our area would come home about every two weeks on the weekend, then go back to work. We had a house here in Pelham, so I guess it was necessary to come back and take care of our house. We made many trips back and forth to and from Cleveland. Often people would ride with us. I remember one time that Dellie, Aunt Annie and their twin boys Burl & Earl Gilliam rode to Cleveland with us. (That was 3 in the front and 4 in the back seat. How uncomfortable must that have been for the adults, but nobody seemed to complain). On one return trip Taft and Georgia Lee (Smartt) Campbell's girls, Berniece & Vernice Mae, rode back to Pelham with us. I was younger than they and remember thinking that they were so pretty! The girls, when they grew up, married Robert & James Elbert "Jamie" Gipson, sons of Bob & Dauntie (Layne) Gipson.

When it came time for me to attend school in 1952, Mama and I moved back to Pelham for good. We visited in Cleveland at times, but we never went back to live because they didn't want me to have to go to a huge school far away from my home. Daddy moved back shortly himself and rented a Pan Am Gas Station (Filling Station, as it was called) which he eventually bought several years later. He operated that station for 27 years, all the time supplementing his income with hauling whatever there was to be hauled. We all worked at whatever there was to do. I learned to drive our big truck in a wheat field while sacks of wheat were being thrown on the bed. He hauled a great deal of coal out of "The Pocket" in Marion County TN. It was always unloaded with a hand scoop shovel, and his loads were 8 to 9 tons. At other times he hauled feed and fertilize for the local Coop from Nashville. Sometimes we hauled ammonium nitrate from Muscle Shoals, AL, sometimes lime from Gager Lime in Sherwood, TN, sometimes a load of lumber from a nearby sawmill. I say, we, because much of the time the hauling was done at night after he had worked all day at the station, so Mama and I rode with him. There were times that my Mother hauled the coal too.

J.E. Layne's Service Station, Pelham, TN, 1957

We often visited Cleveland, for by then most of our Layne family had all moved there. The Gipson children had grown up, married and had jobs up there. Aunt Annie's children had done the same. Some of them eventually returned to Tennessee and some continued on since they had acclimated to Ohio and had established homes there. I can't recall, though, that any of the first generation married anyone from Ohio. They married others whose families had also moved North to find work.

Mama's niece and her husband, Luther & Myrtle (Oliver) Morris, had also moved to Cleveland where he worked. I remember us taking my Aunt Stella (Payne) Oliver to Cleveland to see her daughter Myrtle & her young granddaughter Barbara Jean Morris.

Thinking about all the people who went North reminds me that economic life was particularly hard here in the rural south. As transportation began to improve, people wanted cars, a nice house with creature comforts and a steady income. Mechanization was taking away some of the agricultural jobs, so many people were not able to get any work at all. For example, all of the black community moved from Pelham in the 1950's. Some probably did go North while others moved to nearby towns such as Sewanee, Winchester, and Manchester to find work. We did have a black school in Pelham. The building is still there, now serving as a house. Although I don't remember much about specific members of the black community who lived in Pelham, except for Drucilla, my friend and playmate, who was a member of the Hayworth family, I do remember attending a Christmas play at the school, which was also used as a church. One Sunday it was Baptist, and the next Sunday it was Methodist, with different preachers, of course. About the play – Nana Lou Hamby, my parents and I attended the packed house filled with slatted benches and with bare-bulb electric lights suspended over the audience on just the wire. When the audience lights were turned off and only the stage lights were left on, the performance began. The kids sung "Up on the Housetop", and instead of saying the line, "click, click, click", they used their tongues to make the clicking sound. I have never sung it any other way myself since hearing that creative addition. Loved that version!

So many rural southern families left small southern towns and communities like ours for manufacturing cities in the North such as Detroit, Cleveland and Akron to find work, the exodus from states such as West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama became known as going North", and historians have added "on the "Hillbilly Highway".

After we returned to Grundy County for good, my parents continued operating their service station in Pelham for the remainder of their working lives. Sometime in the late 1950's and early '60's we were able to get water piped into the house from the well. We got an electric stove installed right next to the wood cooking stove, and by 1965, we built and indoor bathroom. When I started high school in 1961, Mama began working at Colonial Shirt Factory in Altamont where she inspected shirts for a few years to save money to pay my way through Middle Tennessee State University. I found one of her yearly income statements for 1965 where her income for the

year was about $3,500. It was enough for the time. It had been my job to "top out" hogs during the time I was in high school to help buy myself a car for college. That car was a Ford Fairlane bought from Tom Creighton Dealership in Palmer. With the money I had earned and some help from my parents, we were able to pay the $2,500 for the new car outright. My degree and teaching certification were obtained in three and a half years without working during the school year and without any student debt. My teaching career began in the Manchester City Schools in the fall of 1969 at a salary of $5,600.

Life for the Layne family was typical for the era. When we had no indoor bathroom and no running water and no air conditioner, I didn't feel deprived. When we had to work both day and night, it seemed normal. How can you miss something you never had?

Did you know?

John L. Bell & Major Ridge who led the Cherokee out of their native lands in the southeastern U.S. to Indian Territory were Cherokee themselves.

The Bell Route on the Trail of Tears began in Chattanooga, came up the plateau through Marion County, through Monteagle and down through Cowan. There were about 700 Cherokees in his group. Twenty of them died on the way to Indian Territory.

The Supreme Court of the US ruled that the Cherokee could stay in their lands, but they were forced out anyway.

The Trail of Tears was about 1,200 miles in length and even today's well equipped & well supplied hikers take 3 months to walk the route.

Where is Dry Shave?

from Michael Fromholt

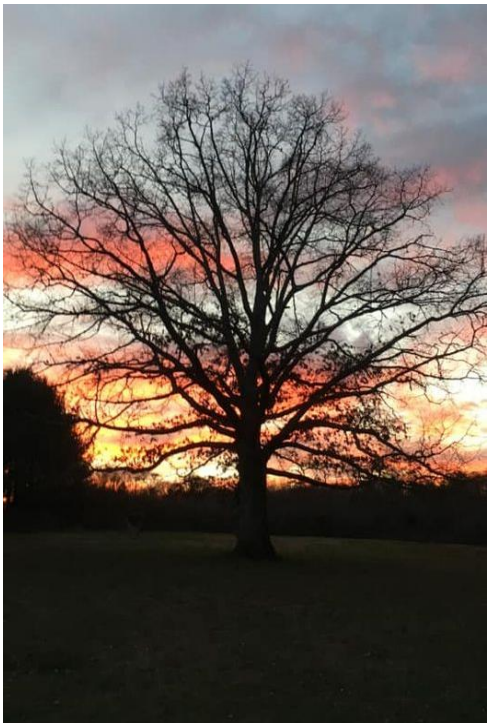
Dry Shave Road is on the Warren County side of Grundy/Warren county line. The actual Dry Shave is a sink on top of the mountain west of Hwy 56, N35.529585 W85.721231. Most of it is in Warren County, with it stretching a bit to the south into Grundy County.

What Happened to Pvt. Buford Paskel Layne?

by Jackie Layne Partin (2020)

Monteagle gave a lot, as did all of Grundy County, during WWI. Monroe and Rebecca Jane (Cox) Layne had four daughters; then five sons joined the family, my grandfather Alex Layne being the eldest and Buford Paskel Layne, the youngest. They had a difficult life under Forrest Point on the north side of the plateau. It was nothing but a rockpile, but with all hands onboard they managed to survive and face whatever was thrown their way. Some still tell me they remember the old Monroe Layne place, but it is unlikely that anyone in Monteagle remembers the baby of the family, Buford.

Dear Reader, do you have a Bucket Wish list? Maybe you want to jump from an airplane in a skydiving venture or bungy jump from a tall bridge. Go for it! There is an old, old tree on this old farm where I have lived the last thirty-two years. When my grandson, Stokes, was a small child, he named that tree "I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT MY GRANNY TREE!" Somewhere down in my mental Bucket Wish list, I have an embedded desire to climb to the top of that tree. Now that I am so old, my family won't hear of me doing such a thing. But more important than climbing that old tree, I have a deep need to help others climb their trees, ancestral that is. However, I have more climbing to do on my own two trees—the farm tree and the ancestral—I want to find the life and death of my paternal great-uncle, Buford Paskel Layne before my little branch decays.



The real "I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT MY GRANNY TREE!"

Somewhere in life, or death, I lost my great-uncle, Buford. If one did not look at the *Census* record of **1910**, then he might not have ever been known as part of our family. Then the discovery of his WWI Draft registration on **Sept. 12, 1918** brought support that he did exist having been born **Sept. 24, 1900** in Monteagle, TN. Now folks I am a tough old bird, but when I first saw this document and noticed that this young man worked hard as a section-hand laborer on the railroad, and that he told Mr. W. D. Bennett that his nearest relative was his mother, **Rebecky** Jane Layne, my eyes filled with tears. Her name was Rebecca; "Rebecky" was an endearing reference to a beloved mother from her young, loving, southern, mountain boy whose father had

passed away a few years earlier; whose four sisters were all dead, and whose four brothers were off to other places building their own lives. There were just the two of them, "Rebecky" and Buford, left under that cold bluff above Laynes Cove. Little did either know that the word "cold" would, less than a year later, become 45° below 0° for young Buford.

PANDEMIC, Covid 19, and variants thereof**,** are words familiar to young and old today (**2019**/**2020 /2021**). Young Buford registered for the WWI Draft in the middle of the **Spanish Flu Pandemic** of **1918**. Ironically, his registration document is the last known presence of my great-grandmother Rebecca Jane (Cox) Layne. She is not in the **1920** *Census* record; there is no death certificate. She may have succumbed to the Spanish flu as her baby son left for his call to duty. Until **Dec. 30, 2020**, I did not know what the assignment was for young Buford or if he even lived to accept a military assignment. Michael Fromholt, a wonderful researcher, helped me find Buford after he left home, and as happy as I was to find out that he did not just fall off the face of the earth, I was equally saddened by his still undecided story which I am endeavoring to piece together.

On **Apr. 6. 1917,** the U. S. A. declared war on Germany after news that Germany tried to incite Mexico to turn on the U. S.; they committed more egregious acts against United States ships. Please let it suffice for me to say that WWI had been going on since **July 28, 1914,** originating in Europe, and the U. S. tried to stay neutral, but that approach did not work. On **Nov. 11, 1918**, Germany signed the Armistice at Compiegne ending WWI. Now, let's tie Buford Paskel Layne into our history lesson. Just two months before WWI ended, Buford had registered in Monteagle for the draft. One would think that Buford could have stayed home with his elderly mother and continued piling stones along the Nick-a-Jack trail in order to clear a spot for more raspberry plants. But not unlike today's politics, the U. S. just seemed to feel a need to get involved in Russia's Civil War, and of all places on earth to get involved, Siberia, Russia was the worst.

However, on **Aug. 15, 1919**, nine months after the supposed end of WWI, Pvt. Buford P. Lane, (*Layne ancestors and descendants recognize three spellings of our surname—Lain, Lane, and Layne*), boarded a transport ship called the **USAT Logan** and departed at Ft. Mason, California. *"Fort Mason, once known as San Francisco Port of Embarkation, US Army, in San Francisco, California, is a former United States Army post located in the northern Marina District, alongside San Francisco Bay. Fort Mason served as an Army post for more than 100 years, initially as a coastal defense site and subsequently as a military port facility. Wikipedia."* I have yet to find any enlistment or basic training documents for him, but he ended up in the QMC (*Quartermaster Corps)* military unit. He stated that his next of kin was his brother Paris Lane, who was Paris Francis Layne, Sr., also a military man. This maybe gives me a clue that their mother "Rebecky" had passed between **1918** and **1919.** Sadly, in the official VA papers the date **Nov. 21, 1919**, is given as the death of our soldier Pvt. Lane. I could then take a deep breath and put my years of searching for him into following him as he left port until his death, a very short period, but time

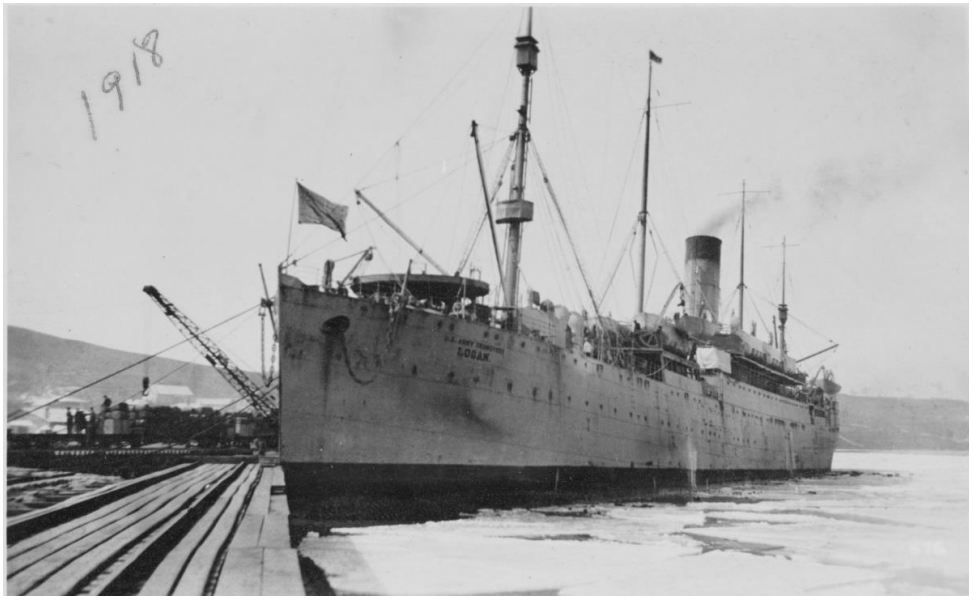
about which a family genealogist wants to know. I had three months and six days to place him in history before his death. What happened to Monteagle's young soldier during that time?

Laynes Cove's handsome, young Pvt. Buford Paskel Lane/Layne ***(1900-1919)***

A copy of the photo came into my possession merely because I can talk and beg. In my younger years I visited my paternal aunt, Artie Mai (Layne) Lappin in Columbia, TN. Buford would have been her uncle, but because of his early death, she would have never known him. Even though she was aging and sickly, she allowed me to pull some photo albums from under a small bed and just sit and go through them. She sat near me and told me the names of the ones I did not recognize. The moment I saw the photo of the young soldier I asked her, "Who is this handsome young man?" She responded immediately, "I don't really know, but I have always thought he was one of Daddy's brothers." I knew; I knew without doubt that the photo was Buford—the strong, square, Cox family chin he inherited from his mother gave him away. If ever a family member spoke of this young soldier, the words never got to me. Why did his niece appear to cherish his photo by at least placing it in an album and not an overflow box?

Now there seems to be some confusion about "Find A Grave" having Buford listed as being buried in the Summerfield Cemetery. I'm guilty, totally guilty of having my name stuck everywhere when it comes to the history of Grundy County, Tennessee. Years ago, when I realized that my grandfather had a younger brother that no one living knew anything about, and when I became interested in genealogy, I dove into the dark ages and assumed when someone disappeared from radar during a worldwide Spanish flu pandemic, then he or she had died and was quietly, carefully buried. So, I alone with my faithful Word processor buried Buford with his mother, father, sisters and another brother. That is the way that I remembered my grandfather explaining the cemetery plot and fieldstones to me. Ironically, there are no death certificates for my g-grandparents, their daughters or Buford even though most died after the year **1908** when death records were required to be kept. (Let me make a note here to mention that I am one who writes stories spending as much time as possible getting them historically right—but I am not a historian by any means.) Could I be wrong as to where Buford was buried?

A portion of the official list of the "Logan's" passengers is inserted below. #91 passenger is Buford, never to be heard of again, and #93 is Pvt. Jasper E. McWilliams of Collinwood, Tennessee. My inquisitive mind wanted to know if Pvt. Jasper got home and lived a productive life, and he did, so the ship didn't sink and kill all its passengers. I have my father's discharge papers, two of Buford's brothers' discharge papers, but have yet to find any discharge papers for Buford. If he died on his mission, then he would have had no discharge papers, so my thoughts went to pondering his death. How? Where? Buried where? The questions never end. I wonder if he could vote when he registered for the WWI Draft? Could he legally drink the moonshine liquor Perry Egbert "Pewter" Garner and others made all around the plateau of our mountain? But those questions are not important because he could shoot a gun; he could kill a human enemy; he could unload ammunition or help load a troop transport; he could fight; abilities that counted in time of war. He was just eighteen-years-old.



The transport ship "Logan" carried Buford away, across the Pacific turning northwest toward Siberia.

Did Buford know where he was going? Did he know why he was going? Did he tell any of his family what lay ahead for him? If so, it was never passed down to any of his family, or they did not talk about it. Buford's brother, my grandfather Alex Layne, lived in the house with us all my unmarried life. Was this expedition another Rohna affair, as in a WWII happening? Was it a secret military venture? Was it too frightening to let the world know what was happening in the terminus country? Or finally, was Buford just doing his duties as part of the Quartermaster Corps: seeing to supplies, food, ammunitions, payrolls, transport of troops, burials of soldiers, removal of wounded back to help stations, etc.?

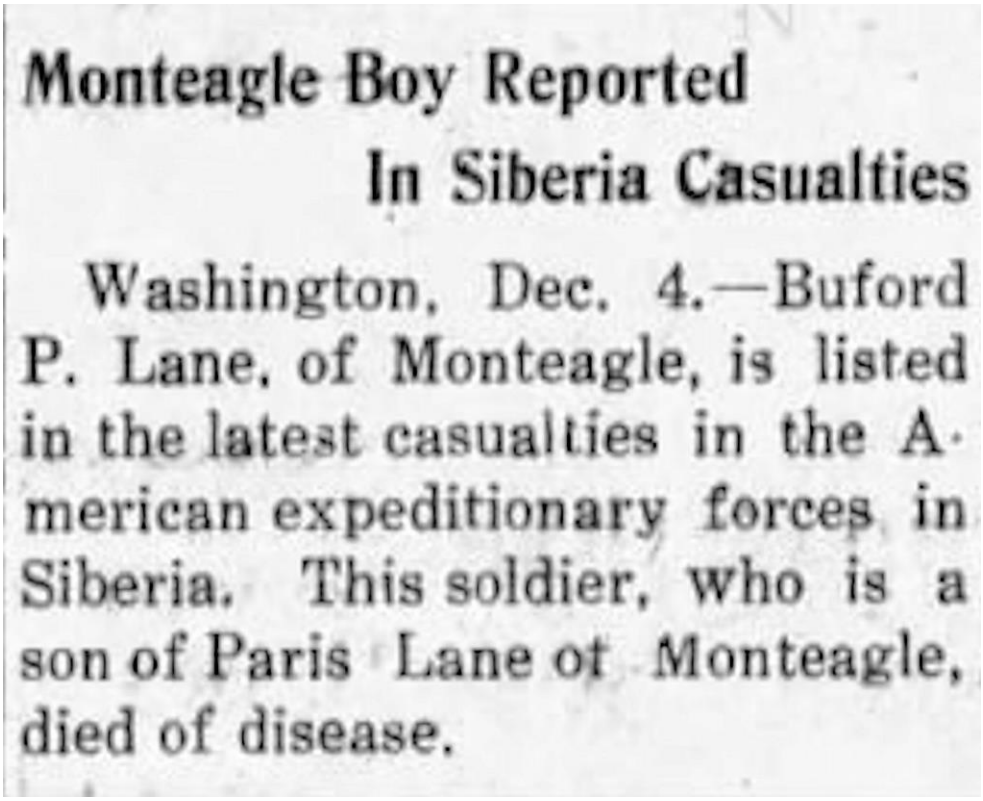
Some believe that the words on the ship manifest stating: "SIBERIAN PRESIDIO REPLACEMENT DETACHMENT NO 4" meant that the ship was carrying infantry replacements the particular time that Buford was on the ship's manifest. The group on the ship was the 17th Siberian Co. The ship took port at Vladivostok, Russia before **Dec. 7, 1919**. On that ship with Pvt. Buford P. Lane was Pvt. Troy Attaway of Reagan, TN. Two months, two weeks and one day later, Pvt. Attaway was on a ship named "Sheridan" that departed Vladivostok, Russia on **31 Oct. 1919** and arrived in San Francisco on **Dec. 7, 1919**, sixteen days after Pvt. Buford P. Lane died. Attaway had enlisted on **July 11, 1919** and released on **Feb. 25, 1920**. At this point my research is between a rock and a hard place. What happened to Buford?

We understand that Buford P. Layne was involved somehow with the allied forces in the Russian Civil War. It certainly was not a popular thing for President Wilson to send young Americans to aid one faction of the warring Russians. The following is an excerpt from the *Lansing State Journal, 15 Nov. 1919. "… and after a hard winter's fighting, we are still at a loss to know why we played the part we did in the Russian civil war, yet today the bodies of our men, (the writer lost six of the finest American boys that were ever molded) our friends, and fellow soldiers are arriving from that frozen north country and has the Entente told those weeping mothers and the friends who saw them fall, what these brave lads gave their lives for.* This article was published in Lansing, Michigan one week before the death of Pvt. Buford P. Lane. Was he on the battlefields of the infantry? Or was he still back at the port of entry doing some kind of QMC duty? Some infantry soldiers had already been fighting in Europe and were 'by hook or by crook' sent to help in the Russian Civil War only if they did non-combative jobs.

The "Logan" disembarked in Russia. In the notes section of the ship's manifest are the words: Siberian Presidio Replacement Detachment No 4. *"The American Expeditionary Force, Siberia was a formation of the United States Army involved in the Russian Civil War in Vladivostok, Russia, after the October Revolution, from 1918 to 1920. The force was part of the larger Allied North Russia Intervention. As a result of this expedition, early relations between the United States and the Soviet Union were poor. Wikipedia."*

"*The Allied intervention in Russia would continue throughout the end of World War I and the peace negotiations at Versailles, from which the Russian Bolsheviks were excluded. By*

***October 1919**, White Russian forces were in full retreat in the south, and Lenin and his Bolsheviks had effectively consolidated power for their regime. Recognizing the futility of their intervention in the costly and distant conflict in Russia, Allied forces began to withdraw. By the time the American troops completed their evacuation of Vladivostok and Archangel, 174 of them had been killed in action or died of wounds incurred over the course of the intervention*." And yet Pvt. Lane had not even left Ft. Mason in San Francisco! Two purposes of having the transport ship "Logan" in action during the Russian Civil War were to "*transport elements of the US Army Siberian Expedition to Vladivostok, Russia in December 1918 and to transport the 27th Infantry from Vladivostok to San Francisco in September-October 1919*." "*In the summer of 1919, the White regime in Siberia collapsed. By August 1919 plans were made to withdraw the British forces and by 1 November the last of their troops had been withdrawn…"*



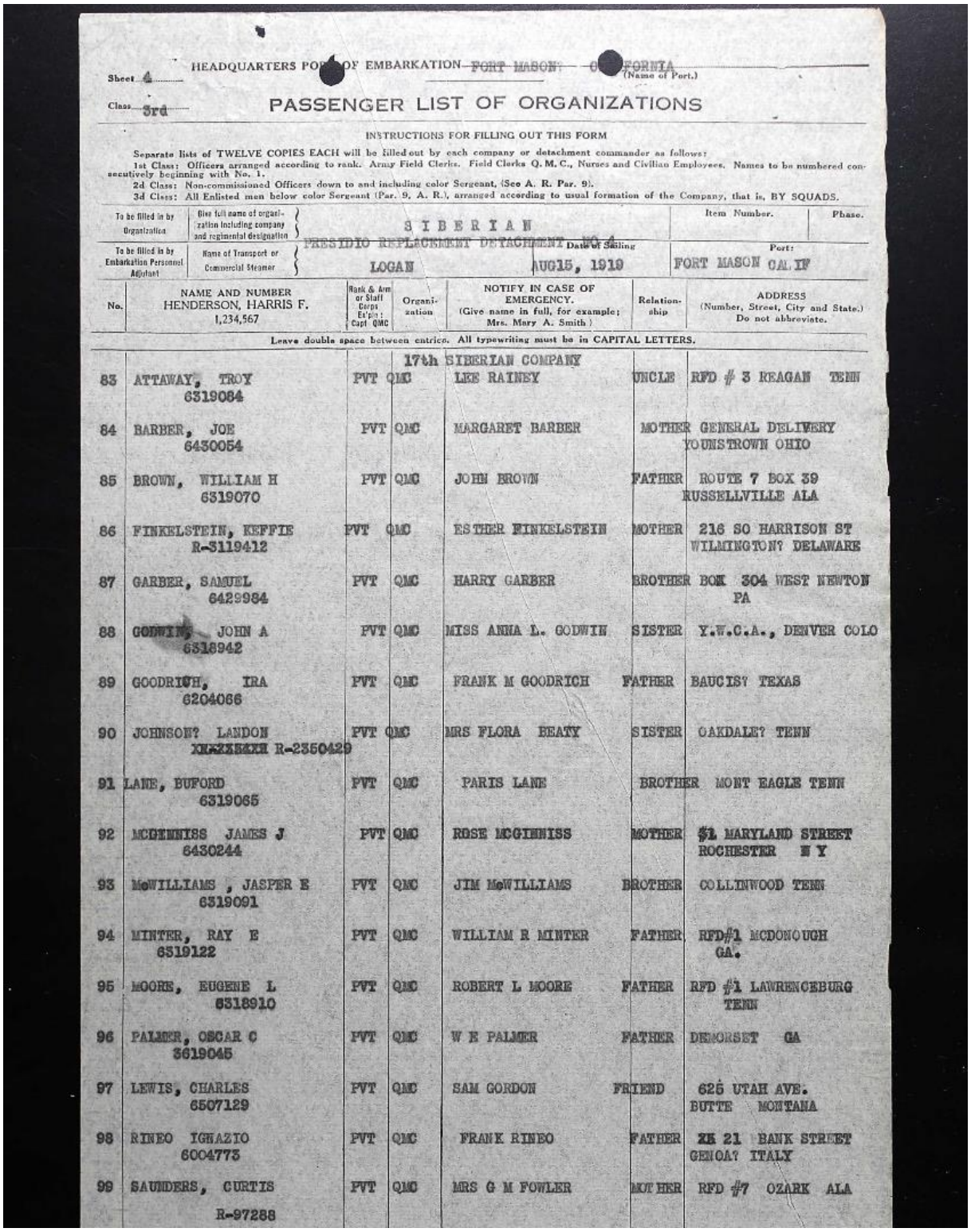
Monteagle Boy Reported In Siberia Casualties

Washington, Dec. 4.—Buford P. Lane, of Monteagle, is listed in the latest casualties in the American expeditionary forces in Siberia. This soldier, who is a son of Paris Lane ot Monteagle, died of disease.

Sequatchie Valley News—Dec. 11, 1919; {Error—Paris Lane is Buford's brother}

It took years and many different theories as to what happened to my g-uncle Buford, but to my surprise a good friend, Ms. Ey, sent me the above clipping this morning (**Jan. 8, 2021**) and lit up my day. My research had come to a screeching halt for years, but because of the willingness of other researchers to help me, I probably have all the information I will ever be able to find on Buford. After reading the clipping and studying the history of the American Expeditionary Forces in Siberia, I have concluded that Buford died of the Spanish flu and was buried in the cold, cold, soil and ice of Siberia, Russia.

Below is the ship's manifest with Pvt. Buford #91 shown onboard. I don't know why, but it really seems sad to have found that he was interred in Siberia without any family knowing that his body was placed in the soil and ice of a country that the U. S. A. should not have been involved. Sometimes our family tree news is not uplifting.



Sheet 4 HEADQUARTERS PORT OF EMBARKATION FORT MASON, CALIFORNIA (Name of Port.)

Class 3rd

PASSENGER LIST OF ORGANIZATIONS

INSTRUCTIONS FOR FILLING OUT THIS FORM

Separate lists of TWELVE COPIES EACH will be filled out by each company or detachment commander as follows:
1st Class: Officers arranged according to rank. Army Field Clerks. Field Clerks Q. M. C., Nurses and Civilian Employees. Names to be numbered consecutively beginning with No. 1.
2d Class: Non-commissioned Officers down to and including color Sergeant, (See A. R. Par. 9).
3d Class: All Enlisted men below color Sergeant (Par. 9, A. R.), arranged according to usual formation of the Company, that is, BY SQUADS.

To be filled in by Organization: Give full name of organization including company and regimental designation: SIBERIAN PRESIDIO REPLACEMENT DETACHMENT NO 4

Item Number. Phase.

To be filled in by Embarkation Personnel Adjutant: Name of Transport or Commercial Steamer: LOGAN Date of Sailing AUG 15, 1919 Port: FORT MASON CALIF

No.	NAME AND NUMBER	Rank & Arm or Staff Corps Ex'ple: Capt QMC	Organization	NOTIFY IN CASE OF EMERGENCY. (Give name in full, for example: Mrs. Mary A. Smith.)	Relationship	ADDRESS (Number, Street, City and State.) Do not abbreviate.
	HENDERSON, HARRIS F. 1,234,567					

Leave double space between entries. All typewriting must be in CAPITAL LETTERS.

17th SIBERIAN COMPANY

83	ATTAWAY, TROY 6319084	PVT	QMC	LEE RAINEY	UNCLE	RFD # 3 REAGAN TENN
84	BARBER, JOE 6430054	PVT	QMC	MARGARET BARBER	MOTHER	GENERAL DELIVERY YOUNSTROWN OHIO
85	BROWN, WILLIAM H 6319070	PVT	QMC	JOHN BROWN	FATHER	ROUTE 7 BOX 39 RUSSELLVILLE ALA
86	FINKELSTEIN, KEFFIE R-3119412	PVT	QMC	ESTHER FINKELSTEIN	MOTHER	216 SO HARRISON ST WILMINGTON? DELAWARE
87	GARBER, SAMUEL 6429984	PVT	QMC	HARRY GARBER	BROTHER	BOX 304 WEST NEWTON PA
88	GODWIN, JOHN A 6318942	PVT	QMC	MISS ANNA L. GODWIN	SISTER	Y.W.C.A., DENVER COLO
89	GOODRICH, IRA 6204066	PVT	QMC	FRANK M GOODRICH	FATHER	BAUCIS? TEXAS
90	JOHNSON? LANDON R-2350429	PVT	QMC	MRS FLORA BEATY	SISTER	OAKDALE? TENN
91	LANE, BUFORD 6319065	PVT	QMC	PARIS LANE	BROTHER	MONT EAGLE TENN
92	MCGINNISS JAMES J 6430244	PVT	QMC	ROSE MCGINNISS	MOTHER	51 MARYLAND STREET ROCHESTER N Y
93	McWILLIAMS, JASPER E 6319091	PVT	QMC	JIM McWILLIAMS	BROTHER	COLLINWOOD TENN
94	MINTER, RAY E 6319122	PVT	QMC	WILLIAM R MINTER	FATHER	RFD#1 MCDONOUGH GA.
95	MOORE, EUGENE L 6318910	PVT	QMC	ROBERT L MOORE	FATHER	RFD #1 LAWRENCEBURG TENN
96	PALMER, OSCAR C 6319045	PVT	QMC	W E PALMER	FATHER	DEMORSET GA
97	LEWIS, CHARLES 6507129	PVT	QMC	SAM GORDON	FRIEND	625 UTAH AVE. BUTTE MONTANA
98	RINEO IGNAZIO 6004773	PVT	QMC	FRANK RINEO	FATHER	25 21 BANK STREET GENOA? ITALY
99	SAUNDERS, CURTIS R-97288	PVT	QMC	MRS G M FOWLER	MOTHER	RFD #7 OZARK ALA

Above, wooden crosses mark U. S. burials in Russia

Below, some soldiers have stones.

John Douglas Hall, Killed in Action, WWII

Barbara Henley

John Douglas Hall was born Sept 30, 1914, in Tracy City, TN, to Benjamin F. Hall (1881-1930) and 1st wife Lou (Lathrum) Flury (1885-1918). (Lou first married Franz "Frank" Flury (1882-1909). She married Benjamin Hall in 1910 in Grundy County. Lou and Benjamin Hall had an infant and a daughter Constance Corinne Hall (1913-1936) prior to John Douglas Hall's birth. Both of John Douglas' siblings are buried in City Cemetery in Tracy City, TN, alongside their parents.

In the 1920 census, John Douglas was enumerated with his father Benjamin F. Hall and Ben's second wife Ceigal Lathrum, who was a sister to Lou, both Lou & Ceigal being the daughters of John G. Lathrum and wife Rebecca Tate.

John Douglas was drafted into military service during WWII while employed at Peerless Woolen Mills in Rossville, GA. He ultimately became a Technician, 5th Class, in Company C, 1st Battalion, 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment of the 101st Airborne Division.

Twenty-nine year old John Douglas Hall was KIA when his plane and all 20 persons aboard were shot down and perished in the D-Day invasion over the Cherbourg Peninsula at Picauville, Dept. de la Manche, Basse-Normandie, France, where his body was interred for a time. His name along with other of his group are memorialized in the church chapel there. Later, after the war ended, his body was returned to Tennessee and buried in the Chattanooga National Cemetery, Nov. 18, 1948 (Section Y, Grave #440).

T/5 John D. Hall

John Douglas Hall & wife Evelyn Davis Hall

Andrew Jackson "Cove" Layne

Kirby Crabtree

Andrew Jackson "Cove Jack" Layne

Andrew Jackson "Cove" Layne was born in May of 1840, in Marion County, Tennessee. He was the eighth of eleven children born to Abraham Layne (B.1798 - D.1883) and Rebecca Kilgore (B.1806 - D.1880) of Marion County. His ten siblings were: Richard Layne (B.1823 - D.1903), Mary Ann Layne (B.1826 - D.1888), Daniel Layne (B.1828 - D.1914), David Layne (B.1830 - D.1910), Sallie Layne (B.1832 - D.1927), Hiram Layne (B.1836 - D.1932), Stephen Layne (B.1838 - D. after 1920), Charles A. Layne (B.1842 - D.1925), Joseph Anderson Layne (B.1844 - D.1923), and Allison Layne (B.1849 - D.1946).

He was wed to Harriet Ellen Bryant (B.1841 - 1929) in 1863, and together they had seven children: Spencer Layne (B.1866 - D.1931), Francis Marion Layne (B.1868 - D.1952), Albert A. Layne (B.1870 - D.1937), Laura Layne (B.1871 - D.1921), Samuel Houston Layne (B.1873 - D.1920), Patrick Layne (B.1875 - D.1880), and Margaret "Maggie" Layne (B.1877 - D.1901).

In 1864, during the War Between the States, Andrew Jackson Layne enlisted in the Union Army as a Private in Company "D" of the 1st Tennessee/Alabama Independent Vidette Cavalry Regiment. Companies "D", "E", and "F" of the regiment were organized at Tracy City and Nashville, Tennessee, between December 9, 1863, to February 24, 1864. The Vidette Cavalry participated in a skirmish at Hunt's Mills near Larkinsville, Alabama, and also participated in another skirmish at Sand Mountain, Alabama, on December 26. They were also a part of an expedition to Lebanon between December 12 and 29, 1863. The regiment was officially mustered out of Union service on June 16, 1864. Andrew Jackson Layne was captured in 1864 and sent to the well-known notorious Confederate P.O.W. camp in Andersonville, Georgia, where he possibly remained for the duration of the war. He filed for a pension on May 1, 1889, and his wife (then a widow), Harriet Ellen on June 24, 1927.

Andrew Jackson Layne passed away at the age of 86 at his place of residence in Tracy City, Marion County on April 1, 1927. His cause of death is listed as "Dropped Dead, no physician." The "Tennessee Deaths and Burials Index, 1874-1955" lists him as being buried on April 2, 1927, near Tracy City, though it does not specify which cemetery. A possible cemetery he could be buried in is Oak Grove Cemetery located just outside Tracy City in White City. Another possibility is Mount Zion Cemetery, which is known by two other names: Jacky Jones Cemetery and Jones Cemetery, and is located in Victoria, Marion County. Andrew Jackson Layne's father, Abraham Layne is buried there. The undertaker who buried Andrew Jackson Layne was Ernest Campbell Norvell (B.1869 - D.1941) of Tracy City, Grundy County, Tennessee.

Was Grandpa an Outlaw Road Builder?

Lillian Ey

Unless otherwise noted all material for this article is derived from Tennessee State Library and Archives, Supreme Court Case Files, Middle Tennessee #231, Herriford vs Parks. This article is not intended as a history of the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike nor as definition of the route of either that turnpike or the Hollingsworth Road but to relate the actions and perspective of those men who were involved in an incident of opposition to paying toll on a turnpike with a troubled and perhaps fraudulent history.

September 15, 1851, must have been a very busy day in Altamont. The gathering at the courthouse involving 17 witnesses, 12 jurors, 3 plaintiffs, 7 defendants, and numerous onlookers would have filled the small building. What could have pulled so many citizens away from their farms and businesses? On November 4, 1850, a summons had been issued which read in part:

"To the Sherriff of Grundy County Greeting. You are hereby commanded to summon Samuel Parks, Jas H Murphrey, Christian Smith, Benjamin Trussel, Jas Klepper, John Klepper, William Henley, to appear before our Honorable Circuit Court to be holden for the County of Grundy at the court house in Altamont on the 3rd Monday in January AD 1851 to answer John Herriford, Joseph Gilliam, and Philip Bible proprietors of the Jasper and Pelham Turnpike Road crossing Cumberland Mountain in a plea of trespass on the case to their damage of two thousand dollars…"

John Tipton, Sherriff of Grundy County, found only Parks, Murphrey, and Smith living within Grundy County. A counterpart summons was subsequently issued to and served by the Sherriff of Marion County, Hardy Gilliam, for the appearance of Trussel, the Kleppers, and Henley.

At the Circuit Court January Term 1851 attorneys (Hickison, Colyar, and Hyde) for the plaintiffs Herriford, Gilliam, and Bible declared that they were the proprietors of the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike Road and accused the defendants of illegally opening an old road known as the Hollingsworth Road as a shunpike to bypass their toll gate on the turnpike crossing Cumberland Mountain from Harris Gilliam (near Laynes Cove) to the foot of the mountain in Marion County. The defendants by their attorneys, Hopkins and Smith, declared that they were not guilty in any count alleged against them. Thus on Tuesday of the September term of circuit court the case came to trial before a jury consisting of Joseph Tipton, John A Wooten, Jonathan Scott, Robert Tate, Elijah Walker, Henry Levan, Daniel Fults, Adam Fults, William Crouch, James M Rielly, John Dugan, and David P Ritchey.

Although the entire detailed history of the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike is outside the intent of this writing some background is needed to understand the court case. In 1836, the Tennessee State Legislature passed a bill whereby the state through a Board of Internal Improvement pledged to purchase 50% of the stock of any turnpike or railroad company subsequently formed.

In 1838 the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike Company was chartered with an initial offering of either sixty thousand or one hundred thousand dollars in stock. The turnpike was to run from Manchester to Oates place on the Tennessee River. At the initial meeting of the directors George W Thompson was elected President. Subsequently contracts were let by the company to build sections of the road. The first contract awarded was to George Thompson to build the section of road that would cross the Cumberland Mountain at what would later become the location of Monteagle. Other parts of the road were to run primarily on existing roads that were to be upgraded to turnpike standards and maintained by the company. Several years passed and the state paid thousands of dollars to the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike Company to match their reported progress in constructing the turnpike yet the road was never constructed to the specifications of the turnpike charter and never opened as a complete road. In the intervening years the public including stages used the existing roads which were kept in repair by the local citizens and the sections of the turnpike that were constructed as a free road.

Predictably, the State of Tennessee eventually found the failure of the company to complete the turnpike after the expenditure of more than $30,000 in state funds to be unacceptable and began legal action against the company for fraud. As a compromise to end legal proceedings against the company the individual stockholders George W Rice, William S Mooney, George W Thompson, A E Patton and Harris Gilliam agreed to surrender all stock in the company to the state Board of Internal Improvement. The agreement was finalized on July 20, 1849. Subsequently the board agreed to let John Herriford, Philip Bible, and Joseph Gilliam have that part of the road beginning near Harris Gilliam in Grundy County and running to the foot of the mountain toward Jasper in Marion County a distance of about seven miles as a turnpike road. The company was to receive the same toll and meet the same requirements as the Kelly turnpike across Lookout Mountain. One specification of the Kelly road was that anyone traveling within a mile of the tollgate was liable to pay the toll. The remainder of the turnpike road was assigned to the counties to be used and maintained as a public road. The new owners of the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike section promptly set up a tollgate on the Grundy County slope of the mountain.

While the Hollingsworth road is referenced in several land grants and deeds its origin is difficult to trace. The Tennessee legislature did mention it in one Act: "**An Act to establish the road leading from Col. Benjamin Hollingsworth's to Jasper, and to provide the means of keeping said road in repair.** Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Tennessee, That the road leading from Col. Benjamin Hollingsworth's to Jasper, be and the same is hereby established as a free road, and that the county courts of Franklin and Marion, are hereby required to keep said road in repair as a road of the first class in the same manner as other roads in said counties are kept in repair…December 1, 1829." While this may have been a failed or surrendered turnpike road no legislative charter has yet been identified that corresponds to this location.

Samuel Parks and co-defendants had not simply decided to work upon the Hollingsworth Road without some legal protections but that itself became a complex set of events. At the

January 1851 term of the Grundy County Court James Murphrey was appointed overseer of the Hollingsworth Road from S P Goodman to the Marion County line. Hands appointed to help him were Samuel Parks, Jesse Parks, William S Parks, Christian Smith, Stephen Sandridge, Alexander Tucker, William Cornelison, Thomas Harrison, and Solomon P Goodman, and hands of these men. At the April 1850 county court the Hollingsworth Road was disannulled and all hands assigned to work on the stage road under Harris Gilliam (from the turnpike end near Gilliam place toward Manchester) with the provision that all Grundy County residents would be exempted from paying toll on Herriford's turnpike. Next at the May session of the Grundy County court the order making Murphrey overseer of the old Hollingsworth Road was revived to which order Philip Bible and Joseph Gilliam, owners of the turnpike, prayed and were granted an appeal to the next session of the Circuit Court at Altamont. On September 18, 1850, the Circuit Court ruled that the old Hollingsworth Road did not legally exist in May 1850 when the Grundy County Court appointed an overseer for the road. (Although not part of the record, the legal arguments would have been that the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike charter in 1838 together with the revival of the turnpike in 1849 and the construction of a new route over the mountain was an abandonment of the old route. The county had not appointed a jury of view for the revival of the old route before appointing an overseer and the turnpike company would have contended that the approval of the opening of the road illegally infringed upon its charter, an action beyond the power of the county court.)

Returning to the courthouse at Altamont in September 1851, the court clerk recorded testimony of witnesses. Testimony for the **plaintiffs**, the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike Company, included:

Solomon P. Goodman testified that as a commissioner of the turnpike road Philip Roberts, Perry Ladd, and himself examined the road, thought it was made according to contract and signed the license to accept the road. Philip Roberts testified that he signed it at the same time. George W Terry Ladd said he signed the license as one of the commissioners.

Hyde, attorney for the plaintiffs, made the statement that before the Hollingsworth Road opened the tolls amounted to $60 a month and after it was opened $15 a month till the commencement of the lawsuit and afterward not more than $20.

Terry Ladd further said there was a road called Hollingsworth road across the mountain lying east of the road. Plaintiffs claim the turnpike from Jasper to Pelham runs northwest, the Hollingsworth road runs parallel with the turnpike. It leaves the turnpike east of the gate, goes around it, and intersects it west of the gate near the mountain. After the gate was put up Campbell Henly, William Henly, James Klepper, Benjamin Trussel worked upon the Hollingsworth road in Marion County. He proved (testified) that William Henly said the intention of working the road out was to break down Gilliam Road after the gate was erected. The old road to the best of his knowledge had been out of use 4 or 5 years before they worked on it. There was a sign board

put up on the Hollingsworth Road east of the gate that said something about leading to Pelham, as people tell him he has no learning.

On cross examination he testified that the Hollingsworth Road lay waste for 4 or 5 years not traveled by carriages and the like. He can't tell the age of the H Road; it was the first road. It's been 20 years since he first saw it; it was a public road then. Since the gate was put up (on the turnpike) he traveled it and saw it filled up with trees. The Hollingsworth road leaves the Jasper Road (turnpike) two miles east of the foot of the mountain and on the west side of mountain leaves Pelham road west of foot of mountain and doesn't touch turnpike at any point. He thinks H Road fenced up over on Jasper side-saw it fenced up-continued so near the foot of the mountain until company opened the turnpike. Trussel agreed to fence by having a way around it some way (which) kept Marion side as a passway. The fence was only for a short distance. The Turnpike (was) some advantage to him.

Harris Gilliam testified that he has been acquainted with both roads for 17 years. He lives on the Pelham side of the mountain and Turnpike Road. Eleven years ago last spring in March 1840 the turnpike (was) completed up the mountain from west side. When it got to the top and passed gate a road was opened to Hollingsworth road (it) being about a half mile off. The H Road had not been worked for some time before the spring of 40. Had been neglected for some time and after that was not kept open by an overseer up to 1850 and between these it was neglected. Tree tops and timbers fell into it and not cut out for a long time. Wagons could not pass nor horses without going round in bushes; after they passed the gate from west side they turned and went down mountain on H road in Marion and continued this till August thereafter. And for that reason Turnpike on both sides the road they opened to H road on mountain was used afterwards for a coal road and from there to Jasper. The roads run parallel and at about quarter of mile distance at other points further and maybe on Marion side 2 miles. On the Grundy side of the mountain the greatest distance is a little over one mile.

Gilliam further testified: Heard Samuel Parks say he would have a road. They were talking about the two roads-said people should have a road. Gilliam says the old road was opened about a month after gate put up, maybe a little more. The work he saw done was before order (of county court). The turnpike is three miles the nearest-maybe a little more or little less. Between 40 & 50 he heard of Summers passing down the mountain with a wagon and others to Smith's after Shucks. The timber was cut out and during the time the stage went it a time or two the Pike got very bad. Herriford had Pike worked on (there was) no overseer on the old one. Public travel was on the new road. It was 47-48 that wagons and stage run old road.

William McCoy testified: He lives on the Hollingsworth Road two miles from the top of mountain on Marion side. He never seen any of the parties to this suit work on the road in Grundy County; they cut out logs to county line. Klepper was along, he went with them to county line, stopped before they got to the coal road as it then stood since the coal road to tunnel crosses at county line. He heard them say they intended to have a free road across the mountain. Thinks he

heard Ben Trussel, James Klepper, and William Henly say so. The gate is in Grundy County maybe a mile and a half, maybe not so much, maybe more. There was something said about logs across old road in Grundy between tops of mountain and county line. Klepper told him if he would cut them he would pay him for it. He has traveled it since when trees removed. Afterwards saw it obstructed and afterwards obstructions removed. He did not cut the logs. The timber on Grundy side up and down the mountain was before that removed; there was a way around the timber.

On cross examination McCoy testified: He went to Hollingsworth Road in May 41 and lived there since. The road (is) traveled by horses, sometimes by wagons. There was a time when side of mountain on Grundy side was not opened. In winter of 46 and 7 he moved Smith to Hollingsworth Cove. Smith removed obstructions from road and he some and with exception of one trip he moved Smith over H Road. Trussel had order of court from Marion to keep open Marion side. He throwed up his order and William Henly came in. There was a time when there was no overseer, maybe two or more years, and never was since Henly's order. After plaintiffs undertook to open road while at work on it Bible came and stayed all night with him. Bible said if the old road was a free road and if the people of Battle Creek wanted a free road let them work out the old one. After gate (was) put up the old road opened. On re-examination McCoy testified: The overseer run fence across road in Marion for 50 or 60 yards. He cut a way to turnpike road. Trussel put poles across road and to keep stock from his peach trees.

Wilson Thompson testified: James Klepper worked road on both sides line. So did John Klepper son and Bill Henly, Ben Trussel, Christian Smith, Samuel Parks. The Kleppers worked in Grundy so did William Henly, Trussel and Sam Parks, Smith and Sam Parks. He cannot say that Sam Henly did. They said it was best road across mountain. They were working it out for their own benefit and those who chose to travel it. He was on Battle Creek upon foot of mountain. They said it was when Henry Murphrey was along as overseer but whether it was last winter or winter before. On cross examination Thompson said: Has known H Road for 20 years, before 48. As far as he knows it was opened for people to travel it; he traveled it. People frequently traveled it on horseback a good while ago, he travels on it.

John K Tate testified: He put letters on sign board by Klepper's direction. The directions were: "Pelham so many miles." (He made the sign board referenced in Terry Ladd testimony that directed travelers to take the Hollingsworth Road rather than the turnpike.) Klepper said intended to put it up on the Jasper side where Hollingsworth Road leaves the pike. He said that by turnpike being there it interrupts a good deal of travel that led by his house. He also said company intended to charge people living on it. That they had to keep up the road to foot of mountain and it was hard for us to pay toll. He worked on part of it in limits of Marion. It was parts of it in a bad state, a good many logs across it, thinks it was after gate was put up.

Little Berry Stone testified: He kept gate on pike. Has seen persons when on the H(ollingsworth) Road passing it. Can hear wagons pass it from the gate. He went there last January was a year ago and road opened before or about the time he went there. After he went

the toll averaged about $15 per month. Could see persons pass old road from bluff about quarter (mile) from gate on pike. Pike runs along by side of bluff. On cross examination Stone testified: Gilliam told him to cut timber in H Road, done so. (block the Hollingsworth road with trees) G(illiam) did not tell him it was for the purpose of suing from one road to the other.

Testimony recorded by the circuit court clerk for the **defendants** included:

Alexander E Patton testified: He is acquainted with the H Road, has known it for 30 years, public road in 1816 or 1817. No road across the mountain there until building Pelham and Jasper Turnpike. Turnpike Road was received in 42 and from that time until 47 he traveled it twice. Those who lived in Hollingsworth Cove (now Laynes Cove) would in going to Jasper go the H Road and strike the pike at foot of mountain. Gates put in 42 and did not stand as he thinks more than 2 years. After this he worked on it and Herriford (Herriford ran a stage line) worked on it some. No overseer, turnpike company did not work on it regularly.

E A Hollins testified: He is acquainted with the H Road in 1842. He lives in Marion County on Battle Creek and about half a mile of the fork of the road. After the gate was put up he don't know of its being worked on. In fall of 42 after gate put up some question about paying toll, some paid and some didn't. He was transacting business for Thompson and he stopped up the road on the side of the mountain. In a few days wagoners came along and cut it out and the traveling was turned on the old road. The stage run there for weeks. He also stopped it on the Pelham side. The coal road from pike to Hollingsworth Road opened at that time. In spring of 42 most travel on new road. They traveled in 43 as far as he knows they passed (upon) new road. He passed new road in 43-4-5-6 & 7 and not old one during this time. The old road not kept up by overseer but his understanding is it was kept opened though he didn't travel it on either side. In traveling he would go up new road beyond where gate now is then coal road to H road then that.

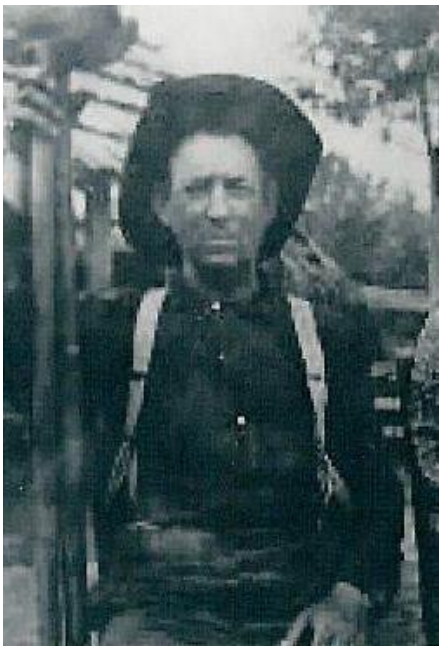
William Trussel testified: He knows the H Road, moved on it on Marion side. Has been kept up. His father and Henly have been overseers from 1842 up to this time (with their charge) extended to the county line. After they took on other new road he was the only hand this father had. They kept it open on Marion side. Some wagons and some horseman traveled it. Stage traveled it 6 or 7 years ago. They worked it 4 ½ miles and up the mountain.

Stephen Sandridge testified: He lives at foot of mountain on Hollingsworth Road ever since 46. Since then coal wagons and others passed it, horsemen too. Hollingsworth Cove people can go to Battle Creek old or new road by Gilliams, went out of way from head of cove. On cross examination he testified: From 42 to 46 horsemen traveled it, no one on this side but Parks. He would have entertainment if called on. Solomon Goodman's black man hauled coal down this way frequently in 46-7-8 and since 46 good many others traveled, abundance by coal wagons any how. Timber across it part of time and wagons go round. Wagons come from Winchester. A good many made business of it. He never done any work on the road from 1842 till spring of 1850, the time when defendants opened it. Peter Smith opened it by cutting a way around tree top in 1846

to get his plunder along. It was in fall of 1846 and it's been opened ever since. On re-examination he testified: Other wagons than coal wagons since 46 passed it.

After the conclusion of testimony the judge charged the jury to decide on issues that included whether the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike charter and construction of the new route across the mountain constituted abandonment of that section of the Hollingsworth Road, whether through usage of the new road the public had in fact by action abandoned the Hollingsworth Road over the mountain, whether the defendants had worked to reopen the Hollingsworth Road between April 1850 and May1850 when it was disannulled by the county court and other legal issues. The jury returned a verdict in favor of the defendants. Subsequently the case was appealed to the December 1851 session of the Tennessee Supreme Court which upheld the circuit court verdict. In the judgment of the courts, Grandpa was though perhaps rebellious not an outlaw road builder.

This writing has omitted many details of the legal nature of the history of the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike as well as the testimony of some witnesses in the September 1851 trial at Altamont due to constraints of publication. The emphasis has been on the recognition of the individuals involved yet many clues are revealed of the course of the two roads. It is my belief that the route of the Pelham and Jasper turnpike up the side of Monteagle Mountain in Grundy County is that later referred to as the Stage Road and Bragg's Retreat Road. Also of much interest to the writer is the existence of a coal haul road as early as 1843 running not only between the turnpike and the Hollinsgworth Road at the top of the mountain but to the Cowan Tunnel site. Perhaps coal mining was a local but thriving industry before the arrival of the capitalist investors.



People mentioned in this article:

Left-

Solomon P. Goodman

Right-

Samuel Parks

See map on page 45.

All Things Monteagle - Part 8

What Happened to John Moffat?

Jackie Layne Partin

Part 8 of my Monteagle history is dedicated to the person of John Moffat. Don't despair! There was a time throughout the years that I got so tired of hearing about a man who got on a train, took in the scenery as the engine climbed this Cumberland plateau, liked what he saw, carved the words *Moffat Station* (as in railroad station) on a wooden plank, then nailed it to a nearby tree. (*Actually this was a true happening*!) When I decided to write about my hometown's early history and found out things, I declared, "I will not write about John Moffat." I lied to myself, for John Moffat was larger than life but a life reduced to a broken sundial 135 years after his death.

In the fall of **1874** in a Tennessee Probate Court, "*John Moffat, a native of Scotland, filed his declaration of intention to become a citizen*" of the United States. He already had bought hundreds of acres of land on the Cumberland plateau before his citizenship oath had been taken. John and Lydia (Landon) Moffat lived in Nashville in **1870** while the builders started on the east end of the land chosen to build a hotel wing and built only that one section which was a two-story building with kitchen, dining/dance hall, and numerous bedrooms. The Moffat and Mabee families moved into that east wing at first. Other parts of what became a rather large hotel were added gradually beginning around **1880**.

John and Lydia later moved into their small *pioneer* house on what became known as the corner of S. Central Ave. and Lydia St. Many living today **(2021**) will remember that Garland and Mary Foutch and son Garland, Jr. lived in a house on that corner. John had other little houses built around Poplar Springs since the land at that time was all his. According to the notes of Nell Savage Mahoney in an interview in **1949** with Wm. Homer Richmond, Sr., the Foutch house incorporated the much smaller Moffat house. Of the Moffat house, Mr. Richmond said, "*I helped Tom Tucker, my brother-in-law, build this house--a plain box-house of rough boards nailed on the sill, plate, and center belt, and 2 X 4's.*"

Over the years, I and others have generally spoken of the Charlie and Katie (Goforth) house as being the *original* John Moffat house, but that was an error on my part. The Fults couple did buy some of the Moffat land, but probably not a house. Mr. Richmond stated that Jane (*Moffat*) Weir stayed on in the old home place, and her mother Lydia Moffat moved over to a small house near Poplar Springs. It was here that she died on **September 18, 1901**. There is evidence in *The Daily American, **March 8, 1886***, of a new

house having been built: "*Prof. Moffat's family will soon move into their own new residence here. He is still in Missouri engaged in temperance work. Mrs. Moffat expects to join him soon.*" This may well have been the house where the Fults family later lived, but I am doubtful. Of course, it is doubtful how much living John himself did in the new house no matter where it stood, considering he died the same year.

On **June 8, 1908**, *The Nashville American* gave us some insight into the reason the Moffat family had to acquire another home: "*E. W. Holcombe gave five acres of ground and the headwaters of Laurel Branch, known for half a century as Poplar Spring. Mr. Holcombe has been for years one of the most highly-esteemed of the residents and business men of the place. A few years ago,* ***he succeeded by purchase from Capt. T. M. Steger to the estate formerly owned by Col. John Moffat, founder of the place.*** *Since his accession he has done much to encourage good settlers to take up homesteads. The ground and spring are near the center, and will be a delightful resort for summer sojourners. R. M. Payne, by reason of his position as Chairman, will be active in improving the ground. It is very near Monteagle Hotel, and has fame for the water. Years ago, the valley people came and camped near this spring to drink the waters and break chills and fever. The park will be fenced and improved. It is a beautiful place naturally, and will be made very attractive by the contemplated improvements.*" John Moffat lost just about everything he had striven so hard to establish and own, even his beloved home, compound, beloved spring, and orchards to Thomas Maddin Steger, who in turn had sold and conveyed the Moffat homestead to E. W. Holcombe. "*…But Mr. Moffat, like a good many other men, had more brains than money, and more enterprise than economy, and so the house with his residence and his fine orchard and evidences of his thriving energy passed into other hands. He crossed over the river…,*" so wrote A. S. C. in *(The Daily American,* **12 Aug. 1888***).* I assume that the writer was Arthur St. Clair Colyar.

On **Mar. 12, 1886**, Mrs. Moffat and daughter Adaline made a stop in Nashville on their way to be with John while he was in St. Louis on a lecturing engagement; he was serving as the Vice-President of the Temperance Benevolent Society of Missouri. On **Dec. 9, 1886**, Mrs. Moffat was recalled to St. Louis; her husband's health had become critical. On **Dec. 20, 1886**, while teaching in Gallatin, Tennessee, Adaline received a message from St. Louis that her father was dying. She quickly went to be with him.

Announcement of John Moffat's Death in *The Daily American*, Dec. 27, 1886

"*A dispatch from St. Louis announces that John Moffatt died there, Christmas day at 2 o'clock, aged 57. Mr. Moffat was a native of Scotland. He came to Canada more than thirty years ago, and began to be known in Nashville shortly afterwards through his connection with the National Division of Sons of Temperance. He came to Tennessee about 1870 and made an investment at Monteagle, which he called Moffatt, hoping to develop that range of mountain*

country by inducing immigration from Scotland and the raising of fruits. He bought a thousand or more acres and succeeded in establishing more or less of a town. He was disappointed in his expectation of immigration through a lack of support from friends upon whom he had relied. The colony he hoped to establish never realized. He lived at Moffat until the Monteagle Assembly was established, having brought his family from Canada and built a comfortable home. In the mean-time Mr. Moffatt had sustained serious financial embarrassment and a year ago he went to St. Louis as a lecturer on temperance, in which he had been more or less engaged ever since his coming to America. He also composed and delivered frequently lectures on Burns and other Scottish poets that marked Mr. Moffatt as a ripe scholar and a man of culture. He was educated for the ministry in the Presbyterian Church. He was very well known in Nashville as a man of very strong and tenacious character, and in the social circle he had no superior. His family consists of Mrs. Moffatt and three daughters, one of whom is married and lives at Monteagle. Miss Adelaide, a younger daughter, is a teacher at the Howard Female College in Gallatin, Tenn., and Miss Lillian is with her father. There are one or two sons, one of whom at one time made his home in Nashville."

Another account of John's passing can be found in *The Times-Democrat (New Orleans, Louisiana)* published **29 Dec. 1886**. "*The death is announced in St. Louis, Saturday, of Mr. John Moffat, the great temperance advocate and worker, of heart disease. The deceased, who was a nephew of the famous missionary, Robert Moffat, was a cousin by marriage to Livingstone, the African explorer. He was a native of Glasgow, Scotland, but removed with his parents to Canada when very young. He began his temperance work at the early age of sixteen and soon rose to prominence. In 1870 he removed to Tennessee and made an investment at Monteagle, which he called Moffat. He built up quite a town, but was in the end disappointed in the number of immigrants which he had expected to come across the water. He returned with his family to St. Louis about a year ago. He leaves a wife and three daughters – one married, one teaching in Gallatin, Tenn., and the other in St. Louis with her mother. He also has one son living.*"

He died on **December 25, 1886,** and according to Wm. Homer Richmond, Sr., he helped bury John Moffat in the yard of his home on Lydia St. and S. Central Ave., later known as the Foutch home place: "*Col. John was first buried in the yard of this house. I helped to bury him twice, the first time and then when the cemetery was opened.*" Wm. H. Richmond, Sr.'s words are from Nell Savage Mahoney's notes. John Moffat was later laid to rest in the new Monteagle Cemetery. I say "**new"** cemetery because in the **Nov. 16, 1886,** issue of *The Daily American,* we read in the section of Monteagle news, "*A **new** cemetery has been selected, and a deed made conveying it to the town. All the bodies in the present ground will be reinterred in the new place*." John Moffat may well have been the first new burial in the new cemetery. His foreseeable death may well have brought about the decision in **November 1886**, one month before his death, to act upon the need for a new burial ground. His grandson Harold Ormiston Weir died in **1880** and has a marker in the new

cemetery, so he may have well been one of those disinterred from the old burial ground. I'd rather believe that the child was also buried in his grandfather's yard, moved to the new cemetery and buried in what became known as the Moffat sundial plot. The sundial is described in some of Nell Savage Mahoney's notes. *"The memorial sundial on granite shaft in the Monteagle Cemetery to John Moffat states that he was born in Glasgow, Scotland, and Founded this Town in 1870…The memorial shaft with bronze sundial…on which is the Browning line: 'Grow old along with me. The best is yet to be…' has a bas-relief design on the circular shaft engraved with Scottish thistle, English rose, and the maple leaf of Canada. N. S. M.)"*

Will I ever speak of John Moffat again in my writings of Monteagle? Absolutely! I have written a story about my **theory** as to where the **old** cemetery was. It can be read here:

https://static1.squarespace.com/static/59c69c542278e73c826f3226/t/5bc011cb104c7bc0b221b7b3/1539314123357/Tennessean+%23+61+Thomas+Cemetery++Aug.+12+.pdf

Moffat Family Monument in the Monteagle Cemetery

Nine family members buried around the plot (2021)

Engraved with English roses; Scottish thistle and the maple Leaf of Canada (2021)

Moffat Sundial on top of monument with missing dial (2021)

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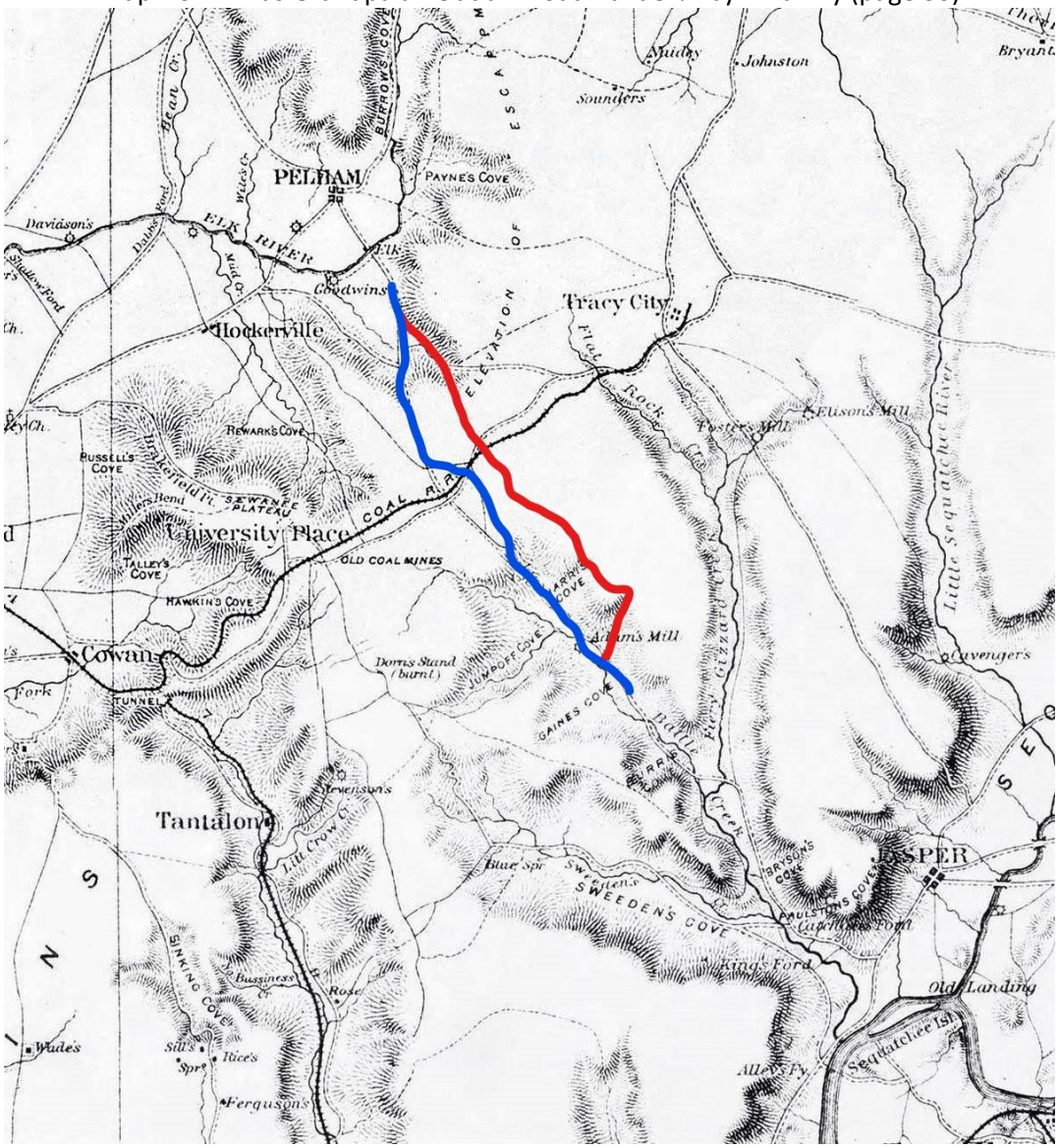
Map from "Was Grandpa an Outlaw Road Builder?" by Lillian Ey (page 30)



This schematic whose base is a cropped view from *Military Map Showing the Theater of Operations in the Tullahoma Chickamauga and Chattanooga Campaigns* downloaded from the website of the Tennessee State Library and Archives shows the general route the Pelham and Jasper Turnpike (blue) and the Hollingsworth Road (red) probably would have taken as they climbed from the Hollingsworth (Laynes) Cove to the top of Cumberland Mountain and continued south toward the Sequatchie Valley. The area of the intersection of the two roads with the railroad later became the community of Monteagle.

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The Grundy County Historical Society meets semi-annually (June and December) at the Heritage Center. Meetings are normally on the 2nd Saturday unless otherwise announced. These meeting are open to anyone with an interest in the history of the region.

MEMBERSHIP

Dues are $30.00 and include delivery of The Pathfinder electronically by email. Paper copies of The Pathfinder delivered by U.S. Postal Service, are an additional $15.00, for a total of $45.00. Membership is for the calendar year and expires on December 31st.

REMINDER FROM THE EDITORIAL STAFF

The Pathfinder is published quarterly by the GCHS. We love your articles about all aspects of Grundy County history and its people and encourage you to send in your stories and accounts of our past. **We do, however, want to remind you to avoid plagiarism.** State the source of your material if you are using someone else's words or ideas in your writing. It is also good to give credit where applicable to those who related stories and remembrances of whatever you are chronicling. Please submit your typed articles in digital format to heritagelibrary@blomand.net. If possible, attach a couple of photos that can be used with the article. If you cannot send the article digitally, contact the TCCC Library for instructions at 931 592-6008.

QUERIES & RESEARCH

Brief queries are free. Submit email to Janelle Taylor at jantay641@gmail.com. If you are sending a written request, send to TCCC Library Att: Janelle; P.O. Box 1422; Tracy City, TN 37387 with your question, and include a **Self -Addressed Stamped Envelope** for our reply. Research that takes more than 30 minutes will be charged at $10 per hour and $.20 per copied page, plus postage and handling. We will advise before starting any extensive research, however.

Grundy County Historical Society Heritage Center
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