

Editable Texts from the First Edition of

Beersheba Springs
150 Years 1833 - 1983
A History and a Celebration

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Beersheba Springs Historical Society

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Acknowledgments

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We are indebted to all the cottage historians for their painstaking research and the articles they have signed individually. Second, we acknowledge the contributions of those who took the time to share their reminiscences of what Beersheba was like at a particular time in its history. Stories, anecdotes, and songs are included for the concrete details they add to local history and the total potpourri.

The photographer as historian has contributed much of the scenic drama of the place and its people. Many cannot be identified, but our special thanks go to Kay Russell Beasley, Herb Peck, Samuel Harwell Howell, Jr., and Phyllis Pennington for their reproductions. To Isabel Chenoweth we are grateful for her stunning collection of photographs displaying Beersheba's architectural details and to Charles Warterfield for his learned and enthusiastic comments on those details. To John Casey Killian we are indebted for the two maps and to Evette Allen for several line drawings.

Linda Childers, Registrar, Grundy County Courthouse, spent many hours of research in the public records and graciously copied basic documents for this history. She has allowed amateur historians to swarm her crowded premises without so much as a murmur of protest.

Numerous friends of the editors have performed the labors of typing: Norma Filson of the Commerce Union Bank, Nashville; Alberta Martin, Vanderbilt; Charlene Killian, Mrs. A. B. Burdick, and others.

This is hardly the beginning; there is no comprehensive file for naming all the worthies. But finally Betty Elliott and the staff of Curley Printing Company have gone to extraordinary efforts to get this book ready in time for the Celebration.

The Editors

EDITORS to READERS

It was on July 5, 1840 that Samuel H. Laughlin of McMinnville, a successful business man, Democrat, and strong supporter of James K. Polk, wrote to the future President about a meeting he had arranged at Beersheba to plan the party's strategy. Laughlin said to Polk: "At Beersheba, we shall see what is best to be done. God Speed."

Laughlin had already experienced the serenity of the plateau removed from the heat, the noise, and the distractions of the city. He knew that Beersheba would provide the assembled politicians a place for contemplation, for making right decisions, and for refreshing minds and bodies for the work ahead. Laughlin's thoughts that year echoed once again the Biblical resolve: "I shall lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help."

The editors of this book have endeavored to support Laughlin's convictions and to confirm the Biblical injunction. They have underscored, by printing the reminiscences of many contributors, living and dead, the importance of Beersheba in the lives of its residents and visitors for the past 150 years. They feel that it would be folly to say they have captured, even with all their labors, the ultimate Beersheba, for the ultimate is always beyond the reach of human hands.

An English lecturer at Sewanee in 1978, who had spent several years in the Far East, likened Beersheba to the hill towns of India, to which the British and their families moved in summer to escape the clamor of the cities and the unbearable heat. The professor was firmly convinced of his comparison when told that Beersheba was the resort of planters from Mississippi and Louisiana looking for higher, healthier ground in the 1850s.

Then there was an English couple who spent a month at Beersheba in 1980, explored Savage Gulf, jogged twice a day in the heat of that extraordinary summer on the plateau, and moved from one cottage to another on social occasions.

After attending a beautiful wedding on the front porch of Nanhaven, with relatives and friends seated in the yard beneath the pines enjoying lunch afterwards, the English couple made these observations: "Beersheba is positively nineteenth century. Whole families move from one cottage to another. Everybody seems to know everybody else because everybody seems to be kin. Beersheba is an American version of Chekov and his quiet representations of the aristocracy of Russia a century ago. All that is missing are the serfs."

These are the impressions of outsiders who were welcomed into the community. There are obviously many versions of what Beersheba is like. Ask anybody who loves it and he will add to the legend. The standard exchange between visitors is always: "When did you get here? When do you have to leave?"

We like to think of Beersheba, finally, as a community of families—with strong-willed individuals within those families. But we are not obliged, as editors, to explain everything. We only hope that in the pages which follow, we have somehow managed to describe and record and pass on part of the legacy.

Margaret Brown Coppinger
Herschel Gower
Samuel Harwell Howell
Georgianna D. Overby

Cathedral Canyon, July 3, 1982

Sacrifice to the sun,
Caught by a fugitive breeze
Careening around corners,
Canyon commando,

I sprawl on a rock table
At the brink of falls,
Cradled in crevices,
And nothing gnaws.

I hear a wash of water-color,
Blending the trees' tactic
With rumble and gurgle of falls,
And feel on my eyelids

Clouds that puzzle the sun,
Boom-Boom's dripping whiskers,
The flicker of undone notions
On the brain's bare table.

A gaggle of broken voices
Paddles against the stream,
Leaps like desperate salmon
Up the soul's ladder.

Small and fractious legions
Of garrulous human defenses
Pour upstream undercover
And capture the breeze.

The soul's flow is blocked
By precipitate driftwood.
The body breaks loose from its dream,
Hectic for home.

O free for a sun-charmed moment,
Wed to the cradling rock,
Remember the grace of the river,
The delight of cathedral!

Francis Russell Hart III
Crowe Point
Hingham, Massachusetts

A General History

The history of Beersheba Springs goes back to the time when the Chickamauga Indians crossed the Cumberland Plateau over an old trail which led from near Chickamauga Creek to Rock Island. They descended the mountain near the springs—the Chalybeate and Indian Spring which had been carved out by Indians. Thirty-five or 40 years ago many arrowheads could be found around the springs.

Not too far from the Indian Spring at the L. V. Brown place is another basin chiseled out of a large flat rock where it is believed the Indian women ground their meal. Mrs. Georgianna Overby of McMinnville, the present owner of the place, has been told that there is only one other like it in the southeastern United States. According to Indian Trails of the Southeast by W. E. Myer, a Tennessee archaeologist, there was an ancient Indian village in the vicinity of Beersheba Springs, to the West.

In October 1793 a company of Chickamaugas and Creeks started across the mountain to Rock Island to make an attack on the Cumberland settlers. About a week later these Indians engaged in a fight at Rock Island with some scouts from the Cumberland settlements. The Indians were defeated and hurried back across the mountain to their village in Nickajack. This was one of the last battles, because the Treaty of Holston made in 1791 had confined the Indians to the plateau of the Cumberlands. By 1806 the Mountain District was opened to settlement; however the Indians continued to give the settlers trouble until 1838 when all Indians were removed. At that time over 13,000 were rounded up by the United States government and forced to begin their long journey to the west which is known as the “Trail of Tears.” Many died on the way and some of them were buried in Shellsford Cemetery in Warren County.

In 1806 the legislature formed White County from Smith County. Both Warren and Grundy Counties were included in White County at that time. Later Warren County was formed and in 1844 that part of Grundy County which includes Beersheba was cut off from Warren and made into a county.

After the coming of John White in 1789 to White County, other settlers soon followed and began to settle rapidly that part of White, later known as Warren and Grundy Counties. In 1794 Reuben Roberts, a Revolutionary war soldier, came to a small settlement near the Horseshoe Bend. In after years this old settler described to his grandson the crossing of the mountain by way of the Chickamauga Trail or Trace. He and many other old settlers were familiar with this route. Some were known as “squatters” because they settled on land to which they had no title.

As early as 1806 the Cherokee Indians had agreed to allow the federal government to construct a road from North Georgia across the Cumberland Mountains and on to Stone’s River near Murfreesboro.

The records of Warren County show that an entry of 150 acres of land made for William Dugan in 1826 in the Horseshoe known as Charley’s Camp was on the southside of Little Laurel Creek. In a later deed Charley’s Camp is given as being two-and-half miles southwest of Beersheba Springs.

Most of the early pioneer settlers of Beersheba first came to the Collins River Valley from Virginia, North and South Carolina. They were mostly of English, Irish, Scottish, or German stock.

Some familiar local names found in the 1820 Census were Reuben, James, William, and Isaac Roberts, John Gross, Henry, Robert, Alexander, Aaron, and John Tate, Isham Dykes, Gabriel, Samuel, and James Walker. Some walked and others rode horseback across the mountains. It has been said that one of the Dugan women rode horseback, carrying a child in her arms all the way from North Carolina. Many others came by flatboat up the Cumberland River with all their household goods as well as their horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and chickens on flatboats. According to tradition, in the year 1833 Mrs. Beersheba Porter Cain, wife of John Cain of McMinnville, was making a horseback journey across the mountain accompanied by Beersheba Porter Cain.

The Cains stopped for rest at the home of William Dugan, and while walking in a woodland near the Dugan house Mrs. Cain entered a distinctly defined path and followed it until she reached a spring of iron water. She has since been cited as the first known white person to see this great Chalybeate spring which was afterwards called Beersheba's Spring.

Records of 1834 show that John Cain had bought land on the mountain from William Dugan and erected log cabins near the bluff.

By 1836 a tract of land containing 1500 acres on top of Cumberland Mountain near the bluff was conveyed to Dr. Alfred Paine and George R. Smartt who began erecting a house for a tavern.

In 1839 the Tennessee General Assembly incorporated Beersheba Springs and it was officially opened and recognized as a summer resort under the active management of Smartt, whose wife was Athelia, daughter of Isham Randolph, a member of a distinguished Virginia family. Dr. Alfred Paine, who had married Myra, another daughter of Isham Randolph, became the resident physician of the Springs which were patterned after the popular Virginia resorts. In the same year, William White of McMinnville employed a carpenter to build his house at Beersheba which was to stand on the bluff and later to become the well-known John Armfield home.

In 1836, a road from McMinnville to Chattanooga going over Peak Mountain was authorized by the state. Before that time the only road crossing the mountain was the Chickamauga Trace. By 1839 the stagecoach and other vehicles were traveling the road between McMinnville and Beersheba Springs, passing William Dugan's house.

On January 29, 1844 the Tennessee Legislature created Grundy County from Coffee and Warren and designated Beersheba as the county seat. William Dugan was appointed one of the commissioners to help organize the new county and the first court was held August 5, 1844 in Beersheba. The court continued to meet here until about 1848 when the town of Altamont was laid out for the new county seat.

When this new county was formed it was named for Felix Grundy (1777-1840) a famous criminal lawyer, judge, United States Senator, and Attorney General of the United States under Martin Van Buren. It was no secret that he had been dealing in the mountain lands of this section and at his death in 1840 his daughters and sons-in-law fell heir to 100,000 acres of mountain land. The two sons-in-law named executors of Grundy's estate were John M. Bass, who later built a cottage at Beersheba, and Jacob McGavock, father of Randal W. McGavock a visitor there in 1858. At first a quiet refuge for visitors from surrounding counties, Beersheba was promoted through advertisements in the Nashville papers of the 1840s and its fame was soon to spread throughout the South.

A great obstacle to getting there was the uncertainty of the roads. So a "jury of view" was appointed by the County Court—William Dugan, Isham Dykes, James Lockhart, John Gross, and

William B. Smartt—for the purpose of marking and laying out a road. The report, humorous to readers today because of its details, is as follows:

. . . beginning at the Grundy County line on a ridge in James Tate's field some sixty yards from the old mill; thence with said fence over the ridge to a plum tree on the bank of James Tate's spring branch; thence with the side of the hill to a wild cherry tree near his fence; thence with the fence outside of a little walnut; thence through the corner of Tate's field to a sugar tree near Henry Clay's; thence by a direct line through John Gross' field, passing his barn; thence passing through his pasture, passing just below William Gross' house and on to intersect the present road, at the foot of the hill; thence with the old road to some oat stacks in Isham Dykes' field; thence the road again; thence with the road, from thence passing through Dugan's field by a direct line to a white oak, and walnut tree, near the mouth of the lane at the Bond place and on through his hog pen at a white oak near the bank of the branch into the old road again at the ford of the branch; thence with the old road to a corner of Dugan's field, and with the fence and road to a mud hole, in the road; thence by a direct line, through a corner of the field near William Ransom's house to the wash; thence across the wash to B. G. Wilson's field; thence with the fence on the bank to the corner of his new ground field; thence up the bank outside by the back of the school house, to the old road at the corner of the little field; thence with the road crossing the wash and passing through Aaron Bolm's field, to a white oak near the road and with the road again passing William Morton, to the corner near Savage's old field passing into the old field, near a large walnut tree thence by a direct line through the field, to an old cabin; thence passing the corner of Savage's new ground field to intersect at the turnpike road at the foot of the mountain—all of which is respectfully submitted.

Whereupon it is considered by the court that said road viewed by the jury aforesaid be established as a road of the first class and that Noah Bart be appointed overseer of said road and have the following hands to work under him to open and keep the same in repair to wit: Warren Savage, Samuel Savage, James Dugan, William Morton, Slaves of Major Tate, and James Tate.

Used by many travelers in the years to come, this road obviously enhanced the value of the properties it passed through.

According to Isabel Howell's "John Armfield of Beersheba Springs," Col. Armfield and Mrs. Armfield, who was Miss Martha Franklin, niece of Isaac Franklin from Sumner County, came to Beersheba Springs in the early 1850s.

On December 7, 1854 Armfield purchased the tavern, a row of guest cabins, and 1000 acres of land for \$3,750 from Dr. H. R. Robards of Memphis by paying off Robard's debt to John H. French of McMinnville. For his own home, Armfield bought the William (Buck) White residence for \$1,200.

Armfield and Isaac Franklin had been partners in the slave trading business from 1828 to 1836, when the business at Alexandria, Virginia was sold. During that time they were far in the lead of other traders in Maryland, Virginia or perhaps in the South. At one time the firm had a fleet of at least five vessels which could carry about 150 slaves apiece.

After coming to Beersheba, Armfield immediately began making plans for improvements. Tradition says he brought about 100 blacks from Louisiana to begin work, but this is not a known fact. However, by March 1855 he had brought Ben Cagle from Irving College to be his foreman. About this time T. P. Argo came to run the brick kiln.

Armfield's plans were to lease lots for an annual rent of \$1.00, giving the lessee the privilege

of cutting timber to build cabins on the lots and have free use of the water from the Chalybeate Spring. Armfield used his own crew of workmen and materials to build about twenty houses.

Two of the homes were built for Bishop James H. Otey, Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee and Leonidas Polk, Bishop of Louisiana, later known as the "Fighting Bishop" and one of Armfield's best friends. Armfield had asked the two Bishops to consider the mountain as a possible location for the University of the South to educate Episcopal Youth. Later, a party including Armfield, the two Bishops, Mr. Bass and his son-in-law, Vernon K. Stevenson, who was president of the N. C. and St. L. Railway, rode horseback to inspect the tract of land offered by the president of the Sewanee Mining Company. The Sewanee location was confirmed in 1857 at a meeting of the Board of Trustees in Beersheba.

Other cottage owners at this time were Sterling Cockrill of Nashville, William L. Murfree of Murfreesboro, Oliver J. Morgan of Carroll Parish, Louisiana, and Charles G. Dahlgren of "Dunleith," Natchez, Mississippi.

In 1859 Armfield deeded the hotel to the incorporators of the Beersheba Springs Company for \$44,000. They were men of wealth and influence, even if the clerk recording the deed did not spell their names and homes correctly.

John M. Bass, Nashville	forty shares	4000.00
Minor Kennor La.	forty shares	4000.00
Joseph S. Williams New Orleans	forty shares	4000.00
Charles G. Dalgreen Natches	forty shares	4000.00
John Waters Nashville	forty shares	4000.00
Charles W. Phillips New Orleans	forty shares	4000.00
Oliver T. Morgan La.	forty shares	4000.00
Ferdinand M. Goodrich New Orleans	twenty shares	2000.00
Mason Pilcher New Orleans	twenty shares	2000.00
S. R. Cockrel Nashville	twenty shares	2000.00
A. Barron La.	twenty shares	2000.00
A. Hamilton Polk Mississippi	twenty shares	2000.00
Ben Johnson	twenty shares	2000.00
Josiah Garret La.	twenty shares	2000.00
John W. Scarborrow	twenty shares	2000.00
Making the total Sum of forty four thousand dollars		
		\$44000.00

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal at New Orleans this

Eighth day of February A. D. 1860.

John Armfield

The summer of 1860 was the first and 1861 the last for the Beersheba Springs Company. Many Southern families rode from distant plantations in luxuriously appointed carriages drawn by splendid blooded horses, bringing retinues of servants and wearing clothes and jewels of an almost fabulous richness and beauty. The chef and all the cooks were French. A French band from New Orleans played for dancing. The custom of having the band play for the coach to come up the mountain was continued, with the sounding of the Coachman's horn when the horses stopped to rest. Rows of tents were stretched about the bowling alleys to receive those for whom there was no room in the overfilled hotel.

There are no records for the summer of 1861, but we know that Bishop Leonidas Polk became a major general that fall in the Army of the Confederate States. Charles G. Dahlgren equipped the Third Regiment of Mississippi Volunteers called the Dahlgren Guards, and he himself became a brigadier general. Armfield, too old for army duty, equipped a company of Grundy County men, organized September 11, 1861 and commanded by Col. Benjamin J. Hill of McMinnville. Albert Hanner, nephew of Armfield, was elected captain of Company A. While this company of Grundy County men was away, Armfield took care of their families and established a post office in his own house and had his family write letters to them.

It is clear that Colonel Armfield was an extremely wealthy man when he came to Beersheba. At the outbreak of the Civil War he had his foreman Ben Cagle, a former slave Nathan Bracken, who had become his personal servant, and another friend bury sacks of gold for him. The sacks were put in baskets and covered with towels so searchers would think they contained food. When Benjamin Cagle kneeled down to place the sacks in the ground, a pistol he was carrying in his pocket went off and hit him in the wrist, causing his wrist to be stiff. At the end of the war when they returned to the hiding place the gold was not there. Evidently someone had watched them bury it. Other valuables, such as silverware and jewelry, he had placed in an old well and they were safely recovered after the war.

For the duration of the war, the Springs and Armfield's home were a place of refuge where distinguished men like Governor Isham G. Harris and Chancellor Bromfield Ridley could find hospitality. The ladies were busy sewing, knitting and weaving for the soldiers and the sick in the hospitals, according to Lucy Virginia French, a well known writer of that time.

It is the diary of Mrs. French (1825-1881) that provides the most revealing day-by-day accounts of life at Beersheba during the tragic years of the Civil War. Excerpts from her diary are quoted elsewhere in reporting the pillaging of the various cottages, the heroism of Colonel and Mrs. Armfield, and the many attempts to burn the Hotel.

Residents lived under constant threat of harassment and deprivation from Yankees one day and Bushwhackers the next. Nobody was safe; personal property that could not be buried was sacrificed. Finally, hoping to achieve some kind of protection from the lawless gangs that scourged the mountain, Colonel Armfield and his guest Colonel John H. French gave in to the inevitable and went solemnly to McMinnville to take the oath of allegiance when it was clear that Tennessee was lost forever to the invader.

So the leaders of the Old South who had conceived, built, and taken pride in Beersheba as a haven apart for a few brief years went down in bitter and total defeat. The elder statesmen who had

seen the dream become reality in 1860 died broken men during the war, or soon after, and their heirs were hard put to hold on to the cottages or spend leisurely summers at the Hotel. Yet, miraculously, not a single cottage went up in flames—although most were plundered—and the Hotel, with its proud portico overlooking the valley—remained virtually intact in spite of raids, broken windows, a fire, and a courtyard overgrown with brambles and Queen Anne’s Lace.

As the Old Order passed away, the New Order gradually began to take shape at the resort. Colonel Armfield, because the owners were bankrupt and unable to make a recovery, was forced to reposses many of the properties and sell them for whatever they would bring at the steps of the Courthouse in Altamont. These were his concerns during his declining years, and before his death in 1871, he had managed to interest a number of new people with new money—or with the prospects of new money—in the mountain plateau that he had come to love during the last fifteen years of his life.

In 1867 Captain Eugen H. Plumacher arrived in America, sent by the Swiss government to locate a place for a colony. He was sent to Tennessee by President Andrew Johnson and was a guest in the home of Col. Armfield at Beersheba. Plumacher was so impressed with the location that he began making the necessary arrangements to bring over the new settlers. Meanwhile, he bought land in Beersheba for his own home, which he called “Dan.” The first house burned but the second “Dan” is still occupied by his grandson.

In 1868 Richard Clark of Cleveland, Ohio, a former partner of John D. Rockefeller in the oil business, came to Beersheba and purchased the Hotel from John M. Bass for \$10,000 and the Phillips, Morgan, and Kenner homes. By 1870 Richard Clark was operating a stove factory, and saw mill at South Pittsburg. According to a member of the Hunerwadel family, Clark returned to Cleveland and traded the Phillips place in Beersheba to the Hege family for their home in Ohio. A deed in the Altamont courthouse registered from Richard Clark to Mina Hege on August 6, 1872 seems to verify this statement.

The hotel was reopened in 1870 by Mrs. I. C. Nicholson. By 1875 it was being operated by Samuel M. Scott, who had spent the summer of 1863 with the Armfields and who operated the City Hotel in Nashville.

A letter recommending a visit to Beersheba for the sick and ailing of all ages is quoted below because of the extreme faith the author had in the climate and the curative waters:

Nashville, Tenn. April 25, 1873

Messrs. S. M. Scott & Co.

Gentlemen – Having spent the two past seasons at Beersheba, in charge of the health of its guests, I have had ample opportunity to judge and form opinions based on facts, and to my mind conclusive, that for teething children, Enemick females, and the broken down and exhausted in constitution of all classes, particularly those from the miasmatic districts of the extreme South and our large cities, Beersheba Springs merit a position as a healthful and pleasant summer resort, equal, if not superior to any on the continent. Its waters, both mineral and freestone, are of the best quality. The mineral springs contain iron, iodine, and arcenite of potassa – the two latter ingredients in minute proportions – so delicately blended as to set agreeably on the stomachs of all. I cannot speak quantitatively of the ingredients of this water, as no minute analysis, I believe, has ever been made.

The effects of a transfer of enfeebled and delicate children, and the broken down and

exhausted invalids of all classes, some of whom I had in charge before leaving Nashville, was a rapid improvement from the date of their arrival without the aid of medicine, and due alone to the effects of the water (which is peculiarly suited to weak bowels) and the general surroundings of Beersheba.

Very respectfully,

John D. Winston, M.D.

Slowly the scars of the Civil War were beginning to heal but Beersheba was never to be the same again. The cleanup task was enormous. Even the hotel dining room had to be scraped out with hoes where Federal horses had been kept. In the next few years the old Hotel changed ownership many times.

It is a fact that the people of the community were divided during the Civil War. Some fought on the side of the Union and others with the Confederacy. This was true of the mountainous regions of both Kentucky and Tennessee. In the hilly country of East Tennessee the farms were small and the owners had few slaves. In the rich bottom lands of West Tennessee, where cotton was "King," slaves were needed on the large plantations. In middle Tennessee loyalties were divided. Most mountain people were loyal to the Union but more people in Beersheba and Grundy County fought on the southern side, probably because of their love and respect for Colonel Armfield.

After the war was over and the men who had fought on opposite sides were back home to live together it would have been almost impossible for there not to have been some bitterness, especially toward the robbers and bushwhackers, who deserted from both sides in order to prey on Col. Armfield and the cottages as well as the mountain people. But we have been fortunate that there was not the hatred, resentment, and revenge which was generated in other places.

The following is taken from a letter to Benjamin S. Cagle written by Col. Armfield, while in Nashville, on Dec. 2, 1868. The letter has been in the possession of a member of the Cagle family for over one hundred years:

I want you to know of Nathan if he found the two or three hogs that were out when I left home and write me what he says. My health is very good now and I have nothing of importance to add. I wrote to you by last mail to go to Sam Henderson and get the money on the check. How is Fahery getting on? What is he doing? Has Nathan hauled up the new trough?

Your friend,

John Armfield

The Armfields went to Florida for the winter of 1870 and returned in April 1871. On their way home they stopped in Nashville to visit his good friend Judge John M. Lea, who afterwards had this to say about Col. Armfield: "I shall never forget the pleasant old home on the brow of the mountain, overlooking a panorama as extensive and grand as was ever presented to the human eye. There is within a few feet of the precipice a Druidical rock (the balancing rock) which equalled the character of Colonel Armfield. A child could give to it a gentle movement but no human strength could cause it to topple or be overturned; so his kind feelings could be touched by the slightest appeal to generosity, but in all matters where duty and principle were involved, he was firm and immovable."

The following September 20, 1871, John Armfield died and was laid to rest in a small cemetery which now bears his name and is near his home. Soon afterwards Mrs. Armfield went to live with her nieces and their families.

The old slave and personal servant, Nathan Bracken, the only member of his race in the community, continued to live at Beersheba and, at Col. Armfield's request, Nathan was buried in the same cemetery near him about 1916. He was beloved by all residents of Beersheba, especially the teenage boys who turned to Nathan for sympathy and support when they were in trouble with their parents. At Christmas, when the holiday baking was done, the children were soon on their way to take Nathan samples of their cakes. All the young people gathered frequently at Nathan's home, where he had church services. If there were not enough chairs to go around they sat on his furniture and on the floor. He was a symbol of the old lost order and they respected him as its surviving representative.

After Nathan's death Beersheba changed very little through two world wars and a great economic depression. Much of its history since 1915 has been recorded in the reminiscences which form a separate chapter of this book. The recollections cover, substantially, the second 75 years of Beersheba's history along with notes about its residents. Some of the cottage histories mention the advent of T.V.A. And rural electrification in 1941 and piped-in water in 1964 from the Big Creek Water Utility. These were changes welcomed by some residents, questioned by others.

There came the opportunity in 1952 to install a telephone in each house when the Ben Lomond Telephone Cooperative was organized with Dennis Brown as one of the directors. The summer people were generally opposed, because they had left the city to escape the telephone. Local residents were anxious to subscribe—to be able to talk to friends and family on the mountain, in the city, and reach out to the world beyond. The logistics required a minimum number of subscribers. So the cottagers gave in, had telephones installed, and kept the receivers off the hooks or piled up pillows on top to deaden the ring of the nasty thing.

In many respects Beersheba has escaped the proliferation of "progress" that has plagued much of the rest of the country since World War II. It still has its farms, livestock, nurseries, and home gardens. The air is clean and pure the year round because there is no industry to pollute it or blot out the crystal stars in the Big Dipper; there are no smokestacks and very little mining closeby.

But to scratch out a living and bring up a family at Beersheba has always been a touch-and-go proposition. Some breadwinners have to travel daily to jobs in Chattanooga, Tullahoma, or McMinnville. Some families have gone away for years to work elsewhere so they could save enough to be able someday to come back and retire on the misty mountain.

For many people, Beersheba is home. Whatever the angle of vision and whatever the background of the individual or the family—be they first settlers or summer residents— Beersheba is that magic terrain called home.

The Hotel: A Fortress that Shrugged at Doom

“That doomed hotel,” wrote Mrs. L. Virginia French in her diary on September 2, 1863. The entry was made with a trembling hand and reasonable conviction, because on that day during the Civil War a group of lawless thieves broke into the apartment of Tom Ryan, the Irish overseer of the closed inn, took what they wanted, and set fire to papers, straw carpets, and clothes. Then they rode away to look back as the smoke from the famed hotel rose to the sky. This was one of many raids, but it seemed the final blow to Mrs. French.

Just then a maid of the French family was passing by and ran to tell her mistress, who was refugeeing from McMinnville and keeping house that summer at the Bass Cottage, that Ryan’s rooms were in flames. Fortunately, young Walter Scott French, age 9, ran to the Hotel cistern with an earthen crock — the only vessel he could find at that crucial moment. He made many trips as he dashed water on the flames and thus saved the Hotel from what would have been total destruction.

It is the lad Walter Scott French, called Bouse by his family, whom we can thank today when we look down the long portico or enter the courtyard at Cozy Corner or walk along brick, log, or whiskey row. The son of John Hopkins French and Lucy Virginia Smith, Walter saved the building that is central to the town of Beersheba. Everybody gravitates to the Hotel and its view for good reasons. Architect Charles Watterfield has called it “the biggest and most imposing structure of its kind in the State of Tennessee.”

The origins of the Hotel were neither grand nor imposing. A few months after Beersheba Porter Cain discovered the chalybeate spring in 1833, a row of cabins was built and a tavern erected soon after. It appears that George R. Smartt and his brother-in-law, Dr. Alfred Paine, both of McMinnville, were the first owners and operators of this place of resort for those in the lowlands trying to escape malaria, yellow fever, and cholera.

Being 2,000 feet above sea level, Beersheba soon caught on and other rows of cabins had been built by 1837. It was in that year that invitations were issued to a ball that was held on July 4, given by the young men who designated themselves as managers: E. Pendleton, Robert White, William T. Coons, F. K. Bell, Samuel Henderson, and William L. Cain.

The ball, beginning at 4 o’clock in the afternoon, must have ended with pine knot flares lighting the dancers and must have been a rustic affair at Beersheba long to remember.

In the years following, the Hotel and tavern were owned by a succession of investors. Then Colonel John Armfield bought extensive properties on the mountain, including the Hotel, in 1854 and began his scheme of developing Beersheba as a major resort. He closed the Hotel in 1855 to make repairs and build the second storey and columned portico at the front. With a large crew of workmen, Armfield made additions that were considerable. Observers like Jack E. Boucher of the National Park Service speak of the buildings as resembling a western fort, likening it to a self-contained complex with quarters for officers, enlisted men, and servants. Alfred E. Howell remarked that the buildings in his time formed a square figure 8. By the late 1930s when J. F. Smith visited the Hotel and made a drawing of existing buildings — and sketched in those that had been pulled down — for his book *White Pillars*, the plan did not include a third cross row at the bottom of the... That section was probably planned but never constructed.

Yet by 1858 the Hotel was big enough to accommodate 400 guests and was presided over by Lorenzo Dow Mercer of McMinnville. Among the visitors that year were Phillip H. Thompson of

Memphis and Randal W. McGavock of Nashville, whose accounts appear elsewhere in this volume. The next year Colonel Armfield, then past sixty, persuaded several men of wealth to form the Beersheba Springs Company, and on December 6, 1859, he sold out to a group of fifteen investors, many from the Deep South, and the Company took over in 1860.

When visitors to Beersheba in its heyday reported that it compared favorably with the watering places of Virginia, they were thinking not only of the water but of the Hotel and its furnishings and appointments. An inventory of the furniture, carpets, china, and miscellaneous items conveyed by Colonel Armfield to the Beersheba Springs Company in 1860 provides the reader with some fascinating details of the appointments enjoyed by visitors before the Civil War. For example, there were 150 guest rooms with bedsteads, cots, and cribs, mattresses, blankets, counterpanes, and sheets. Each room had split-bottom chairs, a dressing table, and a washstand. Each had a wash tub and a foot tub, apparently. There were curtains at the door for privacy and these allowed the flow of air into the room.

In the public rooms there were sofas, rocking chairs, card tables, billiard tables, and parlor lamps. There was a long dining table with chairs to accompany it. The kitchen inventory indicates that guests were not roughing it when Beersheba was in her prime: soup tureens, soup ladles, vegetable and fruit dishes, copper tea, coffee, and hot water urns, glass tumblers and goblets for sherry, hock, ale, claret, and champagne, and even egg glasses, nut crackers, and finger bowls. Further lists of items conveyed were noted, according to the public inventory, in the ledgers of the Beersheba Company.

Chilling accounts of war-time Beersheba include the sound of hoofbeats in front of the Hotel as Nathan Bedford Forrest led his calvary down the mountain to assemble his forces at McMinnville for the daring and successful raid on Murfreesboro on July 13, 1862. War-time reports also tell how Confederate leaders camped their troops beside the Hotel, received food and supplies from Colonel Armfield, and rode away a few hours ahead of their Yankee pursuers, who on one occasion camped on exactly the same spot occupied by their enemies the night before. Buchwhackers, led by Hard Hampton or Charlie Ainsworth, terrorized the community. Federal troops, as observed by L. Virginia French, backed up wagons to the Hotel and hauled away beds, vessels, dishes, and supplies to furnish two Yankee hospitals. Doomed was the word.

Although shaken to its foundations, the Hotel escaped destruction. The Company which owned it was ruined by the war and went bankrupt. Most of the incorporators could not pay the notes they owed Armfield. In fact the Company was sued on October 17, 1867 for \$3,911.76 by a Nashville merchant for groceries and other items he had supplied earlier. By 1867 the property had been returned to John Armfield and Dr. Thomas J. Harding. They negotiated a sale to W. W. Bierce and Richard Clark of Cleveland, Ohio, who had made fortunes during the war, and the Hotel was reopened in 1870 under the management of Mrs. I. C. Nicholson.

In reporting the Grand Ball staged that year, the Nashville Republican Banner described the elegant gowns of the ladies, the jewelry, and all the finery of the occasion. Mrs. Nicholson was singled out as a hostess “who lives to make others happy, in true holiday attire, and smiled a happy welcome upon all who graced the joyous occasion.”

The hotel brochure for 1875, when S. M. Scott and Company were listed as proprietors, strikes a different chord: “It will be the aim of the proprietors to make Beersheba, this season, a plain, quiet home for families, rather than a place of gaiety and fashion. P. S. Our supply of ICE this season is abundant.” It should be remembered that 1875 was only a decade after Lee surrendered to

Grant at Appomattox and that Federal occupation and Reconstruction in the South did not end until 1877.

In 1878 Richard Clark and his wife Adelaide sold their interests to Richard's younger brother James H. Clark. James Satterwhite of New York bought out W. W. Bierce in 1883. Then Satterwhite in turn sold his part to Alexander Nelson, including "all the fixtures, furniture, utensils and improvements of every kind appertaining to the kitchen, parlor, barroom, billiard room, bedrooms, all bedding, bedsteads, sheets, tablecloths, towels, napkins, blankets, knives and forks."

The sixteen-page brochure printed for Alexander Nelson for the season of 1887 is rich in details describing the accommodations at the Hotel, including the billiard hall, bowling alley, and ballroom with its imported band. By common consent, the ballroom could be "changed to a theatre where concerts, charades, and tableaux are indulged in by amature artists, which affords much amusement to the audience." It was further noted, with some ambiguity:

"Guests will be furnished with the best wines and whiskeys for medical purposes" and "ice in abundance for all purposes."

In 1887 board for a month was either \$40.00 or \$45.00, according to the location of the room, \$15.00 by the week, or \$2.50 per day. Children under ten and colored servants were welcome at half rates.

In spite of the fancy brochure, advertisements in several newspapers, and the considerable energy of Nelson as manager, payments on the notes were not met and the Hotel reverted to James Satterwhite, who sold it in 1901 to the Beersheba Springs Improvement Company, a group of investors who included R. W. Turner, President, R. Boyte C. Howell, Secretary, Gates Thruston, Charles Mitchell, and Tom Northcut. Operating the Hotel for them were several managers over the years, including Mr. And Mrs. John Mears from Florida, who later joined Marvin Brown as coowners. Brown had earlier worked for Tom Northcut in the store opposite the Hotel and then taken over the store before joining the Mears at the Hotel.

During the later 1920s—and then with the depression in the 1930s—the Hotel saw several owners and managers who tried hard but had little success in making the property pay. When someone in Nashville mentioned Beersheba and the beloved inn, the standard question was: "Well, wonder who's running the Hotel this year?"

Deterioration caused by time and weather was more and more conspicuous during the depths of the depression. Standing on the rotting boards of the Observatory, visitors looked up at the crumbling edifice and thought to themselves what Mrs. French had written in her diary in 1863: Doomed.

—Herschel Gower

How We Acquired Beersheba Springs Assembly

We are entering the 42nd year of retreat and assembly activity at the Beersheba Springs United Methodist Church Assembly. The past 40 years are filled with many fond memories and never-to-be-forgotten experiences on the part of thousands of people who have participated in assembly events.

Since we will be celebrating the 150th anniversary of Beersheba, it is of particular interest to make known the contents of some of the documents relating to the purchase of the property and its subsequent use in the retreat and assembly program of the Tennessee Conference.

These documents were made available by Dennis Brown, a manager of the Beersheba Assembly for a number of years.

The earliest is a post card written by the Rev. W. M. Cook, District Superintendent of the Murfreesboro District, to the Rev. O. B. Johnson, Executive Secretary of the Conference Board of Education, dated Aug. 12, 1941, which reads as follows: "Dear O. B., Thinking things over, I hope you can get things in shape to pay 1st payment, even though small, and get that place. I suggest you write each member of Board and ask if he or she will stand behind you in the deal. If they promise that over their signatures, it will be as good as if they were in session. You can hear from a majority before Friday or Saturday. When you leave, give me instructions of what steps to take in case I get the word in your absence. Sincerely — Cook."

On August 15, 1941, the letter which gives in detail the sale of the property to the Tennessee Conference reads as follows:

"Received from C. H. Yarbrough, O. B. Johnson, C. B. Cook, E. H. Ayers, B. G. Hodge, H. E. Baker, Martin Gribble, George Comer, and Joe Gessler fifty dollars as first payment of certain real estate in Grundy County, Tennessee, known as "The Beersheba Springs Hotel," together with all the personal property pertaining thereto, including furnishings, kitchen equipment, dishes, bed linens, sheets, spreads, etc.

"The condition of said sale is for a total consideration of three thousand dollars — to be paid as follows: Five hundred dollars cash upon delivery of a fee simple deed and abstract, — the assumption by the purchaser of a loan of approximately fifteen hundred dollars — the balance of one thousand dollars to be paid by the execution of two five hundred dollar notes due respectively one and two years after date bearing interest from date at six percent and retaining lien upon said property until paid. The fifty dollars today paid and received by me will be a payment upon the cash payment of five hundred dollars to be paid. Nell Farrar."

On August 18, the Rev. O. B. Johnson wrote a letter to Martin Gribble, Joe Gessler, George Comer, and H. E. Baker which stated:

"We are asking you four men to look after getting the deed for the property. I am calling a meeting of our Board of Education for September 5 at which time we are going to ask them to appropriate \$1,500.00 for the Beersheba Springs property — \$500.00 of this to be paid on the purchase price, and \$1,000.00 to be used for repairs."

An interesting letter was written on Aug. 25, by G. W. Comer to O. B. Johnson, E. J. Ayers, and C. H. Yarbrough, Jr., as follows:

“Gentlemen: Some Nashville property owners in Beersheba are very much disturbed about us buying the Beersheba Springs Hotel property and have made some underhanded passes to try to get it away from us, and since that method has failed they are going to contact the commission proper so this is to put you on your guard.

“First, I am reliably informed that they had a Beersheba resident to call Miss Farrar and offer her \$100.00 more than our contract price. This is not guess work. I know it is fact for the party that called admitted it but didn’t mention the raised offer. But Miss Farrar says she has it sold to us and is making the deed as soon as Gessler is ready but that she has been offered the \$3,100.00 if we didn’t want it. . .Sincerely, G. W. Comer.”

On Aug. 29, 1941, H. E. Baker wrote the following letter to O. B. Johnson:

“I have this morning mailed a deed to Miss Farrar! She has agreed to sign this deed and mail to the City Bank and Trust Co. as her agent to hold until we are ready to make final settlement.”

The Committee on Camp and Assembly Grounds met on Sept. 15, 1941, with the following persons present: Bishop Paul B. Kern; O. B. Johnson; C. H. Yarbrough; H. W. Seay; Haynes Ayers; Willard H. Blue; B. G. Hodge; C. B. Cook; H. E. Baker; W. M. Cook; Herbert Luton; E. C. Shelton; W. B. Ricks; Walter Durham; E. H. Crump; John Ferguson; and Alvis J. Davis. O. B. Johnson was elected chairman and A. J. Davis, secretary.

The minutes of this meeting contain the following statement: “Bishop Kern said that the Tennessee Conference needed a place of retreat rather than a campus. Walter Durham pledged the support of the young people. Willard H. Blue, E. C. Shelton, H. W. Seay pledged the support of the Clarksville, Cumberland, and Columbia Districts. E. C. Shelton moved that: ‘We approve the Beersheba Springs proposition and request the Conference Committee on Camp and Assembly Grounds to work out a finance and purchase plan for securing the Beersheba Springs property and present the whole matter to the Tennessee Conference for approval and operations through a constituted group.’ The motions passed.”

On Nov. 28, 1941, O. B. Johnson wrote members of the Committee:

“We have the deed drawn up transferring the Beersheba Springs property to the Tennessee Conference Foundation and it is in Dr. C. B. Haley’s office, 808 Broadway, awaiting the signature of the men to whom the property was deeded.” Thus, Beersheba Springs Assembly became the property of the Tennessee Conference.

A report of the first year’s use indicates receipts for summer activities as \$5,481.41, with expenses of \$3,631.26, and an ending balance of \$1,850.15.

The Hotel was saved. Its purpose as a haven for assemblies for forty years has been realized. The Church can take pride in the achievement.

Carl L. Elkins, CCD
Director of Conference Camping
United Methodist Church in Tennessee

Beersheba Springs On The National Register

On March 20, 1980, the Beersheba Springs Historic District was placed on the National Register of Historic Places by the U.S. Department of the Interior. This was the culmination of many months of work by members of the staff of the Tennessee Historical Commission as well as many residents and friends of Beersheba Springs.

The process involved a complete survey and inventory of each building in the area, an evaluation of each structure based on the National Register criteria, a determination of the boundaries of the proposed district based on the concentration of significant structures, photographing each structure, and compiling maps.

Following these activities, a nomination form to the National Register was prepared. Two of the most important parts of this application were a detailed description of the district, which included a listing and brief description of each building, and a statement of significance, which included a brief history of the area and a discussion of the areas of significance of Beersheba Springs. We were greatly assisted in the compilation of this material by many friends of Beersheba Springs.

Photographs of the approximately 55 structures in the 220 acre district included in the nomination were submitted. The nomination was subsequently considered and approved by the State Review Board as meeting the criteria of the National Register, and then forwarded to the Keeper of the National Register in Washington by the Executive Director of the Tennessee Historical Commission and State Historic Preservation Officer, on January 4, 1980.

The National Register of Historic Places is a program of the National Park Service of the U.S. Department of the Interior. It is part of a national policy to coordinate and support public and private efforts to identify, evaluate, and protect our cultural and natural resources. Established by the Secretary of the Interior under provisions of the national Historic Preservation Act of 1966, the National Register is the official list of the nation's cultural properties worthy of preservation. The program is administered at the state level in Tennessee by the staff of the Tennessee Historical Commission. Listing of a property in the National Register provides several benefits, including preservation funds and tax relief.

In addition to being placed on the National Register of Historic Places, Beersheba Springs was honored by being included in the Historic American Buildings Survey project. HABS, a federal program of the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, is observing its fiftieth anniversary in 1983. The agency was organized in 1933 as a cooperative effort of the National Park Service, which administers the program; the Library of Congress, which houses the collection; and the American Institute of Architects, which acts in an advisory capacity. The collection today is one of the largest of its kind in the world, consisting of thousands of measured drawings, photographs, and data on the structures involved. Many structures recorded by HABS have since been destroyed, and the HABS records in many cases are the only existing photographs and information remaining of these structures.

Each summer HABS sponsors several teams, composed of a project supervisor who is usually a professor of architecture, a historian, and three or four student architects, who record architecturally significant structures throughout the nation. The Tennessee Historical Commission

contracted with HABS for five consecutive summers to record significant structures across the state. Several buildings in the Beersheba Springs Historic District were chosen to be photographed by HABS. These photographs are on file in the Library of Congress, as well as in the Tennessee State Library and Archives.

—Herbert L. Harper

Executive Director

Tennessee Historical Commission

The University of the South and Beersheba Springs

Sewanee history is inextricably interwoven with that of Beersheba. The famous pre-Civil War watering place was the scene of two meetings of the Board of Trustees of the University of the South after its establishment in 1857. At Beersheba the first two chancellors, Bishops James Harvey Otey of Tennessee and Leonidas Polk of Louisiana, were given summer homes by Col. John Armfield. Here the charter of the University, granted by the State in January 1858, was accepted and here lived Armfield, one of the most active and generous of the trustees. At Beersheba plans were made in 1859 for the laying of the cornerstone at Sewanee in October 1860, an event which brought more people to the University Domain than before or since, except for the troops who charged through from 1863 to 1865.

The cornerstone-laying was authorized when the final gift needed to complete the University endowment was received at Beersheba on August 20, 1859, from a summer resident, Judge Oliver J. Morgan of Carroll Parish, Louisiana, as announced in the Washington (D.C.) *Intelligencer* of September 13, 1859. Judge Morgan's pledge followed by one day the address in Beersheba of William Giles Dix, which was so well received that citizens summering at Beersheba asked that it be repeated there three days later and also in Nashville before the Tennessee Historical Society. Dix urged that the University become the "intellectual and social center of the South." Morgan's Steep, Otey's Prospect, Polk's Lookout and Armfield's Bluff, in succession on the west brow of the plateau at Sewanee, commemorate the relationships of Beersheba benefactors with the University.

This writer had the privilege of participating in another Beersheba-Sewanee linking. Adam G. Adams III of Miami had reported that the home altar of Bishop Polk had been moved next door to the Howell Cottage in 1871. It was then moved to the Hotel where it served as a stand for the water pitcher. It then went to the Northcut store, where nothing being known of its sacrosanct nature, it was used as a meat block. Sewanee Archivist, Sarah Hodgson Torian, who lived across the street from me, called one Sunday to say, "Let's drive to Beersheba and look at the old altar."

My wife and I went in the Torians' ancient Buick. We found the altar at the Burch Cottage, earlier the Northcut store, loaded it in the trunk, and brought it back to Sewanee, where, beautifully restored, it stands in All Saints' Chapel as a physical link between Beersheba and Sewanee. Look for it in the south transept, under the tower which houses the Leonidas Polk Carillon, one of the largest in the world.

—Arthur Ben Chitty

Schools, Churches, and the Library

The first school house was built about a mile and a half southwest of Beersheba and burned about 1900. Today it is referred to as “the old burned schoolhouse.” The children from the Backbone and Panhandle areas had to walk about three miles. While the new schoolhouse was being constructed, Miss Minnie Morris, the teacher, finished the term at Grace Chapel Church, which had been built recently.

Before 1893 there was no church building in Beersheba. Several families attended church at the Tarlton Methodist Church, which was Northern Methodist. In 1844 the church had split over the slavery issue, which resulted in the Methodist Episcopal Church South being established.

For many years, William Sanford Brown, one of the early ministers of the Southern Methodist Church, had ridden horseback from Beersheba across the Peak Mountain to pastor an early church, today known as Brown’s Chapel in the Barker Cove community. Records at the courthouse show that on February 10, 1885, William Sanford Brown and wife Nancy Dykes Brown deeded one acre of land with a building called Brown’s Chapel, located on top of Cumberland Mountain, on the old McMinnville and Chattanooga Road and on the eastside of Jonathan’s Creek to trustees James Scruggs, R. L. Brown, and T. C. Abernathy. The ground was free to all persons to bury their dead and the house was to be used by the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

On November 25, 1893, Albert and Clara Schoffter made a deed for one half acre of land at Beersheba to trustees John C. Smith, H. W. Brown, R. T. Dykes, T. J. Brown and John L. Tate, the said half acre of land being for the purpose of building a church house free for all and every denomination to worship God in. Miss Grace McKeage, who had been coming to Beersheba from Clarksville for several years, saw the need for a church and had Grace Chapel built. It is named in her honor. On August 17, 1898 she borrowed \$274.19 from T. B. Northcut to finish paying for the church. The note was paid off Jan. 22, 1908.

On August 1, 1897 the Southern Methodist Church was organized with 36 members. A union Sunday School was soon organized and composed of all denominations who continued to worship at Grace Chapel until 1944 when the trustees deeded the building to the Methodists after they had purchased the Hotel for a summer camp in 1941.

In 1913 the McCarver family gave the land for another church in the Utah community which could be used for a church or a school, but if it ceased to be either it was to revert to the McCarver heirs. This became the Utah School, which was later moved to another location.

Even before there were any organized churches, revivals were held in brush arbors, with people coming in wagons for miles around.

In later years three other churches were established: the Church of Christ, Seventh Day Adventist, and Cumberland Baptist Chapel.

Some of the teachers at Beersheba in the early years were a Mr. Hill (first name unknown), Henry Walker, Anna Campbell, Dr. Charles Hembree of Tracy City, who delivered his first baby while teaching here in 1903, Etna Prater, who afterwards became Mrs. Eugene B. Etter and the mother of E. B. (Red) Etter, the well-known football coach of Chattanooga, Myrtle Dykes, Ethel Hillis, Emma Nunley and Edna Wimberly Barker in later years.

In 1920 the school was moved to the Hotel when a junior high school was established through an arrangement between the Grundy County School Board and the Holston Conference of the M. E. Church South. The Rev. S. A. Hopper, pastor of Coalmont Methodist Church, was instrumental in getting some support through the church.

Time, several families moved up from the Collins River Valley and other children boarded in the community to take advantage of the high school.

The first city-owned library in Grundy County was established in Beersheba Springs by Mrs. Charles N. Burch of Memphis in 1917. After visiting the school and seeing the need for books, other than text books, she immediately began gathering up books to send to Beersheba. It was not until 1923 after World War I that a building was provided. The Beersheba Library Association was formed with the following members: Claude P. Street, Mrs. Charles N. Burch, C. C. Trabue, Miss Mattie W. Thompson, Morris

Northcut, James Northcut, and Mrs. Timmie Moffit. An agreement was entered into on September 26, 1923 between the association and the contractor, Henry L. Brown, who agreed to build the log building for the consideration of \$650 on condition that the logs be furnished by the owner, together with free labor of citizens of Beersheba Springs. The library is open regularly during posted hours and is affiliated with the Caney Fork Regional Library Service.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Beersheba: A History and a Personal View

This address to the Tennessee Historical Society by Morton B. Howell was delivered at Belle Meade Mansion on May 11, 1954, and is published here for the first time, edited by the author's son Samuel H. Howell.

I will immediately acknowledge the great assistance of my sister Isabel Howell, whose three articles on John Armfield appeared twenty years ago in the Tennessee Historical Quarterly and whose careful, accurate, and inspiring research over the years has made much of this history possible.

For an account of the very early years of Beersheba as a resort I am also indebted to the booklet *Beersheba Springs and the Chickamauga Trace* (1928) by Blanche Spurlock Bently of McMinnville.

Mrs. Beersheba Porter Cain was a resident of McMinnville. As shown in the records of Warren County, her husband, John Cain, was a man of prominent affairs with large interests in town and country. He was for many years the principal merchant of the town, was part owner of the Rocky River Iron Works and an extensive dealer in land speculations of the county. Warren County at this time covered a large area, much of what is now Grundy County, and Cain's properties being situated often in remote localities, it was necessary for him to make long horseback journeys to visit them. At such times he was often accompanied by his wife, and usually they were attended by one or two Negro servants, as sometimes they were away from home many days. It was not customary for gentlewomen to take long rough horseback rides for pleasure, but Mrs. Cain was different. She had a destiny to fulfill, as we shall see.

Mr. and Mrs. Cain reached the foot of the mountain upon whose summit Beersheba now stands and stopped to rest at the house of William Dugan. As she walked up the wooded mountain side from the Dugan cabin, Mrs. Cain found a well-defined path and followed it until almost at the top of the mountain she came upon a spring of unusual size and beauty. Its sparkling water tasted of iron, and so to the following generations Beersheba Cain was cited as the very first white person to see the fine Chalybeate spring bearing her name. The water of the spring seemed to be regarded as having unusual curative properties and means were taken to bring the water into use. This was in the year 1833 and for many years, later on, there was a tablet bearing this date on the two-story house that covered the spring-basin.

And so in 1834, "William Dugan III conveys to John Cain in consideration of John Cain's bringing into use a certain Chalybeate spring on Dugan's land on top of Cumberland (Broad) Mountain, beginning near the bluff of an enclosure made around some cabin built by said John Cain." These log rooms are believed to be the first buildings to be erected at the Springs, but they were soon followed by many others of logs.

By 1836 Alfred Paine, a McMinnville physician, had erected cabins at the spring. So he and Cain and George R. Smartt, also of McMinnville, and his son, William Buchanan Smartt, can be called the "founders of Beersheba Springs." In the deeds from William Dugan to these men, a consideration mentioned is "That they and their heirs might forever enjoy the privilege of drinking the water of the Chalybeate spring and by their instrumentality bring it into use and repute, that others might enjoy it."

You will also notice that from the very first the history of Beersheba is flavored by romance— I.e., “cherchez la femme.”

John Cain died in 1834 and nothing is shown in the record of further connection of his family with Beersheba. Mrs. Cain died long years afterward, in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Hiram B. Stubblefield of McMinnville.

In 1839 the Tennessee General Assembly enacted that “George and William Smartt, Alfred Paine and Samuel Edmondson, owners of a tract of about 1,000 acres, on top of Cumberland Mountain, upon which are situated valuable Chalybeate and other springs, are created a body politic by the name of Beersheba Springs.” In the same year, 1839, Allen White was authorized to open a turnpike across the mountain, to begin at William Dugan’s, cross by way of Beersheba Springs and so on to Ross Landing, one tollgate to be allowed and erected two miles south of Beersheba. There is only traditional information of this road. However, in this year, 1839, a road was in use and was travelled by stages and other vehicles from McMinnville to Beersheba.

Also this year marked the initial opening of Beersheba Springs as a recognized summer resort and people began coming to the ‘tavern,’ built near the bluff in 1836. To this had been added the dining room, rooms for the proprietor, his family and servants, and the log cross-row. All of these are still standing in the Hotel at Beersheba.

Among guests of that opening summer, was the family of James P. Thompson of McMinnville and from reminiscences of his daughter, Louisa, given in later life, glimpses have been preserved of happenings of that long ago summer at Beersheba. She remembered the rooms occupied by her father in the Log Row referred to; that the manner of living was necessarily simple but every attention was given the pleasure and comfort of guests, with good servants in constant attendance, fine old-time Negro cooks, big wagons from McMinnville loaded with all kinds of fresh table supplies and delicious mountain game brought by hunters.

“Late each afternoon large bonfires of pine knots were burned in front of the cabins, their brilliant flames not only frightening away wild animals and snakes—then a menace on the mountains—but giving light and warmth to the room. About sunset all repaired to the bluff above the Spring to listen and watch for the stage coach coming from McMinnville, bringing passengers and mail. It could be heard far below, lumbering and jolting up the mountain, and the clear notes of the driver’s horn floated up through the shadows, sounded as he reached each successive resting place in the ascent. Later as the bonfires glowed and smouldered, the guests sat about them and talked—and sometimes sang until the hour came for retiring, after which a stillness and silence rested on the mountain as in the days primeval.”

The coming and going of guests was remembered but the name of only one family stayed in her memory, the Platers from Nashville. Also in this year, 1839, a young carpenter came from McMinnville, Aaron Moffitt, a workman of special skill. He was employed by William White of McMinnville, to build his house at Beersheba, located near the bluff and west of the spring. It was to add to and enclose rooms already there. These rooms were said to be of ‘solid red cedar logs and double ceiled.’ This house built for White became in later years the well-known Armfield home.

In 1844 Grundy County was organized and that part of Warren County in which Beersheba was situated became a part of the new county. The courts of Grundy were held at Beersheba until a permanent seat of justice could be determined upon. The name was chosen in honor of Felix Grundy, well-known Tennessee U.S. Senator, supposedly because “he had been dealing extensively in the mountain lands in Warren and contiguous counties.” He and his associates had

taken up grants amounting to about 600,000 acres of potential mineral lands. Felix Grundy died in 1840.

The next thing of very great importance that happened to Beersheba Springs was the advent there sometime in the early 1850s of Col. John Armfield. This picturesque gentleman, already wealthy and experienced in many business enterprises, in addition to the slave trade, was to have a profound influence on the history of this mountain community, until his death there in his beloved home in September 1871.

The railroads were approaching not rapidly, but surely. The Nashville & Chattanooga line under the presidency of Vernon K. Stevenson opened the Cowan Tunnel in 1851. In 1852 the Sewanee Mining Company, with Samuel F. Tracy of New York as President, began mining activities in that region and by 1853 a 9-mile branch road up the mountain was in operation. This was promising, but it left a gap of some 40 miles from the mines to the summer resort— passable for wagons if the weather held clear. Accordingly, the best approach at this time was from the northeast. To Murfreesboro by rail, then to McMinnville by coach and at last up the Collins River Valley by the Chattanooga mailroute to the foot of the mountain. From there the road made the ascent to the tavern at a terrific grade, but steep climbs and sharp turns were expected in those days.

By December 1854, Armfield had concluded his negotiations with Dr. H. R. Robards of Memphis. This gentleman had bought the Hotel from William White and L. D. Mercer, who had succeeded the original owners, Smartt and Paine. His purchase, for \$3,750, included the original tavern, dining hall, proprietor's rooms and the row of guest cabins. White's own double-ceiled home, built of red-cedar logs, he bought for an additional \$1,200. He then formed elaborate plans for improvements to the Hotel and for building homes, called cottages, which have since constituted such an important part of the scene at Beersheba.

Armfield's advertisement in the Nashville Union and American of April 4, 1855, was as follows: "Beersheba Springs will be closed until May, 1856. The place is now undergoing a thorough repair and will afford no accommodations for strangers, even for a night, until the work is completed. The public part of the Springs will then be rented to a responsible person who shall be under bond to keep a good House of Entertainment, but under no circumstances to allow either gambling or the use of spiritous liquors." It is known that John Armfield had visited several of the most famous of the Springs of Virginia, probably both the Old White and the Old Hot. Perhaps it was these visits and what he saw at these gay resorts that decided him to restrain his Beersheba Springs in the matter of liquor and gambling. Whatever restrictions he declared, they were never so severely administered as to give the place anything but a liberal name. All through the years it was known as a place where good people could do what they pleased, as long as they stayed within the bounds of decency and order. It was certainly never lacking in the hospitality of good things to drink and always plenty of card games.

There has been a good deal of speculation as to whether Armfield used any slave labor in his operations on the mountain. Since he had handled so many in his previous dealings, this was a logical idea. Minutes of the Grundy Court show that Armfield's hands came over to work the road between Beersheba and Ajtamont, but other records show that during the winter of 1855 and after, he used for his skilled labor, white men whom he paid by the day, with board furnished. Since mountaineers and Negroes have never gotten along very well together, it seems impossible that there could have been many slaves on the mountain for any length of time, without giving rise to trouble which would have resulted in tales and anecdotes handed down.

By March, 1855, Ben Cagle, from the Irving College Community, joined Armfield's staff as a mechanic, millwright, foreman and general Man-Friday. A. T. Mitchell, carpenter, came about the same time. T. P. Argo ran a brick kiln and there must have been many more, for in April a printed circular appeared outlining Armfield's elaborate plans more fully: "In order to add to the convenience of the place, I am now having a steam, saw and grist mill erected, which will be completed this summer. My only object in going to the mountain is to preserve health. As I shall have control of the soil and have good order established, I hope to draw around me a peaceable and respectable society and thus render it a most agreeable resort. To any of my friends who may wish to improve a lot and according to their own taste, either board at the Hotel, or live in private, I offer the following lease. Signed John Armfield. April 4, 1855."

Although the Hotel was not ready for guests by the summer of 1856, the Armfield residence was probably finished, for in July, John M. Bass and his son-in-law Dr. Thomas J. Harding, and Dr. John Waters, all from Nashville, visited the Springs, and before their departure, signed leases for the lots numbered one, two and three. It seems to have been Armfield's plan to build the cottages himself, using his own crew of workmen and his own materials, but following the designs and specifications drawn up by the lessees.

From the summer of 1856 until he sold the Springs in the summer of 1858, he built in all 20 residences, no two of which were alike. One was a double cabin of hewn logs, to which he added an upstairs, later; 12 were of logs sawed at Laurel Mill; but Dr. Harding's was built of hand-made bricks. Four were weather-boarded outside the logs and had deep verandas and smoothly plastered walls; three had towering 15-foot ceilings. They seem to have ranged in price from \$1,500.00 to \$5,000 but how long it took to cut and season the timber, fashion the mill work, quarry and shape the stone and peg together the mortised corners, we do not know.

Before proceeding with the story of building homes, always at Beersheba called cottages, I must give a brief account of the influence that two important Bishops of the Episcopal Church had on the development of Beersheba. They were Bishop Leonidas Polk of Louisiana and Bishop James H. Otey of Tennessee. Ever since 1850 Bishop Polk had been talking and writing to people about the need for a University to educate the Southern Episcopal youth, and in the summer of 1856 he announced his plans publicly. And so, in January 1857, Armfield wrote to Bishop Otey inquiring if a site for the University had been chosen and enclosed a circular about Beersheba. Bishop Otey's reply suggested that Armfield, who was then in New Orleans, discuss the matter personally with Bishop Polk, then preaching at Trinity Church in New Orleans.

In further development of these negotiations, Armfield drew in his good friend of McMinnville, John H. French. It must be remembered that in 1851 this gentleman of wealth and taste was married to the well-known poetess "Ltnconnu," Miss Lucy Virginia Smith of Memphis. She was a Virginian by birth and was one of the first lady journalists. She had just taken over the editorship of the Southern Ladies Book when she met Mr. French. After a most romantic courtship, they were married and the ceremony was performed by Bishop Otey. She first visited Beersheba as a bride. We know that the place has always been promotional of romance. But the practical result of this combination of Armfield and French was that cottages were built at Beersheba for Bishops Polk and Otey.

A journey of exploration was arranged by the Bishops and it took place in June 1857. Joined by Mr. Bass and his son-in-law, Vernon K. Stevenson, president of the N.C. & St. L. Railway, the entire party rode horseback to inspect the tract of 5,000 acres of land offered for the University by the president of the Sewanee Mining Company, Samuel F. Tracy. In addition to the land, Tracy

also offered one million feet of lumber, free transportation of building materials and 20,000 tons of coal—within 10 years.

There was a thrilling meeting at Lookout Mountain on July 4th. The opening address by Bishop Otey hoped “that the University would have a unifying effect on the affairs of the nation.” Finally the site of the University of the South at Sewanee was confirmed at the Montgomery Convention in November 1857, with the words “Thus Sewanee, which had been the choice of Bishop Polk from the first, became the choice of all.”

Then in the summer of 1859 all the Southern bishops gathered to draw up the charter for the University, and at the end of the season, Charles G. Dahlgren of Natchez, Josiah Garrett of Baton Rouge and Mrs. Laura Castleman of Louisiana, became cottage owners. The General Assembly of 1859-60 granted a charter to the Beersheba Springs Company, with the following incorporators: Joseph S. Williams, Charles G. Dahlgren, Oliver J. Morgan, John M. Bass, Minor Kenner, Sterling Cockrill, Alex Barrow, A. Hamilton Polk, John Waters, Charles W. Phillips, Lucius J. Polk, Josiah Garrett, Benjamin Johnson and John Scarborough.

The company was capitalized at \$45,000.00, or 1500 shares at \$100.00 each, and in December 1859, Armfield deeded the Hotel to them for \$44,000.00. The property then consisted of a tract of 1,880 acres containing the hotel, the Springs and the sawmill at Laurel Falls, with numerous exceptions to take care of land leased for 20 years or deeded outright to cottage owners.

The summer of 1860, the first for the newly formed company—and the last—must have been spectacular. William L. Murfree of Murfreesboro, brought his family to the hotel, and his daughter Fanny, sister of Mary Noailles Murfree, who wrote under the name of Charles Egbert Craddock, recalled that the chef and all the servants were French. A French Band from New Orleans played for the dancing, and the custom of having the band play for the coach to come up the mountain was continued, with the sounding of the coachman’s horn, when the horses stopped to rest.

In October, 1860, the cornerstone for the University was laid but by November Lincoln’s election was assured and all else was forgotten in the intense excitement of the political situation. There are no records of the summer of 1861 at Beersheba, but elsewhere we have these facts. In June 1861, Bishop Polk became Major General of the Army of the Confederate States. Charles Dahlgren equipped the Third Mississippi Volunteers. In September the Fifth Regiment of Tennessee Volunteers was organized and Benjamin J. Hill of McMinnville was elected Colonel. Company A was recruited from Grundy County. It was equipped by Armfield, and his nephew Albert Hanner, was elected Captain. In April 1862, Hanner was killed at the Battle of Shiloh and in the autumn of that same year young William Bass, eldest son of John M. Bass, was killed when he slipped through the lines in an effort to see his wife and young baby.

Of the three sources of information for the happenings at the summer resort during the war, the most interesting comes from a novel by Mrs. French, which is considered a faithful and liberal account of what happened. She says of the early years of the war:

“In 1862 the Springs had assumed the role of a refuge where culture and real worth could obtain a breathing space. The place was really a busy little hive. Sewing, knitting and weaving and cooking went on for the benefit of men in Lee’s Army, for the sick in hospitals and for dozens of other purposes. Distinguished men gathered there for a little repose, such men as Judge Bromfield Ridley, R. L. Caruthers, Andrew Ewing and Governor Harris. By June, 1863, a continuous stream of humanity poured through the place, hurrying southward into Dixie. Men, women and children, soldiers, civilians, refugees and all sorts and conditions of man. Mr. Armfield’s beautiful summer

home, just upon the brow of the mountain, was a free hotel for all comers and goers.”

The mountains were filled with desperados and deserters from both Federal and Confederate forces. To organize a defense against these outlaws was a stern necessity. Again we quote from Mrs. French: “We began to hear rumors of their threatening Beersheba and especially Mr. Armfield, who said with characteristic dry humor ‘Til not let these damn wolves run over me without some music’. But on the 26th day of June the men were all summoned to McMinnville by the Federal authorities so the brigands chose this day for their worst depredations. Renegades from both armies, about 50 strong, clad in Federal uniforms and well armed, descended upon a place occupied only by women. People came pouring into the place in crowds and set immediately to work pillaging the hotel and cottages. As store closets were searched, wine flowed freely and the bottles—empty or full—were set up on the gallery floor like nine-pins and bowled with balls from the alleys.

“Horsemen were riding breakneck races up and down the Hotel’s long lower gallery. I thought of the many advantages that had been opened to them by the liberality of Mr. Armfield, of the schools his wife had established. Now, her house was saved from the raid—only by fear.”

The ladies sat watchfully with closed blinds and barred doors, but that day the occupied houses were not attacked. In the streets the uproar went on until dark and at Bishop Otey’s they held an all-night orgy.

But at last the terrible conflict was over and the affairs of the Beersheba Springs Company again claimed Armfield’s attention. In March, 1867 he and Dr. Harding, trustees for the company, deeded to John M. Bass, the Hotel property, the land and improvements, valued at \$21,000 and all personal property not destroyed, valued at \$1,255. This was the establishment which the company bought so cheerfully in 1859 for \$44,000.

It is interesting to make a few comparisons between the great Springs resorts of Virginia and our far simpler and ruder Beersheba of the Cumberland Plateau. No doubt it was patterned after them, but their proximity to the larger centers of population and the big cities of Richmond and Washington, gave the Virginia resorts an opulence and a wealthy and fashionable clientele that could never be attained at any time in Tennessee. We may say that human nature was much the same, however, at both places.

And before we bid adieu to what we may call the John Armfield Period at Beersheba, we should mark well that this was the period for home-building. Of the 20 cottages that he built, 15 are still standing and occupied. Two burned and have been rebuilt. One—probably the handsomest of all—has not been rebuilt, and one other has been changed beyond recognition. But the remarkable fact is that only two important homes have been built at Beersheba since Armfield’s time. Also of interest is the idea that Armfield had of allowing spacious grounds for every cottage he built. They average about 10 acres each. A few right in the center of the group were smaller plots, but some had 30 acres and more. So this gave rise to the expression we have used through the years at Beersheba, in comparing it with Monteagle. We say that Monteagle can be called a “large collection of small houses,” whereas Beersheba is a “small collection of large houses.”

Also in 1867 a representative of the Swiss Government met with Mr. Armfield and decided to locate in Grundy County a colony wishing to emigrate to America. This movement was sponsored by Captain E. E. Plumacher. He was a gentleman of imposing appearance. I have no actual remembrance of him but he was a firm friend of my grandfather Morton B. Howell, and I heard my grandfather tell such interesting tales about Captain Plumacher that I feel as if I knew him myself. I

do have an exact recollection of his handsome home, which was built in the Latin American style, with a patio in the center of three large wings.

Plumacher was the U. S. Consul to Venezuela at Maracaibo and his trophy room was filled with South American and Indian souvenirs that fascinated me as a boy. Sad to say, the house was too large and pretentious to be kept intact; two of the three wings were permitted to decay and be torn down, leaving only a part of what was once a very handsome home.

The next important happening at Beersheba—and I'm sure you will excuse its very personal nature, remembering my preface to this writing—was the arrival of the Howell family in the summer of 1870.

[Here is omitted a long excerpt from Sue Howell Adam's 50th Anniversary letter which is printed in its entirety in this section.]

Possession of the Hotel has changed over and over again, through the years. Ownership was one thing and finding someone to operate it successfully was quite another matter. A James Satterwhite of New York bought it and let his brother and sister run it with more or less satisfaction to the guests—usually less. Then it was bought in 1886 by Mr. and Mrs. Alex Nelson. They must have operated it for 8 or 10 years because I remember them distinctly.

In those years at Beersheba the two important questions at the beginning of the summer season were: Who is going to operate the Hotel? And How bad is the road? The latter was largely a question of degree and a matter of opinion. I can well remember, after I was a grown man and working, that the matter of getting to Beersheba as quickly as possible became very important. As I watched the horses struggle up the rocky hills, I began to wonder what could ever happen to give us a good road. Certainly watching the county road-workers with pick and shovel didn't give any hope. Then suddenly, almost as if by magic, was the advent of the automobile and of road-building machinery, simultaneously. There were a few years when we rode over from Coalmont, the terminus of the mountain railroad, 12 miles to Beersheba, in T-Model Fords, a hack line operated by those who had driven the horse-drawn hacks. The road was still bad.

Next year we had a big surprise. The red slate boulevard' was completed all the way from Tracy City to Altamont. Then we began regularly driving our own cars all the way from Nashville. That was in 1920, but some hardy autoists had been making the trip all the way from Nashville since 1912. It usually took all day and longer, if heavy rains came. We cottagers at Beersheba never really wanted the railroad to come any closer than Coalmont. It would bring many undesirable elements, we figured. Of course the modern highway brings some undesirables, too, but it brings us most conveniently and then we have had to adjust to the new things. We didn't have electricity at our house until 1942 and we still don't have a telephone—that is, in our own house.

To give a resumé of other owners and operators of the hotel since its Proprietor S. M. Scott in 1874 and for several years, and the Nelson regime in the 1880s, the story goes as follows: It was next bought by a syndicate of property owners, headed by my grandfather, Morton B. Howell, and including Gen. Gates Thruston, Mr. Charles Mitchell, Mr. R. W. Turner and Mr. Tom Northcut of Grundy County. One summer the manager selected for the hotel was my uncle, the late Joseph T. Howell—just three years older than I am. He was a young man of vigor and ability but with absolutely no experience in the hotel business—or any other. It is said that his popularity with the other young men of the community made it very difficult for him to maintain any discipline, and that he was the victim of many practical jokes, such as ringing of the big hotel bell at odd hours of

the day and night, instead of the regularly appointed times. He only lasted one season.

Another year our good friends, Mrs. Louise Means and her daughter, Miss Mary, were chosen to operate the hotel by the owners. The fine ladies had been successful in beginning a catering business in Nashville, which they afterwards conducted in St. Louis with great success. The most good accomplished by their hotel summer at Beersheba was that they came to love the place so much that, they resolved to own a home there as soon as possible. In time this home was built of logs, in the old tradition, and located on the brow of the mountain near an older house— formerly Armfield. It has been occupied, I believe, every summer since its building and is a much loved and a very popular home.

Then it came about that Mr. R. W. Turner, having many business connections in Florida, found a couple there one winter who wanted a place to work in the mountains in the summer—Mr. And Mrs. John Mears. They came at first as operators and later bought the hotel and ran it for a good many years, probably longer than any other managers. They did their very best, too. Certainly Mrs. Mears did, for she worked as hard as any woman could work and remain alive. Mr. Mears was not quite so industrious and sometimes it was noted by careful observers that he was very slow to respond, when she interrupted his horseshoe-pitching in the hotel courtyard, “Sorry I can’t make that trip now, too busy.” Bong! Goes another ringer.

Mrs. Mears was considered a good cook and really famous for cakes. She was capable of turning out good plain food, in sufficient quantity and of keeping at it, persistently and everlastingly, day after day, throughout the summer. That was something, but it wasn’t fancy. It was rarely what you would call delectable. Her kitchen helpers were young mountain girls of the better sort, kind and polite, but entirely untrained—except by her.

Let me say right here that it does seem a great pity that after the heyday of the opening years of the Beersheba Hotel, before the Civil War, when the French chef and his staff from New Orleans were on hand, there were never— not really ever—any trained cooks and servers at the resort. No matter what excellent and experienced colored cooks from Nashville were on hand in the various cottages, the Hotel food was uniformly dull. No wonder that we did not hail with enthusiasm an occasional invitation to dine there. And yet, just 20 miles away at the Sedberry Hotel in McMinnville, the dinners are noted throughout the South for their sumptuous deliciousness. Especially among traveling salesmen. This prevails to the present day.

What was it then that the Hotel had to offer—especially to those of us who had our own homes in which to sleep comfortably and eat agreeably? Ah, it was the social life and that meant the night life. From the very beginning the Hotel was the center of life in the evening and it was just as gay as the particular group who happened to be there could make it. My father wrote in 1922, reminiscing of his boyhood days in the ‘70s: “This going to the Hotel was a great society event. It seems to me I never saw such beautiful dressing—such fine clothes—and fine manners, too.”

Always in these early days there was some sort of a band at the hotel. Sometimes the same band would come back for several years. One of these was Luther Ewing, a fiddler, and his son, who played a harp. They made excellent dance music. Later on, in my own boyhood days around the turn of the century, we had good bands and danced every night—no matter what. Then when dance bands grew larger, fancier and more expensive, the dances were less frequent—just once a week. Then just one or two in the summer. Then we suffered the humiliation of having to go to Montegle to dance and, of course, since the Methodist Assembly has owned the Hotel, the dances

are of the square-dance variety and usually out of doors.

But I am getting on with the story a little too fast. I would prefer to elaborate further on the wonderful excitement and romance of dancing at Beersheba. Naturally, when my time came to begin going to the ballroom every night, I was just as fascinated with this pastime as my father had been before me. And I thought, just as he did, that the ladies dresses were beautiful, their manners elegant, and the music was inspiring. So much for the enthusiasm of youth!

But actually very nice arrangements were always made for the entertainment of the young people, or rather so that they might entertain themselves. We danced the cotillion, or the German, as it was also called. With a limited number of 12 or 15 dancing couples, this was a fine plan for changing partners without having any extra men. We learned all the standard figures of this pretty idea for an evening of dancing, the chance figures and the marching figures, and the little favors that were presented. Just little slips of ribbon to be pinned on, bore numbers and the lucky number won a prize. Although there were no professional teachers of dancing at Beersheba in my day, there were usually bright girls or boys who had learned special dances somewhere and were ready to show their skill and impart their knowledge to others. Thus we all learned the steps of the Virginia Reel and the Quadrille or square dance. Also the waltz, the two-step, the polka and the schottische. Some years later we danced the hesitation waltz, the one-step and the Castle-walk and the tango.

Then there were the fancy dress balls and the masquerades. They were all so much fun and the costumes, we thought, were so original and beautiful. Certainly there were no rented costumes. No Sam Bittner on the mountain. Everything had to be made-up from clothing and materials on hand—things that had been saved in the closets and brought out from year to year. These were also used in the shows that we gave, varying from music-comedies, dramas and reviews to minstrel shows. And then we played charades

with impromptu costumes—sometimes at the hotel but usually in our own cottages. With such gatherings of people of leisure there were plenty of card games, even professional gamblers in the early days, and then changing to semiprofessionals as the years went by.

At this point it seems important to introduce some facts about a building secondary in importance only to the Hotel itself and more important than any one of the cottages. Although it has changed its original status and become one of the cottages and a very hospitable home, it was for many years and from the early days the Store.

Surely you are well aware of the important functions of the principal store in a village and resort such as Beersheba. It was well-built, with a deep stone foundation bringing it up to the level of the road from the sloping mountainside. It was well located, just across the roadway from the main entrance to the Hotel. This main road having just reached the actual, level ground of the mountain top, might well be called Meeting Street. The store was of generous proportions, with a wide central aisle to accommodate 25 or 30 people, sturdy, waist-high counters on each side and plenty of shelves behind to hold the goods. At the back of this room was a big window overlooking the mountainside and giving a view of the Valley below, and beside this window was a table holding a bucket of chalybeate water from the spring—just a hundred yards downhill under the window. The water was usually fresh and I can almost taste its special flavor, even now.

The Store was really the meeting place for everybody. Hotel guests, cottagers, marketers, voyagers and natives from near and far. It was the Club; more frequented than the Hotel office or parlor, and more interesting. It was presided over by the proprietor, Tommy Northcut, a rotund

gentleman of genial manner and countenance even ruddier than my own, sandy hair and a flowing sandy mustache. Tommy had bedrooms upstairs where he could stay when he pleased, which was most of the time in summer season. In spite of his large and comfortable home in Altamont, we think that he preferred Beersheba on account of its greater social advantages. Tommy had a strong and very interesting following of young men at Beersheba, some 15 or 20 of them, banded together for the avowed purpose of “the preservation of late hours.” They must have been very entertaining to Tommy and he likewise entertained them, though not expensively. I only regret that belonging to a little older group, I did not get to spend any time at Beersheba when they were flourishing and so I cannot give a personal account of their exploits, which were, in the main, quite innocent.

Tommy’s successor was his clerk, Marvin Brown, who began to come into importance and popularity in the era of the Body Guard. Many years later when the Hotel was struggling to survive and no longer an asset to the store, Tommy sold the business to Marvin Brown and the store building to Dr. Lucius Burch, who easily converted it into a comfortable home. He added a big stone fireplace on the west side and a big wide porch on the Valley side. The main room became the livingroom of the home and bedrooms were still upstairs. In the Burch dining room there is an old-fashioned store-smell from the salty bacon sides that for so many years were piled on the floor of the back room of the Store. This lingering fragrance will probably last as long as the floor lasts.

This back room of the Store was the scene of some special ceremonies through the years. On one occasion, after Marvin took over the store and before he moved it up the road to its present location on the main highway, there was a prominent wholesale merchant of Nashville visiting on the mountain and my father took him in the old store to meet Marvin Brown. Marvin was so much impressed by this opportunity that he invited the Nashville merchant into the back room to have a drink,” which was poured from a gallon jug into a dipper. From its clear color the guest was not sure just what he was being offered, though it smelled fine—so Marvin, to reassure him, in his excitement, stuttered, “Please don’t be afraid of it—I made it myself.” Marvin passed away some years ago and the B. M. Brown & Son store is now in the capable hands of his son Dennis. With the help of his fine wife and a cousin, Dennis not only operates the store, but also manages the Hotel for the Methodist Assembly, and looks after a farm in the Valley.

In addition to the Northcutts and the Browns there are many other important names in the list of special friends who live in Grundy County all the year round. Most of these are names of large families that we have known all the years since our residence there. Many of them have been very helpful to us in one way or another, as public servants or private marketers of summer vegetables or other products of the soil, or as carpenters, plumbers, electricians or woodsmen. A complete list of these names would be entirely beyond the time and scope of this paper, but in naming just a few of them you can quickly see that they are all pure Anglo-Saxon, with the exception of a few—the ones connected with the German-Swiss emigrants who settled at the community of Gruetli. These were: Plumacher, Hunerwadel, Hege, Greeter, Schild, Stempler and Disharoon. Conava Cagle was a skilled artisan of the early days, and his grandson Charles is now a portrait painter. Dykes and Coppinger were postmasters. Various ones by the names of Hobbs, Tate and Brown were produce handlers; Jesse Whitman and Lige Walker were woodsmen, and James Lafayette McCarver an all-round mechanic.

Perhaps the most picturesque of all were the Perrys— Bill and Liza. They were supposed to be Mormons and lived in a cabin, somewhat off the main road and about two miles from Beersheba. The distance is important, because Liza had to walk it morning and evening, to and from her laundry work at Beersheba. Bill was manager of the laundry so he was usually at headquarters.

Liza did the washing and ironing at my aunt's house for many years, and also at my grandmother's, the Howell cottage. She was highly respected and really beloved at both homes because of her sterling qualities of dependability and industry, as well as her honesty and independence. She was a large woman of few words, but they were always delivered in a very impressive manner. When she was formally introduced to my fiancée by my Aunt Mattie, in the summer of 1916, with one semicontemptuous glance she said, "Humph! Mighty little."

But it was really Bill who took the greatest pleasure and pride in showing his equality to anyone of the summer cottage group who was his age or younger. He loved to call them by their first names and try to impress them with his importance. He said to my cousin, the late Charles C. Trabue, who was the benefactor in many ways of both Bill and Liza—"Charlie do you know that I own hawgs that I ain't never seed?" (Note: of course the woods were full of wild hogs.) Cousin Charlie then asked him what he thought of the new, smooth highway. "I'm agin it," says Bill. "Why," said Charlie. "Why, because," says Bill, "a body's cow crossing it can slip on it and break her leg." "Well, do you have a cow, Bill?" "No, I don't" he says, "but I mought have." Another story goes that one day Liza Perry's Bill was invited to stay to lunch at the Howell Cottage (it was of course his middle of the day dinner). He approached the table with skepticism: "I reckon I can eat onct what you'uns eat all the time."

Bill's personal appearance was arresting. He was not quite as big as Man-Mountain Dean, but he was just as hairy. His costume was a fine combination of style and utility. He usually wore spats in rainy weather, but they were fashioned from sections of innertube and were slipped around his overshoes in order to hold them on. Bill's greatest hardship came after Liza's death but he managed to live on for a few years. His cabin is now deserted.

Another favorite recollection of my cousin Charlie was his story of meeting a mountain couple one day in the middle of the woods. He was fond of walking, preferred to take long walks with a group, but often walked by himself, as he did at this time. Well, the husband of this mountain girl was walking well in front of her and she was carrying a good-sized baby boy. As cousin Charlie passed her he said, "Why don't you have your husband carry the baby?" She replied, "Hit won't let him carry hit."

There's another life-long friend at Beersheba that must appear in this record: Arnold A. Hunerwadel. He was a German-Swiss by birth and may have come over as a young man in the group that settled in the Swiss Colony. But he preferred Beersheba, and after a few years he built a good house on a splendid site where an older house had burned. He was a handsome, large man and had served in the Swiss Army, so he had acquired some education and considerable skill in many crafts. Thus he became our carpenter and our plumber when our bathroom and water-system was established.

He was very much my hero when I was a boy, as he could do almost anything, including the singing of German songs. He was an excellent swimmer and athlete. He provided the mule-drawn wagon that for many years carried 10 or 12 boys per trip twice a week to the Long's Mill swimming pool. His charge for this 10-mile round trip was just 10 cents but he didn't like to go with less than 10 boys so he could make a dollar. Besides, he liked to swim himself. We always called him Mr. Hunerwadel to his face, showing our respect for his dignity as well as his prowess—but behind his back this was shortened to "old Hinkey."

But in many ways he was an admirable man and became a substantial citizen of the community. His place was actually a small farm where he raised everything that he expected to

need and sold the surplus to the cottage housekeepers: vegetables, fruits and grapes, and of course he made wine. He even made cottage-cheese, which was the first I had ever tasted. He married a woman of German descent and they raised 4 children to become good citizens, 2 boys and 2 girls, but only one girl, now a widow, still lives at Beersheba. His older son, Otto, came to his end in far away Burma a few years ago. He distinguished himself there as a capable and much-loved agricultural agent from the United States. His father died at just about the same time and is buried in the old Armfield cemetery at Beersheba.

Some think that with the passing of the pioneer days, when game was plentiful and could be brought home regularly by mountain men to supplement the family food, there began the decline of health, vigor and well-being of mountain families. Store-bought food does not furnish the right vitamins. The store-records of early days—and Isabel has collected a lot of them—showed inordinate purchases of powder and shot, and you know they were not wasted.

But always at Beersheba there was a group, even if small, of steady card-players who played even day and night while the fever lasted. But I am not an authority on this matter, as I never belonged to this group. My card-playing was very spasmodic—just rainy-day games of hearts and fantan. As you have already seen, I was a dancer by night and as you will next see, a swimmer and a walker, by day.

So this brings us to a consideration of the daytime pursuits of a more or less athletic nature, the “sports” afforded at this mountain resort and you can at once realize that they were fundamentally simple. The good hunting of the early days, with plenty of game, was all changed when I came along. We always had guns and made trips but rarely bagged any game. I never killed a wildturkey there or even a squirrel. I managed to kill a few rattle-snakes, two of them with a gun. Fishing was likewise slow, until recent years.

But here are the sports we have enjoyed. From the early days there were bowling alleys, but as you know, they are expensive to maintain and so they gradually disintegrated. I remember three different alleys that are completely gone. Likewise with the tennis courts. Four of these in my recollection have flourished, gone down and then disappeared. We had a two-hole golf course for a year or two, but it did not last. What, no sport at Beersheba? Well, there has been baseball since about 1900. At first, the boys of the cottages just played together, one-eyed cat was what we called it. Then as the game grew in popularity it was arranged to have a team made up of boys from the cottages play against a team from the Hotel. The next evolution was the entry of native or mountain boys into the sport and they soon became proficient enough to form a team and play against the combined boys of hotel and cottages. Finally in the recent years, say since 1940, the Beersheba boys have their own well-organized and uniformed team that plays in a scheduled league against neighboring towns, such as Tracy City, Viola and Irving College. They have even progressed away from the time-honored little field in the center of the village to a better and larger one, leaving the little, old field for the use of the young people of the Methodist Assembly—either boys or girls or mixed.

And always we have had the ancient and honorable sport of walking. Usually we call it just that. Not tramping or hiking or mountain-climbing, although many of the trips do call for going up and down the mountain. Long before the roads were as good as they are now, the walks were always good and tempting. Anyone who has enjoyed walking through woods or along streams and across fields is quite aware of how much more you can see on a walk than you can speeding by in an automobile. So, we always walked at Beersheba and still do, even though not as much as formerly. There are lots of interesting places that can only be reached by walking. Lots more that

require a walk for at least part of the trip. Before the good roads and the autos, we often walked to our favorite swimming pool, the beautiful “Blue Hole,” as it was called in my father’s day, or just Long’s as it has been familiarly known for the past 50 years.

Walking the old Hunter’s Mill Road, really just a footpath through the woods, it was 4 miles. Then using the “stage road” for 3 miles and a narrow logging road through the woods, it was 5 miles. Now we drive our cars to Altamont—5 miles—back-track on a fair road for more than a mile, scramble down a very steep path for 200 yards and amble down the picturesque side of the mountain stream for another 300 yards—to what? Well, you come to the very most beautiful natural swimming pool that you can ever hope to see.

My enthusiasm will not permit me to slight it, so I must describe it in more detail. However, I cannot hope to give a word picture that will do it full justice. Even if I had a good photograph, that would not do it justice. To really appreciate this marvelous pool you must “experience” it yourself. That is, you must go to all the trouble to get there. The drive and the scramble down the steep slope, then the anticipation as you hurry down-stream over the smooth rocks and sand patches until you come around the corner of a big rock and see the crystal-clear water cascading into the big pool. Then you dive in from the bank and as the cool limpid water closes over you, that grand feeling comes back again!

Of course this expedition should be on a bright, sunny day in June and warm enough to make the cool water refreshing, after your exercise. Remember this pool is set in the midst of hemlock and pine woods, with laurel and rhododendron along the banks and sandstone rocks for its bed. No mud anywhere, just smooth rocks and sand. About 200 feet long and 100 feet wide and the depth of the water as much as 8 feet in some places and sloping to waist-deep on the sand bar that extends for 100 feet toward the lower end of the pool. Being a natural pool in a mountain stream, the quantity as well as the quality of the water, varies a good deal. It is usually best in June when there is plenty of water, but not too much. Sometimes in August when the weather has been dry, the stream slows down to a trickle and when this happens, we transfer our swimming to the fine pool in Collins River of the Valley. We do not like to see our beloved Long’s pool when it is in distress.

The big pool of Collins River is quite remarkable in its own right. Forming as it does practically the headwater of this well-known river, it is located about one-half mile by road and a mile by the curving river upstream from the fine bridge where Highway 56 crosses the river. That makes it about 7 miles from Beersheba, 3 miles of this being the ascent of the mountain. It is easy to see that this pool has only been popular since we’ve had the good road and automobiles to make the trip easily. In my boyhood, going to the valley was an all-day trip. There are several features that make this a very fine swimming pool and even more popular with some than Long’s. It is very easy of access, as a car can be driven to within 100 feet of the pool. This access is controlled by our good friend John Walker, as the short road from the highway goes right through his land and alongside his house. In a way, it seems to us that it is his private pool. There is a fine stretch of clear blue-green water, several hundred yards long and more than 100 feet wide. The bottom however is not sandy, but covered with sandstone boulders, so this calls for an entirely different technique for the sport of swimming in this pool. We have a raft made of pine lumber, about 12 feet square and bouyed up by 6 oil drums. This will support 10 or 12 people in comparative comfort and can be easily towed by a rope from the landing on the bank to midstream and anchored there, or it can even be navigated down the stream and back again—on occasions.

But I must mention the most remarkable feature of this Collins River pool—usually just called

“the Valley”—is that when real summer comes (and that is the swimming season) the flow of surface water ceases and this pool is fed by a series of springs, along the bank, and some, we think, in midstream, and the final result of this is really quite remarkable. That is, the dryer and hotter the summer becomes, the colder the water gets in the Valley pool, because it is more and more just spring water. By actual thermometer test, the water from the springs is 58 degrees F. The average temperature of the pool is 60 degrees F.

So there you have a brief account of the outdoor sports at Beersheba Springs, still good after more than one hundred years—namely, walking and swimming. That only leaves one activity of major importance, particularly in the South and most particularly at Beersheba—and that is, the gentle art of conversation and sociability. Now I pray of you, don’t judge too quickly of this amiable matter. In fact, here again maybe you will have to actually experience this sociability as practiced at Beersheba, before you can decide for yourself whether it is really as important as it is supposed to be. We love to think that it has not really changed, in any important particular through the years.

Tennessee Historical Society, 1954

—Morton B. Howell

Sky High Table Land: The Cumberland Plateau

The Cumberland Plateau is only a part of the Appalachian Plateau that extends in a southwesterly direction all the way from the southern border of New York to central Alabama, crossing ten states on the way. Its character differs considerably over this great distance, and in fact within Tennessee itself.

Most people become acquainted with the plateau itself by crossing it on I-40 between Nashville and Knoxville or on I-24 at Monteagle, where they turn north to reach Beersheba. They see a broad, flat-topped ridge one thousand feet higher than the Great Valley of East Tennessee to the east or the Highland Rim to the west. Rimming the plateau edge is an almost continuous line of cliffs, broken by narrow, steep-walled, stream-cut notches running back into the tableland.

The Tennessee portion of the Appalachian Plateau embraces about 4,300 square miles, about one-tenth of the state's area. Along the Kentucky-Virginia line the plateau is about 55 miles wide, but it gradually narrows to about 38 miles near Chattanooga.

The very different appearance of the eastern and western edges of the plateau shows the effect of geology on topography. The eastern edge is an abrupt escarpment, straight to smoothly curving and only slightly notched by drainage that empties eastward into the Tennessee River. The western edge is very ragged and deeply incised by the Cumberland, Duck, and Elk river tributaries that drain it. Why the difference? The answer has to do with early compressional forces, the results of which show up dramatically on the plateau. Hard rock layers were folded like so much spaghetti during the Appalachian mountain building episode 250 million years ago, near the end of the Paleozoic era. These forces, originating somewhere east of the Appalachian Mountain chain, reached far enough to the west to bend the eastern edge of the plateau, but not the western. All along the eastern edge the rocks were folded or broken (or both), so that the same rock layers that form the flatlying rim-rock to the west are tilted in the east, in some places even standing vertically in towering crags and pinnacles. Where the escarpment is thus armored with sloping sandstone layers, erosion is slowed, and the shape of the escarpment is controlled by the direction of the folds. This factor is almost completely absent from the western part of the plateau.

Mountain-building forces are also responsible, indirectly, for topographic differences within the plateau. Tight folding was largely restricted to the eastern edge of the plateau, but elsewhere the rock was compressed to the point of breaking—which it did. Large-scale breaks reduced the stresses, and great masses of rock moved along these breaks—properly called faults—for as much as 10 miles. Faulting is more important in the Great Valley of East Tennessee than on the plateau; but much of the top surface for the plateau has, in fact, been thrust upward and to the northwest along such faults. The entire group of faults that together form the boundary of the displaced part of the plateau is called the Cumberland Plateau Overthrust fault. It is not a single, simple break, but a complex, interwoven system of faults along which some parts of the plateau moved very little, but others moved for great distances.

The system begins near Elverton, in Roane County, where the Little Emory River cuts through Walden Ridge. Along the northeastern margin of the huge area that moved, the fault at the edge is like a tear in a sheet of paper, the rocks on one side having been shoved northwestward past the rocks on the other. This fault generally follows the course of the Emory and Little Emory rivers to

a point near Catoosa in Morgan County, where the fault system turns a corner and angles off toward the southwest. From there on the fault is a thrust, a gently dipping fault plane along which rocks above the fault have moved up and over other rocks. Characteristically such faults bring lower (older) rocks above higher (younger) rocks, and in this instance older rocks from the southeast are thrust over younger rocks to the northwest. Apparently the amount of movement on the fault decreases steadily toward the southwest, from a maximum of perhaps seven or eight miles near the Emory River to almost nothing at the point where the fault reaches the western edge of the plateau near Spencer. The over-riding mass of rock, then, must have pivoted toward the left as it moved.

Sequatchie Valley, the beautiful, almost ruler-straight chasm that bisects the southern half of the plateau in Tennessee, also owes its origin to faulting and folding. First came the fault, which is one of the subsidiary breaks in the Cumberland Plateau Overthrust system. Rock from the southeast was pushed up and over rock to the northwest along a 180-mile break on the west side of Sequatchie Valley. Movement totaled thousands of feet, and the enormous over-riding block was folded into an arch or anticline. At the north end of Sequatchie Valley the arch is still topographically high (Crab Orchard Mountains), but over most of its length it was so fractured and jointed by the bending that erosion has found it easy prey and scooped it out into a long, linear valley.

Sequatchie Valley and the Crab Orchard Mountains form a convenient line for subdividing the plateau. That part of the plateau west of Sequatchie Valley is called by the name commonly applied to the whole, the Cumberland Plateau. That part of the plateau east of Sequatchie Valley is called Walden Ridge, named for Elijah Walden, one of the famous “Long Hunters” of the Daniel Boone era. Two other subdivisions of the plateau in Tennessee also owe their distinctive character, at least in part, to Appalachian mountain-building. These are the Cumberland Mountains and the neighboring Cumberland Block.

To visualize the relationship of the plateau to the Cumberland Mountains, think of a table on one end of which is a pile of books. The table is the plateau, and the table top is the resistant cap rock. In the northeastern part of the plateau the cap rock slopes gently downward and disappears below the land surface in a broad, down-warped area centering on the common corners of Morgan, Scott, Anderson, and Campbell counties, reappearing on the far side. The downwarped area is thus completely surrounded by the resistant cap rock that protects it, like a stockade, from the encircling forces of erosion. Thus protected, within the basin stand towering mountains carved from successive layers of flat-lying sedimentary rocks that have long since been eroded away from other parts of the plateau. These mountains, the book pile of the analogy, are mostly shale inter-layered with numerous coal beds, making this the most important coal-mining area of the state. The tallest of these mountains, 3,534 foot Cross Mountain, is the highest point between the Smokies and the Black Hills.

The high ridges of the Cumberland Mountains present a startling contrast to the way the country looked when the coal beds were first deposited. Microscopic examination shows that coal is made up almost entirely of carbonized plant fragments, from plants that grew in ancient swamps much like Georgia’s Okefenokee Swamp of today. Extensive swamps of this kind are found only in very flat areas, such as coastal plains or wide river flood plains, not far above sea level. In these places the thick vegetation lives and dies, to fall and sink beneath the murky water, which protects the plant material from rapid decomposition. Succeeding generations of swamp plants grow atop the old, falling in their turn to add to the accumulating thickness of plant material. In time the

weight of the accumulating mass squeezes much of the liquid and gaseous constituents out of the lower layers, converting them to a spongy material called peat. Burial of the swamp itself under layers of other sediments adds more weight and compresses the material still further, and deep burial adds the factor of increasing heat to the process of change. All of these factors combine to drive out the liquid and volatile constituents, leaving a thinner and thinner layer that is richer and richer in carbon but poorer in water and hydrocarbons. The material thus passes by successive stages from wood to peat to lignite to coal. The presence of numerous coal beds in the Cumberland Mountains thus tells us a story of many thousands of years of quiet accumulation of plant material, followed by deep burial, uplift, and erosion to form the mountains of today.

The topography of the plateau also exhibits many interesting features smaller in scale than the ones that differentiate regions. Most are caused by the differing resistance to erosion of various kinds of rock. The sides of the plateau itself, the escarpments, are good examples. The vertical bluffs are formed from hard, resistant sandstone that also makes a flat top for the plateau. Below, underlying the gentler lower slopes, are shales and limestones. At almost any place you approach the plateau, if you can get a glimpse of the profile of a slope on some spur, you will see that it forms a sort of graph of the hardness of the rocks beneath the slope; the steeper the slope, the harder the rock. The profile is so characteristic that photographs of different promontories, if taken from the same angle and distance, can be superimposed and only minor differences noted.

Because of the kinds of rock over which the streams flow, there are probably more waterfalls on the plateau than any area of similar size in the state. Above the sandstone that forms the rim of the plateau are successively higher layers of sandstone or conglomerate separated by layers of softer, more easily eroded shale. Wherever a stream flows over the edge of a sandstone layer and digs deep into the underlying, shale, a pool is scooped out. Eddies and currents set up in the pool by the swift-flowing water undercut the edge of the sandstone layer, which breaks off into a vertical face. The pool is now a plunge basin, with a waterfall on one side. This process is especially characteristic of plateau streams, many of which have waterfall after waterfall along their courses as the stream cuts through successive layers of sandstone, each with its accompanying plunge basin. These are, incidentally, very fine natural "swimming holes." Some of the waterfalls on the plateau are famous scenic attractions, in particular Fall Creek Falls in Van Buren County. At 256 feet in height is reputed to be the highest falls in the United States east of the Rocky Mountains, and more than twice as high as Niagara Falls.

The character of the Cumberland Plateau has changed surprisingly little since the days of the Long Hunters, despite the multitudinous activities of man. The timber has been cut again and again, but continues, under better modern management, to grow back. Roads now crisscross its surface, but make only a slight impression on its vastness. In some areas coal-mining has scarred the land, but even this ultimate devil in the pantheon of modern environmentalists can eventually be brought under control and the scars healed, if man and nature work together toward that end. Yet still, as of old, the plateau manages to slow or stop man's restless wandering. Occasionally, as at Rockwood Mountain or at Jellico or at Beersheba, the mountain shrugs its shoulder and another of our expensive highways goes sliding down the slope.

—Edward T. Luther

Our Restless Earth: The Geologic Regions of Tennessee.

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Savage Gulf State Natural Area

The Nature Conservancy transferred 4,138 acres of land to the State of Tennessee and effectively doubled the expanse in the Savage Gulf State Natural Area. The Natural Area was authorized by the 1973 General Assembly to preserve over 10,000 acres of one of Tennessee's finest wilderness areas.

Some 20 miles south of McMinnville, Tennessee, the headwaters of the Collins State Scenic River flow from the Cumberland Mountains of Grundy County. Like a giant crow's foot, the three forks of the river jut southeastward from the old resort village of Beersheba Springs deep into the 2,000-foot plateau. Running for about five miles each, the Collins, Savage, and Big Creek branches tumble down over 800 feet through narrow gorges known locally as "gulfs." Rimmed by sheer sandstone cliffs, these rugged canyons offer the hardy visitor a glimpse of the wilderness that still remains in mid-Tennessee.

Savage Gulf is a wilderness in the truest sense of the word, with its inaccessible gulfs and steep, boulder-strewn slopes, sparkling waterfalls, clear green pools, and virgin forest. The combination of thick forest of hemlock, birch, and rhododendron occurs abundantly in this area. In season, blooming flowers color the slopes and perfume the air. Botanists from the University of Tennessee have identified 636 species and varieties of vascular plants from the natural area, including two species listed as endangered, six as threatened, and one of "special concern," by the Tennessee Heritage Program. This rich diversity of plants represents nearly 30 percent of the plant species known to occur in Tennessee.

An outstanding feature of Savage Gulf is its spectacular virgin forest on the north plateau and in the gorge. In nominating the site for National Natural Landmark status, Dr. Catherine Keever described this area "as the best and largest virgin forest left in a mixed mesophytic region of the Eastern deciduous forest. There is nothing better of its kind in the entire Eastern United States." The mixed mesophytic region, containing deciduous, or leaf-shedding, tree species, once covered two-thirds of the Eastern U.S., so the preservation of Savage Gulf means the protection of a unique part of America's natural heritage.

When Dr. Keever visited the area in 1970, she found that the trees were from three to six feet in diameter and so tall "one had to lie on one's back to see the top." She added: "The ground cover of herbaceous plants, mosses, and ferns was so dense one could not walk without stepping on them. One dripping, huge rock face was covered with the most dense cover of liverworts I have ever seen in one place."

Tree species typical of the mixed mesophytic forest found in abundance at Savage Gulf include beech, tulip poplar, basswood, sugar maple, chestnut sprouts, sweet buckeye, hemlock, red and white oaks. An authority on Savage Gulf vegetation, Dr. Elsie Quarterman of Vanderbilt University, says that two striking features of this forest, are the large size of the trees and the homogeneity of their distribution within the stand.

With its gorges, forested slopes, flat-top ridges and cliffs, the Savage Gulf contains habitats for myriad animal species. Nearly every mammal common to the Eastern U.S. Woodlands is found there, including raccoon, bobcat, opossum, fox, mink, otter, skunk, and deer. Occasionally, black bear have been sighted. The area harbors large numbers of hawks and owls, as well as breeding songbirds. Marshes on the plateau and streams provide breeding sites and living space for approximately 28 species of amphibians, and 31 species of reptiles, including the rare pine snake,

glass lizard, and six-lined racerunner.

The geology of the Savage area has set the stage for its rugged beauty and lush inaccessible canyons. Limestone outcroppings over 250 feet thick contain fossils of shellfish, algae, and microscopic organisms. Geologists estimate sediments extend nearly a mile deep below the area and were some 600 million years in the making. The limestone outcroppings are estimated to be nearly 350 million years old, and the three creeks are sunk into them most of the year. In short, there is little level ground, and as one mountaineer described the place: "It's mitey-near perpendicular."

In an earlier time, this area was a hunting ground sacred to the Indians and their ancestors. Despite its apt description and the picture it evokes, Savage Gulf takes its name from an early settler, Samuel Savage, who was buried at Cagle Cemetery just north of his gulf. In 1833, Mrs. Beersheba Cain found a "medicinal" spring west of the river junction. The springs and a popular resort village were named for her. Until the Civil War, a resort hotel flourished as guests came by stagecoach to sample the healing waters and breathe the fresh mountain air.

When a Swiss consul inquired about a colonization site, President Andrew Johnson advised him to consider Tennessee. By 1869, nearly one hundred Swiss families had emigrated to found Gruetli at the head of the Collins River. Their descendants have positively influenced the perpetuation of the area's beauty.

One of the Swiss-born arrivals was Sam Werner, Sr., who set up a sawmill in 1890, and acquired thousands of acres of mountain timberland. Because of a railway right-of-way dispute, the trees along Savage Creek were not logged at that time, and in 1964, Sam Werner III expressed the hope that the magnificent trees could eventually reseed the entire plateau.

Thus began the effort to save Savage Gulf, first by the Middle Tennessee Conservancy Council and later by the Savage Gulf Preservation League. In 1974, the Nature Conservancy acquired a 192-acre tract, which is habitat for the endangered red-cockaded woodpecker, and later transferred it to the State of Tennessee. With the acquisition of the Huber tract by the Conservancy, the splendid wilderness known as the Savage Gulf State Natural Area was assured.

—Mack S. Prichard Tennessee Department of Conservation

The Springs in and Near Beersheba

Dennis Brown was born in Tracy City in 1907. His family moved to Beersheba Springs when he was one year old. As a lad he was given the responsibility of supplying the hotel with water from the chalybeate and White springs. He recalls carrying two 2-gallon buckets there twice daily. The hotel guests placed half-gallon pitchers outside their rooms and these containers were dutifully filled by a young man who dared not shirk his duty.

The first spring was discovered in 1833 by Beersheba Porter Cain and the waters contained an iron mineral called chalybeate, believed to be curative.

This spring was located just beneath the edge of the mountain, the water flowing from a crevice in the sandstone bluff and into a basin measuring about 36" x 20" and carved out of solid rock. Shortly after the discovery of the spring several cabins were built on top of the mountain for those seeking a summer retreat and the properties of the medicinal water.

Following the erection of additional cabins and the hotel, a second spring was used. Also located underneath the bluff, a few hundred feet west of the chalybeate spring, it flowed from a sandstone crevice about 20 feet under an overhanging shelf into a basin similar to the chalybeate spring. The second spring contained freestone water and was known as the White spring named for an early owner, William (Buck) White.

Leading from the Hotel, situated above the two springs, were two plank walkways about six feet wide. Over the walkways drinking water was carried to the Hotel and nearby cabins.

White spring was enclosed at some point with a brick wall on the outer edge of the bluff with a door facing east. This formed a rather large room which was used to store fresh produce for use at the Hotel and for families at the Armfield Cottage above.

A third spring, Indian Spring, is located a few hundred feet beneath the top of the mountain on the present Backbone Ridge. It flows into a basin smaller than the first two springs. This basin was probably made by the Indians, from whom it got its name.

A fourth spring flowed underneath a bluff known as Lovers Leap, which is located on the north side of the mountain about one-half mile east of the chalybeate spring. This one furnished the first running water in a Beersheba home above the bluff, the invention being a centrifugal pump known as a ram.

About 200 feet east of the Lovers Leap bluff is a second clear spring in a small ravine on the Ferris-McConnico property, now owned by Howell Adams, Jr. This clear spring originally had a house over it; the stone walls marking the flow of the run-off are still visible. It is presumed this water was used by both the Kenner-Ferris and Lovers Leap cottages.

One hundred feet or so beneath the top of the mountain, facing west, is a sixth spring which contained chalybeate water also and furnished water for the place known as Dan. Also located at Dan is a second freestone spring.

The Smith spring was named after the Civil War veteran John Calvin Smith, who purchased several acres of land on what is known as a bench—a level piece of land on the side of the mountain. The spring is about one-fourth mile below the top of the mountain facing east. The Smith spring was the largest in or near Beersheba.

Smith built a large L-shaped log house in which he and his wife Sara reared their nine

daughters and two sons. Apple cider was made by the Smiths from the fruits of the large apple orchards and sold to a distillery in the Shells- ford community in Warren County, to be made into apple brandy, one of the leading products of the time.

Having skill as a carpenter, Smith helped repair the Beersheba Springs Hotel after the Civil War. He also assisted in building the last platform and scaffold for the execution of a criminal in the public square in McMinnville.

In later years Smith moved from the side of the mountain into Beersheba. The logs from his L-shaped house were moved to Beersheba and restructured as the dwelling now known as the Bunk House, owned by the heirs of Wiley M. Tate.

The Gum or Boiling spring is located on the west side of the road leading from Beersheba to Altamont, about one mile from Beersheba. This property was purchased by William A. Brown after the Civil War and he and his wife Neppie (Penelope) reared seven sons and one daughter there.

The spring was named Boiling because of the action of the clear freestone water; it boiled up through a bed of white sandstone. To keep the water clean and pure, Brown would bury a length of hollow black gum log, remove it, and put in another. He also kept three or four salamanders in the spring, as it was his belief they kept the water pure and clean. This spring also furnished water for the first school house in or near Beersheba, known as the Old Burned School House.

The Tanyard spring is located on a site between the Nelson Andrews and Leonard Tate properties and tanning vats were unearthed there several years ago.

Another small spring is located on the side of the bluff between the Hotel observatory and the path leading to Balance Rock.

If you should ask me how I knew about the Smith and Brown connections, I will tell you: they were my grand- fathers.

—Dennis Brown

The Cliffs: The Armfield-Glasgow Cottage

Because of its commanding view of Tarlton Valley and long history, this cottage is one of the most famous in the community of Beersheba Springs. The lot on which the house was built slopes gradually down to Balancing or Pivotal Rock, which affords one of the choice views of the road to McMinnville. Add to these advantages the clear spring below—known as White spring, named for William T. (Buck) White of McMinnville, an early owner— and you find a spot on the Cumberland Plateau seldom surpassed. Only the observatory in front of the Hotel nearby has a wider, more magnificent view.

Beneath the Hotel was the chalybeate spring—containing salts of iron and believed to be medicinal. Beneath The Cliffs was the free-flowing clear spring whose crystal water appealed more to the average thirst and over which was built a two-story spring house in the 1850s to shield it from falling leaves and to provide a cool prospect for visitors to the mountain.

Beersheba is not called Beersheba Springs without good reason, and this spring (now defunct) was one of the reasons Buck White was attracted to the mountain and purchased a large tract there in the 1840s after McMinnville businessmen, thanks to Mrs. Beersheba Porter Sullivan Cain, began to enjoy the chalybeate water and the salubrious qualities of the mountain in summer.

Buck White built for himself, his family, and visitors from the fever-ridden lowlands a modest log structure on this site sometime in the early 1840s. When John Armfield became interested in acquiring and developing Beersheba as a mountain resort in the 1850s, he purchased, according to Isabel Howell's *John Armfield of Beersheba Springs*, a tract of 1,000 acres for \$3,750 from several owners, which included "the original tavern, dining hall, proprietor's rooms, and a row of guest cabins." Miss Howell also notes that Armfield bought White's double-ceiled residence, built of red cedar logs, for an additional \$1,200. This was apparently the first structure on The Cliffs property and the land ran several acres along and beneath the bluff.

It was to this house that Armfield moved his wife Martha Franklin in 1856 when they left Sumner County. They added several public rooms to the White cottage, a bedroom wing, broad porches on three sides, and a number of dependencies or outhouses. According to the Slave Census of 1860, Armfield owned 22 slaves; so there were numerous outlying quarters for them. In addition there was a smokehouse, henhouse in the poultry yard, corn crib, wash house, and stable. Tradition has it that Mrs. Armfield, confined as she was as a year-round resident during the Civil War, prepared for winter by demanding and getting a privy with a fireplace in it.

As loyal Confederates, the Armfields kept their establishment open when the Hotel was closed and were hosts in their home to many prominent refugees: Ex-Governor Isham Harris, Governor-Elect Robert L. Caruthers, Judges Andrew Ewing and Bromfield L. Ridley, and many others. They offered their home for several months to Mr. and Mrs. John H. French of McMinnville, their three children, a cousin Mollie Smith, and two female servants, Martha and Puss. The details of life at Beersheba and in the Armfield house were meticulously recorded by Mrs. French in her diary from May 11, 1863, till July 31, 1864, and include dramatic accounts of the sacking and pillaging that took place at the Hotel and in the various cottages. L. Virginia French told how the ladies, with trowels in hand, went out at dusk to make "interments" on the side of the mountain—burying their silver, jewelry, and watches. Colonel Armfield trusted his valuables to a favorite stump nearby. Victorian lady that she was, Mrs. French did not give details about the dimensions and comforts of

Mrs. Martha Armfield's outhouse, but her diaries have survived and are being published for Beersheba's Sesquicentennial commemoration.

Colonel Armfield died in 1871 and left a very complicated will, or so it proved to be for Mrs. Armfield. She held on to the cottage till 1892—after having left Beersheba to live with her Franklin nieces in Sumner County and in Maryland—and that year sold it to Frank Porterfield of Nashville. But remaining from The Armfield era, and still intact, is the name John Armfield Franklin, July 29, 1865, scratched on the bedroom window pane by Mrs. Armfield's nephew.

Porterfield was under a cloud at the time for misuse and loss of certain assets of the bank of which he was cashier. (Miserably bad timing. He was "long" cotton futures, expecting the price to rise, but was caught and ruined in the panic and crash of '93.) This may throw some light on why he put the cottage in the name of Annie, the eldest of his three daughters. These girls' mother had been the beautiful Betty Kay Woods Castleman, an older cousin of another famous beauty, Queenie Woods Washington, and a contemporary of the elder Woods-Trabue-Thompson ladies then living at Nanhaven. It cannot be determined whether Annie and her sisters or their father and step-mother ever occupied the cottage. In view of the youth of the girls and the difficulties of their father, it seems unlikely.

At the turn of the century Annie Porterfield married Leland Rankin of Nashville and a year later her sister Sue married his brother B. Kirk Rankin who made a modest fortune with the Southern Agriculturist and lost it in the collapse of Caldwell & Co. and attendant calamities. She was the grandmother of Virginia Rankin (Mrs. Samuel H.) Howell.

The cottage on the cliffs was again sold in 1899 to former U.S. General Gates P. Thruston of Nashville. Thruston came to Tennessee from Ohio as a young officer on the Judge Advocates Staff with the Yankee army of occupation. As a part of the military government he did his share of fraternizing and met and fell for one of the Southern belles, Miss Ida Hamilton. The story goes she had gone out of her way to insult him. He retaliated by marrying her, but only after he had agreed to spend the rest of his life in Tennessee. After the war he began a lucrative law practice and was busy in all sorts of legal, banking, commercial, civic, historical, antiquarian, archeological, and genealogical activities. A man of many parts, he cut quite a figure. It was said he owned a house at some Eastern spa like Saratoga but preferred to spend his summers at Beersheba, arguing and refighting the War Between the States with his old enemies in the field, the many Confederate veterans living in and around Beersheba.

His son by Ida, Gates, Jr., was a lifelong lover of Beersheba. He had earned several university degrees but none of them seemed to lead in any particular direction. Perhaps with a premonition of the short time remaining to him, he turned to the mystic and occult. He had a small cabin put up for himself on what is now Trabue property and kept a room set aside in the Joe Hobbs' cabin in the Valley. He died young, and the old General died about the same time—1912.

The cottage was later sold to the Claude P. Street family of Nashville. General Thruston's second wife was related to the Streets. Their stewardship of the cottage is recalled in a reminiscence by Mary Phillips Street Schoettle.

Mrs. C. P. Street, Sr., widowed in 1924, sold the cottage in 1943 to Dr. and Mrs. S. McPheeters Glasgow of Nashville. Mrs. Glasgow was the former Sammie Keith and affectionately called "Miss Sammie" by many, including the mountain folk who grew to love her and appreciate her energy and sense of humor. The Glasgows and their six children had spent many summers in Michigan, where Dr. Glasgow served as summer physician at a resort. When his health began to

fail, Mrs. Glasgow looked for a mountain retreat closer to home. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. Walter Keith, had a cottage at Monteagle that she wanted them to have, but the more relaxed and quieter atmosphere of Beersheba Springs appealed to them; their friends the McClouds, the Mitchells, and Miss Mary Means had already acquainted them with the community.

Not long after Miss Sammie bought the Street cottage, she and her daughter-in-law Bobbie, wife of S. McPheeters Glasgow, Jr., were staying at Miss Mary Means' cottage next door, and walked over to the house soon to be called The Cliffs. Bobbie recalls that day: "Mama was full of fun, and I'll never forget the day she and I first went through the Beersheba cottage to check it out. Walking from room to room and giggling like a couple of school girls, we selected rooms for this person and that. It was in considerable disrepair, but we could see the possibilities and it was very exciting."

Miss Sammie's vision resulted in the rehabilitation of the house. She added a bathroom and converted two rooms on the back of the house into one large livingroom, with French doors opening onto a wide stone terrace which overlooked the valley. Eventually she added a second bathroom, called "the boys' bathroom," a cistern house framed by elaborate Victorian woodwork found in an old mansion in Nashville, and a garage which now houses an old surrey. Dr. Glasgow especially enjoyed sitting on the terrace overlooking the valley and puffing on his cigar.

Through the years since Miss Sammie's purchase of The Cliffs, many members of the Glasgow family and their guests have benefited from her restoration and additions. The guest book dating from those early days is full of delightful comments and happy memories. One entry in 1954 by Mary E. Watkins pays tribute to Miss Sammie as the gracious hostess she was: "To be able to give pleasure to so many people is a rare accomplishment. More power to you." In 1960, Mrs. Mildred G. Adams wrote how she had enjoyed The Cliffs—where I spent my first night 14 or 15 years ago when the cottage was purchased. Miss Sammie, my son Garrett and I slept in the front room on the right and John Armfield's ghost seemed to be around! Since that time this house has seemed a haven of peace and rest—and I have spent many nights, always with the gracious and lovely hostess—Miss Sammie. Thank you for another visit!"

The guest book reveals a constant stream of visitors and family members. After Dr. Glasgow's death in 1952, Miss Sammie continued to spend much of her time at her beloved Beersheba cottage. She became fast friends with the Tate, the Argo, and Richardson families; in fact, Mary Jane Richardson came to Nashville to live with Mrs. Glasgow while she was in school. In Miss Sammie's last years, Mary Jane was her loyal and caring companion, and because of her, Mrs. Glasgow was able to live in her own home in Nashville until she died.

At her death in 1963, Miss Sammie left The Cliffs to her 17 grandchildren, all of whom had known the cottage since childhood. Memories of those years recall tricycles racing back and forth on the porches, baths in rain barrels, elaborate plays produced on the stage in the attic (always watching for bats swooping down, amid great hilarity),

ping-pong games on the porch, late-night sings, endless games of Sardines, meals at the Hotel and at the Argo sisters', Mabel Tate's lemon pies, and "Stoney," our permanent Springer Spaniel on the front porch.

The Cliffs is presently owned by 13 of Miss Sammie's descendants—three daughters and 10 grandchildren. One of the first rituals upon arriving is to arrange the rocking chairs on the porch corner where there is always a breeze! All day and late into the night those rocking chairs are in almost constant use.

A typical Fourth of July weekend will find 20 or more people spanning three generations in residence, family dogs, and several visitors at The Cliffs. By the end of the weekend, the visitors will have figured out how all these people are related to each other.

We have several dreams for the house. The attic has great potential as a dormitory; the outhouse—the six-seater—needs repair and is in danger of falling off the cliff; and the cistern house could make a delightful screened-in gazebo. Efforts are being made to restore the brick kitchen, one of the oldest sections of the house. In the last few years Miss Sammie’s stone terrace has been rebuilt, the summer house overlooking Balancing Rock has been shored up, and there are work parties spring and fall to take care of the many repairs and cleanups needed.

Although 13 people cannot always agree, we have a wonderful time at The Cliffs, because in addition to our kinship, we share a strong bond in our love for the cottage, which so long ago was the dream of our wonderful grandmother. As Grace Watkins wrote in the guest book in July 1965, “. . . we all agree, Beersheba is next to heaven.”

We think Colonel and Mrs. Armfield, whose house it was for many important and dramatic years, would be both pleased and amused at our good times here in the twentieth century.

—Susan Glasgow Brown

Blame It on Gravity

One day Miss Sammie Glasgow approached her neighbor Morton B. Howell in a bit of a fluster, worried about a letter she had received from someone in the State Highway Department. The letter said it was believed that the large rocks lying on and near the side of the highway down the mountain had fallen from the cliffs of her place. “What am I to do?” she implored. “Why, nothing of course,” was his advice. “Just hope they don’t ask you to put ‘em back.”

Memories of the Armfield Cottage

My memories of the Streets living in the Armfield Cottage are mainly “little girl” memories, personal and not historical. I have a picture dated 1915 of me standing on a bench in the front yard, and I remember the pleasures of playing in a sandpile and swinging on a rope swing tied to a pole between two of the big maples toward the front fence. I remember the joy of climbing to the very tiptop of those big trees and swaying in the breezes there and being slightly scared but staying there anyway.

There were two wooden swings suspended from the ceiling at each corner of the side porch, diagonally. These had cushions and pillows and seated about three people; they were wonderful to lie on while reading. I read the same Zane Grey books and *The Enchanted Barn* every summer! My mother and any visiting ladies used to sit in big wooden rocking chairs and knit, crochet, or embroider handkerchiefs for Christmas presents. From that side porch one could enjoy the view of the mountains, activity in the road in front, and hear what went on at the hotel, especially loud laughter.

For several summers we rented a cow which grazed in the fenced area to the left of the house. During that time we took a cook, a houseboy (who milked the cow, waited on table, fetched drinking water from the White spring below Balancing Rock, drew cistern water for cooking, and pumped well water for the cow and clothes washing) and Aunt Tair (Charles Thruston’s nurse),

who bossed the others, cleaned lamp chimneys, and I guess helped the cook. Aunt Tair stayed in the room between the kitchen and dining room. The cook and houseboy stayed in the quarters (3 rooms) across the yard to the left of the house and in front of the smokehouse. The barn was behind the smokehouse, and we had chickens out in the pasture with the rented cow. There was a holly tree near the barn where the chickens used to roost at night.

The milk was put in rather large round shallow pans and placed on shelves in the cellar, our refrigerator, and the cream was skimmed off the next morning or evening. Mother made cottage cheese from some of that milk, and occasionally churned butter from the cream. Aunt Tair helped with that, I think. We bought vegetables from the local people who brought them around to the various cottages. Later we planted a garden in the plot to the right of the house, the site of Mrs. Armfield's garden. Except for chicken and bacon, ours was a vegetarian diet. There were the remains of Col. Armfield's orchard on the slope by Balancing Rock—apples and plums—and somewhere there were a couple of pear trees. But the best fruit came from the Hunerwadel place, especially those wonderful raspberries!

The roads from Nashville were not so good in those days, especially from McMinnville to Beersheba, so we stayed three months; my father would come for a week or two, and any visitors would stay at least a week, usually longer. My two older half-sisters, Charles Thruston, my cousin Mamie Duncan, and many of their friends were all there at one time or another. I remember meals with a score of people in the dining room.

The attic was a great place to play. There was a raised level up there conducive to putting on shows. There were trunks or chests of old clothes for dressing up and odds and ends of furniture for stage props.

Beersheba was a wonderful place to spend one's youthful summers, and I feel blessed to have been able to stay there. The young people who gathered daily at the Howells' tennis court or at Long's Mill pool are all part of my happy memories. The Sunday evening song services are another pleasant memory. Sometimes these took place at our house and sometimes in the parlor at the hotel. Martha Howell Bartles was always the pianist and I always envied her because she could play by ear anything anybody wanted to sing. Her brother Mort Howell often led the singing.

Our parlor had, in addition to book shelves and a piano, a very comfortable reclining chair—another wonderful spot for reading! There was a round table in the center of the room with a coal oil lamp that had a large round wick and a white glass shade; it gave a fair amount of light. Later we had a Coleman lamp there. On cool or rainy nights, there was a fire in the fireplace. Only the dining room and kitchen had screens at the windows and doors. At night we used to close the blinds on other windows to keep out things like bats and bugs that might be attracted by the lamp light! I am reminded that there was a water tank on stilts outside the back of the diningroom. In the closet, to the right of the fireplace, there was a toilet seat but, as far as I know, it had never been connected with the water tower or with any drainage. A bit of tin flooring was in the other corner, but we put a wash tub there to catch water from a huge lard-can shower! Needless to say, that shower wasn't often used! We had to heat the water, take it up a ladder and pour it into the can, then finally empty the tub below. It was easier to go to Long's, or Laurel, or "The Drip"—the little creek that goes down the mountainside a little past Roundtop, the Trabues' house. But each bedroom had a washstand, china bowl, pitcher, soap dish, pottie, and tali jar with top in which to pour the wash water—the slop jar. Maybe we just didn't seem to get very dirty in those days.

—Mary Phillips Street Schoettle

The Turner Cottage

The builder on lot number one at Beersheba, across the lane from John Armfield, was John Meredith Bass (1804-1878), a long-time personal friend, attorney, president of Union Bank, and mayor of Nashville in 1833. His wife was Malvina Grundy, daughter of Felix, who had practiced law with Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk and for whom the county is named.

Construction on his house began in 1856. It was clapboard with 13-foot ceilings and smoothly plastered walls. On each side of the central hall-living room, with latticed dining room behind, there were two bedrooms opening together with connecting doors, each with a fireplace. To the rear and apart from the main house, a two-room kitchen and servants house was built. A large cistern was dug and brick lined just in front of the kitchen and covered with a gazebo as pumphouse. On the rear of the lot were a stable, a cow barn, and a hen house. A deep veranda ran across the full width of the front. In the lot adjoining to the west, a clapboard one-room structure served as an office.

The diary of Lucy Virginia French (1863) indicates that the Bass family did not occupy their cottage during the Civil War and that she and her husband, John Hopkins French, children, and servants, moved there from the Armfield Cottage in August of '63. Mrs. Bass had died in July while visiting relatives in Missouri, and Bass, to escape Federal troops in Tennessee, had gone South. It is likely that the cottage was not used by the Bass family and stood empty for some years after the war.

In 1879 R. McPhail Smith of McMinnville purchased the cottage. Being a widower, Smith lived in the "office" and turned the cottage over to his eight sons, with the requirement that they take turns standing down at the corner to keep the cattle, which wore bells, from becoming entrapped at the cemetery, near his quarters, for at that time Armfield Lane came to an end at the cemetery.

In 1897 Robert Williamson Turner, then aged 46, a successful real estate and business man, brought his wife, Sally, his son Robert Jr., and his daughters Boneda, Bess, and Sue to the Beersheba Springs Hotel for the summer. They had spent two previous summers at Kingston Springs and found the society there quite dull. The Turners returned in 1898 and 1899 when, because of the death of Mr. Smith, Mr. Turner was able to purchase the Bass Cottage. Even though he was able to acquire only a promissory deed, owing to the fact that three of the Smith sons were under legal age, he engaged architect James M. Yeaman of Nashville to remodel and enlarge the cottage to meet the needs of his family. They soon named it Summer Rest Cottage.

R. W. Turner, son of William C. Turner and his wife Sara Hawkins, was born in Nashville on July 16, 1851. He left home at 14 because his mother had died and he felt no love nor liking for his new step-mother. The Turner family had a drayage company and through this connection young Robert was able to get a job as a "butch" on a train, and later plied the Mississippi as a river boat gambler. This profession enabled him to return to Nashville with sufficient capital to open a real estate office. He also became

associated with an old family friend, Captain William Vanderford Wright, who also had a drayage firm, and whose title Captain came from his association with the river boats. Five years later Turner married Captain Wright's daughter, Sally Josephine. Reared a devout Methodist, she disapproved of liquor, the use of tobacco, and any form of gambling. Sally Wright, then 16, and Robert Turner, then 26, addressed each other as "Mrs. Sally" and "Mr. Turner" for the rest of their

lives.

Having drawn blueprints for additions and expansions, James Yeaman, who had remodeled Charles Mitchell's confectionary shop in Nashville, submitted the plans to the Turners and they approved them. (The original drawings were framed and are today on display in the upper hall of the cottage.) At the rear of the downstairs was added a butler's pantry on the kitchen side, and a guest room for Robert Jr. on the other side. The dining room was extended and fashioned with fancy windows containing quarrels of glass typical of the Victorian age. The central hall-living room became the front hall with stairs leading to the newly added second floor which consisted of a central living-hall, four bedrooms with fireplaces, and the unheard of first "indoor" bathroom at Beersheba. It is said that Beersheba natives had some misgivings about anyone who would move his out-house indoors.

The left front bedroom downstairs was opened to the hall with a wide, high-framed doorway to serve as the new living room. In the ceiling of the front hall a 5 by 10 foot octagonal opening with banister was placed to provide a natural flow of air. This "well hole," along with transoms over all doors, and windows and a door in each end of the third floor attic, completed the Victorian version of air conditioning, and to this day is quite adequate, even on the hottest summer day.

On the exterior downstairs, large octagonal cupolas were added to the existing front porch and this complete porch arrangement was repeated upstairs. Downstairs a long porch was added to the kitchen side to connect the kitchen house to the main house by a breezeway. To the kitchen house was added a second servant's room for the male servants, and a screened back porch to increase the space for food preparation.

As soon as school was out in early June of 1900, Mr. Turner left his house on College Street and, with William Burns driving the surrey, embarked on a three-month stay at his new summer residence. He voiced the opinion that "a man ought to make enough in nine months to live well for twelve." His "caravan" consisted of a surrey, two wagons, loaded with the summer's provision, and three colored men. He rode on horseback, as did Robert Jr. Mrs. Sally, Bess, Sue, and the four colored women left two days later by train and were picked up at Tracy City.

The "caravan" spent the first night at a farm near Hillsboro, where sufficient accommodations were available, and a large barn could hold the wagons, making it unnecessary to unload. The second night was spent at the Sedberry Hotel (whose dining room was justly famous) in McMinnville. The third day they arrived at Beersheba about noon. There, fresh horses were hitched to the surrey and William left for Tracy City to transport the party who had come by train. Their arrival took place near midnight, which was no concern to Mrs. Sally because, it is said, she never made a bed or darkened the kitchen door when she was in residence in Nashville, and Beersheba was no different. She knew that everything was in order because of Mr. Turner and the reliable servants.

Next morning, Mr. Turner was presented with a problem when William, a handsome black who had come to work for him as a house boy at the age of 14 and now called himself William Turner instead of William Burns, asked to speak to Mr. Turner on the front porch. "Mr. Turner, I likes it here at Beersheba, but y'all gwine have fine me some place to stay cause I ain' gwine share no room with no nigga." It seemed that, even at Beersheba as late as 1900, the caste system operated within the domestic "family." Mr. Turner quickly responded to this need of William's and a two-room, unused store that stood at the end of the lane behind the Mitchell Cottage was rolled on logs onto the rear corner of the property. This became known as "William's House" and was the

scene of many night-time gatherings of the help at Beersheba well into the 30s.

Mr. Turner planned many outings at Long's Mill for Mrs. Sally and friends. Tables, chairs, linens, china, silver, and hot food were taken out by wagon before the ladies and gentlemen, in their finest of clothes, arrived for a "picnic by the pool," having ridden out on horseback.

The Turner Cottage was the birthplace of Boneda's first child Robert Turner Merritt on August 1, 1901. It was during these early days of picnics, horseback rides to Stone Door, horse races at Morgan Lodge, walks to Laurel Falls and gala balls in the ballroom of the hotel that Sue, having gone to Vienna to study music, brought home her dashing Austrian army officer husband, Victor Apfelbeck. There are a few who still remember, Eugene Bohr being one, Victor's bright blue and red uniform, his shiny black patent leather boots and helmet with flowing white plumes.

It was about this time that Boneda had her second son, Alfred G. Merritt, Jr. Bess married Fred Cason of Miami, a young red-haired lawyer. Robert married Isabel Buttorf, a frequent visitor at the Howell cottage, one of seven daughters whose father was in the stove business in Nashville. They had a son Robert III. Later, after World War I, Sue would return from Europe, a divorcee, and marry Joseph Gibson, Jr., also a frequent visitor to Beersheba, and have one child, Suzanne.

Often in residence at the Turner Cottage was Mrs. Sally's younger sister, Sue Wright, who later married W. W. Dillon of Nashville. It was a very busy place with friends and family coming and going, all bedrooms full, and all servants busily employed.

The deaths of Mr. And Mrs. Robert Turner in the early 30s brought to an end a splendid way of life at the Turner Cottage. But Bess and Fred Cason came from their home in Miami each summer to open the cottage and hired kitchen and stable help from McMinnville and rented horses from Mr. Barnes in Viola. Grandeur may have waned, but not the gracious way of life nor love of Beersheba. They rode across the mountain, played poker with the John Vertrees and Jessica Spurlock and bridge with Elsie and Lucius Burch. The third generation of Turners—Alfred, Bobby, Turner and Suzanne—came to respect Uncle Fred's generous and fun-loving nature and Aunt Bess's firm resolve that all should be perfect for her "Dicky's" vacation.

World War II saw the enormous cottage opened and staffed, even with difficulty, because Bess's will prevailed. After the war a family decision had to be made. Either lease the cottage to someone to run on a commercial basis so the family could come whenever they desired, or sell it. Since the latter was not only unacceptable but unthinkable to Sue, she decided in 1945 to renovate the entire cottage, with the help of John Tate, Frank Smith, Willie Dykes, and Elijah Walker, and open it to paying guests.

The house was completely rewired, three baths added with running water in every room, and a second cistern built. Plaster was knocked down and replaced, and all the walls and woodwork repainted. The kitchen was modernized and the kitchen house again enlarged as living quarters for Sue Turner Gibson as hostess. In May of 1946, the "Turner Cottage" was open for business. Friends from Nashville had a charming place to stay at Beersheba for the first time in years and they spread the word. Sue also wrote a weekly social column for the Sunday Tennessean.

In 1951, Sue gave up her enterprise and she and the family turned it over to her daughter Suzanne and husband John Fassnacht, who became custodians so the house could stay open for the family. This arrangement continued until the early 70s, when by request of friends, a plan was devised whereby visitors could pay their way. So the hospitality at the Turner Cottage continued.

The Office or Holly House, as it was renamed, has filled many needs. With Mrs. Sally's stern

views about drinking, smoking and card playing, it provided a “place of resort.” Later it was a club house for the children in each generation, an overflow bunkhouse, and for a time a quiet place of worship for the Rev. R. W. Turner III and his family and their friends during vacations.

“William’s House” grew from time to time and was home for a few years for the Argo Sisters and their mother; later for the Dennis Knight and Elmer King families, the James Perrys, Carl Garland, and now Linda Lingold.

All the while, Aunt Bess, as she has become known to the whole family, friends, and acquaintances, has come back from Miami summer after summer to enjoy her beloved cottage and to help us preserve a little of the Beersheba of old as she remembers it. Our great loss in 1948 was the death of Uncle Fred Cason of a heart attack in the front yard.

New Year’s of 1956 saw the first winter houseparty, with John and Suzanne and friends and Aunt Bess from Miami celebrating the 100th birthday of the house. This was so successful that further use of the cottage in winter began. But New Year’s 1960 left no doubt that Papa had built a truly summer cottage. Neither fires in the living room and in every bedroom nor hot bricks in every bed nor hot toddies in every tummy could warm those revellers. Yet with nine inches of freshly fallen snow covering the entire mountain, nobody cared. There were snow fights, snow men, snow drinks, snow ice-cream, and the toast of the weekend: “Here’s snow in your eye.”

Since 1971 twenty-five foot Christmas trees have graced the front hall and stockings have been hung on every post of the stairway. In 1972 Dennis Knight took eight of us in his pick-up truck to cut our own tree. Thanks to the excitement of the occasion and the warmth of Dennis’ Gruetli wine, none of us felt the prickly cedar as we sat atop the huge tree jouncing our way out of Stone Door Gulf.

In the spring of 1973, the big dinner bell rang to gather family and guests for the marriage of Joseph Martin Fassnacht and Cheryl Gray on the front walk under the big holly tree. As was the custom with many young people in 1973, they had written their vows and the ceremony of Joe’s uncle, Father Carl Fassnacht, was short and informal. The day was chilly but the sun and the May wine warmed friends and family, some of whom had come a long way. Turner Merritt was there from Atlanta, and of course Aunt Bess from Miami.

On May 27, 1978, the charming stone Catholic Church, St. Margaret Mary, 25 miles away at Alto, Tennessee, was the scene of Matilda Fassnacht’s wedding to Chip Misgen. The mission bell of the church rang out long and loud after the mass, which was also said by Father Carl.

A procession of over 100 cars followed the bridal party back to Beersheba. At the cottage cases of champagne cooled in an ice-filled canoe. Buffet luncheon for 250 guests was prepared in the kitchen and proved the reputations of Mabel Tate, Frances and Dorothy Brown, Mary Nunley, and Maude Hunter as the “best cooks on the mountain” and as friends to be counted on. Friendship was everywhere.

Charlie and Mary Trabue lent their cottage to the groom, his family, and friends from Colorado; a few spilled over into the Holly House since Turner Cottage was the “bride’s house.” Guests were graciously bedded down at the Drumright and Glasgow cottages and in the entire Post Office row at the hotel.

Not since the Turners’ Golden wedding anniversary in 1927 had this house seen such festivities. Tilda threw her bouquet and Chip took the satin garter from her leg. An old-fashioned Victorian wedding, for which the cottage was a perfect setting, had been Tilda’s dream for many

years, and her father John, much against his wishes, wore a brown Edwardian dress suit like those of the groomsmen, and like Rick's seven year old son, Heath, who served as ring bearer. So for several generations Beersheba maintained its historical continuity.

In 1956, Charlie Trabue and John Fassnacht revived the launching of Japanese hot-air balloons from the Hotel observatory. At first successes were few and short lived. Not until Mary Katherine Lewis of Chattanooga suggested that crepe paper be used, instead of tissue, did successes outnumber failures and the Beersheba residents as well as cottage folks could go there and cheer them on their way up the valley or all the way over to Tother Mountain. Dr. Beverly Douglas and Norman McEwen supplied great excitement and competition in the 1950s with the launching of their helium-filled plastic dry-cleaner-bag balloons, with rockets and highway flares attached.

On the Fourth of July 1976, the Bicentennial, Lou Garcia of Lookout Mountain, a guest at the Turner Cottage, built and brought up a shark-shaped balloon and a man-of-war jellyfish shaped balloon, all of crepe paper. But the traditional red-white-and-blue balloon also had to be built and launched to commemorate the Bicentennial. The standard design called for six packages of different colored crepe paper with all the crepe stretched out, carefully glued together with model cement into a large tubular shape, closed at the top and with an eighteen-inch ring of clothes hanger wire glued into the open bottom onto which the "engine" was attached. The engine was a chimney of screen wire wrapped in foil and filled with two balls of excelsior bound tightly with copper wire and boiled in candle tallow.

The cottage with its 13-foot ceilings and "well hole" was a perfect spot from which to hang the balloon during construction. John Fassnacht had retired as chief engineer, but not before training Tilda to take his place. With the inherited cunning of her great-grandmother, Tilda engaged the help of brothers, sister-in-law, and friends, and no longer quaked with fear over her latest balloon as they gathered at the Observatory to test the wind, light the wicks, hold out the sides while filling, and yell finally: "She's ready, let her fly!"

Throughout the years the Turner Cottage has boasted of having some of the best cooks on the mountain: Flossie and Sara Argo, Mrs. Mary Suter of Gruetli, Mae Walker,

Georgia Knight, Beulah Mae Brown, Vernie Scott, Jean King, and Linda Lingold. In 1982 Suzanne's dream was fulfilled when she and Linda co-authored *The Turner Cottage Cookbook*, a collection of many years from the cottage kitchen, along with additions from friends and family. There are none from Mrs. Sally; she had always put her mind to other things.

The Turner Cottage has been a vacation spot, an escape from the fevers and heat of the South, a haven in time of several wars, periods of national stress, and a setting for celebrations. In 1980 Suzanne and John mailed out their first announcement cards. "The Turner Cottage" was open for reservations by referral, with John and Suzanne as managers, and a new and eager cook, Linda Lingold. One of their first reservations was made by French Frazier and his wife Frances of Lookout Mountain. For the first time French had come to stay in the cottage at Beersheba where his great-grandmother Lucy Virginia French had written her diary 117 years before.

Would Mrs. French consider it a compliment that in 1982 fourteen young houseguests celebrated the first annual "Lucy Virginia French Croquet and Mimosa Classic" on the front lawn; would Mrs. Sally forgive the champagne in the Mimosas; would Mr. Turner enjoy the bets on the outcome of the croquet game? We think so, for therein lies the continuing love and the enjoyment of the Turner Cottage.

—Suzanne Gibson Fasnacht

The Mitchell Cottage

In 1857 John Armfield sold lot number two in the Beersheba development to Dr. Thomas J. Harding of Savannah and built the charming raised cottage out of handmade brick. The long elevated porch across the front terminates in a circular pavilion. There are graceful capitals on the columns that support the roof; the rich texture of the white latticework and the painted railings compliment the paired columns; the combination achieves an open, floating effect for a house whose foundations are set on cool solid rock. Architecturally, this cottage is unique at Beersheba and one of the best preserved antebellum structures in Tennessee.

Mrs. Thomas J. Harding was Margaret Bass, the daughter of John Meredith Bass and his wife Malvina Grundy, whose own cottage was next door and is now the Turner cottage. Both the Harding and Bass families enjoyed their commodious summer homes until the Civil War forced their closing. On July 26, 1863, when bushwhackers and renegades struck Beersheba, ransacked the Hotel, and began to break into the cottages, Mrs. L. Virginia French noted in her diary: "Mr. Armfield seeing that the place was going, opened Dr. Harding's and Mr. Bass's cottages, just opposite, and told his negroes to come and remove whatever they wanted. The negroes pitched in with a will and furniture and housekeeping articles changed places rapidly."

Unlike many cottage owners, Dr. Harding came back to the mountain and joined John Armfield in taking over several properties in 1867. He was also available as physician to cottagers and hotel guests. A widower by 1892, he sold the Harding Cottage to Mr. Charles Mitchell of Nashville, a well-known confectioner and baker of 323 Union Street. The bakery business had been established in 1848 by George Grieg, a native of Scotland, whose daughter Annie eventually married Charles Mitchell, himself a native of Scotland. The Mitchells had three children: Charles, Margaret, and George. They were in their teens when their father bought the cottage and spent a part of each summer there for the remainder of their lives.

While negotiating for the purchase of the Harding Cottage for \$2,000 in 1892, Charles Mitchell proposed in a letter to L. A. Champion that he would pay "One third cash on receipt of deed with all taxes paid up to & including 1892, balance in two notes 12 & 24 months from date of deed, 6% interest per annum each for one third of purchase money." Then his frugal nature, characteristic of the Scots, is revealed. "I could not without borrowing pay cash & to borrow is against my creed."

The younger Charles Mitchell (1873-1952) was considered Nashville's "most eligible" and "most perennial" bachelor. He and his brother George, who married Mary Rauschenberger, ran Mitchells' as partners but were quite different personalities. Charles was a public figure involved in cultural, religious, and theatrical affairs in Nashville. It was said that he knew everybody from bishops to bartenders, made a thousand friends each year as he dispensed handdipped chocolates from the store's mahogany cases, and seldom spent a night at home unless there were guests. Although he never learned to drive a car, he was known to make three or four parties in one evening and often followed up with a brief "party call" to assure his hostess of the good time he had had under her roof. On one occasion he arrived fifteen minutes late for a lecture on the Peabody lawn, slipped quietly into a vacant chair, and heard the speaker announce: "Ladies and gentlemen, I'll begin now. Charlie Mitchell has arrived."

George Mitchell was soft-spoken, unassuming, friendly but not gregarious. Charles credited

him with keeping the family business going, with the steady help of his wife Mary, and Nashville considered George one of the finest candy makers in the South. George and Mary Mitchell enjoyed many vacations at their cottage, spending much of the time restoring and refurbishing the house themselves and keeping it always in prime condition.

Margaret Mitchell married the Reverend J. Francis McCloud, an Episcopal priest originally of Pennsylvania. He was associated with several churches in Nashville and the two of them were active in a number of charitable organizations in the city. After her husband's death, Mrs. McCloud continued to keep the cottage open each summer and entertain a number of her friends and those of her brother Charles. Her cook Arzola accompanied Mrs. McCloud to the mountain and was happily set up in the enlarged doll's house, a dependency at the end of the kitchen wing.

Charles Mitchell entertained lawyers, judges, businessmen, and younger friends at bachelor parties in autumn to see the mountain colors; they spent a great deal of time on these occasions swapping stories around the open fire in the tap room on the lower level of the cottage. Mr. Charlie enjoyed indulging himself and his friends in theatrical reminiscences, for the theatre was the great love of his life. He had followed the stage in Nashville, New York, Boston, and London and seen performances by the world's finest actors, including Sarah Bernhardt, Edwin Booth, and four generations of the Drew-Barrymore family. Ethel Barrymore once wept when he described a performance he had seen her mother give in his youth. And he carried on a lively correspondence with Helen Hayes, who wrote of his box of chocolates: "This is not candy, Mr. Mitchell. This is a sheer dream."

On May 5, 1965, thirteen years after the death of their brother, George G. Mitchell and Margaret Mitchell McCloud conveyed the Mitchell Cottage and its grounds to their friends of many years Ewing C. and Irene Shemwell Drumright of Nashville, who had visited the cottage often and shared the Mitchell enthusiasm for Beersheba. Ewing Drumright was an insurance executive with Hall and Benedict before his retirement and a man with a passion for gardening. Mrs. Drumright has spent many hours on the wide front porch of the cottage following her hobby of sewing and needlework. Their son and four daughters visit the cottage in summer and bring the ten grandchildren and three great-grandchildren. So the raised cottage with its original Beersheba swing on the porch is the happy meeting place for four generations of the Drumright family.

Why the Mitchell house, unlike other Beersheba cottages, was built of brick is an unexplained mystery. The partition walls rise from a solid rock base and the original building consisted only of the brick portion. The bricks were apparently stained their present color and later those on the porch were neatly stenciled by someone with a highly professional touch. The cupola or pavilion at the end of the front porch was added after 1892, but the general appearance of the house has changed very little since this addition and the kitchen in back, which forms an L, were constructed. The doll's house beyond the kitchen was originally a 12 x 12 playhouse and has now been enlarged and converted into a one-room-and-bath guest house by the Drumrights.

Away from the house is a remnant of the old style privy which faithfully served the home for nearly a century. The owners still maintain it with an open door should an emergency come about. In fact, a story is told of a wedding party which arrived at the Hotel chapel to consummate the ceremony. They were bewildered to find the Hotel completely closed and no public facilities available to the travelers. After an urgent search, they discovered the gracious comforts of the commodious "Little House."

Since my association with the Mitchell Cottage two stories were handed down to me by

George Mitchell. He said he had always heard that a one-armed carpenter, believe it or not, built the cupola at the end of the porch. Whoever did it performed a fine, workman-like job.

George also told the story about the cistern in solid rock at the end of the house that was 18 feet deep and 12 feet wide. Near the end of its construction there was a peg-leg workman at the bottom. He lit the fuse for the final blast. As he started up the ladder his hold slipped and he fell to the bottom as the fuse was burning near its end. "Pray for me, boys," the man cried to the others as he struggled up the ladder. "Pray for me," he shouted a second time. His co-workers hurriedly formed a prayer group and prayed with fervor. As he reached the top of the hole and limped off to safety just before the blast, he shouted: "That's enough, boys. You can hold off now."

—Ewing C. Drumright, Sr.

The Burch Cottage

Turn-of-the century Beersheba Springs was a flourishing summer resort attracting families from all over the South. There was always a preponderance of women and children who journeyed there to escape the yellow fever and malaria that periodically plagued the cities and towns of the lowlands. The men came to the mountain to be with their families as often as business and professional commitments permitted.

The Burch family was first attracted to Beersheba in the late summer of 1900 when Mrs. Lucius (Sarah Polk Cooper) Burch traveled to Tracy City with her newborn son John and took the stage from there to Beersheba. On the road over the mountain top the horses spooked and ran away and the stage turned over. As the driver was assisting the shaken Miss Sadie with her newborn son from the wreckage she was further shaken by the driver's excuse for letting the horses get out of control: he was still weak from being in bed with the smallpox.

In those days the hotel was a crowded place and meals were served in three shifts, to the lilting tunes of a band that played nightly.

This first trip which began so dramatically must have been on the whole a pleasant one, for Dr. Lucius and Miss Sadie, as they were affectionately known, became regular summer visitors to Beersheba with their sons John and Lucius. Dr. Lucius kept a detailed diary from 1920 to 1959 and in it are numerous references to Beersheba that give

insight into activities pursued. “. . . This is a wonderful place for doing nothing”. . . “Nice horseback ride to Long's Mill where Lucius and I had a wonderful swim. Sarah Polk will not go in the cold water . . . Long's is the prettiest swimming pool that I know anywhere” . . . “Walked to Lovers Leap—a wonderful view of the Valley” . . . “Drove to Gruetli to get some cheese.”

Over the years transportation gradually improved. Corduroy roads gave way to paved roads. In 1928 Dr. Lucius noted in his diary “. . . To Beersheba with Sarah Polk in my car . . . the trip 95 miles in 2 hours and 45 minutes.” He went on to say, “When I first came to Beersheba a stage coach brought us from Tracy City taking 4 hours.” The advent of better roads made it possible to come to Beersheba more frequently and eventually for the Burches to consider a mountain home of their own.

Tommy Northcut, a personable and well-liked man, and his successor Marvin Brown, had operated a store across from the Hotel which was closed down about 1929 and the operation moved to a new location. The Burches purchased the old store in 1932 and proceeded to convert it into a mountain home. In the process of renovation a keg of dimes, apparently used for making change, was found, as well as a bottle of heroin tablets, a common cough remedy in those days. An old stove built in 1855 was retained and used for many years. The butcher table was also kept and still serves as the dining room table. A major addition was the back porch jutting out over the mountainside. It offers one of the most beautiful views of the valley on the mountain. This porch became the center for family as well as social life—an outdoor living room in the tree tops. A favorite activity or form of relaxation was sitting in the old barber's chair with feet propped on the porch rail and watching Tother Mountain to make sure it did not move. Refurbishing of the old store was completed by April 1933 and a constant stream of visitors became the rule. Other

members of the Beersheba community would stop by to enjoy the view as well as to visit with the many guests who were invited to the cottage. The presence of attractive young ladies over the decades played no little part in the large number of visitors coming to call. In the late 30s it was the Vinton girls from Memphis—Lucia, Florence and Mary, whose mother was Lucia Burch. In the 40s it was the Tyne girls of Nashville, Alice and Jane, daughters of Frances and Dr. Jack Burch; in the 50s, more attractive Burch girls from Memphis, Sarah, Elsie, Edith and Lucia, daughters of Lucius and Elsie Caldwell Burch.

The renovated Burch cottage, after humble beginnings when it was a store and Marvin Brown offered a little mountain dew in a dipper to a select few in the backroom, became well-known as the scene of much conviviality— bridge games that went on all night and afternoon cocktail parties.

The story goes that on one such afternoon an entirely different sort of ritual was unfolding across the way at the Methodist Assembly. A silent and solemn group of fathers and young sons on retreat and on their way to Vesper Point just down the road was beginning to file past the cottage, the kitchen and front porch of which are right on the edge of the road. Sounds of merry laughter and tinkling ice came floating through the open windows, and as the last father and son pair filed by the little boy, possibly sensing relief from the long tedium of silence and meditation of the weekend, tugged at his father's sleeve.

“Daddy, Daddy,” he whispered excitedly. But the father silenced him with a stern glance and they passed on. Half an hour later, their prayers at the Point over, the solemn group came back up the road and once more approached the Burch Cottage. The party was now in full swing. Again the little boy pulled excitedly at his father's sleeve. ”Daddy!Daddy!” Again, “Hush, son, hush.” “But, Daddy, please listen. I'm sure you could get a beer in there.”

The physical development of each generation of the Burch family and its many branches as well as those of various Adams, Trabue and Howell family members is recorded on the front porch of the house. It became the custom to measure and mark off each year the height of each child on the wall by the front door.

The Beersheba house is a continuing focal point for all of the Burch family. When Miss Sadie died in 1975, after years of entertaining friends and family with bridge parties and good conversation, William F. (Bill) Earthman, who had been married to Alice Tyne, took over the house and modernized it, even going to the extent of adding airconditioning. He and his attractive wife Dorothy continue the tradition of hospitality to all members of the Burch family, as well as to friends and other members of the Beersheba community.

—John C. Burch, Jr.

Cagle-Taylor Cottage

The Cagle cottage has a long history, beginning in 1857, when Dr. John Waters of Nashville, while visiting Beersheba Springs, signed a lease for lot Number Three on the plot made for John Armfield by Professor J.P. Clark, a surveyor who lived at Irving College. Armfield agreed to build the cottages and hired Ben Cagle as foreman of the carpenters. The lumber was sawed at Laurel Mill. By 1860, twenty cottages had been built according to specifications drawn up by the lessees.

The Waters property consisted of two and 12/100 acres, and the lease was to be for 20 years at \$1.00 a year. The deed contained some interesting stipulations:

Lessee is to have free use of the water from the Chalybeate and all other springs that are used by the public on any of the land owned by said John Armfield

Ben Cagle, who had been brought to Beersheba from Irving College about 1855 by Armfield, was known as a millwright, mechanic and foreman of the carpenters. He has been referred to as Armfield's "Friday."

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Armfield had Ben Cagle and Nathan Bracken, his body servant, bury sacks of gold for him. The sacks were put in baskets and covered with towels so searchers would think they contained food. When Ben knelt down to place the sacks in the hole, a pistol in his pocket accidentally fired, injuring his wrist and making it stiff for the rest of his life. It was quite a shock when Armfield and Cagle looked for the gold after the war only to discover it had been stolen. But it is said that Armfield was fortunate in retrieving his silverware and jewelry from an old well that proved a safer hiding place.

Benjamin Silas Cagle was born in 1826, the second of twelve children. His father, John D., was born April 9, 1800, in North Carolina, and on August 8, 1823, married Mary (Polly) Carter of Warren County, daughter of Benjamin Carter. John D. Cagle died on February 3, 1866 in Warren County.

Ben married Lavisia (Levicy) Wright, and they had two sons. Nimrod Titus Cagle was born on September 21, 1850 at Beersheba and later married Mary Elizabeth Dykes. They lived in the vicinity of Cagle and Palmer and are buried in the Brown's Chapel Cemetery.

The second child of Ben and Lavisia was Canova, who was Beersheba's postmaster from 1876 to 1882. He married Martha Tate of Beersheba, who gave birth to five children: Anna, Hilda, Sterling, Thomas, and Frank. Their home was located near Dark Hollow on the property now owned by Alfred Adams, Jr. After the death of his wife, who is buried in the Schild Cemetery, Canova moved to Idaho, where he is buried. The Sterling Cagle home is now owned by Elsie Tate.

After Lavisia died, Ben married Laura L. Armstrong of Irving College. They had three daughters: Hallie, Hilda, and Lela. Hallie became the wife of Dr. W. C. Barnes, who was Beersheba's only resident physician for many years. Dr. Barnes owned the house built by Armfield for Granville Pierce of Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Hallie Cagle also served as Beersheba's postmistress from 1893 to 1895.

Ben's third wife was Mary C. Smartt, and they had no children. A charter member of Masonic Lodge, Alto No. 478 (chartered November 8, 1875), Ben chaired the committee selected to draw up the first bylaws. He was a Senior Warden in 1876 and Worshipful Master in 1886. The five

stations which Ben Cagle built were moved from Altamont and are still used by the Tracy City Masonic Lodge.

This narrative of the Cagle family was obtained from Cagle Bibles and compiled by the wife of Berton Benjamin Cagle, great-grandson of Ben Cagle. Ben died on April 7, 1891 at Beersheba and is buried in the Armstrong Cemetery, Irving College. At the time of his death, his property totaled 6.2 acres and was known as the “Orchard Tract.” It contained not only an orchard but also a tannery and a lumber mill. He willed everything to his three daughters and his widow, Mary, who died in 1912. Cagle’s grandchildren refer to her as “Granny Shackle.”

Local residents recall that two elderly ladies operated a children’s gift shop in the Cagle house on Dahlgren Avenue about 1916 or 1917. Three or four years later, A. M. Harris lived there briefly when he came from Alabama to run a saw mill. He also operated a small grocery store in the building which now houses the museum.

It is interesting to note that Ben Cagle originally acquired his property at a court sale (Clerk and Master) in 1866, and 54 years later (1920) it was sold at a court sale by the Cagle heirs in a partition suit. The new owners were W. R. and Maggie Ooley from McMinnville. Ooley had the contract for carrying the mail from Beersheba to Coalmont.

According to a 1923 deed, B. M. Brown and John M. Mears purchased the “mansion house, barn and stable, orchards, etc.” John and Ida Mears operated the hotel for several years.

Thomas and James Northcut bought the Cagle property in 1937 and after their deaths, it was inherited by their niece, Fannie Moffitt.

A poetic vocabulary of local patterns and techniques. The combination of log, board siding, lattice, and turned balusters is noteworthy.

Through the years several Nashville families rented the house and have fond memories of summers on the mountain. They include the John Caldwells, the Marcellus Frosts, the W. D. Trabues, and the Beverly Douglasses.

The home was leased at different times by several mountain families, including Rupert and Irene Tate, the I.C. Roberts, and finally J.L. And Minnie McCarver. Minnie remembers the sad day the house burned—October 20, 1948. Only the chimneys stood until 1951 when Mrs. Edna Davenport of McMinnville bought the property from Fannie Moffitt and began the challenging task of reconstruction.

The Beersheba community is indebted to Mrs. Davenport’s vision and energy in rebuilding the house. Excavation work revealed huge boulders of Sewanee sandstone in the foundation walls of the cellar patio and the old bricks in the original floor of the slave kitchen (said to be the coolest spot on the mountain in the summertime).

The logs were brought from the McGee house (originally part of an old mill) near Myers Cove and from a Utah cabin, owned by a Swiss family, the Koehlers. Another interesting feature is the front door steps—two large stones, originally the steps of the old Altamont Courthouse.

In 1968, Thomas L. Connelly, a history professor at the University of South Carolina, bought the home and in 1974 sold it to Sarah and Robert C. Taylor of Nashville. They added a front porch similar to the original. The Taylors and their four sons, Rob, Vernon, Harrison, and Douglas, continue to spend many enjoyable hours in their comfortable mountain retreat.

—Sarah Sharp Taylor

Nanhaven

Nanhaven, so named by grateful nieces and nephew for their Aunt Fannie (Nan) Thompson (1852-1914), who bought the cottage in January 1887 from the Widow Armfield, was begun in 1854 and is thus the first and oldest of all the houses in John Armfield's 6-year expansion of Beersheba Springs.

It stands on a large level wooded lot on the north side of Dahlgren Avenue opposite the west wing of the hotel. The four groundfloor rooms, 14-feet square, with 11-foot ceilings and a 12-foot dog-trot between, are made of chestnut, poplar and oak logs, all handhewn, because the sawmill was not yet in operation. Consequently, Nanhaven is the only one of the Armfield cottages built of handhewn logs.

The single floor is of yellow pine. The high ceilings, large windows, transoms over doors and the funnel-effect of the long hallway, all combine for maximum ventilation on warm nights.

A two-room cabin, probably built as a kitchen and cook house, stands some 20 yards in the rear. The main dwelling was occupied for the first 3 or 4 years by the craftsmen and artisans whom Armfield assembled to build, in the various styles and sizes according to the tastes and means of their owners, what is often referred to as that small collection of large houses which stands on this north end of Broad Mountain opposite Monteagle's large collection of small houses.

In the next few years were added at Nanhaven the upstairs with two bedrooms, a hall and the only two closets in the entire house; the great porch that surrounds the house on three sides; the four free-standing chimneys of brick from the Argo kiln, with shallow fireplaces designed to throw out heat quickly on cool mornings and evenings.

With the completion of the Laurel sawmill, the logs were clapboarded over. Finally, the doors and sash windows, without counterweights, the baseboards and mantelpieces, of pine and poplar from the Cagle millworks, were put in place. And the completed cottage, looking very Deep South

and almost as it does today, was bought in 1859 by Charles G. Dahlgren, the son of the first Swedish consul to the United States and said to be a descendant of King Gustavus Adolphus. A Natchez banker and owner of Dunleith, Dahlgren was a rich cotton planter in Mississippi.

The one-story board-and-batten kitchen wing, with brick floor and chimney, may have been added about 1860 but certainly no later than 1870. Most of the antebellum cottages contracted—and with good reason—to take their meals at the Hotel where a French chef with a staff from New Orleans presided over the kitchen. If the war had not come so soon, what a tradition of superior cuisine might have been established at Beersheba! Might have been was not to be for the War put an end to many things, including the hotel kitchen with its French cuisine.

At the outbreak of hostilities, Dahlgren, who had been a substantial subscriber to the Beersheba Corporation, organized the 3rd Mississippi Volunteer Regiment, and was commissioned Brigadier-General. He served with distinction at Shiloh, Vicksburg, Chickamauga and Atlanta, but seems to have never risen in rank, probably because he disagreed with some of Jefferson Davis' policies. It was truly a house divided, and other Dahlgrens, who had remained in Philadelphia, a brother and a nephew, served with the Union. Dahlgren lost everything in the war, except his ability to make money, and his Yankee connections. He moved to New York and began a successful law practice, and although he undoubtedly visited many flourishing watering places in his full life, he never returned to Beersheba. It was said, though, that Dahlgren had buried his

money in a pine grove near the cottage. Many years later, his son, then an old man, returned to Beersheba and searched for the money, but in vain.

The Dahlgren cottage was repossessed by Armfield at the end of the War and probably stood vacant for several years until the Hotel was started up again in 1870. For the next 15 years or so the Dahlgren Cottage served as an overflow house for the Hotel and was from time to time rented for the whole season.

The year 1884 was a momentous one for the ThompsonHowel-Adams connection. Miss Fan Thompson came to Beersheba as the guest of Sue Howell (Adams) at the Howell Cottage, acting as stand-in, as was the custom in those high Victorian days, for her younger sister Jane Reynolds (Jenny) Thompson (1862-1941), who was soon to be betrothed to Sue's brother Alfred Elliott Howell (1863-1931).

It was a difficult time in the Thompson household and an escape valve was needed. Father George Thompson (1816-1884) was dying after a long illness which had crippled the family financially and left his younger brother Charles sole owner of the Thompson and Company, a drygoods store in Nashville, and Fan's brothers Charlie and Hill were not behaving well. Moreover, Nashville was not a healthy place in the summer, what with sporadic outbreaks of cholera and typhoid, and so the mountain had great appeal on several counts. Fan rented the Merritt Cottage in 1885, the Dahlgren Cottage the next year and bought it in 1887 for \$2,000, little more than half of what Dahlgren had paid two years before the War.

The chief records of the Thompson-Howell residency of the cottage are three guest books, the first not started till 1914 and the third now about half filled and ready for 1983. If history, as Gibbon says, is little more than a register of the crimes, follies and misfortunes of mankind, the guest books are not much as history. They contain a bit of folly, but there is scant mention of crime, and misfortune is ignored, whenever possible. What information we have is not the kind contained in the family Bible, but rather postcard jottings of the "Having-wonderful-time, wish-youwere-here" sort. But there is more, as we shall see. Most of those making entries professed to love nature, not in the raw, but in her beauty and serenity, counting only the sunny hours when all is sweetness and light. How did they feel about the world in 1914 that was collapsing around them? Hardly a word. Some mention of the weather, when it is fine, or disagreeable or unusual or inconvenient.

The title page indictment of the first guest book is by my father, Morton B. Howell, III (1887-1963): "Record of Guests, Parties, Weekends, and Houseparties at Nanhaven, the Thompson Cottage at Beersheba Springs, from Summer 1887 to Summer 1947 A.D."

The first entry is July 11-25, 1914. Nothing momentous. This is not the place to point to war clouds on the horizon. At the back of the book Mama Jennie, as we learned to call our grandmother, begins her register of "People in the Cottage Since Purchase in 1887. Not a perfect record but the best we have."

Year 1887—Mama, (Martha Woods Trabue Thompson, 1816-1901), her sisters Mat (Mattie Walker Thompson, 1850-1940), Fan, and Kate (Thompson Weakley (1869-1946), her husband Alfred and their son Morton, and Mat's wards, Charlie, Tony, George, and Will Trabue.

Generally the same group came the next few years and her own children as they came along. 1889 (Year of birth of Martha H. Bartles) Didn't come. 1891 (Frances H. Ewing born) Didn't come. 1893 Didn't come. Didn't rent. 1897. Centennial Year (in Nashville). 1899-1900. Louise H.

Almon (1899-1952) and Isabel Elliott Howell (1900-1976). 1908. Mort working on bridges. (She doesn't mention the summer of 1907, the year her son Morton got his engineering degree from Vanderbilt and went to England and Germany to sing with the University Glee Club and learn the songs of Harry Lauder which he was to make famous again at All-World

Quartet gatherings at Beersheba many years later). 1909. Mort in Canada. 1912. Kid Bennie. 1913. Ed Hoyte (not yet an outcast), Mary Means and Mrs. Merritt.

August 1, 1911, "Ode to Beersheba," written upon his departure to Canada again and sent home by MBH. This youthful piece strikes the dominant theme underlying all the words and music, all the enchantment and wonder of Beersheba, and probably speaks for the whole family.

Ode To Beersheba

Of all the spots beneath the sun,
There seems to me to be just one
Where mortal man may feel so near
To Heaven that he needs must fear
To stay—else he might realize
Too soon the hopes of Paradise!
So when you feel an impulse clear
To travel to some gladder sphere,
Where Life is just a great sweet tune
And souls in harmony commune,
Don't hitch your wagon to a star,
Just journey up to Beersheba!
—Morton B. Howell

An Appreciation

Hotel Gramercy Park, New York

Dear Morton,

Thanks for the "Ode to Beersheba." It is charmingly done, and is full of what makes Beersheba. A sudden nostalgia seizes me and I find I would be looking out over the drifting clouds in the magic valley, or wandering down the road to Long's with the people who really understand life's values better than any group I have ever seen.

There is nothing up here I want, nothing that men struggle to attain, that is half so valuable as the reward Beersheba people inherit.

Please present my compliments to "Miss Mat," and accept my gratitude for the entertainment of my widow and her brood. July 9th 1930

Mason

Mason Houghland was scholar, country gentleman and master of foxhounds, with literary tastes. At the time of this letter he was new to Beersheba and to Nashville, and was struggling to restructure the finances of the Spur Oil Company, the source of his wealth and the graceful life he

was making for himself.

My mother, Marie Lyle Harwell (1893-1958), made her first visit in August 1915, accompanied by her 15-year-old brother, Sam Harwell, Jr. Also that year Alfred E. Howell made a rare entry from 1711 Hayes Street, Nashville, and the comment is "Eggs is Eggs. Egg me and I'll come back." Esmond Ewing of 421 Capital Square West (a fashionable address of the time but one that no longer exists) calling himself "the Mayor's son" and later that summer remarks: "He's here again." August 27-31, 1915, called by MBH the Dorris Car Weekend Party." J. P. W. Brown describing himself as " 'Shofar' to the Beersheba car" with "wife Annie and the five chicks."

September, 1916 David Adams, II, "How they (Martha Weakley and Sis Mat) will miss me, cooking supper before the open fire and bringing in the wood and water." August, 1917 Lt. (there was a war going on) Clopper Almon, Tuscumbia, Alabama, who was to wait eight years to marry Louise, checks in for the first time. August, 1919 (The Great War has been over nearly a year but there is no mention of a victory celebration.)

Grandfather Alfred Howell was pro-German or anti-British, or both, at the beginning of the war, as, no doubt, were many others. Alfred was an iron foundryman by calling (manager at Phillips & Buttorf stove works) and a first-class violinist by inclination and temperament. He was in much demand as a musician and played at all the more stylish weddings and funerals and of course at the most fashionable musical soirees. His pro-German sentiments may have started as a boy at Beersheba with his friendship for Capt. Plumacher, Col. Ritzius, and the families of the Swiss Colony. They may not have been Prussians but were surely Teutonic and German-speaking. Before the First War the Kaiser was widely admired for the way he was turning the Germans into a forward-looking influence in Europe and a challenge to the dominance of the British, who had disappointed Confederate hopes of intervention in 1862 and won few friends in their conduct of the Boer War. How did Alfred feel at the end of the First War? He is absorbed in other matters. "It is man," he writes, "that sanctifies the place. Work sanctifies the man." Elsewhere, the corollary, and a quick word of advice to his four daughters: "Catch your man and work him!"

To return to that summer of 1919, Jennie, entertaining her new co-relations the S. K. Harwells of 2302 West End, Nashville, is displeased with the weather served up for her guests. "Rain, rain, go away!" And my grandmother Leila McClure Harwell, so like my mother, I suppose, with her gentle rejoinder, "Never mind the weather."

Still August 1919: Mr. and Mrs. Essy Ewing (Frances Howell had made a good catch) of Little Rock, "fattening on Mat again." (Occasionally the young do acknowledge all the food they consume at their elders' expense.) 1921. AEH makes auto trip in George Mitchell's car and brings his friend and contemporary H. B. (Doc) Schermerhorn of "New York, Paris and Nashville," who is later to play a romantic role in Isabel Howell's life till his death in 1935.

October 1921, "Happy memories of rare October evenings beside this log fire." June 1922, MBH, III and my brother, MBH, VI (b. 1919) and nurse Dicie Hodge, 2503 Kensington Avenue, and our mother, being a bit daring, "Have your hair bobbed," which she had had done with good effect. Ten years later she introduced slacks to Beersheba and a daring bandanna blouse, but only briefly.

Paul Bartles (1890-1935), who took on the job of keeping the perpetual calendar on the hall desk up to date, pokes a little fun in his first entry: "Went out on the Backbone, couldn't stay late, had to come back and change the date." Paul died young, leaving his widow Martha and their 5-year-old son, Alfred. "At that point," Isabel Howell used to say, "I became a father." She was

indeed an admirable second parent and at the end of her life she became Alfred's adoptive mother as well. Alfred inherited a full program of musical genes. He is an accomplished musician, playing jazz piano and baroque cello, and is a gifted composer, as well.

July, 1924. Kate Thompson Hesse, age 4, "Homesick on arrival, howling on departure," according to her mother Martha.

Isabel: "Planning as usual to come back in the fall." "The golden haze of these October days will close the season in a blaze of glory we'll long remember," MBH, Deerwood Cottage, Belle Meade. Then the Christmas 1924 House Party, December 26 to January 1, 1925. A covey of cousins, Trabues, Orrs, and Weavers. Spencer Thomas of St. Louis, asks "Ain't Wild Turkey good?" And Ben Johnson of Morgan Lodge responds, "Ain't life grand."

August 1925, Louise and Clopper's wedding, everyone dressed in white, in the front yard under the sheltering pine, before a large assembly of people from Nashville, North Alabama, and Washington, D.C. Music for the very musical Howell family was provided by a trio from the Cincinnati Conservatory, who were playing at the hotel that summer. My brother Morty and Morty Adams were ribbon bearers; Jane Ewing and Katie Hesse flower girls; all 5 or 6 years old. This was Nanhaven's first and for many years only wedding until my own daughter, Marie Lyle Howell's, wedding in August 1980 to Richard Dohrmann. They had a lovely wedding and a trio, too, a large crowd from far and near and a big spread and champagne on tables under the sheltering pines, with crashing thunderstorms before and after, but no little ribbon bearers or flower girls.

The final 22 years of the first guest book take us through the lean 30's, in and out of World War II, and to the first year of the All-World Quartet reunions, Nanhaven's 60th year in the family.

There is the same succession of family and friends, all casual or trying to be so, and in love with Beersheba's relaxed atmosphere. Isabel, August 1926: "temporarily of 615 W 148th St, New York. My name is in the Directory." Grandfather Alfred, another exile, this time to Somerville, N.J.: "Mindful that the sweet days die." Mary Wallace Kirk, Louise's artist friend from Tuscumbia: "I am in love with high, far-seeing places." Josephine and Beverly Douglas: "Places may come and places may go," she wrote, "but Beersheba lives on forever."

Isabel, recalled to Nashville as "lady of the house" at 1904 Division," made ten trips to Mtn." that summer. Louise and Clopper and newborn Edward Almon: "What does little Edward say," Louise wrote, "early on the closing day? Thank you kindly, Aunt Mat. I must go, I'm getting fat." Little Ned was never to return. Within a few weeks he was dead, one of those mysterious crib deaths.

Happily for Louise and Clopper and for all who know him well, another son Clopper, Jr. was born in 1934. He spent his summers growing up at Beersheba and learned to drive on its dusty backroads. Today he is a professor of economics and his opinions and forecasts are respected and sought after in Rome and Vienna and points East, as well as in this country. He and his wife Joan are great lovers of Beersheba and benefactors of Nanhaven.

Then in 1932 and for several years thereafter the young Ewings, Jane, Bob and Harriet, dear cousins, friends and playmates of our childhood and youth came to Beersheba.

1932: June 16 to September 20—the full season. Mama Jennie wrote: "Sorry to leave" (she is now a widow). "Fun from start to finish, except for Isa's absence." And of Mat, "Bought food, scolded everybody and counted the sheets and towels."

Isabel's scholarly and literary friends, Harriet and Frank Owsley of Vanderbilt, also Red and

Ginina Brescia Warren, then living on the back of the Lucius Burch's Riverwood Estate in East Nashville are recorded. Mrs. Warren wrote: "To the Carmel, Calif, of Tennessee, where added to similar splendor, man is not vile." Andrew Lytle, then of Cornsilk Farm, Guntersville, commented in Greek for the initiated only: "A friend is another self."

July 1939: MBH: "Strange to find the hotel closed. No one there but John Caldwell," who continued to occupy Cozy Corner with a large tub of ice in what was then a breezeway and is now a showerroom. John was the cause of much tardiness by MBH at Sunday dinners and the despair of Mama Jennie, who, patience at an end, would tell the cook to cut up the smothered chicken and start the meal, which was fast growing cold. Another time John Caldwell wrote: "left in bad company." MBH countered quickly: "better than he deserves." Such were the mixed pleasures of the Cozy Corner Club.

Then in 1941 written large across the page: "The Methodists have bought the hotel for \$3,000!" The previous winter the hotel owners had tried to auction off the property and my mother and father came up for the occasion, he all in yellow corduroy, coat and knickers, and carrying a walking stick. A large crowd gathered and milled around in the chill lobby, gossiping and speculating. After a while a man who had been standing near my mother and who seemed to be sizing up the proceedings, spoke to her in a confidential tone: "You know who's going to buy it, don't you?" She shook her head. "It's that fellow over there in the yellow outfit." My mother turned and looked him straight in the eye and after a moment said in her firmest tone: "He'd better not."

That summer and for several thereafter the "incomparable" Robert Mackey was presiding in the Nanhaven kitchen. He had been S. K. Harwell's cook for years, after Grandpa had taken him off an N.C. & St. L. dining car. Now my mother had inherited him. He specialized, according to that authority and addict of Southern Fried, MBH, "in fried chicken, fried green tomatoes, fried eggs, browned soda-biscuits, lace-edge batter cakes" and "other unrationed things." Mackey performed all these miracles on a big wood range at Nanhaven until the kitchen was remodeled and electrified in the 50s. Shortly before that, my mother had noted proudly, "five cords of stove wood safely put in the shed."

During these years Marie Ransom and Margaret Trousdale (Mrs. Rogers) Caldwell were frequent visitors, especially at the closing-up parties, which often required several days and which on a few occasions were scheduled so late in the season that winter overtook the party. One such time my father had to work mightily to keep the shallow fires fed and the ladies warm, meanwhile not neglecting himself. On each trip to the woodhouse, out in the cold north wind, he would stop in the kitchen and fortify himself with a quick pull on a bottle of Jack Daniels. By the end of the evening the ladies were no warmer, still shivering and huddled in blankets by the fire, but my father, enjoying a good glow, was almost in shirtsleeves.

Margaret and Marie and some of the other ladies staged a running battle in the guest book over who was the "cutest." Finally Margaret tried to settle the whole question in her favor in a large confident hand: "Mort still thinks I am the cutest girl and you know I don't care what the other women tlfink." MBH is diplomatic: "No matter who else is in the party, Margaret is always the cutest girl, even if she doesn't admit it." Marie Ransom admits she was "overshadowed by that cutest girl, but had a perfect time anyway."

An early trip in 1943—"A beautiful time, as Spring and Summer join hands in the lap of

May.” June 1946: My mother’s youngest brother Coleman A. Harwell, back from the wars after trying to sort out the civil chaos in Italy, and now again united with his wife Ann and their two daughters, pays a warm tribute to Nanhaven:

You may like a cottage small,
We like this one with room for all;
Where Howell hospitality
And Robert Mackey’s artistry
Combine to make the brief week pass.
So at its end we say alas,
But not alack,
We hope that soon we may come back.
To Long’s and to the Collins, too,
To all these mountain charms, adieu.
Nanhaven, you’re a cottage rare,
So generously your joys you share.

Colie Harwell also had another reaction to the cold Collins. After being persuaded to plunge in, he came up shocked and nearly breathless but not quite speechless. “What a shame,” he spluttered, “all this ice water and no whiskey.”

Then on July 24, 1947 at precisely “4:15 p.m. Mtn. Time,” according to our chief chronicler MBH, there burst on the scene once more the “absolutely only one William A. (Kid) Bennie” of Atlanta, a bouncy comic, more full of fun and energy than a 3-ring circus. Like other gifted performers born too soon to make a paying stage career for himself he wound up selling insurance to make a living. Shortly afterward arrived Dr. Hugh Morgan and his wife Bobby, with their guitar. “Oh, baby, I’m satisfied,” she wrote (this is the title of one of her songs); and Dr. Beverly Douglas, celebrated pioneer plastic surgeon and according to his own entry, “Charter member of the Men who outmarried themselves Club”; and of course, MBH, who is always in his element: “I love to be in the tuneful land of harmony.”

Thus began the 36th non-consecutive season of the AllWorld Quartet which was to run for 3 or 4 days a summer for the next 10 years and give great pleasure to the hundreds of cottagers and their guests who were able to find a seat on the porch or a place to stand in the yard and still see and hear the performance.

Besides the Quartet numbers like “Moonbeams” and “Dear Old Girl” there were several comic duets by Bennie and Howell, recalled from their Vanderbilt Glee Club days. “Businessman” (the young suitor bargains with the father for an even older girl with a still larger dowry): “If you’ve got a daughter of about ninety-three, I’m a businessman.” Also, “Travel, Travel, Little Star” and “Movin’ Man,” originally performed by Frances Howell as the lady being repossessed: “Take the rug and the mat, The dog and the cat, But movin’ man, Please don’t take that Baby Grand.”

Then Bennie solo, sometimes straight and sometimes in drag and schoolgirl boater with ribbons, doing his “Girls, Girls, Girls!” “Nobody,” “We Are A College Glee” and “Joe Green” who wasn’t “gonna’ lead no lions around, ‘cause I got good common sense.”

Bobby Morgan sang her haunting songs of the North Carolina mountains where she was born, and Beverly Douglas his romantic ballads “A Toast to the Harvest Moon” and the then current “Some Enchanted Evening.”

Then came Morton Howell with “Buffalo” (the Pullman porter realizes too late he has put the wrong man off the train in the middle of the night), “Wooden Tire,” “Never Had Such a Time in My Life,” and “Hustlin’ and Bustlin’ for Baby” dedicated to Marie; and then in Glengarry bonnet and swinging a crooked cane, he sang the Harry Lauder songs “Roamin’ in the Gloamin,” “The Wedding of Sandy McNabb,” and “Just a Wee Doch-an-dorris,” still fresh in his memory from that long-ago trip abroad in 1907.

Standing out in the yard or in the deep shadows by the walkway gate, the porch ablaze under the eye of the big spotlight, the familiar music floating on the soft night air, a cluster of stars just visible through the pine boughs high overhead, and a big moon rising in the heavens, it was indeed “Some Enchanted Evening.”

Every year the Quartet took its act to a different cottage for an evening and every year the fame and appeal of this lively relic of music hall days and the Vendome Theater spread. One might have thought it could go on forever, but there were no serious understudies in the wings and man is not immortal, although his songs and sayings may linger awhile, echoing faintly down the years.

As one of their songs went: “No bird ever flew so high he didn’t have to light.” Bennie knew it couldn’t last and used to quip: “What has posterity ever done for you and me?”

To go back a few years and conclude these excerpts from the guest books, it was necessary in 1948 to start a second book and this MBH did with his usual flourish. “Nanhaven starts on its 61st year of Southern hospitality with complete confidence in the Future and in the expectation that each succeeding Generation will probably exceed—in many respects—all that has gone before. So—with all due respect to the Past, enjoyment of the Present and faith in the Future, this record is dedicated by its donor and your humble servant, Morton B. Howell.” As we’ve seen, in my grandmother’s time the season began somewhat shakily in June, peaked in August and ran on to Labor Day, with some hardy souls staying on through October’s bright blue weather and chill nights. Spring in the mountains does not turn into summer in mid-April as it often does in the lowlands, but can stay wet and chill till Midsummer Day. Then come the heat and dry weather. Long’s swimming pool, swift and turbulent in spring, is low and stagnant by August. The coolest freshest waters are found in the Valley Pool of Collins River. One of my father’s better efforts is his “Lament of Old Man River (Collins),” which describes this feeling of loss and longing. An improvement that was long in coming, long after Fan’s death in 1914, was the indoor toilet and bathroom, and water works, which were a gift in the 20s from a grateful relative and ward, Charles C. Trabue, to his cousin Mat.

Fan had been the live-in sister for Jen’s family. Mat was the trouble-shooter, visiting nurse and angel of mercy, for the whole Woods-Trabue-Thompson connection. She had sat with a dear cousin, who had married well and was living on 5th Avenue in New York, and watched her slowly drink herself to death on Tennessee redeye shipped up by the barrel. Mat had gone West by slow stages to be with a brother dying of lockjaw and arrived only in time to bring the body home. She was on intimate terms with death long before her own time came. Only 15 when the War was over, she was reputed to have many memories of it, and lived to be 90. Had she lived two more summers she would have seen the first electric lights at Nanhaven. Lighting was her specialty in her declining years, a simple task that kept her occupied most of the day. Up at 6 o’clock, she would have all the kerosene lamps with smoky chimneys from the night before assembled on her long, low table on the back porch. Cleaning the chimneys took most of the morning, for she was interrupted frequently at the back steps by peddlers of all sorts and descriptions with fruits and vegetables to sell, and occasionally a sackful of squawking, terrified chickens. Besides bacon and

hog jowl, chicken was the only meat served to us and that only on Sundays. Beef was a rare commodity in our house until recent years.

For a long time the Thompson ladies kept their own chickens for eggs and meat in a coop and run in the back. But the fencing rotted and “varmints” got into the chickens more and more frequently and it was finally decided it was better economy to buy the chickens and eggs as needed.

Just a Cousin of Mine

An automobile ran one day through a stretch of forest green
A polecat sat on the side of the road and looked at the big machine
He wondered if the thing was alive and how it ran so well
Until the car passed out of sight and left behind a smell
“Oh now I understand where you belong,” said he.
You’re the largest member I have seen of the polecat family,
But you’re a cousin of mine, just a cousin of mine,
I’d recognize you anywhere and any old time.
You don’t fool me with all your fuss and buzzin,
I’m not afraid of a thirty-second cousin
Although you’re known all over the earth, and
famed in every clime
You’re just the strongest branch of the family tree,
Honk, honk,
You’re just a cousin of mine.”

Parody by Morton B. Howell, 1913

Wood nymphets frolic in Old Man Collins' cold embrace
Lament of Old Man River (Collins)

Oh where are the gay young things
That only yesterday I could enfold
Into my bosom? I gave them
My full embrace—however cold.
But now they're gone and how
Can I know when they will return again?
For they are back in the cities
And the haunts of men.
Oh, how I love them,
Their gay laughter and the splash
Of their young limbs within my waters,
And the hush that followed after.
Ah well, 'tis ever thus with summertime
And with the boys and girls that come and go
Blending their spirits for awhile in my cool depths

And giving me excuse to rhyme.
But remember that always I will love you,
Altho' the swims may well be ending in September,
There will be other years,
And I will long to hold you,
Once again, my dears.
August, 1953 Morton B. Howell

The collapsing coop was not altogether removed until my father and mother took over the management of Nanhaven and at last the long dreamy summer residencies of my grandmother and dear Aunt Mat came to an end and we survivors entered the era of the restless automobile, the summers of a few long weekends at Nanhaven, and several short visits.

In later years my father saw what a crushing weight the automobile is on society. "Yes," he confessed, "the automobile will bury us." But ever humorous, he added. "How else do you think you'll get out to Mt. Olivet?" As a young man he had seen the humor of the car in his parody of "Cousin of Mine."

The American mania for driving a car anywhere and everywhere is part of the Beersheba tradition, especially as it ties in with the even older tradition of swimming and of getting to the swimming hole. It is judged a fair measure of one's manhood to be able to maneuver the car right up to the edge of the bluff, right next to the swimming hole. A soft-bottomed mudhole 50 yards long was the centerpiece of the morning's fun.

My cousin Robert Harwell, Jr. recalls some trips to Long's in the war and postwar years. (What were they doing driving to Long's with gasoline so short? It was part of the boys' initiation and well worth a gallon of gas.) An axe was frequently needed, although not always at hand, to cut away the saplings or the big root caught in the bumper, the only thing that stood between their expedition from Nowhere to Nothing-at-all and the next mudhole—and maybe the swimming pool. On one occasion the axe was not to hand and my father slammed the trunk closed, angry with himself, "Why can't I remember to keep that damned axe in the car?" They finally made it away at the cost of the whole morning, but it was not considered a total loss. The drive was the challenge: a sort of horizontal Everest in mud. There are still many at Beersheba who welcome and love this challenge.

Where the axe was really needed was back at Nanhaven. The level wooded lot on which the house stands is about 400 feet across the front and twice that in depth, some 7 acres all told. The yard is much overgrown today with some truly handsome pines and hemlocks rising out of the jungle, but in the early days, as pictures taken at the turn of the century show, it was mostly cleared and open. The big pines and hemlocks which nearly hide the house from the road today were then mere saplings. During Mama Jennie's time the yard was mowed with a hand scythe two or three times a year, in early years by Virgil Brown, later on by James Lafayette (the Marquis) McCarver, until man and scythe were worn out. The fragrance of the new mown sweet-and-blue-eyed grasses in the spring is just as fragrant and heady today as it was when I was a boy.

The period of benign neglect of the yard began in my father and mother's tenure in the 40s. My father, with no help from his sons, tried to cut the grass himself with a succession of exhausted power mowers already worn out by overwork in Belle Meade. Slowly the yard got away from him.

Last year's volunteer or sapling, too small to bother with then, was now too big to cut, and so the forest took its revenge and began to close in again. My father appeared to take little notice, partly because there were better things to do—he always complained he had so little time for Beersheba—and partly because the luxurious growth may have appealed to my mother's desire for effortless gardening.

Then one summer our young cousin Ben Adams put a large, neatly lettered sign over the walkway gate for all the world to see: "Ah, Wilderness," with no apologies to Eugene O'Neill or anybody else. My father was stung, indignant, outraged. The sign came down; the undergrowth remained. My mother's philosophy was simple. If you started tampering with nature, already "red in tooth and claw," cutting here and stamping out there, a disaster or two staged by Nature herself would soon "leave you without a leaf over your head." It went beyond *laissez-faire*. It was pure and simple. Nature will have her way. Man's efforts to control her, brutal and harsh at times, other times faltering, were in the end always futile.

Unlike the woods lot next door which Fan left to eight other nieces and nephews who soon multiplied into 50-odd owners until one heir bought most of them out, Nanhaven and its 7 acres she left to Sis Jen and her 5 children. Now, Jennie and her 5 are gone, and after more sorting out, it is owned by one great grandchild and several of Jennie's grandchildren, some of whom have grandchildren of their own who may themselves, it is hoped, one day take delight in their own long memories of the mountain and the old loghouse known as Nanhaven.

Isabel Howell, whose treatise on John Armfield in the 40s laid the groundwork for much of Beersheba's written history, was as librarian, historian, and archivist, used to working with the personalities of the past. So it was not surprising to hear her remark, as she often would, on how keenly she felt the presence of ghosts at Nanhaven, surely sensed if not clearly seen. A big talker, a lengthy discourses on matters general and arcane, she loved her solitude and found it most agreeable at Nanhaven where she could conjure up ghosts of her own liking. Not the unappeasable, moaning, helmeted ghost of Hamlet, but soft, gentle spirits whose whispering voices are so easy to confuse with the sound of the wind sighing through the tall pines on restless nights and whose ghostly shapes and shadows appear to drift so lightly across the darkened porch on bright nights when the moon moves in and out among the scudding clouds.

Today the big house stands aloof and vulnerable but perhaps guarded by those same gentle spirits who must always be counted among the occupants.

On a September afternoon when the sun is low in the west and in the dying year as well, and shadows fall and a deep peace and quiet settles over everything, one can easily be moved to tears by the thought of the toll the years have taken, not of the house, which endureth all, but of its merry lads and ladies whose quaint honor has turned to dust.

All are at one now, roses and lovers . . . Not a breath of the time that has been hovers In the air now soft with a summer to be. (Swinburne)

—Samuel Harwell Howell

The White House

Of the twenty residences built by John Armfield for lease holders between 1856 and 1858, only four were white clapboard with plaster walls. The one called The White House, close to the Altamont Road, with its fifteen-foot ceilings and verandahs with railings, looks like a town house rather than a mountain cabin. That may have been one reason the Murfree family, for whom it was built, did not like it. They stayed at the hotel during the summer of 1860 and were not among those recorded as residents of Beersheba during the war. (Information from Isabel Howell, John Armfield of Beersheba Springs.)

In the summer of 1863, the Murfree cottage was rented to Mrs. Bettie Ridley Blackmore, who wrote a journal recounting the hardships and dangers of the year. (Tennessee Historical Quarterly, March, 1953, pp. 48-80) The women and children spent July and August at Beersheba, where the soldiers in the family had opportunities to visit them. Mrs. Blackmore “feared ... a very dull time at Beersheba as only 8 or 10 families were there” (p. 60). “But,” she continued, “never in my life had I a more excited sojourn anywhere—it was full of incidents of the most sprightly and alarming character.” She and her cousin hid their soldier husbands in the “black jacks” or the kitchen loft whenever Federal soldiers came by, and they constantly feared raids by bushwhackers. When the family went home, the Murfrees’ furniture was moved to the John French cottage (owned by John M. Bass) for safekeeping.

After the war, Murfree turned his cottage back to Armfield for \$2,000 and paid him \$2,300 for the cottage on the Lovers Leap bluff. The next reference to the White House in the Grundy County Registry of Deeds is in agreement made in 1886 by the widowed Martha Franklin Armfield and the other Armfield heirs with Peter Schild Senior and Junior, who acquired the Old Ten Pin Alley property and land behind and between the Dahlgren and White House lots. The payment was to be made in work: replacing the roof at the Dahlgren Cottage and making a good rail fence between the tract conveyed and the White House lot in order “to throw said White House lot fronting on the street in better shape.” The assumption is that the property was being prepared for sale, since the Dahlgren cottage was sold in 1887 and the White House three years later.

In August 1890 the Armfield estate sold the property, designated as the White Cottage in the deed, to Mrs. Elizabeth M. Bailey, wife of Senator James E. Bailey, for \$400 cash. Apparently property values had still not recovered from the crises of war and reconstruction, when some of the cottages had been repossessed by Armfield for debts or unpaid taxes. Mrs. Bailey gave or left the house to her daughter Maud, wife of Henry C. Merritt of Clarksville. From the 1890s until World War I, the Merritt family spent every summer at the White House, as Elizabeth, Maud, Henry Jr., and Frances were growing up.

The three eldest Merritts were about the ages of the three eldest Adams boys, who spent the summers in the Northcut Cottage next door, and the youngest, Frances, was the age of the next-to-last Adams. The two families were congenial neighbors, as many photographs of the period illustrate. One of the recollections of the Adams brothers was the ritual of helping to wash the long hair of the Merritt girls and their visitors. With no running water in the house, the girls washed their hair outdoors and depended on the boys to carry buckets of water for rinsing. The girls could not wash their hair at Long’s or in the Collins River because they were taken swimming only once or twice a summer. The boys walked to Laurel or down the backbone to the valley, and once a week they got a ride to Long’s in Mr. Hunerwadel’s wagon. On one occasion a Merritt guest was left in the back yard with her hair full of soap when the boys heard the call that the wagon was

leaving.

The Merritts used the dining room added to the original house as a wing behind the back porch, with steps into the yard and a dumb waiter on a trolley leading to the kitchen building. The steps from the back porch to the yard were at the center instead of at the end, and the front porch had bamboo roller blinds. The indoor plaster walls were papered. Much of the furniture used by the Merritts was left in the house when it was sold and is there today. The White House lot was enlarged in August 1912, when Mrs. Merritt and her neighbors on each side, T. B. Northcut and Miss Fannie Thompson, divided a tract of about twelve acres, conveyed by the Armfield estate to the Schilds in 1886. The agreement does not indicate how the three neighbors had acquired the land, which they divided with no financial settlement, Mr. Northcut taking one half and Mrs. Merritt and Miss Thompson one quarter each. Mrs. Merritt's new plot was 117 feet fronting on the main road and 300 feet along her original property line back to Armfield Road, then "halfway to Mrs. Cagles Corner" and back along Miss Thompson's line to the main road. This property remains intact.

The disruption of World War I and the older children's marriages changed the summer patterns for the Merritt and Adams families. Both Mr. Merritt and Mr. Adams died, and the Merritts stopped using their house. In 1922 Mrs. A. G. Adams asked Mrs. Merritt if she could rent the White House for a family gathering of her seven sons, two of whom, Morton and Marion, were married with one child each. Mrs. Merritt replied by sending the key with a message that Mrs. Adams could not rent the house but was welcome to use it. Thus began the Adams family's occupation of the White House.

Mrs. Adams of Nashville was Sue Howell, eldest child of Morton B. Howell, who bought Bishop Polk's cottage during her childhood. Having spent every summer at Beersheba for half a century, she wanted her grandchildren to have a place to stay and an opportunity to know each other. She used the White House again in 1923 and bought it from Mrs. Merritt on January 1, 1924, for \$2,400 cash and two payments of \$700 due one and two years later at 6% interest. Mrs. Adams immediately began to make repairs and alterations. Rotting screens were removed from the front porch, peeling wallpaper was stripped, walls and ceilings were painted. The biggest change was making the dining room into a bedroom and the kitchen into a dining room. The second room in this out-building was converted from laundry to kitchen, and the third remained a cook's room (until a washer and dryer were installed there in 1981). The back stairs were moved from the middle of the porch to the end, leading to the new dining room.

By 1929 the last Adams son had married, and the Adams cousins living in Miami, Mobile, Memphis, Nashville, and Jacksonville met during vacations at the White House. Even when the beloved grandmother whom they called "Gran Susie" had to spend most of her time in bed, she reigned over the family from the bedroom at the back, the former dining room. We gathered there for daily prayers, which included singing "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam." After meals the children were allowed to open her corner cup-board (now in the living room) to get out the tin of King Leo peppermint sticks and pass it round. Gran Susie's room was the focal point of family life. By the time she died in November 1935 she had nineteen grandchildren, and five more were born from December 1935 to August 1950.

In the 1930s visits at the White House were different from the patterns of recent decades. There were fewer cars, less frequent expeditions, and more leisurely days for children to prowl around Beersheba on foot. Although there were always servants in the kitchen, the children had daily chores, some of which are no longer necessary. The girls had to clean the lamp chimneys

every morning while the boys refilled water pitchers for every bedroom. Most important was drawing water for the cedar bucket on the table on the back porch, with the communal dipper (of which the next generation of mothers disapproved). The vines on the back porch railing were always white from toothpaste spit out over the edge. There was a hand pump in the back yard for household use and a well on the screened porch off the kitchen. The wood-burning stove had a side compartment for heating the water used for dish washing and infrequent baths in the green hat-shaped tin tub. In the 1940s an enclosure was built under the back wing for a shower, which was supplied from a galvanized garbage can on a platform at the back of the house. The boys had to carry buckets of cold water from the pump or hot water from the kitchen to fill the can for showers.

The biggest physical change at the White House occurred at 2:30 p.m. On August 27, 1941, when the electricity was turned on. One of the first conveniences was a refrigerator in the kitchen instead of the cool cellar under the house, with its cheese shelf (hanging free of rats) and its brick pit (3' by 2' by 2') with a trapdoor and buckets to hold milk and other perishables. In the early sixties a long narrow dressing room was converted into two bathrooms, and finally a telephone was added in the seventies. At each of these stages of progress in convenience, some sentimentalists objected to the changes that all now take for granted.

Other changes over the years have been required by the expanding family. In the mid-1930s, when the girl cousins monopolized the attic bedrooms, a log cabin with four bunks was built for the boys by Howell with the help of Fate McCarver. It is northeast of the house, in the woods beyond the driveway. For the next generation a new larger sandbox was provided under the cedars in the front yard in 1966. The next year the dining room space was almost doubled by an extension in front of the kitchen porch. By the next decade, the family needed not only more space, but more compact space that could be easily heated for winter use. A committee of three cousins decided to build a new small house near the driveway entrance. During 1973 and 1974 logs were brought from an old cabin near Winchester and rebuilt as a one-room cabin with kitchen, bathroom, and balcony sleeping space, first occupied at Thanksgiving 1974. Its name, Nother House, was suggested by the name Tother House given to the Northcut Cottage when it was acquired by David's daughter, Comfort Randolph, and Elliott's daughter Kitty Chenoweth in the late 1950s.

In the past two decades, ten Adams cousins have bought land and bought or built cottages. This continued interest in Beersheba demonstrates that the White House has served the purpose for which Sue Howell Adams bought it and left it to her seven sons. They formed the Adams Brothers Trust, with Alfred and David, both living in Nashville, as trustees. When David died in 1954, he was succeeded by Elliott Adams of Jacksonville. Present trustees are Alfred Adams, Jr., and Thomas S. Adams.

As the family has grown and spread out, regular use of the house has continued. Many summer birthdays have been celebrated in the dining room, most notably the 80th of the eldest brother, Adam Gillespie III, always called Lep, on July 24, 1967. Of many big family reunions, two were for the weddings of two of Alfred's daughters, Karin in September 1948 and Mary in May 1977. Other occasions that attracted many visitors were the family productions of "The Sound of Music" in July 1966 on the back porch of the White House and "Oklahoma" in July 1969 in front of the hotel, both produced and directed by Mrs. Alfred Adams Sr. As well as these big events, there have been numerous houseparties over the years: cousins, in-laws, friends, church groups, Scout troops, and two generations of Vanderbilt students. Guests have come from many states and from abroad, perhaps the most famous being Southern writers: Allen Tate and Caroline Gordon in the 1930s, Andrew Lytle in the 1970s, and Eleanor and Peter Taylor in 1981. One of the

guests in the 1920s was Miss Fannie Murfree, sister of Mary Murfree and last survivor of the original owners.

The 1970s introduced a new kind of houseparty: a family work weekend in the fall or the spring. Whenever there is a crowd of Adamses, the old walls resound with two distinct sounds in addition to talk and laughter: a sing-song on the front or back porch for all ages, and a game of Upjinks in the dining room for the fourth generation of Sue Howell Adams's seventy great-grandchildren.

—Dabney Adams Hart

Beersheba, Beershebee,
Sweet with flowers
And dream-laden bowers
Is Beersheba, Beershebee
Under the sheltering pine tree.
Long's the place for swimmin
Lots of lovely women!
We may roam,
But Home Sweet Home
Is in Beersheba!

In the twi-twi-twilight
Out in the beautiful twilight
We'll all go out for a walk, walk, walk
A nice quiet spoon and a talk, talk, talk
That's the time we long for, just before the night,
And many a grand little weddin is planned
In the twi-twi-twilight.

I want to be in the tuneful land of Beersheba
Where there is music sweet in every key
Where the singers sing the songs that please, tease,
ease
O take me there
Where the love and music fill the air
Don't let me miss the fun
Hear me hon
Sigh, cry oh I
Want to be, in the land of Harmony!

Moonbeams

Moonbeams shining soft above
Let me beg of you
Find the one I dearly love

Tell her I'll e'er be true
Fate may part us, years may pass
Future all unknown
Still my love shall ever prove
Faithful to you alone.

Equal Rights
(Sung by the Women)

Why should we stay home and sew and do the cooking?
When there're pleasures that we know, we possibly
are overlooking.
If the men have rights to stay out nights
Why fairly, squar'ly, anywhere that they go
We should all go too.

Lazy

Lazy, I want to be lazy.
I want to be out in the sun
With no work to be done
Under the awning they call the sky
Stretching and yawning
I watch the clouds go drifting by.
I want to peep through the deep
Tangled wildwood counting sheep
Till I sleep like a child would
With a great big valise full of books to read
Where it's peaceful while I'm killing time
Being lazy.

Me and my wife went to town to see the sights
Never had such a time in my life
We went to the opr'a and seen the gals in tights
Never had such a time in my life.
Maria she said it was an awful sight
I told her yes that she was right
But, I went and bought a ticket for the very next night
Never had such a time in my life.

Chorus

Never had such a time in all my life
I seen the show again
But I didn't take my wife
Never had such a time in all my life
Never had such a gol-darn time.

*

We went to the beach for to go in swimming

Never had such a time in my life
Because the men folks go right in with the women
Never had such a time in my life.

We both took a ride on the toboggan slide
Maria is big and about so wide
When she struck the water
She made high-tide
Never had such a time in my life.

Chorus

Never had such a time in all my life
Folks were laughing at my wife
Never had such a time in all my life
Never had such a gol-darn time.

•

We went to the milliners store
To buy my wife a hat
I never had such a time in my life
Cause she didn't like this and she didn't like that
Never had such a time in my life.
At last she found one she thought pretty fair
It had a hole in each side
She said to show her hair
But when we got home
We found 'twas for a mare
Never had such a time in my life.

Chorus

Never had such a time in all my life
I couldn't wear the hat and neither could my wife
Never had such a time in all my life
Never had such a gol-darn time.

•

Me and my wife went to town to see the sights
Never had such a time in my life.
We went to a hotel where they had electric lights
Never had such a time in my life.
Maria, she says, can you blow out the light?
I told her yes I thought I might
But the thing was in a bottle
And shut up mighty tight
Never had such a time in my life.

*

Never had such a time in all my life
I couldn't sleep a wink
And neither could my wife
Never had such a time in all my life
Never had such a gol-darn time.

Roamin' in the Gloamin'
Chorus

Roamin' in the gloamin'
On the bonnie banks o' Clyde
Roamin' in the gloamin'
Wi' your lassie by your side.
When the sun has gone to rest
That's the time that we love best:
Oh, it's lovely
Roamin in the gloamin.

Tother House

This property was originally part of a 350-acre tract sold by Charles W. Reece to John Armfield on April 17, 1855, for \$1.00 an acre. As Armfield began to divide the tract into lots, it is said that he built this house for his sister Mrs. Mary Hanner and his nephew Albert Hanner. No deed has been located made to them, however. A deed conveying the property from the Beersheba Springs Company to Dickinson Bell of Bolivar County, Mississippi, is dated September 8, 1860. It designates the property as being next to that of W. L. Murfree next door at the White House.

Albert Hanner was elected captain in Company A, 35th Tennessee Infantry, a company which his uncle John Armfield equipped in 1861. Captain Hanner was killed at Shiloh on April 6, 1862 leading his men, who included several from Grundy County.

The Northcut family acquired the property in 1879 when H. B. Northcut was part of the Beersheba Springs Company and it was known as the Northcut house for the 85 years it was rented to summer residents. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Adams, Jr. and their seven sons of Nashville, whose occupancy was a spinoff from the Howell Cottage across the road. We know that Mr. and Mrs. Adams took a twenty-year lease on the cottage and continued to use it until they bought the White House next door.

The house itself is smaller than other houses on the mountain but unique in design and architectural detail. It is a raised cottage of log and frame construction with porches wide and deep enough for proper socializing. In fact, the house is arranged in layers: a front porch, a row of rooms, dogtrot, and another row of rooms. The front porch opens to a center hall—deep, wide and inviting—with large rooms on each side. On the other side of the center hall, the fifteen-foot wide dogtrot, open on each end, runs the full width of the house and divides the front large rooms from the back three. One small room connects to the center bedroom and is quite comfortable for sleeping. The other little room was hot and uncomfortable, and was therefore converted into two bathrooms in 1972.

All interior logs are 12 by 4 inch yellow pine sawed logs. Each of the three large bedrooms has a fireplace centered on the outside wall, which is plastered on the interior and clapboarded on the exterior. All other interior walls are log. There was a service porch across the back of the house which has been restored. Behind the house and a little to the east is a separate log house containing the kitchen and dining room. In this house, the logs are hewn and the ceiling is peaked with exposed beams.

It should be remembered that the cottage was rented by the McKeage family of Clarksville for several summers, and it was while living there that Grace McKeage had the idea in 1898 of building Grace Chapel as a place for the people of Beersheba to worship.

During the Adams tenure the two small exterior rooms were equipped with bunks for the boys, the younger ones near their mother, who stayed in the large, middle back bedroom; the older boys slept on the other side. The front bedroom on the west was reserved for Uncle David, Mr. Adams' bachelor brother. There have been many stories of those twenty years recounted over the years and many photographs of family groups, boys like stairsteps, house parties, groups playing tennis, riding horesback, sitting on the porches, Mrs. Adams darning socks on the east of the dogtrot in the morning, then moving to sit on the west end in the afternoon. Sand walkways bordered the front

porch lined with flower boxes and invited visitors from the road; there was a tennis court in the side yard, small stable and barn in the back, an outbuilding behind the kitchen for the servants, and a pair of fine apple trees in the yard between the kitchen and the house. Best of all, the house had one of the biggest and best wells on the mountain in the back—a dug well 20 feet in diameter and 20 feet deep, lined with stones so closely fit that they need no mortar between them.

The boys' rooms were papered with lovely circus posters and the very first thing the boys did on arrival each summer was to race and climb the hemlock tree in the east yard to the top. It was on the porch that Sue Howell Adams held her famous sewing classes for the mountain girls and from time to time sent out the word that she would be cutting boys' hair on such and such a day—always bringing a fair response from those local lads whose locks had grown too long.

After the Adamses bought the White House next door, Mr. Tom Northcut apparently had no intention of selling his little cottage. It had a succession of summer guests. Mrs. Susan Lewis French from St. Louis rented the cottage in 1922 and for several years thereafter. It was renamed, appropriately, "The French Playhouse." Mrs. French was an energetic hostess, well-known for her house parties, and life at the French Playhouse was very gay. That first summer of 1922, curtains were strung across the dogtrot on the east end and the porch was furnished with three large double beds. The small room on the east was used as a dressing room and storage for the trunks that accompanied each guest. The small west room was used to house a young mountain girl who helped out during the summer. While the house guests were at breakfast, she made beds and refilled water pitchers.

The house was rented for about ten years to Mr. and Mrs. Will Wemyss of Gallatin and they entertained extensively and collected about them budding writers, artists, and musicians. In order to accommodate the large groups who came for poetry readings and musicales, Mrs. Wemyss removed a log wall in the front hall of the house, creating an enormous living room.

Serene and comfortable, this porch is built of the most unusual carpentry in the area: clean, logical construction with strong visual interest

Miss Fanny Moffit of Altamont inherited the cottage as part of a legacy from her Northcut uncles and was persuaded to rent it from time to time in the 1930s, but often it stood vacant. World War II severely restricted travel everywhere, and summer visitors all but stopped coming to Beersheba. So the house was leased to the Marcus Hill family, local residents. Having been built strictly as a summer cottage, it was cold and miserable as a year-round home. The large center bedroom in the back served the Hills well; there was a small, woodburning stove there.

Maintenance of the property was not on Miss Fanny's list of priorities. The fence began to sag, the yard became overgrown, the sand walkway was long since gone and the house began to deteriorate. Several summers when the mountain must have been very dry, the two younger Hill children came to the wire fence to ask the Adamses if they might come across for water.

After the Hill family left, the house fell into serious disrepair. For years it stood empty and abandoned. The yard in front of the kitchen building where the apple trees once stood was now a small mound of ashes and garbage; cans, bottles, boots and old shoes lay in the weeds and poison ivy in the back of the building. The house was dark and eerie. Many attempts were made to buy the property by David and Elliott Adams, fathers of the next owners, but Miss Fanny Moffitt had "no truck" with men-folk and, although she was fond of them, she was determined to do no business with men.

Consequently, the house stood empty and virtually unused for years until finally after months of midnight visits, many letters, many tea parties put on by aspirants, Miss Fanny agreed to lease the property to two Adams cousins:

Kitty Adams Chenoweth and Comfort Adams Randolph. She did some restorative maintenance the winter before and in the summer of 1957 the real restoration began. The cost of all improvements were deducted from the rent and there was plenty to do. Miss Fanny seemed pleased with all the plans and came several times to see the house.

In the late summer of 1956 the lease was signed. Miss Fanny, the Randolphs and the Chenoweths recorded the lease in Altamont at the very last moment before 4 p.m. On Friday. Miss Fanny preferred to stay up all night and then rise for the evening at about 6 p.m. That particular Friday she made a special effort. By Monday she had suffered a crippling stroke and died very soon thereafter.

The house was auctioned off as part of her estate and the following year the title passed to the Adams cousins. The work that needed to be done was enormous. The Beersheba Fire truck was backed into the yard and the well pumped dry preparatory to cleaning before it refilled. A new top was constructed of creosoted logs and a board top. A pump house was built and electric pump installed. Mr. J. B. Hill brought a bulldozer and cleared away the mountain of ashes and garbage in front of the kitchen building. The building itself was jacked up and the sill beam replaced. Logs were scrubbed in the house and chinking was repaired and painted. Chinking and daubing were replaced in the kitchen building. Roofs were replaced. Over a period of years, a collection of many more years of old boots, shoes, bottles and cans was dug out and trundled away by children encouraged by energetic mothers. The small west room became first a kitchen while the kitchen building was being repaired, and then was converted to bathrooms.

In 1974, Comfort Adams Randolph sold her interest to Katharine Adams Chenoweth. The work continued, and continues each year. Ceilings have been replaced; plaster has been repaired; shutters have been painted. Some years bring major changes, others only decorative changes such as stenciled walls or painted floors, or perhaps a few pieces of refinished furniture. It is all rewarding and represents another generation of love and generosity of spirit and the fun of living in Tother House.

—Katharine Adams Chenoweth

Lige Walker's Mule

Elijah Walker once worked timber in these mountains, with his mule whose intelligence is worthy of note. This mule could snake large logs over saplings, stumps and rocks, and up slopes and through thickets you wouldn't care to take on, and all with no encouragement but the voice of his master, Lige, words I could not understand. Maybe the mule was smarter than me. We know he was smarter than Lige. Here is how I know.

They worked with other men and mules. In the evenings the men would come riding in sidesaddle fashion with their legs over the hames and the trace chains tied to the britching—all but Lige, who chose to walk. No matter where they were, Lige would turn the mule loose to find his way home. They went separate ways, and invariably the mule was waiting in his stall when Lige got to the house.

One day, Chancellor Adams and Morton Howell asked Lige why he didn't follow the mule—to which Lige replied that no damn mule was going to show him the way home.

So if you ever hear that someone is as smart as Lige Walker's mule, you will know what he means.

—Aif Adams, Jr.

This is the lesser known Tother House tennis court built by the seven Adams brothers in the teens and 20s. It had been reclaimed by grass and weeds in the 30s when William Wemyss of Nashville rented the cottage for several summers. Recently widowed, he engaged as companion and tutor to his two young children a cultivated Scottish lady, Miss Esme Mooney of Edinburgh. She introduced the game of badminton to Beersheba and it was played on this site. She also brought her pleasant burr overlaid with BBC English to the mountains and environs. She was quick to discover and appreciate the culinary advantages of the old Sedberry Hotel in McMinnville, with its dark cool hallways heavy with the fragrance of tuberose and its magnificent table with three and four course meals. After one such feast she asked the black waiter about dessert. "Have you," she inquired a trifle wearily, "something cool and light? Something like a raspberry mousse?" She trilled and rolled all those lovely rrr's for all she was worth. But the waiter understood well enough (there was only one answer) and he came back: "No'mn. We ain't got none of that. We ain't got nothin but pecan pie."

The Howell Cottage

The year 1839 marked the opening of Beersheba Springs as a chartered summer resort. A less important date for Beersheba Springs, but more important for this writer, was 1939, when I first met Dr. Thomas S. Weaver, my future husband, a grandson of Mr. And Mrs. Morton B. Howell.

Since I am a newcomer to the Howell Cottage I have put together information from several earlier sources. The letters written by Alfred E. Howell and Sue Howell Adams at the time of the fiftieth anniversary of Howell ownership of the cottage (June 1922) give a good picture of the family's love of the mountain as early as 1870. In Isabel Howell's monograph John Armfield of Beersheba Springs (frequently referred to in this book) one sees that Armfield

not only built but owned many of the cottages at least once and sometimes twice. Judge Alfred T. Adams and Maud Howell (Mrs. Gerald D.) Henderson contributed colorful stories and information, as have Betty Thomas Chester and my contemporary Morton B. Howell, Jr. of Nanhaven, the Thompson Cottage.

The history of the cottage began when John Armfield bought the hotel and 1,000 acres of land and began constructing 20 cottages. One of these, the Howell Cottage, he gave to Bishop Leonidas Polk. Another, next door, was given to Bishop James H. Otey. The reason for the gifts is clear. The two bishops were looking for a site for a new university and Beersheba was one of the sites under consideration.

Leonidas Polk (1806-1864) was a kinsman of James K. Polk and known as the "fighting Bishop" of the Civil War. As a West Point cadet he came under the influence of Dr. Charles P. McIlvaine, was converted, and became the leader of a "praying squad." He became a priest in 1831 and missionary bishop of the Southwest in 1838. After his wife, Frances Devereaux, received an inheritance of 400 slaves, Polk bought a sugar plantation in Louisiana on which to settle the slaves. He was a compassionate master and among his innovations was a Sunday School for the blacks and an earnest attempt to bring them to Christianity. In 1841 he was made Bishop of Louisiana. Meantime, the plantation venture failed, and he turned his efforts to the founding of a great Episcopal University in the South. He and James Hervey Otey, Bishop of Tennessee, on October 9, 1860, with \$500,000 subscribed, laid the cornerstone of the University of the South at Sewanee.

Polk was commissioned a Major General in the Confederate Army in 1861 and made responsible for the defense of Tennessee. According to Civil War historian Thomas L. Connelly, who lived at Beersheba several summers, Polk made the mistake of concentrating on the Mississippi and neglected the Cumberland, a decision which led to the early fall of Nashville and was a major blow to the Confederacy. The Bishop-General was killed at Pine Mountain (near Marietta, Georgia) in 1864.

During the war Beersheba was like a refugee camp. The Armfields were in their cottage and there was a caretaker at the hotel. Several of the cottages were occupied, but not always by their owners. Miss Howell says that the family of Col. Benjamin J. Hill, C.S.A., of McMinnville stayed in Bishop Polk's house for at least a part of the war. Almost all of the houses were broken into, robbed, and vandalized. Col. And Mrs. Armfield had numerous guests but threats were made against him and his home was guarded day and night.

By the end of the war the homes were in bad repair and hardly anyone had money to keep

them up. The Polk cottage was sold to Mrs. Harriet Johnson Sumner of New Orleans but was unoccupied for several seasons. Mrs. Sumner had also acquired a lot on either side of the cottage which had been deeded to A. N. Polk and to Frances A. Polk, wife of the Bishop.

The first recollection of a Howell on the mountain is recorded in Sue Howell Adams' reminiscences. She says: "In the summer of 1870 there arrived on the mountain, at midnight, Mrs. D. F. Wilkin, her step-daughters Hettie and Love, her young sister Miss Bettie Curd, and the three Morton B. Howell children—Morton, Alfred, and Sue. Mr. I. N. Nicholson had opened the hotel for the first time since the war and this group, along with others, wanted to escape the heat of the city."

The party of Howells had left Nashville early in the morning by train. In McMinnville they were met by a stagecoach for the drive up the mountain. The roads were dreadful because no work had been done on them during the war. There was no luggage wagon, or if so, there was not room for all the trunks, for some were tied under and on top of the coach. The holes in the road were more than the horses could pull through and the passengers got out and walked around them. At the foot of the mountain the driver blew a horn once for each passenger to let the people on top know how many to expect for supper. Everyone already there would wait on the observatory to welcome the guests, regardless of the hour. As the years passed and money was not so scarce, the roads were improved and travel became somewhat less adventurous.

Two years later, in 1872, the same group of people came again to Beersheba. Bettie Curd had married her deceased sister's husband and had changed her name to Mrs. Morton B. Howell. They had a young baby girl named Pattie. That summer they engaged rooms upstairs in the main building of the hotel.

Morton Boyte Howell was born in 1834 at Norfolk, Virginia. He was the third son, third child of Robert Boyte Crawford Howell, who was born in Wayne County, North Carolina in 1801, and Mary Ann Morton Toy Howell, who was born at Ferry Point (now Berkley) Virginia, in 1808. R.B.C. Howell had been raised in an Episcopal Church community but converted to the Baptist Church when he went to Norfolk.

In 1834, R.B.C. Howell, a licensed and ordained Baptist minister, was called by the First Baptist Church of Nashville to serve as pastor. The church had suffered severe losses of membership and property when the pastor and the major part of its congregation formed a new church as followers of Alexander Campbell, and took the church building and other property with them into their new spiritual home on earth.

Because of abolitionist activity the short route to Tennessee down the Ohio River was closed to the Howells who had five black slaves in their household. The overland route was hard and risky too; the bloody rebellion of the slave Nat Turner has been suppressed only three years earlier in the countryside just west of Norfolk. So they decided to travel by the sailing packet brig Ajax to New Orleans, thence by riverboat up the Mississippi, the Ohio and the Cumberland to Nashville. Leaving Norfolk on 1 November and encountering heavy seas and adverse winds down the coast and in rounding Florida through the famous Straits, they were late arriving at New Orleans and reached Nashville only on 2 January, 1835.

The acclimation to Nashville, with its rough and ready atmosphere, was not immediate, but it was accomplished in time and the Howell family became an important part of the life of the town where they remained for fifteen years.

Dr. Howell was called to Richmond in 1849 as pastor of its First Baptist Church. Morton was sent to the University of Virginia at Charlottesville, where he received LLB degree in 1856. He soon after went to Nashville and was appointed Deputy Clerk and Master. However, he traveled back and forth between Nashville and Richmond, and was married in 1858 to Isabel Howard Elliott of Hampton, Virginia, who later came with him and other members of the family to Nashville. The following year, 1859, Susan Toy Howell, later Mrs. Adam G. Adams, was born. Alfred Elliott Howell was born in April, 1863, and Ralph (later renamed Morton Boyte Howell, Jr.) by his mother, in 1865. Isabel (Ma Belle) died in 1868. Morton then married Pattie Curd of Louisville, Kentucky in June 1869. She died within four months. The next year he married her younger sister, Bettie.

During his service as Deputy Clerk and Master, and later as Clerk and Master, Morton lived in Edgefield (now East Nashville) and crossed the Cumberland River by rowboat each day to carry out his duties. In 1871 he resigned to establish his own law office. He left it to campaign and win election on a reform and anti-carpetbagger platform and serve as mayor of Nashville for a one-year term ending in 1875. He returned to private law practice and there remained until March 1905, when he suffered a stroke. During his later years, he was joined in the practice by his son R.B.C. Howell who later became Chancellor, and subsequently Judge of the Tennessee Court of Appeals. R.B.C. Howell had graduated from Vanderbilt Law School in 1899.

Even after his stroke, Morton B. Howell retained his keen memory, and wrote in pencil a remarkable set of memoirs which Judge Howell later had typed and presented to many members of the family in 1948. Unfortunately, Morton did not complete these memoirs and they stop with the return to Nashville in 1859, being spotty from 1849 on. Morton B. Howell continued to visit his beloved Beersheba Springs, probably spending the last summer there in 1908. He died in Nashville 23 January, 1909, at his home on Second Avenue South, which still stands.

On January 21, 1873, Mary Toy Howell was born and, with two babies, the Howell family planned to spend the summer in Nashville. One Monday in May, the final day of school, their plans were changed. The children were dismissed early from class. Cholera was pronounced epidemic. Mr. Howell arrived home almost as soon as the children and announced that they would leave the next day for Beersheba. Mrs. Howell remonstrated, "But the clothes are all wet in the tubs." However, go the next day they did.

There were a great many people already at the hotel and every room was full. Mr. A. G. Adams had a cottage next to the hotel, a fact which changed young Sue Howell's life and made quite an impact on Beersheba. In June of 1873 Mrs. Howell (Mama) and Mrs. D. F. Wilkin (Aunt Lucy) decided to buy the Polk cottage from Mrs. Sumner. The two young women had just inherited money from their Grandfather Edmunds and they named the cottage "Liberty Hall" for the Edmunds place in Barren County, Kentucky.

Young Alfred Howell was sent up to the cottage to guard the possessions that had been moved in and here I quote from his fiftieth anniversary letter: "I slept in the room nearest the Schild cabin, or rather I lay on a bed in that room. It was so soon after the war that in that remote section there were many stories of 'bushwhackers'—exsoldiers who were homeless and unable to adjust and locate themselves and just roamed around. I suppose these stories were exaggerated, but they had produced such an impression on me that I was expectant of almost anything. During the night the hogs walked around and their footsteps and voices were so humanized, by fancy, that my hair stood on end most of the night. This happened only a night or two until there was more company and the terror of the hogs that talked like men subsided with familiarity."

Then the work began. It was a shell of a house. Much chinking was gone. The roof was very bad. There was no fence. Pigs were under the house and fleas inside. Mr. Howell and Bill Tate put a fence all around. A new roof was put on. The gentlemen hardly went to Nashville all summer and worked hard on improvements.

Sheep were turned in and pigs turned out. There was a dining table of sorts but very few chairs. Two long benches were made for the sides of the table. As the house was originally built with two gables—East and West—with a floor between them said to be for dancing, all of this had to be removed and a new roof built as it is now. Grandfather Howell and Uncle Wilkin built a summerhouse and made the laurel benches and chairs which are still on the porch.

On October 14, 1886, Sue Howell married Adam Gillespie Adams, Jr. During their courtship that summer, they had spent many hours sitting in the front hall cutting out and pinning up the black swallows which are still above the door going from the front hall into the dining room. Some have been replaced but most have been there close to 100 years. In their honor the name of the cottage was changed to Swallows Rest.

Mrs. Adams said in her paper that “through all these 50 years Mama has been the housekeeper and homemaker. She was always ready to welcome everyone of us and our friends, and was equal to any emergency. We, the Adamses, brought our family until we had four boys and thought it time to colonize. We were not asked out. I believe that she would have made a place for all seven of the boys.” When Aunt Sue said colonize she did not visualize the extent to which the Adams clan would go in that direction. For there are now at least 10 properties owned by Adams descendants.

After a few years Mama Howell and Aunt Lucy decided to keep house separately in the same house. Aunt Lucy used the west hall for a living room and the storeroom was enlarged for her kitchen. As the families grew, the Wilkins had two children and the Howells thirteen, a fact which may have caused Aunt Lucy to sell her share in the cottage to Mama Howell in 1892.

By this time Mrs. Howell—Mama to some, Aunt Bettie to others—was so obviously the very heart of the family that the cottage gradually became known as the Howell Cottage. One can imagine her now sitting on the corner of the porch with ladies from other cottages sewing and visiting—always with her back to the yard so that she couldn’t see what the children were up to. In the morning she sat on the porch and graciously received people who brought provisions for the table. There were always fresh vegetables and fruits and occasionally meat. Orders were taken for a leg or shoulder of lamb and when the whole animal had been sold it was slaughtered. There were times when the lamb was suspected of being goat and times that turkeys looked suspiciously wild.

The children walked and swam—first at Laurel Mill where there was a good dam above the fall. Afterwards, for years Mr. Hunerwadel and Mr. Hill took their farm wagons over to the Blue Hole (Long’s) two or three times a week with as many swimmers as could crowd in.

While the boys were up to their usual pranks, the girls sewed and read, and in the evening almost everyone went to the hotel for dancing. Some of the older generation usually stayed at the Howell cottage to sit around the dining room table to talk, play cards, and enjoy an occasional bottle of beer. When children appeared the beer bottles were carefully concealed under the ladies’ long skirts, so we are told.

After Mrs. Howell’s death in 1931 the cottage continued to be opened as soon as school was out in May. Her oldest daughter, Mary Toy (Mrs. Thomas S. Weaver), a widow with three children, inherited Mama’s housekeeping duties along with the same disposition that enabled her

to keep order and tranquility in a very complicated summer household. Judge and Mrs. Boyte Howell with their three children, Mr. And Mrs. Robert Orr (Annie Howell) with their two, the Joseph T. Howells (Mamie Craig) with three daughters, and Mr. And Mrs. Hooper Love (Rachel Howell) with a daughter and son, continued to come for vacations.

There was still a full-time black cook who accompanied the family and stayed for the summer. The legendary Eliza Perry of the mountain continued to come on Mondays to wash clothes and on Tuesdays to iron. The children spent the summer swimming and hiking.

There seems to have always been a tennis court at the Howell Cottage, the earliest one of clay and sand with chickenwire backstops held up by pine saplings. Some very good players have performed on the court over the years and it may be that a few stars have developed their skills on it. In the 1970s the late Spencer Thomas, in memory of his wife Betty Weaver, was responsible for launching the construction of a new all-weather court completely enclosed in a regulation heavy mesh-wire fence. His son-in-law Sam Chester of Chattanooga was in charge of this project.

In the early days ice was a rare and precious commodity for summer people. Visitors were expected to stop at the ice house in McMinnville to pick up a 50 or 100-pound block of ice. Usually everyone drank from a dipper in an oak bucket on the shelf in the dining room until my husband, Tom Weaver, went to medical school.

A big tank purchased after World War I from the powder plant in Nashville stood on a tower in the back yard to catch water from the roof. This was used for washing. Drinking water was drawn from the cistern which is still behind the dining room. Even more revolutionary than the coming of electricity in the early 40s was “city” water from the Altamont reservoir which was completed in 1964.

The dimensions of the cottage are a little hard to believe for those who have never seen it. Eight bedrooms is not so extraordinary but a porch 10 feet wide and 147 feet long begins to sound like a hotel or a boardwalk. This length of porch comes in handy on rainy days for rocking and cardplaying and snoozing in the hammocks. Re-covering the enormous roof produces some astronomical figures. The Nashville builders’ supply house called on to furnish the materials could not credit it at all. They sent half the order, figuring someone had made a mistake. It was their mistake and they had to send the other half of the order the next week. Now the fifth and sixth generations of Howell descendants come to relax and play and enjoy the family unity that has made it possible for countless people to share a legacy left by Grandfather Edmunds to his granddaughters Bettie and Lucy Curd. The cottage is now owned by the families of four of the Morton B. Howell grandchildren: Mrs. Bettie Orr Franklin, and the heirs of Robert Orr III, Mrs. Bettie Weaver Thomas, and Dr. Thomas S. Weaver II.

Love of family and attachment to place have always been strong traditions in the South, Old and New. The 100th anniversary of the Howell’s ownership of the cottage brought forth a flood of close kin and distant cousins and friends in July of 1973. More than 240 people came, according to Betty Weaver Thomas, granddaughter of Morton B. and Bettie Curd Howell, and of that number “way over 100” were family into the sixth generation. There was for the occasion a big barbecue with all the fixin’s and appropriate potables, but the rain came and the big porch once again saved the day—for the grownups, anyway.

As Susan Brandau wrote in the Tennessean, “Dozens of children of all ages and sizes had a grand time playing in the mud and throwing water at each other while assorted dogs barked and ran underfoot. The elders sat on the wide covered porch, extending around three sides of the old

loghouse, laughing, reminiscing and renewing old friendships.”

Some day we will have to consider a new colonization program and, fortunately, this too has been provided for. In 1936 Judge Boyte Howell and his sisters exchanged the piece of land called the Brown Field behind the cottage with Mr. And Mrs. Ben Hill for some 17 acres on the Grassy Ridge Road. This is the property on which the Oliver J. Morgan or Johnson house stood. In 1941 the heirs bought 27 acres adjoining this piece of land from Mr. And Mrs. B. W. Hillis. This property, called the Howell Domain in Judge Howell’s time, has been divided among the four families who own the cottage. We hope that there will always be Howell descendants enjoying Beersheba at the cottage or on the Domain.

—Elizabeth Moore Weaver

Bishop Otey's Cottage

James Hervey Otey (1800-1863), for whom John Armfield built this cottage in 1856, is a name revered in Tennessee and the South. Otey was born at Liberty, Virginia, was graduated from the University of North Carolina, and became a tutor there in Latin and Greek. Later he was ordained by the Protestant Episcopal Church and became Bishop of Tennessee at age 34. He was married to Sally McGavock of Franklin (1805-1872), where he founded St. Paul's, and also Christ Episcopal Church in Nashville, and was known as the Good Bishop.

In 1851 Bishop Otey traveled to Europe with his wife's cousin Randal W. McGavock in search of better health. McGavock noted in his diary on June 9 that "Bishop Otey's health being exceedingly delicate, he remained at Dr. Wilson's (in Malvern) to try more effectually the hydropathic system." During the course of that same journey the Good Bishop tried his best to keep the younger members of the party out of trouble without much success.

Otey was a friend of John Armfield, an Episcopal convert, and thus was given the cottage next door to Bishop Leonidas Polk of Mississippi, also Armfield's friend, when it was thought Beersheba might be the location of an Episcopal University. The two bishops, with Armfield a chief benefactor, laid the cornerstone for the University of the South at Sewanee in October 1860. Unlike Polk, Otey had published numerous addresses and sermons and one treatise *The Unity of the Church*. A classicist and a scholar, he acquired a library considerable for its day and died in Memphis on April 23, 1863, a broken man. His grave is in St. John's Churchyard, Ashwood, near Columbia.

With Beersheba subject to the depredations of a Civil War, the Otey cottage was not spared. L. Virginia French, a diarist and refugee at Beersheba in 1863, wrote on July 26 about the marauders who broke into and plundered the unoccupied houses: "... one woman had a lot of books from Bishop Otey's residence—many were Latin and French books—and there were some of profound theological character, and pamphlets of church proceedings. The woman did not know a letter to save her life, but said she had some children who were just beginning to read. She wanted the books for them. She wanted to encourage them." But the Good Bishop, already in his grave, was unable to rise and complain.

The sturdy log structure with its high ceilings and commodious rooms was eventually extended and covered by clapboard—probably when owned by the Peter Schild family after the Civil War. They lived in the house for many years and taught a school there for the children of Beersheba. In 1898 it was operated as a boarding house for those who wished to stay overnight at the Springs but could not afford the tariff at the Hotel.

Some years later, the Goulding Marr family of Nashville owned and occupied the house. With much interest in the Beersheba Community, Thomas Marr of Marr, Holman Architects drew up the plans for the Beersheba Library. Further appreciation was shown by the two sisters Cornelia, a schoolteacher, and Kate, the housekeeper for the family. It is recalled that Miss Kate and Miss Cornelia planned a party for the Beersheba children and made up a zinc tub full of lemonade. When Dr. Marr came in and saw what they had done, he poured the lemonade out at once. "Do you want to kill all these children?" he sternly demanded of his two sisters.

In 1946 R. L. Redford and his wife Carrie bought the cottage from the Marr heirs; it was

occupied for the next four summers by the Redfords' daughter Lucille, her husband Clifton Johnson, and their daughters Jean and Shirley. Jean remembers playing charades at the end of the wide screened porch and slipping over to the Black Cottage next door to play an ancient Jenny Lind piano. She and Shirley had grown up at Beersheba when their parents rented the Hopper Cottage for several years and still recall many happy summers at both cottages.

After Clifton Johnson suffered a stroke, the Redfords sold the house to Dennis and Frances Brown of Beersheba on August 23, 1950. The Browns in turn sold the property to the three Argo sisters, Maggie Mae, Flossie, and Sarah Mary. They brought their mother to live with them, operated a very successful guest home for several years, and served many tempting meals at the long dining table. After Flossie married Rupert Tate, Maggie and Sarah sold their interests in the house to Flossie, but all three continued to practice excellent needlework, dollmaking, and homecrafts, including basket weaving. Flossie Argo Tate occupies the house today and furnishes visitors with T V dinners and other homemade delectables.

—Herschel Gower

Hemlock Hall

Architects, historians, and preservationists have with good cause admired this excellent example of strongly stylized Victorian Gothic architecture. Like the Kenner-Ferriss cottage, it has sharply pointed arches and scrollwork at the verge boards. Of board-and-batten construction, it has gingerbread gables, a veranda with ornamental iron columns, and today a tin roof. The hemlock trees that shade the H-shaped structure seem appropriate for its Gothic lines.

This cottage was surpassed in architectural interest only by the Oliver J. Morgan cottage, Morgan's Lodge. The floor plan is in the form of an H, having only eight windows on the front and rear wings but twelve French doors with louvered shutters opening from the six bedrooms onto the central front and rear porches and two end porches. This arrangement provided an open flow of air at any time of day or night. All the porches were originally supported by Gothic arches and had latticed underpinings.

The central hall-living room had the customary front and rear doors with panes at top and sides. The four end bedrooms had corner fireplaces and the two middle bedrooms had fireplaces backed up to these with flues feeding into the two chimneys, which are still topped by three clay chimney pots each.

Most of the rooms measure 16 x 20 feet with 13 M> foot ceilings and plastered walls. The woodwork and mantels are of the Egyptian design used by Armfield and other builders of the period. All the windows are shuttered, as are all the French doors, an arrangement which allows privacy but circulation of air. The doorways and windows have elaborate window pediments which accentuate the Gothic design.

On the central rear porch an exterior staircase gives access to a second floor under the eaves with three large windows to the front and rear. This area was floored and used for storage but not completed as part of the living quarters.

To the rear of the house on the left is a two-room log structure which housed the kitchen and servants' quarters. Across from it to the east was a large carriage house with servants' housing as well. These two structures created a somewhat enclosed rear courtyard with brick walks and possibly a formal garden.

Of definite interest, according to former owner Edna Davenport, there was a large dug well with brick walls in the rear yard. Half-way down the well there was a wide wooden platform, accessible by ladder, where perishable foods were kept cool in summer.

Apparently built for Joseph Williams of Louisiana about 1858, the house was conveyed by Williams on September 19, 1860 to Mrs. Virginia Perkins Freeland of Marion County, Mississippi, the widow of Frisby Freeland. The daughter of Jesse Perkins and Mary Fontaine, Virginia married Frisby Freeland, scion of a prosperous planter family, about 1850 and had by him a daughter and son, Mary Fontaine and Thomas. Frisby Freeland, son of Thomas and Sarah Greenfield Skinner Freeland, was born in 1822. With yellow fever raging in the Deep South—in New Orleans alone 2,670 deaths were attributed to it in 1855—Freeland probably died of fever in 1857 as a young man of 34. His early death prompted Virginia Freeland to take her children and move to Beersheba, a safer climate in summer.

Then came the Civil War, the cottages were locked up, the keys left with Colonel Armfield when Mrs. Freeland and others fled to the Deep South again. The diary kept by L. Virginia French

at Beersheba in 1863 and 1864 records in detail the pillaging of the cottages by gangs of marauders. Mrs. French complained that on July 25, 1863: "The robbers were in again today . . . They broke into Mr. Murray's cottage . . . and commenced carrying things off . . . Dr. Waters' also . . . as well as Mrs. Freeland's." On Sunday, July 25, the whole village was terrorized and ransacked. "At Mrs. Freeland's house they held an orgie the whole night, singing, shouting, and it was believed dancing. I heard the noise at the cottages myself, when I closed my shutters at 11 o'clock."

But Mrs. Frisby Freeland was obviously not ruined by the Civil War, as were several of the cottage owners whose properties Colonel Armfield had to repossess and dispose of after 1865. In fact, she returned to Beersheba as Mrs. Banks, the wife of Major A. D. Banks of Virginia, and attended the grand ball of the season with her daughter when the Hotel reopened in 1870. On August 21 of that year the Nashville Republican Banner reported: "Mrs. Banks, of Mississippi, so widely known for her beauty and elegance, graced the occasion, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Freeland, in *couleur de rose*, who, though just entering her teens, is wonderfully attractive for mental and physical beauty." Her son Thomas Freeland is mentioned in the memoirs of Alfred E. Howell at Beersheba.

Goodspeed's Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Mississippi (1891) gave the family further attention:

Mrs. Banks is a highly accomplished woman, and in her youth was thoroughly educated in a select school, where she showed great proficiency as a Latin and French scholar, and also in music, becoming a brilliant performer on the piano. She and her daughter, Miss Mary Freeland, have traveled extensively, and their literary tastes, their fine conversational powers as well as their gracious manners, gathered about them and won for them the friendship and admiration of eminent people in this country and abroad. Many of their winters have been spent in Washington, D.C., where they move in the highest social circles. They reside on a fine cotton plantation near Vicksburg, Mississippi. Their family mansion is a commodious and imposing structure, and an air of refinement and good taste pervades all its surroundings. In this ideal Southern home a generous and true-hearted hospitality is displayed that is the delight of the many that enter its portals.

Virginia Perkins Freeland Banks, having reached the age of sixty, sold the Beersheba cottage in 1894 to Mrs. Emma Young Black, wife of Dr. Thomas Black, McMinnville. Mrs. Black, the daughter of John S. Young, Secretary of State in Tennessee, was born near the State Capitol in Nashville. Her husband practiced medicine in McMinnville for many years, where he was also mayor, and they had eight children to enjoy the cottage.

When Mrs. Black bought the Gothic house at Beersheba, She was told this story: when the house was first built two Mississippi boatmen were gambling in the parlor. They got into an argument which resulted in one of them being killed. The blood stains were on the floor of a room on the left side of the house, and Mrs. Black was unable to remove them. This room could have been the present kitchen. In later years, a caretaker, who believed in ghosts, claimed she could see a man walking around without a head under the hemlock trees every night just at dusk. This resulted in the tale that the house was haunted. Some of the children in the community, when walking to the post office just before dark, tried to avoid getting too close to the hemlock trees. Instead of taking the side walk they got out in the middle of the road. They undoubtedly thought it better to be safe than sorry.

It was in November 1949 that the Black heirs sold the cottage to Mrs. Edna Davenport of McMinnville, and she immediately set about saving a famous landmark and restoring it to its former grandeur (an operation described elsewhere).

Subsequent owners have been Sherman and Hazel Nelson, and Gary P. Dillon. On September 2, 1967, the heirs of Dillon deeded the property to Thompson Phillips Crowe III, who is the present owner.

—Herschel Gower

The Eve Cottage

This property was conveyed by John Armfield to Dr. R. L. Graves of Louisiana on September 28, 1860. The elevated lot lay adjacent to the garden of the Beersheba Springs Company, the property of Mrs. Laura Castleman, and that of Mr. W. R. L. Mason. The house of fine square-cut logs has a wide porch across the front, an entrance hall, and four large rooms opening onto the hall. There are two chimneys, one in each of the front rooms, and a side porch at the rear has been enclosed. Originally, there were three detached rooms at the rear—one serving as a kitchen and the other two as quarters for servants. These were pulled down in the 1940s.

Dr. Graves and his family provided the house with furnishings in excellent taste, but were able to enjoy them and the house for only two seasons before the Civil War began and the family was forced to retreat to Louisiana and then to Texas. While the house was unoccupied, Mrs. Lucy Virginia French and her family of McMinnville borrowed the key from Colonel Armfield and went out to inspect the premises. She recorded in her diary in 1863: “There was a very heavy thunderstorm late in the afternoon and we were caught over at Dr. Graves’ house, having gone there with a view to examining it, previous to taking up our abode therein. I liked the domicile very well indeed.”

Apparently no arrangements could be made, although later Mrs. French removed some of the valuable china for safekeeping. Then on July 26, 1863, she “was horrified” that bushwhackers had invaded the Graves house and taken numerous pieces of “elegant furniture” and placed them helter-skelter in the passageway and on the porch of another house.

With the house stripped of its fine appointments during the war, its owners dead or impoverished, with legal records scanty or lost, we deduce that the next owners, George Hoodenpyle and F. M. Smith, acquired the house at a sheriff’s sale sometime about 1869 while Hoodenpyle was operating the hotel. But on July 31, 1871, Hoodenpyle and Smith deeded the property to Mrs. Mary R. Brown and Mrs. Jane Williams of Nashville. (They were Mrs. Morgan Brown and Mrs. Frank Williams, respectively.) Then T. D. Craighead seems to have bought the Williams’ interest and transferred it to Mrs. Mary R. Brown on January 7, 1889, making her sole owner.

With Mrs. Mary R. Brown began a long tenure by a family distinguished on both sides. Her husband Morgan Brown was a descendant of Dr. Morgan Brown (1758-1840), a hero of the Revolutionary War from North Carolina. Their daughter Jennie (sometimes called Jane) Brown, who was born in August, 1860, was married to Dr. Paul F. Eve, Jr. on April 15, 1884. Thus began the ownership of the cottage by the Eve family until 1942.

Dr. Paul Fitzsimmons Eve, Jr. was the son of Dr. Paul F. Eve, Sr. (1806-1877) and his second wife Sarah Duncan (1818-1897). The father, a native of Augusta, Georgia, distinguished himself as a surgeon with the Polish forces fighting against Russia in 1831. He was also in the Mexican War, was Surgeon General of Tennessee in the Confederacy, and was a President of the American Medical Association. He was a professor in a number of medical schools and performed the first successful hysterectomy.

It is quite likely that the Senior Doctor Eve, who was practicing medicine in Nashville, visited

the Brown-Eve cottage in his later years. His son Paul, Jr. and his wife Jennie Brown Eve were regular occupants of the cottage, as were their son, Paul F. Eve III and his wife, the former Martha Hayes. The sister of Paul III, Mary Brown Eve, and her husband Joseph Fall came as well. They were contemporaries of the seven Adams brothers at the White House.

Childless, World War II at hand, and transportation sometimes difficult, Paul III and Martha Hayes Eve sold the Eve cottage to Mrs. Ruth Eckard Miller on February 21, 1942. Mrs. Miller deeded the property to the Home Missionary Society, a corporation of the State of Alabama,

On August 1, 1958. Mr. And Mrs. Harvey Nestor came to live on the property in 1943 and the grounds were used for the Society's retreats in summer.

On August 31, 1970, the Home Missionary Society, with Mrs. Ruth E. Miller, Lorraine Scullin, and Lynn Miller listed as trustees, transferred the house and acreage to the People of the Living God. It is presently owned by the officers and trustees of this group. The house is not presently occupied but is used for storage. Mr. And Mrs. James Edward Brown occupy a dwelling in the rear of the main house.

—Herschel Gower

Lovers Leap

The legend of Lovers Leap and how it got its name goes back to the Revolutionary War. The magnificent bluff site overlooking the Collins River Valley took its name from the suicidal leaps of an Indian princess and a Revolutionary soldier when her father objected to their union and they felt they could not live apart.

Little is known about the property until just before the chartering of Beersheba in 1839, at which time a local resident was reputed to have known the site of the lovers' graves in the valley. It has long been regarded as an attractive location, for directly beneath the bluff there is a rock house, or natural shelter carved in the stone, where Indian bands and early pioneers took refuge in bad weather or camped at night at the spring on their way down the mountain. There is a second spring, with stone walls just fifty yards east of the bluff.

In the 1850s Colonel John Armfield, ex-slave trader and partner of Isaac Franklin of Sumner County, acquired most of the William Dugan and John Cain holdings and developed Beersheba as a summer resort with the hotel at its center and some twenty cottages nearby.

Armfield sold 21 acres on the bluff to Isaiah Garrett of Ouachita Parish, Louisiana, for \$2,000 in September 1859, with the standard stipulation: no boarders or lodgers, no dry or wet goods sold, etc. These restrictions were meant to keep cottage owners from competing with the hotel. Garrett was to improve the lot and cut firewood, but Armfield was to designate from which land the timber could be taken.

Then came the Civil War. In 1869, William Lawson Murfree of Murfreesboro and Nashville, purchased from Armfield the lot and house for \$2,300. Murfree made mention when the transaction was recorded of a "framed dwelling house and outhouses" he had built on the property in 1860 and 1861. The Murfree Family spent a number of summers there. In fact, both biographers of Mary Noailles Murfree, author and second daughter of William Lawson Murfree, make a point of saying that she spent every summer at Beersheba for fifteen years—that is, from 1855 to 1870. So it was at Lovers Leap, called Crag-Wylde by the Murfrees, that Mary Noailles Murfree grew up and began to write her stories of the Tennessee mountains.

Although the exact locations of her stories are often disguised by fictional names, we know that "New Helvetia" is Beersheba in the stories and that she was inspired by the mountain people she had met. Looking more closely, we find that Beersheba figures in the story "The Bushwackers" in *The Bushwackers and Other Stories* (1899); in "The Raid of the Guerilla" and "The Lost Guidon" in *The Raid of the Guerilla and Other Stories* (1912).

As the daughter of a prosperous family from Middle Tennessee and as a woman of breeding with a bent toward the arts, Mary Noailles Murfree wrote in the style and from the point of view of the local colorist. Her concept of fiction was limited and she leaves a great deal to be desired in tone and inventiveness. Her insistence on an exaggerated phonetic spelling cloyed the modern reader, when her characters speak. Yet she gave the outside world—by which we mean the readers of Lippincott's Magazine and other Eastern publications—some sense of the indigenous community of the Southern Appalachians, some notion of life and conflicts and community values at Beersheba. So she succeeded in the limited mode of the local colorists. Her first collection of stories, *In the Tennessee Mountains* was reissued by the University of Tennessee Press in 1978 and

is still available for readers interested in the Southern Appalachians. Under the pseudonym of Charles Egbert Craddock, she brought attention to the folk of Tennessee and has a Tennessee Highway marker to her memory at Beersheba.

In January 1880, A. J. Dykes purchased the site from the County Revenue Commissioners for back taxes. It is not certain whether buildings were still on the lot at that time, but it is known that the original dwelling, farther from the bluff than the present house, was either moved or burned down. Dykes sold part of the property to John Hege next door and the site designated in this deed was known as the "W. L. Murfree lot." The lot remained vacant until Hege's daughter and son-in-law, Wilhelmina and Arnold Hunerwadel, sold to McPhail Smith in 1907. Smith, a professor of Chemistry, made certain improvements which included a water tank and outdoor shower.

The present cottage of approximately twelve rooms— some of which were added in recent years—was built in 1909 by Henry L. Brown, his cousin Vance P. Brown, and A. A. Hunerwadel. Henry L. Brown was a contractor who erected the original Coalmont and Palmer schools, the first Seventh Day Adventist Church in Chattanooga, and numerous houses on the Palmer Road. He is also credited with the Methodist Churches at Coalmont and Palmer. Hunerwadel was responsible for the installation of water tanks for many of the cottages and was a respected craftsman.

In 1917, Fannie P. Bramlitt and Mary B. Hollins became the owners of Lovers Leap. Seventeen years later, Fannie Bramlitt sold to the sisters, Mrs. Edith Colvert and Miss Nell Brannon. From them, James Fate Brown, son of Henry L. Brown, purchased the home in 1956. James' sister, Mrs. Margaret Brown Coppinger and her husband Floyd, lived at Lovers Leap from 1958 to 1971, showed many visitors around the famous landmark, and provided them with historical information. James Fate Brown sold in 1971 to Connie L. and Ted E. Summitt, who with their children lived there for eight years.

On January 1, 1981, when the Summitts decided to leave the mountain, Lovers Leap was sold to Madeline R. and Howell E. Adams, Jr., who live in Atlanta. So another branch of the Adamses and their five children continue the Beersheba tradition begun by his great-grandparents, the Morton B. Howells, and his grandparents, Mr. And Mrs. Adam G. Adams. The enjoyment of Beersheba and its beauties continues at Lovers Leap through the fifth generation with Howell and Madeline's children—Edith, Howell III, John, Madeline, and Elizabeth Adams.

—Edith Adams

Hege-Hunerwadel House

In 1859 John Armfield sold to Charles W. Phillips of New Orleans lot number 8, laid off by William C. Hill and containing 7 7/100 acres. Phillips was to have free use of the water from the chalybeate spring or any other spring used by the public. He was to have the privilege of cutting timber to improve the lot with cabins and fences, also sufficient firewood to be cut where Armfield directed.

By the end of the Civil War Charles W. Phillips was bankrupt and thus unable to pay the taxes. The place was attached for \$1,500 and in the September term of court in 1865 the Grundy County sheriff sold the property back to Armfield for \$400.

In 1868 Richard Clark of Cleveland, Ohio, came to Beersheba and bought several homes, one of which was the Phillips place for \$1,500. With his brothers Maurice and James, Clark had been John D. Rockefeller's partner in the oil refinery business and had emigrated from Wiltshire, England some years earlier. The Clarks and Rockefeller did not get along and Rockefeller bought them out in 1865. So Richard Clark came to Beersheba to invest his money and explore oil and mineral deposits.

It is a well-known fact, however, that Richard Clark was not happy at Beersheba and wanted to go back to Cleveland. According to Pat Hunerwadel, Clark came in contact with John Hege of Ohio who had settled there but wanted to move South. As a result of this meeting the following exchange took place: "I, Richard Clark, have this day bargained and sold and do convey to Mina Hege, a lot located in Beersheba Springs known as the Phillips house containing some 75 acres bounded on west by Hotel Company, on north by the old Beersheba line, on east by lands of W. L. Murfree and Charles Russell and on south by road leading from the hotel to Richard Clark's residence (built by Oliver J. Morgan) and also one other tract of land of 100 acres in same district bounded on north by road leading to the Richard Clark and Adrien Hobbs Place, on west by lands of R. Sanders and James Fahery, on east by Richard Clark, and on south by Richard Clark and the Beersheba Springs Company, for and in consideration of between 7 and 8 acres of land located in Bucksville Township, Cuyahoga County, State of Ohio." The deed was signed August 6, 1872.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hege lived in the Phillips house for some time but eventually it was given or sold to their daughter Wilhelmina (Minnie), who had married Arnold A. Hunerwadel. A description of the house was given by Alice Hunerwadel Steiner: "The main house was framed with wooden boards going up and down painted white and with dark green shutters. It faced the hotel, had seven large rooms, all on one floor, with very high ceilings. It had a porch all the way across the front and two double fireplaces. There was a long building running from the back of the house toward the barn that had four rooms built of logs. The first room was the kitchen and the children had to carry the food across the brick walk to the diningroom in the main house. The room behind the kitchen was the workshop where tools were kept. The next space, open but under the roof, was used to store wood and protect the big farm wagon. The next room was a slave room, with iron bars on the single window; the door was of a double thickness studded with big-headed nails. The next room was where Frank and Jennie Mason lived and cooked on a fireplace. The workshop also had a fireplace, making four chimneys in all."

In the spring of 1911 the house caught fire from a faulty oil stove in the kitchen. Alice and her father were at home but Mrs. Hunerwadel was at her daughter Julie's. Alice called her mother and

all the people who had telephones. By the time the neighbors arrived they saw the house could not be saved but they carried out all the furniture in the main building and saved some of the doors which were later used when the house was rebuilt the following fall.

The picture of the original house shows bee hives in front. At times it was Alice's job, when she was small, to sit on the front porch and watch for the swarms of bees.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunerwadel lived here many years after their children married and left home. Frank and Jennie Mason, who worked for them, were there most of the time but occasionally they would take off, walking all the way to Alabama, their original home.

John Hege and his wife Mina deeded the Phillips place to their daughter Mina Hege Hunerwadel: 75 acres and another tract of 100 acres bounded on the west by lands owned by R. Sanders and James Fahery. This deed was signed January 1, 1889 with the promise that Mina, her husband, or heirs could not sell or dispose of the property without the consent of her parents during their lifetime.

According to Alice Hunerwadel Steiner, her father, Arnold A. Hunerwadel, came to New York from Switzerland and went directly to the state of Washington to visit relatives there. After staying a few months with them he went to Sacramento, California, where he worked for a few years. He finally decided to return to Switzerland but stopped to visit his aunt, Mrs. Olga Hunerwadel Plumacher, at Beersheba. While here he met Mina Hege, daughter of John Hege, and they were married in McMinnville in December, 1888. The children of Arnold A. and Mina Hege Hunerwadel were Julia, who married Lt. Col. H. P. Ritzius, A. P. (Pat) who married Laura Barnes, Otto, and Alice, who married Max Steiner.

Pat Hunerwadel later became the owner and lived there for about a year in 1947. He sold the property to Carl Willis and wife, the former Carrie Lee Hill, who are the present owners of this historic site and occupants of the house built by Hunerwadel in 1911.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Morgan Lodge

John Armfield and Beersheba Springs attracted so many men of wealth and influence from the Deep South that by 1860 the mountain had become a colony of affluent families from Louisiana and Mississippi. Notable among them was Oliver Jones Morgan, a circuit judge in Ouachita Parish, Monroe, Louisiana. Judge Morgan was also, according to *Biographical and Historical Memoirs of Mississippi* (1891), the largest cotton planter in Louisiana.

Morgan was deeded 32 acres by Armfield near the present Grassy Ridge Road on September 4, 1858. On this domain, overlooking the upper valley of the Collins River, he built the most imposing of all the ante-bellum cottages—an elegant Palladian structure with tall columns, a long porch which ran around three sides, and a belvedere jutting jauntily through the roof. Charles Warterfield has pointed out that this is a rare example of a belvedere on a one-story house.

From Kentucky Morgan brought blooded stock to the mountain and built a racetrack facing the house and extending in a circle to the edge of the bluff. There he constructed an octagonal gazebo with windows, where family and friends could view the impenetrable growth of Savage Gulf or indulge in a game of cards or billiards.

As an incorporator of the Beersheba Springs Company in 1860, Judge Morgan owned 40 shares worth \$4,000. As a supporter of the proposed University of the South, he subscribed \$40,000, a sum which put the campaign over the top. Morgan's Steep at Sewanee memorializes his name today.

When Oliver J. Morgan died in 1860 in East Carroll Parish, Lake Providence, Louisiana, his estate included land valued at \$947,153.80; slaves \$196,961; and personal property \$38,200. This was a total of \$1,182,314.80. So one can understand why he was able to build the luxurious cottage, race his horses, and maintain the grand style while in residence at Morgan Lodge.

In 1868, Richard Clark of Wiltshire, England, who had moved earlier to Cleveland, Ohio, and been a partner of John D. Rockefeller, decided to come south to make investments. He owned the Hotel and lived in Morgan Lodge for a few years. What is now called Grassy Ridge Road was referred to as Mr. Clark's Road in deeds of that decade. But Clark apparently sold the property back to Judge Morgan's nephew, Oliver T. Morgan, because we know that the nephew's third wife, Emmie Erwin Morgan, died in 1878 at Beersheba and is buried there.

Morgan Lodge then passed into the hands of the Johnson side of the family—Harry K. and Benjamin Johnson of Chatham, Washington County, Mississippi—both of whom were graduated from Sewanee. Ben entered West Point in 1885, was graduated in 1889, and as an engineer directed the building of the first highway through the Florida Everglades.

Margaret Coppinger recalled that Marie-Elise, daughter of the Ben Johnsons and a fine violinist, was married at Morgan Lodge about 1925. "My mother furnished quantities of asters and it was a beautiful wedding. But a few days later, Mrs. Johnson suffered a massive stroke and did not recover. She was buried in the yard of the Johnson Cottage, the second member of the family to die at Beersheba."

The cottage was rented to summer people for several years, including the family of Dr. Duncan Eve. It was vacant when it caught fire and burned to the ground in the 1930s. Only the

summer house remained during the next decade as testimony to Judge Morgan and his generous contributions to both the north and south ends of Broad Mountain. But the summer house began to crumble too, and was pulled down after Judge R. B. C. Howell took possession of the property.

The outline of the racetrack is still there, kept open by occasional hikers, jeeps, and logging trucks. If one looks hard he can find a few ancient bricks from the chimneys and the cistern which are all but covered by the thicket that has now taken possession of this proud site.

—Herschel Gower

Uncle Nathan's Cottage

The first private owner of this tract was R. H. Mason, who received it on April 18, 1860 from the BeershebaSprings Company. Presumably there was a small summer cottage there at the beginning of the Civil War. Unfortunately the war obscured much of the history and information about the succession of owners until Thomas S. Myers, executor of the estate of J. W. Hill, deeded the house and three acres to Nathan Bracken on October 10, 1876. Nathan had been Colonel John Armfield's bodyservant and remained, with his wife Henrietta, with Armfield till he died in 1871.

In John Armfield of Beersheba Springs, Isabel Howell notes: "It was Nathan's story that Mr. Armfield paid \$2,000 for him and \$1,600 for Henrietta, but for these figures one should probably make allowances. At any rate, Nathan used to tell that he himself drove his master in a Jersey wagon when he made his first trip to the Beersheba Springs which were soon to become the absorbing interest in John Armfield's life." Nathan and Henrietta appear in the diaries of Mrs. Lucy Virginia French at Beersheba in 1863 and 1864 as prominent members of the Armfield household.

Nathan probably stayed with Mrs. Armfield until she left Beersheba to live with her nieces. In any case, he bought the cottage in 1876 to have a permanent residence for himself, Henrietta, and their sons Dave and Henry. (The 1870 census lists Nathan's children as Elois, Sally, Robert, David, and Henry.) Nathan lived well into the twentieth century and deeded the property to his sons on February 17, 1911. He was a popular resident, later somewhat deaf, a spinner of yarns, and sometimes the object of practical jokes which he endured with good humor.

Subsequent owners of the property were Morris Dykes, who sold it to Claude Coppinger in 1922, and Mitchell Hobbs, who sold it on January 24, 1974 to Mrs. Edna Davenport of McMinnville. Coppinger was postmaster and conducted business in a small building at the front of the lot. Mrs. Davenport restored the house in 1975 and sold it to the Church of the Living God in 1980.

—Herschel Gower

Kenner-Ferriss Cottage

The first owner of this cottage, who bought the property from John Armfield in 1857, was Minor Kenner of Belle Grove Plantation, Jefferson Parish, Louisiana. The son of William Kenner and Mary Minor, Minor Kenner was born about 1803 at what is now Kenner (near New Orleans) Louisiana and was the grandson of Steven Minor, who was of English descent and the last governor of the Natchez Territory when it was under Spanish rule.

On October 7, 1857, John Armfield conveyed 40 $\frac{3}{4}$ acres to Kenner on what is now the Grassy Ridge Road and here was built the large house with a steep roof, pointed gables, and servants' quarters adjacent. It was probably completed by the summer of 1858. With a fine spring that could be shared with neighbors and a commanding view of Tarlton Valley, Minor Kenner and his family enjoyed the next three summers at Beersheba. Their neighbors to the east were Judge Oliver J. Morgan of Carroll Parish, Louisiana, and nearby were Dr. Robert L. Graves, Charles W. Phillips, and Joseph S. Williams, all from the same state.

Architecturally, the Kenner house can be broadly designated as nineteenth-century Gothic and shares lines similar to those of the Black or Crowe cottage built about the same time for Mrs. Frisby Freeland of Vicksburg.

With the coming of the Civil War in 1861, the Kenner house was unoccupied. Minor stayed in Louisiana; his brother Duncan, a planter and horsebreeder, was sent abroad by President Jefferson Davis to persuade France to intervene on the part of the Confederacy.

During this period, the Kenner cottage, like many others at Beersheba, was the target of lawless gangs. Mrs. Lucy Virginia French of McMinnville, who was staying with the Armfields, wrote in her diary on Wednesday, June 10, 1863: "Mr. Phillips' cottage and Mr. Kenner's, I am told, have been stripped."

His fortune lost and saddled with obligations impossible to meet, Minor Kenner was dead in 1865 when the Beersheba property with its magnificent view was attached by the Sheriff of Grundy County and sold back to Colonel Armfield for \$400.

Thereafter came a series of owners in rapid succession. Richard Clark, a native of Wiltshire, England, came to Beersheba in 1867 from Cleveland, Ohio, where he was a successful businessman and one-time partner of John D. Rockefeller. Interested in mineral prospects and oil, Clark was prosperous enough in 1868 to buy the Kenner place, along with Morgan's and Phillips'. With W. W. Bierce, also of Cleveland, Clark purchased the hotel properties from John M. Bass of Nashville for \$10,000.

In 1869 Clark sold the Kenner place to one Charles Russell, presumably from the East. Then Frederick Eddy deeded it to Mrs. Catherine Louise Huson of Englewood, N.J. In 1885. Among those who either rented or leased the property were the Greeter Family. On April 10, 1901, Catherine Louise and Isaiah H. Huson sold "twelve acres known as the Russell or Eddy tract," and the house to S. H. Judson. Four years later, Judson conveyed the house and land to his daughter Mrs. Nettie Judson Ferriss on June 3, 1905.

The Judson-Ferriss families of Nashville owned the house for the next fifty years, sometimes leasing it to the W. D. Trabues of Nashville. A daughter, Lucinda Trabue, was married to Clark Statler of New York in the garden overlooking the bluff in 1924.

In 1955 Miss Maria Ferriss subdivided the property and sold the house to Mr. And Mrs. Ira Oertli of Alton, Illinois, who made extensive improvements to both exterior and interior. Before the Oertli purchase, the house was said to be haunted and was the scene of many teenage “ghost watches.”

Mr. and Mrs. Oertli came from Illinois to Beersheba in the spring of 1955. They had been to Monteagle, looking for a place to retire. In later years, Mrs. Oertli said they were searching for a place where tornadoes were not likely to hit. When they passed through Beersheba and saw there was a public library in the village they were convinced that was where they would try to settle. They stayed a few days with Mrs. Julia Ritzius, who was operating a guest home at that time on the Backbone. Then they located the Ferriss place, which Maria Ferriss was willing to sell.

Mr. Oertli had taught many years in high school and Mrs. Oertli (Jane Pace) had been one of his pupils. He was born on October 12, 1889, and died January 7, 1975. She was born on January 5, 1897, and they were married on February 18, 1919.

After restoring the Ferriss cottage, Mrs. Oertli became interested in the library; it was closed because there was no money to pay a librarian. In 1956 she was elected to the Beersheba Library Board of Directors and helped to get the Caney Fork Regional Library service to bring books to the community. As librarian for several years, she also carried books to the Beersheba School for the children. She also helped with the 4-H Club in school, and she taught sewing to a group of girls.

Mrs. Oertli helped to establish a Community Improvement Club in Beersheba in 1965. Two years later, 1967, she and Margaret Coppinger started the Art and Crafts Fair called a “mini market.” Her idea was to have a place where local people could sell their crafts and thus have a market for home industries.

A great devotee of Beersheba, Maria Ferriss, who had taught in the local school as early as 1921-22, built a new house for herself on part of the original Kenner tract in 1955 and she occupied it until her death in 1964. At the east end of the property Mr. And Mrs. Oertli built a Swiss chalet for themselves in 1970 and sold the century-old Kenner house to Mr. And Mrs. Miles Thomas in 1971, the present owners of the historic edifice.

At the death of Maria Ferriss in 1964, her cottage and four acres passed on to her cousin Kinnard T. McConnico, Jr. of Nashville. A lawyer like his father and a strong, colorful supporter of the Beersheba community, K. T. and his wife Mary Moore McConnico occupied the 1955 Ferriss house for four days each week, dividing their time between it and their home in Nashville until his death in 1981. Because of their weekly routine and their love of the mountain, K. T. and Mary McConnico had a knowledge of it that went beyond summer visits.

Maria Ferriss is buried in the Hunerwadel Cemetery, as was her wish. K. T. McConnico is buried “close to Heaven” at Grace Chapel. As Nashvillians of long lineage, they were staunchly devoted to Beersheba and wanted it to be their final resting place.

—Herschel Gower

Dan: The Plumacher Place

In 1867 Captain Eugen H. Plumacher was sent by the Swiss government to locate a place in the U. S. for a Swiss colony. President Andrew Johnson asked him to consider Tennessee and he visited Col. John Armfield of Beersheba Springs. John Hitz, a Swiss businessman, and Peter Staub also became interested. These men bought up several thousand acres of land near Gruetli and printed circulars in German to induce settlers to come over.

Eugen Herman Plumacher liked Beersheba so well that he acquired a fine home here. It burned under mysterious circumstances one Sunday morning and it was thought that some of the disgruntled Swiss settlers burned it.

After the first home burned he built another, part of which is standing yet. It was planned much like the Hotel— around a square court yard. The last wing to be built was the library to house Captain Plumacher's books and papers. It is the section where the grandson, Eugene Bohr, lives today.

Captain Plumacher and The Swiss Colony

The leading spirit in the original undertaking which resulted in the colony at Gruetli was Captain E. H. Plumacher, a German by birth but evidently Swiss in sympathies. In 1867, he was sent by the Swiss government as Commissioner of Emigration to the United States with the purpose of finding a location for a colony. On May 16, 1868, after several months of search, Captain Plumacher went to the White House, in company with Mr. John Hitz, Political Agent and Consul General of the Swiss Republic, to say good-bye to Present Andrew Johnson. He was ready to return to Switzerland. As recorded in his "Memoirs," the following conversation took place at the White House: "President Johnson expressed much regret that I had not visited "one of the finest states in the Union—the pearl of the United States in climate, richness of soil and mineral wealth." He further asked if it was absolutely necessary that I return immediately to Europe and Mr. Hitz replied in the negative.

"Well then," said the president, "I will consider it a personal favor if Captain Plumacher will go to Tennessee before he definitely concludes his investigations and I will give him recommendations to my friends. Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to learn that Mr. Plumacher has finally the same opinion of Tennessee as myself."

"I could not resist the persuasions of the president, and shortly afterwards started south well provided with excellent letters of introduction to the best people of Tennessee. How I adopted the view of President Johnson has been amply proven. I am a citizen of Tennessee by my own choice and free will, and am proud to be called a Tennessean.

"I love the state and its people and do not regret my choice of a new country, although I left behind me in Europe a comfortable home, fine position, and a promising public career "

On his first visit to Tennessee Plumacher made the acquaintance of Colonel John Armfield, and was invited to his summer home at Beersheba Springs. Colonel Armfield had purchased the land at Beersheba Springs in 1854 and had built the hotel and residences, promoting it as a summer resort.

Captain Plumacher was so impressed with the Cumberland Plateau that he thought it would be a fine site for the new colony, and so set about making the necessary arrangements.

He aroused the interest of Mr. John Hitz, the Political Agent and Consul General of the Swiss Republic, and Mr. Peter Staub, Swiss but living in Knoxville at that time, and the three formed sort of a silent partnership to buy up the land and have it surveyed and ready for the settlers as they came over. Mr. Hitz and Captain Plumacher were not able to take any part in the actual buying of the land because of their governmental positions, but the general opinion seems to be that they were the ones who arranged all the deals. In the meantime, Captain Plumacher bought some land near Beersheba for his own future home and built the residence which was known as "Dan" until it burned and was replaced by the present house in which his grandson Eugene Bohr resides.

After making these arrangements, Captain Plumacher seems to have lost interest in the colony and was not concerned with its growth. He returned to Switzerland to get his wife and son and daughter and bring them to their new home. They arrived in America and were nicely settled before the colony was ready for the settlers. Captain Plumacher spent his time between Nashville and Beersheba Springs, teaching German in the public schools of Nashville and for one winter, that of 1870 and 1871, was professor of German, French, and other Modern Languages in Cumberland

University. At this time he was seeking an American Consular position in one of the European countries. Unsuccessful in realizing this ambition, he accepted the position as United States Consul to Maracaibo in Venezuela. He held this post for thirty-three years until he was forced to give it up because of increasing blindness and deafness.

His family spent part of the period of his consularship in Europe, where his two children were educated, and the rest of the time they resided at Beersheba Springs in the family home. In about 1880, they moved to Beersheba permanently because of the son's bad health. The son died of consumption shortly after, and Mr. Plumacher returned home from South America for a few months at that time, but was forced to go back to his duties.

If Captain Plumacher had not discovered the spot and interested Mr. Staub and Consul Hitz in the project, there would never have been a colony on Broad Mountain. Whether or not his idea was a wise one, or whether or not the Swiss would have been better off in Switzerland, is a moot question.

The hardships of the colonists in the first years are unbelievable. That they were alone in a God-forsaken spot, added to their misery and in spite of all their cries of "Seid Einig!," the reports of members of the colony, that, in the earlier years, they often went hungry throughout entire winters, was eloquent evidence of their sufferings.

In every community of considerable size, there are likely to be some families that stand out in various fields. The Schild family, which was one of the largest, is noteworthy for having stayed in Gruetli when nearly everyone of the other eighty or ninety families, with the exception of perhaps fifteen, left the mountain. The Marugg family represents one of the best educated and most influential families. The Thoni and Rychen families, inseparably bound through marriage, are mentioned for their accomplishments in woodcarving. And finally the Kissling and Jenni families, who also being united by marriage, were the leaders in the musical life of the colony.

Agricultural interests were naturally of prime importance, and the minutes of the Agricultural Society show the trends of thought and the efforts of the settlers to make their community a successful one. The difficulties they had in trying to raise all the crops that had been promised in the deceptive "Broschuren" and their efforts at introducing new products were in most cases futile.

Captain Plumacher died in 1910, leaving a daughter Dagmar, who married Fred Bohr. Several of his descendants still live in the Beersheba area.

—Frances Helen Jackson (Mrs. Fitzgerald Parker) "The German Swiss Settlement at Greutli," Master's Thesis, Vanderbilt University, 1933.

Cockrill Cottage: the Middle Hege Cottage

John Armfield sold to Sterling R. Cockrill of Nashville a parcel of land for \$5.00 containing 1 25/100 acres beginning near the carpenter's shop, James H. Wilson's lot, and M. A. Price's livery stable. The deed said Cockrill agreed to improve said lot within a year by erection of a house and kitchen suitable for a private residence. The deed was signed in September 1858 and witnessed by S. W. Carmack, John Waters, and John M. Bass.

The Cockrill family had been prominent in Nashville for many years. The ancestor of Sterling R. Cockrill was Anne Robertson, sister of Gen. James Robertson, who left the Watauga settlement and came to Middle Tennessee to make the first settlement on the Cumberland River. Ann, when about 15 years old, had become famous when she defended the fort at Watauga against the Indians. It was wash day at the fort when the Indians tried to set it on fire. Ann climbed to the top of the fort and poured boiling water on the attackers until they were forced to retreat.

After the death of Ann's first husband, she married John Cockrill. They lived on a 640 acre tract of land granted to them by the state of North Carolina. This tract contained a very fine spring known as "Cockrill Spring." Today Centennial Park is located on this land.

Ann Robertson Cockrill became the first school teacher in Middle Tennessee, teaching the 50 children who were among Col. John Donelson's passengers on the flat boats and also after their arrival at Fort Nashborough. In addition she organized and taught a Sunday School Class. A marker to her was unveiled at Centennial Park when Nashville celebrated its sesquicentennial.

A son of Ann Cockrill was Mark Robertson Cockrill whose sheep won first prize for fine wool at the World's Fair in 1851 in London, England. In 1854 the Tennessee legislature voted to give him a gold medal for raising the finest wool in the world. In 1850 there were only two millionaires in Tennessee, one of whom was Mark Robertson Cockrill.

After the Civil War Sterling Robertson Cockrill returned to his plantation in Arkansas, where he died in 1891. With his Beersheba property attached for \$1,500 the Grundy County sheriff sold it at the September 1865 term of Court. The highest bidder was Sam Henderson, who bought it for \$400.

This property along with the two adjacent cottages, was acquired by E. J. (Ernest) Hege, who rented all three for many years in the summer. From 1918 to 1925 all three houses and land were leased to Henry L. Brown by E. J. Hege. In 1925 the Northcuts took possession of the property and in 1926 sold the Cockrill house to George McGee and wife, Lela Gross McGee. This family with two children, Wilda, who married Lyndon Hillis, and G. W., who married Nelma Dean Wannamaker, continued to live there until the death of Mrs. McGee. The house was sold at public auction in December 1981 and bought by Lyndon Hillis. After 1925 three or four rooms in the shape of an L on the back and also the detached kitchen and dining room were torn down.

No one seems to know when this house was built; however, it is known to be the only home E. J. Hege lived in after his marriage. He could have built it, or he could have bought the house. After his father, John Hege, gave up the Hege home place to the daughter, Mrs. Hunerwadel, E. J. Hege built the small house next door for his parents, now owned by Robert R. Daniel. Mr. John Hege had a store in one room of the small house for many years.

The records show that the heirs of Mrs. E. J. Hege (Louise) sold the property in 1916 to the Northcuts, but Mr. E. J. Hege was holding possession in 1918. My father leased all three buildings

from Mr. Hege at this time, including the Cockrill Cottage, and we lived there until September, 1925. We always lived in the house that no one wanted to rent.

Two families who rented the Middle Hege house for several summers were those of Mr. Charles Trabue and Mr. Will Trabue of Nashville. The Charles Trabue family liked Beersheba so well that they decided to build a home here. My father, Henry L. Brown, was given the contract to build Round Top for the Trabue family.

The Middle Hege house was sold to Edna Davenport for \$2,250 at public auction on October 6, 1956, at settlement of the Fannie Moffitt estate. Edna Davenport sold the house to Richard and Grete D. Geldreich on October 2, 1956.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

The Bunk House

William Sanford and Nancy Brown sold to John C. Smith for \$150 a tract of 10 acres on the side of the mountain known as Back Bone on April 28, 1883, for \$100 down, and a \$50 promissory note. This could have been the land where the log cabin was built which afterwards became the "Bunk House." It is known that a log house was built on the Back Bone which was the home of the John Calvin Smith family. Apparently Mr. Smith sold the property to the Northcuts when he moved to the Cagle house in Beersheba.

In the early 1930s Tom Northcut had the house torn down and the logs brought to Beersheba, where it was rebuilt on land near the library. At the time, he said he was building it for a summer home for his sister, Mrs. Tim Moffitt; however, she used it very little. In later years he kept it rented. One family who rented it for a summer home was Mr. And Mrs. John Nelms of McMinnville, the parents of Lillian Daniel. For years it was rented with all the furnishings to Wiley M. (Bunk) Tate, whose wife was Mabel Hill, a granddaughter of J. C. Smith, who had lived in the house when it was on the Backbone.

After the death of Fannie Moffitt and the settlement of the Northcut estate, the Tates bought the house, where they lived until their death. It is owned at the present time by their two children, Mrs. Barney (Pauline) Hobbs of Chattanooga and Benny Miller Tate of Atlanta, who continue to come to Beersheba in the summer. They named it the "Bunk House."

Nelson-Hopper Cottage

Known for years as the Nelson Cottage, this house is now called the Hopper Cottage. It is not known whether, being adjacent to the Hotel, it was one of the earlier houses built by Armfield. Alexander Nelson owned the hotel and lost it, but lived on in this house after 1901.

In the 1920s S. H. Judson, a brother of Mrs. Nelson, lived there. She had two sisters, Mrs. Nettie Ferriss and Mrs. Sadie Fancher, who were also there part of the time. Rev. S. A. Hopper bought the house sometime in the 1930s and it is now a part of Methodist Assembly.

Douglas Brown Cottage

Thomas Cagle, son of Canova Cagle and grandson of Ben Cagle, with his wife Gertrude, made a verbal agreement with Henry C. Merritt and wife Maude Merritt to buy 7 ¾ acres of land for \$40.00 on October 10, 1902. This land came from the original tract sold in 1868 by William and Harriet Rogers to the Schdftrs, who in turn had sold the tract to Henry Merritt for \$350.

It seems that Tom Cagle, before receiving a deed, had built a log house on the 7 ¾ acre tract. Later he had an urge to go west as several others around Beersheba were doing at the time. He first went to Oklahoma, where he got in contact with Asa Morton, who had left the valley earlier. Eventually, Tom Cagle ended up in Kimberly, Idaho, and sent for his family.

On October 30, 1905 a deed was signed jointly by Henry and Maude Merritt and Thomas and Gertrude Cagle to J. C. Smith for \$300, which stipulated that Thomas Cagle was to be paid for building the house.

Thomas and Gertrude Cagle had 3 children, one of whom was Toby Cagle, inventor of the Cagle brake, which is used now on racing cars and aircraft. He was vice-president of Airheart Products, Inc., of Long Beach, California, the manufacturers of the Cagle Automatic Self-Adjusting Brake.

J. C. Smith lived in this house from 1905 until November 18, 1911, when he and his wife, Editha Smith, sold it to his son, Frank Smith, and son-in-law, B. M. Brown for \$600.

On October 4, 1913, Frank Smith and wife sold their interest to T. B. Northcut. For the next few years the house was rented, usually to the Henry L. Brown family, who lived there during the summer and went to Chattanooga for the winters until 1916 when they returned to Beersheba to live after surviving the flooding of the Tennessee River and a smallpox epidemic in Chattanooga.

In 1918 the Ernest J. Hege property, consisting of three houses, became available and the Henry L. Brown family moved there.

Meanwhile the home of Eddie Brown across the road from the Tom Cagle house had burned and Eddie, a brother of B. Marvin Brown, bought the Cagle property and lived there until his death in 1946. Eddie was a Grundy County Justice of the Peace for many years.

In March of 1946 Eddie Brown deeded the place to his oldest son, Douglas F. Brown, who uses it now for a summer home. Douglas had lived and worked in the Chicago post office for many years before retiring and returning to Beersheba. In 1949 his wife Rose was elected president of Tinley Park, a suburb of Chicago.

The Brown house is included in the Armfield and Cagle Historic District of Beersheba Spring*.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Bean Home

Rev. James Madison Bean, descendant of Captain William Bean who made the first permanent settlement in Tennessee, finished medical college and planned to be a medical missionary with the intention of going to Africa, but one day while passing through Chattanooga on the train he got a cinder in his eye. He stopped over to see a doctor and met Agnes Brown from Beersheba Springs, who was working in the doctor's office. Then and there he decided to remain in Tennessee and do his missionary work. They were married and later went to Illinois where he pastored a Presbyterian Church for many years in several towns. While there, he was Chaplain of the Illinois Legislature.

They built a summer home on the Backbone Road in Beersheba Springs of old logs brought up from the lower Backbone, which had been the home of his wife's grandparents. The front step is a large rock on which Agnes and her brother used to stop to rest on their way from the Backbone to "old burned school house" when they were small children. Uncle Bill Perry hauled the rock to the front porch with his team of oxen and charged 25¢.

After retiring, the Beans lived here until his death in 1960. The house now is owned by James F. Brown, nephew of Agnes Bean, and his wife Odessa.

Indian Rock: The Mary Means Cottage

The Means family came to Beersheba to operate the hotel during the summers of 1899 through 1901. It was not until ten years later that they bought land. By this time the family was living in St. Louis, and on October 2, 1911, the property known as Indian Rock was sold by Gates P. Thruston of Nashville to Mrs. Louise Means of St. Louis for the sum of \$500. Mrs. Means gave the lot to her daughter Mary for a birthday present.

The deed reads: "Beginning on Armfield Avenue at southwest corner of G. P. Thruston's enclosed tract near Picnic Rock and Armfield Cemetery running westwardly between the Turner and Thruston lands to a stake, thence southwesterly to the center of a ravine between Indian Rock tract and Round Top tract."

It was agreed that Mary L. Means would build her proposed residence on said tract within two years as the sale was made by Thruston to improve and develop the Beersheba Springs summer resort. Indian Rock was so named because of the many Indian arrowheads which had been found in the area.

Miss Mary had her house built on this lot in 1912. Her brother carved with a knife on a rock in the front yard "Mary's Place."

After Miss Mary had finished school in Nashville in 1890 she began teaching kindergarten. A professor in Christian College of Columbia, Missouri, wrote the following recommendation: "During the school year of '93 and '94 we were co-workers in the same faculty. As a disciplinarian she is unexcelled, winning the hearts and confidence of the little ones with her gentle and pleasing manner. I feel that she will be an honor to any institution that may be so fortunate as to secure her services."

The following is taken from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch: "The Means Catering Co. of Washington Blvd. Will close its doors Monday after playing an important part in the social life of the city for more than 19 years. Mrs. Mary Louise Means, 71, and her daughter, Mary L., are said to rank with catering houses of New York." The closing came as a result of the illness of Mrs. Means.

The catering business began in Nashville and served hundreds of affairs attended by as many as 750 guests. It began with Miss Mary's early ambition to earn 25 cents a week after her father's fortune had been swept away. She had subscribed that amount to a church charity and her mother had counseled her not to neglect the Lord's work. It occurred to her that neighbors who bought cakes might buy from her. The result was two customers the first week and by the end of the fourth week they had as many as they could care for. They next began making pralines and crystalized fruits. In 1901 they were invited to come to St. Louis and open a tea shop. For several years they made an average of 8,000 pounds of fruit cake each season and during World War I hundreds of these cakes found their way to soldiers in France.

Before World War I Miss Mary and her mother made frequent trips to Europe to pick up new ideas about the preparation of food. One of the most important figures in the affairs of the company was Arthur Houston, a Negro, who had been in the family since he was 14 years old. Roger Williams University conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Science because aside from his daily duties he taught others to cook.

During the summer of the World's Fair in 1904 President Roosevelt visited St. Louis and expressed his preference for the genuine southern cooking which was served him by the Means Catering Company. R. T. Dykes, Jr., of Beersheba spent that summer working for the Means family and attended the World's Fair. Later, others from Beersheba went to St. Louis to work for Miss Mary, including Annie Tate and Clara Belle Tate.

After the Means family returned to Tennessee to live Miss Mary began taking guests in her summer home at Beersheba, the first of whom was Judge William Waller of Nashville. Mrs. Monty Watson (Mary) came to Miss Mary's Cottage as a small child. Her mother was Mrs. Hazel Hooper, bookkeeper for the Means Catering Company in St. Louis. The Rev. J. M. Bean of Beersheba was the officiating minister at the marriage of Hazel Hooper to Luther W. Crenshaw on September 11, 1923. The wedding took place on Miss Mary's front porch with the Collins River Valley in the background. In 1981 Mrs. Watson returned to Beersheba and visited the place where her mother and step-father were married in 1923.

Another activity on Miss Mary's front porch for several summers during the 20s was a sewing class conducted by her for the young girls of Beersheba, who appreciated the instruction and the hospitality.

In 1954 Miss Mary gave the cottage to her cousins, Dr. and Mrs. A. T. Sikes, and since her death in 1962 the Sikes spent a part of each summer at Indian Rock.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Benhame

The Caldwell home in Beersheba Springs was originally a part of lot Number Three; on July 16, 1860, John Armfield deeded this tract to Dr. John Waters of Nashville for \$20. Waters was directed to “improve said lot by erecting thereon a house or houses suitable for a private residence.”

Dr. John Waters’ heirs owned the property until the financial problems with his estate caused it to be sold in 1866 at public auction in Altamont. The buyer was Benjamin Cagle and the property then became known as the Ben Cagle home place and stayed in the family many years. It included a “mansion house, barn, stable, orchard, etc.” At the death of Benjamin Cagle, the property was left to his wife Mary, and three daughters, one of whom was Hilda. There was a disagreement between Hilda and the heirs of one of the other daughters. Consequently, the property was sold at a “Clerk and Master Sale” and was bought by W. R. Ooley, and his wife on May 15, 1923.

Afterwards it passed to J. M. Mears and his wife, Ida. On July 16, 1937, it passed to James H. and T. B. Northcut. These two men eventually left the property to “their niece and only heir,” Miss Fanny Moffit.

Mrs. Edna Davenport of McMinnville bought the property on October 9, 1951, and erected a log house there. Then on July 6, 1973, the property, including the orchard through to the road, was sold to Dr. Benjamin Caldwell and his wife Gertrude Sharp Caldwell.

The Caldwell home was first called “The Poplars” by Mrs. Davenport; however, the Caldwells chose to rename it “Benhame”—which means “Mountain Home” in Gaelic and is a play on the names Ben Cagle and Ben Caldwell—two owners. The Caldwells have 3 children: Trudy, Sarah, and Ben III. There is much activity around the home as many family members and friends gather to enjoy the great natural beauties of the Beersheba area and the rambling log home. Mrs. Caldwell’s sister, Sarah Sharp Taylor, and her husband Robert C. Taylor own the adjacent property and their house is on the original site of the Ben Cagle home. Margaret Sharp Howell, another sister, owns a share of the adjacent Thompson cottage, Nanhaven, through her husband William Watkins Howell.

Shared Treasure

My family is a “late-comer” to Beersheba, although I found that a great uncle of my wife, James H. Yeaman, had been an architect for a major conversion of the Turner Cottage (next door to our present log house) in the 1890s and the Mitchell store at 323 Union Street in Nashville. About 15 years ago my family was looking for a retreat from the helter-skelter life of the city, a busy medical practice, and the telephone.

I wanted a place where my children could become bored and would have to rely on their own inner resources for entertainment or enjoyment, not for the many external stimuli found in a busy Nashville household. My family found this in Beersheba and we treasure it so that I hesitate to share this even with my good friends here tonight.

Benjamin H. Caldwell, Jr., M.D. Remarks from an address to the Coffee House Club, Nashville, 1983.

Dr. Caldwell is an obstetrician and gynecologist and a noted collector of American antiques. He is interested in architecture and has several log cabins on other mountain sites as well. The main house was built of five log houses that came from various locations and were put on the property at various times. In 1964, Mrs. Edna Davenport built the main living room of the house out of large poplar logs. They came from Bone Cave, Tennessee. That house was built by the Miller family in 1812, and was moved in 1964 to the present site. The chimney comes from the Greeter Place at Long’s Mill. The posts for the front porch came from the Drake House in McMinnville, the doors came from Mud Creek, the Charlie Hillis Farm, on Sparta Road in McMinnville. Several years later Mrs. Davenport added a master bedroom, which is now the dining room. It is an oak structure that came from the Hoover farm at Viola.

After the property was purchased by Dr. and Mrs. Caldwell, a bedroom was added in 1972, with a dog trot separating the present dining room from that bedroom. It was erected by Elmo Whitman, who found the logs on the Campbell place between Tracy City and Altamont. They were moved to the Caldwell’s property in 1972 and Monroe Craven was builder and chimney mason. The original Campbell house was built about 1860 and lived in by David Sweeton. It later belonged to Jim and Tom Campbell, and the latter still lives on the place in Tracy. The stagecoach used to stop there on the way to Beersheba. In the logs over the front door of the house, Elly Sweeton and Howard Campbell’s initials are carved.

The beams for the upstairs were cut by the Werners and were sawed at the old water mill in Tracy City. The road on which it was located was the Higgenbotham Turnpike. The Campbells, when they visited the house in 1979, told of the family holding all night square dances in the house. There were those who enjoyed the alcoholic beverages too much, got drunk, and instead of asking them to leave they simply carried them outside, let them sleep it off, get back up and dance again. The family has great affection for the house to this day.

The Caldwell’s added the middle “play room” and “guest house” sections in 1974. The logs were from the Schrock Store and the post office at Rock Island, owned at one time by Flavil Patton, and the chimneys were originally brick. These additions were again the work of Elmo Whitman. The shingles were hand split out of clear chestnut oak by Gordon Childers of Altamont. This section is approximately 160 years old, and even though the materials came from other sites, the Caldwell complex as it now stands is an historic edifice and a fine example of what can be

achieved with materials ancient and modern.

—Gertrude Sharp Caldwell

The Armistead Cottage

My husband Hunter Armistead and I were introduced to the pleasures of Beersheba several years ago by Dr. Ben Caldwell. In 1978 Ben encouraged us to buy three old log pens from his collection of logs; he also found us a lot on the Backbone Road on which to build. We followed his advice, and, being utter novices, we needed and he gave us a great deal of direction in this enterprise. He helped us find Monroe Craven of McMinnville, who was our builder. Our friend from Nashville Lil (Mrs. James T.) Granbery designed our kitchen.

Monroe employed only a few men, one of them being our son Ben Armistead, and the cottage was pieced together and took shape over the next two years. Monroe is a master stonemason by trade, and he built four wonderful fireplaces and chimneys for the cottage. These stone fireplaces and the wide porch which encircles the house are very special to us. The birth and growth of the cottage was a joy, just as it is a joy to know that it is waiting to welcome us whenever we can slip away.

—Clare Armistead

Vallée Noire

Vallée Noire is the home of Peggy and Alf Adams, Jr. of Nashville, and their children Karin, Peggy, Sue, Bo, and Jencie Adams Tipton, and her husband Waymon. The name is French for Dark Hollow, the traditional name for the site on the edge of which the house stands.

On 18 acres which extend along and into the hollow, the house is halfway between Dan and the hotel at Beersheba Springs. Its former owners are familiar names on the mountain: John Armfield, Canova T. and Nannie Cagle, Fred and Lena Schwoon, and A. A. Hunerwadel. The most recent owners were Morris and Ethel Dykes, who lived in a house known as Snuggle Down, which is still in use on the property. Morris' sister Myrtle Sullivan and family lived there, as well as Willie and Irene Dykes.

Here was once the site of some of Beersheba's early industry, including the Cagle Saw Mill, where timber for early homes was sawed. The mill well is still there at the head of the hollow; there are traces of coal mines down in the hollow and Col. Armfield's tanning yard, where leather was made for harness, saddles, boots and shoes.

Construction on Vallee Noire began in 1973 and continued for 3 years. The help of family members and local friends, including Leonard and John Gross, Donald Boyd, J.C. Hampton, Doc Richardson, Fred Gross, and others was cheerfully offered and gratefully accepted, especially since some of the timbers are of great size.

The large beams on which the house rests are from the N.C. & St.L. Freight terminal at Nashville. Other logs of yellow poplar, chestnut, and sassafras are from two houses built in the early 1800s by original settlers of Grundy County. Some of the logs were hewn during construction from new-cut poplar trees. The large rafters were brought from the mercantile buildings which once stood on the Public Square in Nashville. The walnut railings and posts are from the McGavock Building on Fourth Avenue in Nashville. The floor boards of one downstairs guest room

came from a smokehouse and those in the other are of newcut walnut. The stone chimney was once the foundation of A. A. Hunerwadel's wine cellar, and the stone front steps came from the stock scales on the Virgil Hill Farm in the valley.

Another smaller guest house of large new poplar logs is now under construction, and should be completed during the summer of 1983.

Naturally cooled by the breeze which flows alternately up and down the hollow, the temperature at Vallee Noire is always pleasant during summer. A light blanket is some- times welcome in July and August. The family has used the house year-round since its completion. Thanksgiving and Christmas are especially favorite times. It really comes to life in the summer when it is open for the entire season.

There is a large garden near the highway which supplies vegetables and flowers for the family and their guests. The bees produce plenty of locust, poplar and sourwood honey, and there is usually a jar for the departing guest. The horses are favorites of the children and grown-ups alike.

Below, in the valley, Collins River will give up its rainbows and its smallmouth bass to the persistent angler; fall is spectacular with its beautiful colors; and, in season, deer, grouse, and quail may be hunted.

Temperature of the water in the swimming hole in the Collins River on the Virgil Hill-John Walker Farm, now owned by Alf Adams, Jr. and his mother, Karin Hughes Adams, is always 55 degrees. The clear, cold spring water has been enjoyed by summer and local residents for well over 100 years.

Here there is no fixed pace, no schedule, and when we return to the city in the fall we miss the voices of the crickets and the tree frogs who have serenaded us to sleep each night at Vallée Noire.

—Alfred T. Adams, Jr.

The Pull of the Past

My late husband Frank Davenport and I faced the fact in 1948 that we could no longer keep provisions and furnishings in our log house at the Dearing Place, on top of Cumberland Mountain seven miles from Cagle, because of its isolated position. Happily we decided to look for property at Beersheba and found in 1949 that the Dr. Thomas Black house was for sale by the heirs in McMinnville. Frank and I struck a bargain with them and set ourselves to the task of restoring and rehabilitating one of the twenty cottages originally built by Colonel John Armfield.

This house is designed in the shape of an H, has steep gables, and like the Kenner-Ferris cottage is characterized as nineteenth century Gothic in appearance. It was constructed of heart of pine board-and-batten painted gray, with several latticed porches. It had been built in 1859 for Mrs. Frisby Freeland of Vicksburg, Mississippi, the former Virginia Perkins. Mr. Frisby Freeland died in 1857, leaving her with one daughter. Mrs. Freeland closed the house during the Civil War but was able to reopen it later, and there is a newspaper notice saying that mother (by now Mrs. Banks) and daughter attended the Beersheba ball when the hotel reopened in 1870. Mrs. Banks sold the property to Dr. Thomas Black in 1894.

When Frank and I acquired it, the roof and floors needed immediate attention. The carriage house with the servant quarters above was in such bad repair that it had to be done away with—though it was of chestnut. The double log kitchen was on the other side of the back yard and remains there today used by the present owners. The logs were sawed at Laurel Mill, as were many of the log houses built by Armfield.

Having hired Ballard Huntley and other workmen and spent six months on the Black Cottage restoration, Frank and I furnished it and moved in. The first night we spent there we were delighted to have a visit from the seven Adams brothers of the White House and Judge R.B.C. Howell of the Howell Cottage. The following day Mr. Morton B. Howell and his sister Miss Isabel Howell paid us a call. Their warm welcomes convinced us that we had made the right decision in coming to Beersheba.

Within a year ranchers from Texas began to look east for new pastures for their cattle because Texas was suffering a drouth that had lasted in some parts of the state for seven years. Among those who came to Tennessee was Mr. Sherman Nelson. He was impressed with our large house and persuaded Frank and me to sell it to him because he had arranged pasture for his cattle in the vicinity of Altamont or Coalmont.

When we made our decision, Mr. Howell and Miss Isabel suggested that we purchase the lot next to Nanhaven where the house had burned in 1948 and the chimneys and foundations were still in good shape. Built originally for Dr. John Waters of Nashville by Colonel Armfield, the house was bought after the Civil War by Ben Cagle and called the Cagle Cottage. The foundation was in such excellent condition that we bought the property, moved logs in from the Koehler place at Utah, and placed them on top in much the same plan as the original house. It was quite an experience for me to see that the logs were numbered, hauled, trimmed, and finally set in place with proper chinking. This experience of working with Frank Smith and Willie Dykes gave me a “building fever” that was to continue for many years.

The “upping block” for mounting horses is still standing at the entrance to the Cagle Cottage, and above one fireplace the year 1885 is carved in the stone. When Frank and I moved in on July 4, 1952, it was so cold we had fires going in all four fireplaces as we welcomed guests on the front

steps which came from the court house in Altamont when the entrance there was rebuilt.

During the time we lived in the Cagle Cottage we bought the Middle Hege house on the other side of the road. It is one of three smaller houses referred to by the Hege name. When Frank and I acquired it, it was in very bad repair. It had been sold by the Hege heirs to T. B. and Jim Northcut. After we restored the house, with great help from Joe Coppinger and Frank Smith, we sold it in 1960 to Dr. Grete Geldreich of Nashville, who in 1971 sold a part interest in the property to Ralph Baugh.

By this time we had started another log house on the back of the Cagle property facing the home of Leonard Tate. Professor and Mrs. Thomas Lawrence Connelly took the Cagle house for several years and we moved to the new house at the back. The logs are beautiful, and the chimney stones came from the Greeter house at Long's Mill. Of much help to us were Morris and Bob Walker and Elmo Whitman. Having enjoyed it to the fullest and being pleased that Dr. and Mrs. Ben Caldwell of Nashville wanted a foothold at Beersheba, we sold this latest house to the Caldwells in 1973. Mrs. Caldwell was Gertrude Sharp and her sister Sarah and her husband, Robert Taylor, also got interested in Beersheba. So it seems appropriate that the Taylors should buy the Cagle Cottage from us on July 15, 1974. The properties of the two sisters back up to each other, and a third sister, Margaret Sharp Howell, wife of William Watkins Howell, is one of several owners of Nanhaven next door.

Just before Christmas of 1973 we bought the frame house known as Uncle Nathan's, which had belonged to the body servant of Colonel Armfield; he was a well-known figure who served his master some thirty years. This house had been owned by the Claude Coppingers and later by Mitchell Hobbs. It was a challenge for me to restore it, but I was pleased with the results and kept it until 1981, when I sold the house and the front lot to the neighbors next door, the People of the Living God.

On the back of the same lot, facing Laurel Mill road, I built a double log house with a dog trot and a lean-to containing a kitchen and bath. "This Old House" is my present foothold in Beersheba and is so named because the logs came from a cabin located in DeKalb County on the Frances Ferry Road dating from a land grant of 1772. My mainstay on this project was Elmo Whitman.

Although my husband Frank, always my chief support and himself a lover of Beersheba, is gone now, I suppose I would continue building if other beautiful logs could be found. The people in Grundy County are wonderful to work with and I have enjoyed every minute of my "affliction." The Greeter Company at Altamont always came through and provided the necessary additional materials that were necessary to complete the reconstruction.

It is a great pleasure, a challenge and an adventure to build houses out of fine materials that might otherwise have been neglected and to preserve them for the pleasure of people in generations to come who like log houses as much as I do.

—Edna Davenport

Cabin in the Pines

It was in 1941 that I came to Beersheba Springs for the first time as the companion of Mrs. Robert (Annie Howell) Orr and spent the summer at the Howell Cottage. Other members of the family staying there were Mrs. Thomas (Mary Toy Howell) Weaver, and Judge and Mrs. R. B. C. Howell. Many of their children and grandchildren came and went and I was pleased to get to know three generations of the family during a delightful summer and those that followed it.

Having caught Beersheba fever, I acquired a lot some years later from the Vernon Northcutts and hoped to build a cottage of my own some day. My friend Mrs. Frank (Edna) Davenport had just completed building a beautiful log house—now the Taylor Cottage—and had some logs left over. Edna offered them to me if I agreed to build my own house. My head was in a whirl. I was back in Nashville working full time in an office by now, and I wondered how I could realize my dream. Edna's husband Frank Davenport looked at the logs, drew up the plans for my house, and would accept no pay. The rock for the chimney was donated by John Walker and Grady Scruggs. The cabins on their places had burned earlier and the chimneys were left standing.

Lige Walker built my cottage in 1953, and I came up as often as I could get away from Nashville. Later, when I decided to retire, I arranged for some “modernizing” and have found the house comfortable and convenient ever since. It is located a country block from Highway 56 on Hunter's Mill Road—which was not named for me, incidentally, and I am told the mill has been gone fifty years. I can walk to church, the post office, and the store, which is more than most city folks can say, and I have enjoyed sharing the cottage with family and friends from far and near.

—Maude Hunter

Ten Pin Cottage

This house is called Ten Pin because the building was once part of the bowling alley at the hotel. When a new building was constructed near the present chapel, the old building was cut into two sections and moved to the present location by sliding each section on rows of logs and rolling it up the road. It was pulled by horses or oxen. The new location was on land owned by Tom Northcut. One section became the front of the house and the other the L-shaped rooms behind, with the sides filled in.

A letter written by Gates Thruston of Nashville to Tom Northcut in 1895 gives the date when this construction was going on. In the letter Thruston says he has heard that Tom is building a house in Beersheba and he would like to rent it for his family the following summer. It is not known whether he rented it or not, but he probably did.

It must have been about 1910 when Marvin Brown moved back to Beersheba to help Tom Northcut operate the store. This is the house the Browns lived in for several years and Stanley Brown was born here. Another room was added to the back of the building while Marvin lived there.

The Browns moved to the Hotel in 1920 to operate a boarding house for the students who wished to attend the Beersheba Springs Junior High School, in session that year at the Hotel because the Beersheba school building was too small to accommodate them.

The Ben Hobbs family, who had moved up from Tarlton to enable their children to attend the school, rented the house and lived there until they bought property in the Panhandle area.

The family of Will Tate lived there a short time after their home burned and Lola Bell Norris Weir remembers her family living there for a short time. Jim Fults, who had gotten the contract to carry the mail to Coalmont, moved with his family to this house and lived there for a few years.

The family of Ernest Meeks bought the house and occupied it until the early 60s. It was sold to Douglas Brown and then to E. H. Green. The Greens lived here a few years before moving to McMinnville. During these years all the occupants had to carry water from the big Northcut well at the back of Tother House next door.

In 1980 Ten Pin was sold to Mrs. A. G. (Faith) Adams of Miami and her daughter Faith Young of Dixon Springs, Tennessee, who have renovated and improved the property with the addition of 18 new windows as well as a small apartment in the rear fashioned from the former tool house.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Cagle-Tate Cottage

Sterling Cagle, a son of Canova Cagle, and grandson of Ben Cagle, married Nannie Stokes, a granddaughter of William Sanford Brown, on September 24, 1899. Sterling Cagle built a log house next door to his father, Canova Cagle, on land bought from H. C. Merritt; he lived there until he moved to Nashville.

Sterling and Nannie Cagle were the parents of three boys: Stokes, Charles, and Edward Cagle. Charles Cagle, later considered one of the most distinguished artists in the South, was born in this house in 1907, and attended the Beersheba Springs School until moving to Nashville. His first painting was of the Beersheba Observatory in front of the old hotel and it hung in his mother's living room.

After moving to Nashville Charles attended art classes at Watkins Institute and later Peabody College. At about 20 years of age he went to Philadelphia to study at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. At the same time he enrolled at the Barnes Foundation. By 1930 he had won scholarships for study in Europe from both schools. With the Cresson scholarship, he was able to spend a year studying in France, England, Germany, Spain, Italy and Austria.

In 1931 he returned to Nashville and taught at Peabody and Watkins Institute. His first one-man show was given at Peabody in 1931.

About 1934 Charles Cagle moved to New York. Before World War II he bought a farm in Arlington, Vermont, and established the Charles Cagle Summer Painting Group whose aim was to gather together a congenial group of artists and students—limited to 12—who wished to mix serious work with play and to paint one of the nation's most picturesque landscapes (Vermont) under the direction and criticism of an experienced instructor. For many years (27 summers) he conducted these summer classes but they were interrupted by the war when he fought with General Omar Bradley's 12th Army in France. He earned five battle stars and was awarded the French Legion of Honor.

He was fond of quoting a limerick about him composed by his Vermont friend, Robert Frost:

Tennessee's Cagle has skill,
Born with an indomitable will,
A creature of moods,
He paints landscapes and nudes,
And the road by the old Battenkill.

His debut in New York at Tricker Gallery in 1937 was followed two years later by a show at Ferargil. In 1940 he received the Schilling award and his award-winning painting "Forest Interior," was put in the Richmond, Va., Museum. Another award was the Beaux Arts Medal.

Other shows followed in 1941, 1942, 1948, 1955, and 1956. In 1957 and 1959 he exhibited at the Carnegie Hall Gallery in New York. He had several shows in Nashville, one of which was the Parthenon exhibit in 1966 when "Forest Interior," one of his best known paintings, was shown. In all there were about 65 of his paintings on display, also charcoal sketches of prominent people whom he had known. He painted a portrait of Charles Mitchell of the Mitchell Candy Company of Nashville and another of the stunning red-haired actress Nancy Carroll and two of the librarian-historian Isabel Howell. One of his paintings is owned by Clare Booth Luce and others by Mrs.

Marie Ransom.

Charles returned to Beersheba many times on visits and was planning to come back after his convalescence when he entered the Veterans Hospital in Nashville for surgery. He did not survive the surgery and died on January 19, 1968. He was survived by his brothers, Stokes, who ran a cabinet and antique business in Nashville, and Edward, who was in the dry cleaning business.

After the Cagles moved to Nashville the house was bought by Asa Morton of Oklahoma for his sister, Mary Morton Tate, wife of Oscar Tate who had moved to Beersheba in 1920 from Tarlton to enable the two daughters, Etheleen and Elsie, to attend the junior high school located at the old hotel. Henry L. Brown was hired to renovate the building and cover the logs with siding. The house has continued to be owned by the Tate family, now belonging to Elsie, a retired school teacher.

The house is in the Armfield and Cagle Historic District of Beersheba Springs.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Mason-Fahery-Rogers Cottages

On September 18, 1860, the Beersheba Springs Company deeded to James Fahery a lot on Stone Door Road beginning at the corner of a lot occupied by W. R. L. Mason, south with Dr. Graves' line, on condition that he erect a cottage suitable for a family within 12 months. The deed was signed by John M. Bass, president, and S. R. Cockrill, secretary, witnessed by A. C. Hanner and Edward Parsons.

The house, now owned by Mrs. Carl Rogers, was occupied by James Fahery and wife Ellen Gunn Fahery and Mrs. Fahery's brother, Barney Gunn, during the Civil War. After the Civil War the owner of the W. R. L. Mason house left Beersheba and told the Fahery family to move into his house where they would be closer to the store and post office.

They were living in the Mason house (site where Isabel Thompson now lives) when on October 3, 1891, James Fahery, returning from the post office, carrying his lantern after dark, must have accidentally fallen into a large well and drowned. His wife had set a lamp in the window to help guide him home, but he never returned. The next day his body was found in the well and he was buried in the Altamont Cemetery.

After his death Mrs. Fahery and her brother lived in the W. R. L. Mason house until her death, which must have been between 1901 and 1903. Barney Gunn was named administrator. All personal property and four tracts of land were sold by the court.

The personal property consisted of 2 cows, 3 beds, 1 mower, 1 rake, 1 stove, 1 cider press, 1 long walnut cupboard, 1 washstand, 2 center tables, 2 bureaus, 7 rockers, 7 chairs, 1 sofa, 3 corner chairs, 1 dressing case, 1 table, 1 kitchen safe, 1 writing desk, all of which was appraised at \$286.00.

Barney Gunn as administrator presented the following bill: land taxes of \$7.96, funeral bill for his sister of \$28.50, his services for keeping up the estate and money for living expenses for the six years previous to March 18, 1901 at

\$15.00 a month. Evidently Mrs. Fahery owned the property and her brother had been bearing the expenses as he was known to have worked at the Hotel. On November 10, 1924, Barney Gunn sold the first house to Arnold Kissling, who always claimed to be the first baby to be born after the Swiss settled in the Gruetli area. He and his wife Orpha Walker lived in the Fahery house three or four years until one day Arnold cut one of the shade trees in the front yard which Orpha did not want cut and she made him sell the place and buy the Dr. Barnes home.

On September 27, 1928, Arnold Kissling and wife sold the Fahery place to Victor L. Tate, who, with his wife, Carrie Coppinger Tate, spent the remainder of their lives in this cottage. Aunt Carrie, as she was called, was a midwife, who delivered hundreds of babies all over Grundy and Warren Counties. The weather was never too bad for her to go when called. Before the time of the automobile someone might come after her in the middle of the night riding a horse and leading one with a side saddle on it for her to ride. After the delivery of the baby she remained in the home for several days helping the mother take care of the new baby.

After Aunt Carrie's death in June, 1951, the home place was sold on November 22, 1952, by David Eugene Tate, a son, to Carl Rogers. A Baptist preacher, Mr. Rogers had come to Beersheba

a few years earlier. He and Mrs. Rogers lived in this cottage with son, Buddy Rogers, until Mr. Rogers' death in 1954, and Mrs. Rogers continues to live there.

According to legend, this is a haunted house.

The W. R. L. Mason home was sold through the court, after Barney Gunn's death to Garnet Tate, who rented it out for several years. Garnet's sister Clara Belle Bowden and her husband Sam lived there for awhile. Later it was sold to Elmer and Isabel Scruggs Thompson, who tore down the old house and built the present house where they and their son Ralph have continued to live.

Liza and Bill Perry

Morton B. Howell wrote in 1954 that the most picturesque of all the Perrys were Liza and Bill. They lived in a cabin somewhat off the main road and were supposed to be Mormons. Liza walked the two miles twice a day to do laundry in the cottages at Beersheba. She was highly respected and really beloved at all homes because of her sterling qualities of dependability and industry. She was a large woman of few words, but they were always delivered in a very impressive manner. "When Liza was introduced to my fiancée Marie Harwell in 1916," Howell wrote, Liza took one look at the petite young lady and said, "Humph! Mighty little."

Morton Howell also recalled that Mr. Charles Trabue asked Bill Perry what he thought of the new, smooth highway from Altamont to Beersheba. "I'm agin it," Bill answered. "Why?" asked Mr. Trabue. "Why, because a body's cow crossing it can slip and break her leg." "Well, do you have a cow, Bill?" Bill got the last word: "No, I don't, but I mought." Bill may have been thinking back on the days when he drove a team of oxen. He may have been giving the welfare of animals priority over the rapid pace of the machine age.

Backbone Inn

This cottage, like several constructed at Beersheba in recent years, was originally at least three separate log structures that were “bought up” and “brought on” to the lot on the Backbone that Kirk Avent and I purchased in the 1970s. My brother Ben Adams designed the house, with input from Kirk and me; construction was begun in 1978 by Curtis Yoder and finished in 1979. We never tire of our view down the valley toward Gross’s Cove and directly across to another spur of the Cumberland Plateau.

The first materials came from a log house and a log barn that we bought in 1976 from Sherman Barnes, whose property was near the old Walker farm in the Tarlton Valley. The logs of chestnut, poplar, and pine were mixed—some hand-hewn and some sawed—dating from the 1860s through the 1880s.

Other logs came from a house in Altamont; they are poplar, chestnut, sassafras, and yellow pine. That house was probably built in the 1850s and was perhaps one of the earliest in the settlement. It passed through several ownerships but was identified chiefly with John Scruggs, who moved into the house in 1894 with his wife. John Scruggs was Clerk of Grundy County and eventually bought the property in 1898.

I have intact two original boards from the Scruggs house that were covered in pages from *The Nashville Sun* dated February 14, 1897, as newspapers were often used for wallpaper and provided inside covering for cabin walls. Interesting to my family is the fact that these papers are from the era of my father’s birth, for Chancellor Alfred Adams was born on January 8, 1898.

It is of anecdotal interest that when Curtis Yoder began construction of the house he approached no less than seven farmers with barns and pens made of old poplar boards because Curtis wanted to buy them to be used on the inside of my house. They would not sell the older boards to Curtis; they agreed, however, to swap them for new ones from the mill. Thus bargains were struck and my house has a “seasoned texture” inside which all the family appreciates for its rusticity.

—Rosalie Adams Avent

Stewart Cottage

The John M. Stewart log house on Backbone Road was started in 1978 and completed two years later. The handhewn poplar logs came from a two-story house in Laager, seventeen miles away; it is believed to have been built about 1850.

The well-preserved logs were marked prior to wrecking the house and some markings are still visible. Both logs and stones were moved to the Backbone site where the house was reconstructed by all the Stewart family: Jack, Karin, Jean, John, and Alfred, with the help of several local craftsmen. This undertaking required many week-end trips from Birmingham, Nashville, and Lynchburg, Virginia, where members of the family were living at the time.

The Backbone property, previously owned by the Gus Brown family, was purchased for four of the six children of Chancellor and Mrs. Alfred T. Adams, Sr.: Karin Stewart, John Adams, Rosalie Avent, and Mary Wiley. It is of interest that they, with their brothers Alfred, Jr. and Ben, were brought to the White House cottage as children and spent a part of every summer on the mountain. Two Adams daughters were married in the Methodist Chapel at Beersheba: Karin to Jack Stewart in 1948, and Mary to Andrew Wiley in 1978. Chancellor and Mrs. Adams gave each a bridal reception with many members of the family and friends attending.

The Stewart family includes John's wife Linda (Protiva) of Atlanta, their two children John M. III and Michael, and Alfred Stewart and wife Julia (Posey) of Birmingham.

—Karin Adams Stewart

Wholemeal: The Andrews Cottage

To the Nelson Andrews family, Beersheba Springs represents years of summer fun associated with their Adams heritage. This heritage traces through Sue Toy Adams Andrews, elder daughter of Adam Gillespie Adams, III (1887-1976) and Faith Yow Adams. Sue was brought up in Coral Gables and visited Beersheba only once before entering Vanderbilt University. But her father, Lep, an avid historian, loved Beersheba Springs and raised his daughters, Sue and Faith, on a steady diet of anecdotes about his boyhood there.

Lep often talked of his mother, Sue Howell Adams, who, despite her small size, kept the love and respect of her seven sons through strict and often creative discipline. When they had trouble keeping their shirttails in, she attached lace to the tails and that did the trick. Margaret Coppinger recalls that “Mrs. Adams went faithfully to Grace Chapel every Sunday and played the organ for Sunday School before anyone around here was able to play.”

In those days the Hotel was a very popular resort on the Nashville-Chattanooga stagecoach line. Some weeks the Hotel sponsored a dance every night with two bands playing ragtime and waltzes. Lep talked about himself as a boy in the Gay Nineties, hovering near the bands, listening and watching until he was discovered and sent home. He also talked about the elegance of the ladies in their elaborate gowns at the Hotel Balls and about a gentleman of that day, who while doing carpentry, wore a frock coat and top hat; and about Long’s Mill, the coolest dip and the prettiest spot on a hot summer day.

Lep recalled the boys’ taking their usual wagon trip to Long’s and being surprised to find ladies there. Lacking suits, the boys (probably his six younger brothers and cousin Morton B. Howell) divested 3-year-old Elliott of his clothes and sent him running from behind the changing rock. The ladies fled, expecting the bigger boys to appear in like state. The ladies gone, the boys claimed their swimming rights *au naturel*.

Lep loved telling a story about Tommy Northcut, who ran the store. He happened to stock a bolt of goods that was very popular among the vacationers. The bolt sold in a matter of days, and Northcut agreed to stock another. When it too sold immediately and the ladies wanted still another, he responded: “No, it won’t do no good, I can’t keep it in stock.”

While Sue was learning about Beersheba from her father, Nelson was starting his own Beersheba tradition. He spent many happy days as a school boy exploring the woods and streams and visiting his good friend and Sue’s cousin Alf Adams, Jr. at the White House.

Sue and Nelson met at Vanderbilt, where they were introduced by another cousin of Sue’s, Comfort Adams (Mrs. Judson) Randolph. Sue and Nelson met again at Beersheba on Labor Day, 1948, when Karin Hughes Adams married John (Jack) Marvin Stewart. The brand new chapel at the Methodist Assembly had not yet been painted, so Nelson joined Karin’s brothers and cousins in lining the chapel with pine boughs and in laying a stone walkway in the mud between the chapel and the road. Ever since,

Nelson and Sue have enjoyed being together at Beersheba. For years after their marriage in 1949, Nelson, Sue and their children spent their vacations at the White House. By 1975, the ranks of the Adams descendants had increased several fold. Most of the 24 children of the seven Adams brothers were grown and had families of their own, and since this put an impossible strain on the

White House, the Andrews purchased Henry Brown's old house on Armfield Avenue.

Henry Brown, a Beersheba and Chattanooga contractor, had started this house in 1929. He lived in it while building several schools in the area. When he finished the Coalmont school, the county was broke and could not pay him. To honor these construction bills, Henry mortgaged his house and deeded it to his daughter Margaret (Mrs. Floyd) Coppinger. Later the property was divided and Mrs. Coppinger returned the house to her father, keeping for herself the property facing the highway, where she presently lives.

Henry later sold the house to a Dr. Mae Sumner, who planned to operate a hospital there, but was prevented by a new law which prohibited using frame structures as hospitals. She sold the house to Bennette and Linda Shaw, who lived there two years. (In 1979, Linda Shaw published *Ballad in Blue*, a novel set during the Civil War at Beersheba.) Claborn Green bought the house from the Shaws, and later sold it to the James Poteets of Nashville, from whom the Andrews purchased the house.

The upstairs was still unfinished when the Andrews bought it. They divided the upstairs into bedrooms, added a screen porch downstairs, and named it Piecemeal II in honor of Sue's childhood home in Coral Gables. It was called Piecemeal because it too had been finished in stages.

After several summers in Piecemeal II, the Andrews decided to build a year-round home so they could enjoy Beersheba all the time. They explored several sites, but eventually decided on the lot where Piecemeal II stood. It had everything they wanted: beautiful surroundings and the best of neighbors.

When planning for the new house began in the fall of 1979, the Andrews children were: Dr. Susan Toy Andrews, married to Dr. Randall Craig Rickard, who opened their family practice in Murfreesboro in 1981; Nelson Carter Andrews, Jr., married to Nanette Piot, both lawyers in Nashville; Judith Ann Andrews, a subdivision developer, married to Scott Foster Siman in 1980; Adam Gillespie Andrews, a student at Belmont College; and Frank Maxwell Andrews, a student at Montgomery Bell Academy.

The family named the new house Wholemeal, because unlike Piecemeal, they hoped to complete it in one organized effort.

The first major decision was to retain Seab A. Tuck, III, a young conceptual architect in Nashville, to design the house. Seab began his conceptualization by spending time with the Andrews in Beersheba and Nashville. He quickly saw that he would have to include spaces for juggling (including machetes and flaming clubs), world class Shucky Darns, unicycling, singing (to the accompaniment of various instruments), pool shooting, reading, bird watching, and spectacular culinary efforts interrupted by rocking and snoozing; in short, activities ranging from chaos to calm. The Andrews emphasized that above all the house was to be FUN for all ages. Further, the house must: (1) reflect the ante-bellum and Victorian homes in Beersheba in a contemporary manner; (2) require minimal maintenance and withstand generations of wear and tear, and be secure without being inconvenient; (3) remain cool in summer and have separate zones for winter heating; (4) be so designed as to create a spirit of warmth and fun without depending on furnishings for style; (5) have a first level accessible to the handicapped. This would include: (1) a large room for noisy play; (2) a small room for quiet times; (3) a large screen porch overlooking the trees; (4) a master bedroom and bath and guest room with bath; (5) six more bedrooms with dormitory bath (6) two bunkrooms and a sleeping porch; (7) a kitchen large enough for several people to work in it

simultaneously; (8) and areas for privacy.

After becoming acquainted with the family and experiencing its lifestyle, Seab plotted the location of every tree so he could nestle the house among the trees without damaging them. Within three weeks of their first meeting, Seab presented preliminary plans that turned out to be almost the final plans, down to the placement of the fireman's pole. The family approved the concept in full.

The Andrews asked their Sewanee friend, John William Greeter, to be general contractor. Through him, the Andrews met David Thomas, who had built several vacation homes in Monteagle. He managed the construction on-site, working with his family and various sub-contractors. Greeter scheduled and organized the project. Socrates Ioannides, who was at that time designing the Sunsphere at the Knoxville World's Fair, was retained for engineering consultation. This team successfully met the many challenges inherent in building an extraordinary house.

Wholemeal, although definitely contemporary, incorporates many details reminiscent of nearby historic homes.

On the second floor are six small bedrooms, a regular bath (Wholebath) and a dormitory bath with four basins, two shower rooms, and two toilets (throne rooms), facing the trees.

The third-floor sleeping porch, 50 feet off the ground, projects into the tree tops. Its six beds can roll through double doors into the bunk rooms for winter. The two bunk rooms have three bunks suspended from the wall and a loft which will sleep two. Small doors open from the loft to the fourth floor, which is an observation and star-gazing deck.

From the hall at the fourth floor level, a skylight hatch opens upward to the crow's nest, accessible only by ladder. Some 80 feet above the ground, the crow's nest houses a steamboat whistle from a boat which once plied the Mississippi. The crow's nest was added during construction after several Andrews climbed the concrete forms to sit on the highest point. Once this tree-top view was discovered, the crow's nest became a necessary addition.

Arches, carved rafters, and steel kickers support the wide roof overhang. The main part of the house cantilevers on a concrete pedestal only eight feet wide. The cantilever raises the living spaces high into the trees, and allows the trees to live close to the house. The resulting overhang, and an electrically operated drawbridge add to its security.

The exterior siding is western red cedar, the foundation is sandblasted concrete, and the roof is copper. With age, these materials will blend with their surroundings.

Glass blocks, some clear, some patterned, create a core of light around the central staircase, with its open treads. Ceiling fans aid the circulation, winter and summer. In summer, clerestory windows draw heat out, creating a cooling breeze.

The drawbridge guards the entrance with variable speed marquee lights above and variable intensity cantilever lights below. If the switch is set on "welcome mode," lights flash and the drawbridge lowers automatically when visitors approach the house.

Children love secret passages, so they are included too, their locations being secret, of course. The fireman's pole, which ends on a second floor deck overlooking the foyer, is a favorite of children of all ages. The pole is accessible for either a 1 or a 2-storey slide. Many different stylists have slid down and even climbed up the pole, including the freefaller, the dinger, and the crasher. Experienced sliders vetoed the idea of placing wax paper dispensers at the firepole entrances.

The center of the house, the kitchen, master bedroom suite, guest room, and the Snuggery with fireplace and a woodburning store, can be heated as a unit. The Snuggery features a balcony accessible by spiral staircase.

The Great Hall, with its 26-foot ceiling, walk-in fireplace, game area, pool table and basketball goal, is ideal for large noisy groups.

A screen porch curves around the kitchen, joining the Snuggery to the Great Hall. From the center of the porch a swinging bridge leads to a remote treehouse deck. This deck, which affords the only complete view of the north facade, gives the porch a feeling of being projected into the woods.

The crescent-shaped kitchen opens into the Great Hall, the Snuggery and the porch. Equipped to serve a crowd, the kitchen allows five or six chefs to work together comfortably. There are stools for hungry spectators. Oak dining tables are moved from the Great Hall to the porch as the weather dictates. The Snuggery has its own intimate dining area.

Private decks are situated at each end of the house, each with a covered log carrier to service the nearby fireplaces.

Just before the stair treads were installed, the family decided to put a round whirlpool, seven feet in diameter, in the basement. Since the whirlpool tub could not fit through a doorway, it had to be installed before the stairs were put in. The architect designed a space for it on the spot.

A concrete pier rises to a height of 110 feet to anchor the house and render it virtually earthquake-proof. The sandblasted concrete underpinings weigh over 2 million pounds and contain over 500 cubic yards. A concrete-pumping truck from the New Orleans Super Dome was used to pump the concrete.

Taking advantage of modern electronics, the “keys” to the house are push-button code pads. The primary code remains constant; a secondary code can be programmed for friends who might visit for a day or so. A sophisticated alarm system protects the house from intrusion and fire. To heat the house ahead of arrival, the Andrews punch a code by phone to raise the temperature from the 45 degrees maintained by thermostats. A built-in lighting system using some 400 bulbs and many rheostats makes lamps unnecessary and lighting highly variable.

Dana Sherrard, a Nashville interior designer, helped plan the furnishings. She blended old fixtures collected by the Andrews with simple contemporary furniture. The Great Hall is equipped with a barber’s chair and barber’s pole, dentist’s chair, a World War I wheelchair, and a 1900 washing machine. An old railroad baggage cart serves as a coffee table. A 1914 player piano plays constantly, but there are no television sets.

On the porch sits a round coffee table made from the wheel and a huge gear of an early elevator. Elevator parts are also used to create a standing lamp and a bench for the porch. Advertising leads line the entry walls. The leads, like the elevator parts, are from McClure’s Stores, with which the Andrews have been connected for 25 years.

The pulpit in the foyer came from the A. G. Adams Presbyterian Church in North Nashville, which was built in 1890 and decommissioned in 1979 after 90 years of service. This mission church was donated by A. G. Adams, Lep’s grandfather and a ruling elder of the First Presbyterian Church.

When the house was completed in October of 1981, after 17 months, John Greeter and the

Andrews invited all who had participated in the project, together with families, to an open house. A second open house was hosted for Beersheba neighbors, who had watched the construction with interest and endured the noise and activity with patience.

The quick way to get there: landing at Andrews Field Seab Tuck received several awards for his design: the Tennessee Society of Architects' Award for Excellence in Architecture for 1981 to Wholemeal, the only residential structure so honored that year. The American Institute of Architects included Wholemeal as one of only a dozen new homes pictured in its collection, *The Annual of American Architecture* 1982.

Building Wholemeal was a challenge, and everyone who participated did his best to perfect every detail. Seab Tuck's design, combined with the quality of its execution, has created a home filled with the spirit of fun and the essence of Beersheba Springs. This success with Wholemeal gives the Andrews an heirloom of the future, to be passed on for generations along with their deep and abiding love of Beersheba Springs.

—Carter Andrews

A Poet in Residence

Leonard Tate was a practicing journalist and poet when he reported Beersheba's Centennial in 1935. (The celebration was delayed two years, it will be remembered, because of the depression.) Leonard was hardly out of knee pants at the time; yet since 1935 he has published many articles about Beersheba, its residents, the Library, and other pieces of continuing interest.

It is a coincidence, and a happy one, that Tate rhymes with laureate. For Leonard has written so many poems about his native mountain, its changing seasons, its natural beauties, and its strong-willed individuals that he has earned all the laurels of the poet laureate. The editors are privileged to include here several poems from "Shadows in the Wind," a manuscript they hope soon to see in print and enjoyed by a wide audience.

The poet, says the sage, has the final say. No one has captured Beersheba and Broad Mountain in all its seasons, moods, and infinite beauties like Laureate Tate in his ageless lyrical meditations.

Son of The Soil

I would not give the wind and slanting rains
For all the wonders that the cities hold;
I have no part in noise and smoky stains,
Nor greedy men who sell their hearts for gold.
But rather do I love the running streams,
The pure clean air; the sweet wild cry of birds;
Dawn and the evening stillnesses; and dreams
Fulfilled with happiness and soft-said words.
For when the shadows of the dusk come stealing,
And I turn homeward at the close of day,
At journey's end the sunset in revealing
The glory of God's heaven in each ray;
And all too beautiful for thought or feeling
Home is complete again, and love holds sway.

Beersheba Springs' Centennial Celebration

Because of the depression, Beersheba was unable to celebrate the Centennial until June 15 and 16, 1935. This was hailed as one of Grundy County's greatest events by newspapers in Nashville, Chattanooga, McMinnville and Tracy City. Several articles were written at this time about the town by Leonard Tate, Mrs. W. W. Jones, and Hudson Womack. An elaborate program was prepared at the Hotel which was owned and operated, at that time, by Mr. and Mrs. John Mears of Fort Lauderdale, Florida, and Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Tate of Beersheba.

The celebration opened with a parade and floats from surrounding towns. The program was given from the porch of the Hotel. Chancellor R. B. C. Howell of Nashville was master of ceremonies. The first speaker introduced was Mrs. Ittie K. Reno who told of her first visit to Beersheba in 1882. Other speakers on the program were Judge Floyd Estill of Chattanooga, Judge John H. Dewitt of Nashville, Judge L. R. Turner of McMinnville, and Judge Howell. Billiard balls were presented by Judge Dewitt to Judge Howell, Col. Smith, and Charles Mitchell for being the "naughtiest boys" in the old days.

The ceremony was followed by a pageant arranged by Mrs. Hubert Dillon of McMinnville when Miss Iva Boyd, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Boyd of McMinnville, was crowned Queen of Beersheba Springs. Her attendants were Ann McCollum, Betty Jane Anderson, Mary Avis Wilson, Katharine Read, Mary E. Womack, Margaret Smith, and Marie Meadows.

Music for the occasion was rendered by the McMinnville band. Mrs. Mary Cornelia Malone, concert singer of Nashville, gave several numbers accompanied by Mrs. Paul H. Bartles at the piano. Community singing on both Saturday and Sunday was led by Jack Keefe. Many games and contests were enjoyed. A large collection of relics was on display.

A ball was held in the historic ballroom on Saturday night with a floor show.

At that time Mrs. Julie M. (Hunerwadel) Ritzius was advertising Ritzius View, a guest home on the brow of mountain, with weekend rates of \$4.50 a person for room and board.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Randal W. McGavock and Beersheba's Heyday

Randal W. McGavock of Nashville (1826-1863) was the son of Jacob and Louisa Grundy McGavock. His mother was the daughter of Felix Grundy, for whom the county was named. His aunt was Malvina Grundy Bass who owned the Bass-Turner cottage and whom he visited, as he did his cousin Mrs. Margaret Bass Harding next door. His journal tells a great deal about Beersheba in its heyday and was published in full as *Pen and Sword: The Life and Journals of Randal W. McGavock*. Nashville: Tennessee Historical Commission, 1960. Below is 1858.

August 18th: I met Harvey M. Watterson this morning who seems to be the chief man of the town of McMinnville. After breakfast I started in an excellent stage coach in company with Mr. Grey and lady for Beersheba Springs in Grundy Co. On the way we passed along the base of Ben Lomand which was sold yesterday by Col. Rowan to a young man named Pickett of La. Who intends expending seventy five thousand dollars in improvements for a summer resort. Reached the Springs about 2 o c.

August 19th: Beersheba is certainly the most attractive watering place now south of the Va. Springs. Col. Armfield has expended a large amount of money here, and has succeeded in collecting around him in the private houses some very agreeable people. The foundation is well laid and I have no doubt but that it will be in a few years, one of the most inviting summer retreats in the U.S. They have over four hundred persons here at present. Neither the view or the water equal several other points in the State. I went into the ball room tonight and waltzed with Miss Key of Ky who is one of the fastest girls I ever saw.

August 20th: Got up rather late this morning, having run too long last night. Passed the day mostly playing euchre. Called to see Dr. Waters, Harding, Bass, and Armfield families. Went into the ball room again tonight. Mr. Sessions of Miss, who has a fine voice contributes largely to the amusement of the Co.

August 21st: Occupied the day in talking to the ladies— playing cards, etc.

August 22nd: Attended divine service this morning in the ball room. Bishop Green of N.C. Preached a very good sermon. In the afternoon James Wilson drove me out in his carriage to what is called the "Old Mill," which is about 5 miles from the Spring, and one of the most secluded and romantic places I ever saw. It is situated in a deep basin formed by Laurel Creek—surrounded by tall cliffs. The dam is of solid rock formed by nature. After the water of the creek falls over the dam it falls over a high cliff. While here we met Mrs. Prince and a young man named Chambers from Miss. They were in the grist room under the bluff and seemed much confused when they discovered us. I called to see Miss Ophelia Martin this evening, and as usual she attempted her sarcasm upon me. "What Esau is this?" turning to Mr. Fogg, and alluding to my beard. My reply was "The same that knew you in your younger days and who like the illustrious hunter wears hair of his own, and not that put on by woman for deception." She backed down at once.

August 23rd: I rose very early this morning and went out with some gentlemen on a fox chase under the mountain. After breakfast I went out with Mr. Wilson, his mother and Miss Hardeman to see the New Mill and the Stone Door. The New Mill was built by Col. Armfield at a spot almost as romantic as that of the Old Mill. There are several very pretty falls here, and a vein of coal about twelve inches in thickness. The mill is propelled by steam, and cuts all the lumber used at the

Springs. The view from the stone door is very fine, and the formation of the point rather peculiar. Mrs. Virginia French has written a very pretty story of an Indian Legend.

August 24th: Dined today with Mr. Charles Philips of New Orleans. Attended the Calico Ball this evening. Lemira Eakin dressed me up as Abou Gosh the robber of the Holy Land and I entered with Mrs. Galloway of Miss, who was dressed as an Indian Queen. Many of the characters were amusing, as well as ridiculous. I enjoyed the evening finely, and laughed enough to last me a month.

August 25th: Many of the gentlemen from Nashville left this morning. The day has been passed in lounging about the premises conversing, and reading news-papers.

August 26th: Passed the day in playing cards, rolling ten pins, and dancing. This evening Mr. Bibb of N.O. Furnished considerable amusement to the company by dragging a dead fox around the Springs, and then placing the hounds on the trail. The amusement was novel, and all seemed to enjoy it.

August 27th: The great desideratum at Beersheba (water) has been supplied by a water-witch, who has found bold streams all over the mountain and a very short distance from the surface. Attended the ball this evening.

August 28th: Started home at 5 o.c. This morning by way of Tracy City. We had a full load and my fellow passengers were Thos. Martin, lady and daughter Ophelia of Pulaski, my old mother-in-law, Mrs. Crutcher, S. Cockrell and lady, Henry Fogg, Ive Webster. We passed through Altemont the County seat of Grundy, a new and very uninteresting place. Tracy City is a new village recently laid out by Col. Tracy at the terminus of the Sewanee coal road. We did not explore the mines although I wished to do so. I had conceived that the railroad up the mountain was exceedingly dangerous, but found it no more so than roads ordinarily. The cars stopped as we were descending to give the passengers a view of the location of the University of the South recently selected by the Episcopal Bishops assembled in Convention at Beersheba Springs. The view is magnificent—and I was told that there was plenty of water on the spot. They propose raising three and one half millions of dollars, which will erect a structure superior to any in the United States. At Cowan we took the train for Nashville and reached home about 7 ½ o.c. Where I found Judge Dickinson and family from Miss.

A Lady's Man Before the War

Mrs. Florence Farrington
Care Jno. Munord & Co.
Paris, France

Beersheba
August 8, 1858

Dear Florence:

I received your letter last night, and was very glad to get it. Also a letter from your Mother a few days since. The letter from Alabama in a lady's hand that was forwarded to me was only a card advertising some Watering Place.

This is a very agreeable place, and the company here is the most unexceptionable (sic) I have ever met at any Watering place. The Hotel is quite crowded, and they continue to come in everyday. There are now upwards of four hundred people here. About one half of the company are from Nashville and vicinity, and the balance are generally from Mississippi and Louisiana. Some of the people from the South I met last summer at the Springs in Virginia. Many Southerners have purchased lots here and are building summer residences. There is less dissipation here than any Springs I have ever visited. They will not allow gamblers to come here at all. They have no Barroom for drinking. They have ten pin alleys, billiard rooms, a large ballroom, and a band of music, a livery stable and good roads to ride and drive on.

They dance here every night, and Tuesday and Friday nights are grand dress occasions, when the ladies are expected to come out in their finest. There are a great many pretty girls here. I think the most interesting are those from Nashville. I am still of the opinion that they surpass the girls I meet anywhere else. I have become a very considerable lady's man here without being particularly interested in any one girl. There are some pleasant girls here from Clarksville, Murfreesboro, and Lebanon. Amongst the girls here from Nashville is Miss Mary Caldwell, and also Miss May Shepard. We have preaching here every Sunday. Two Episcopal Bishops and preachers of other churches being here, who take it time about in preaching.

When I finish this letter I will go up in the ballroom and hear a sermon from Bishop Green (this being Sunday) and in the afternoon and at night preachers of other churches will give us a sermon.

There is no one here from Memphis besides myself except two or three young men. This place I have no doubt will become one of the great watering places of the south. Col. Armfield will continue to improve it every year. A large influential class of people are becoming interested here, and being so near the seat of the Southern University that the Episcopal Church has located on the mountain here will all contribute to make this an important place of summer resort.

Board here by the month is only forty dollars, which is much cheaper than other fashionable watering places.

I received one letter from John since I have been here. I see the Nashville papers daily, and frequently Memphis papers. I have seen no good fruit since I left Memphis, They bring melons, apples, and peaches here to sell, but they are rather indifferent. I hope you all continue well. Give

my love to all.

Yours affectionately, Philip H. Thompson

The Diary of Mrs. Bettie Ridley Blackmore: July 1863

The Civil War comes alive again under the pens of Bettie Ridley Blackmore and her brother Bromfield Ridley, Jr. Mrs. Blackmore clung to her short life with one hand while continuing to write her diaries with the other, almost until the last. She was the married daughter of a prosperous landowner and judge, Bromfield Ridley, whose handsome country house once stood near the hamlet of Jefferson in the northwest corner of Rutherford County. The War had scattered the family. Her husband and father and four brothers were away in the Confederate Army and Bettie, slowly dying of congestion of the lungs, and her indomitable mother were left to work the farm with the remaining blacks and protect the house, inside Federal lines and in peril since the Battle of Murfreesboro in early 1863. Mother and daughter were constantly harassed, intimidated and humiliated by the Union troops encamped all around. One night the Yankees burned the house over the heads of the Ridley women who barely escaped with their lives and a few possessions into the arms of friendly neighbors.

Bromfield, Jr., a dashing aide and dispatch rider for several generals, rode 60 miles the night after the first day of the Battle of Nashville in December 1864, to see his mother and find his sister Bettie dead a month earlier, before riding back to join the second day of the Nashville battle. Both he and Bettie had been at Beersheba before and during the War, as the following excerpts from her diaries and his book relate.

Sue White and myself projected a trip to Beersheba; partly in quest of health and partly (on my part) to be with Pa, [Judge Bromfield L. Ridley of Murfreesboro] and my brothers and husband [Bromfield, Jerome, Lucas, and George Ridley and her husband George Blackmore]. It is not necessary here to recount the difficulties of getting started—our slow—wearisome and harrasing trip and the ten thousand annoyances incident to it. Our party consisted of Jo. Scott and myself in a buggy—Mr. James White—teamster for the wagon of eatables Dr. James D. White of Wilson County had supplied us with—Margaret and her two children, Mrs. Riddle, cousin Sue and Virginia in another buggy with Dilly, her baby and Black Ben in a surrey driven by Mr. Blackmore—12 souls in all. A July sun did not quicken our progress, or add much pleasure to man or beast. We had balking horses, old harness and worse than all the surrey was overturned and one wheel entirely broken off 18 miles from McMinnville and could get no possible assistance, except to hire an ox wagon and proceed.

We had heard rumors nearly every hour of the progress of the Federal Army and that Bragg had fallen back—Rozenrantz [Gen. W. S. Rosecrans] occupying Chattanooga, etc., etc. So every mile of our journey was full of anxieties lest we should meet federal soldiers and be robbed of our plunder and teamsters—Jimmy [White] and Mr. Blackmore.

When we reached McMinnville—Saturday evening July 4th, the reports we had heard were confirmed—Bragg was retreating to Chattanooga, without a fight. Gloom hung like a pall over the little village—only a few persons could be seen as I rode down the full length of Main Street. Our soldiers had all left and all Southern sympathizers—(men I mean) who could possibly get off had gone—business was suspended—doors all closed—the Federals constantly expected. We were compelled to remain in the village, until Tuesday; on account of our broken vehicle—we could not proceed without it—could not get it mended and could not hire a vehicle of any sort. Our vehicle

was ready at 8 o'clock Monday night and we determined to leave after early breakfast, next morning; but the Federals unceremoniously entered the West end of the Village, about sunrise with "all the pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," streaming banners—nodding plumes—gaily caparisoned horses and dashing cavaliers, all marching to the music of the fife and drum. This rather hurried us and as soon as we could jump out of bed and commence a toilet, we—Mr. B. and myself—made as quick a march out on the road leading East as circumstances would permit, finishing our toilet on the way. We stopped at Mr. L's, got breakfast, performed our morning ablutions and were off again for Beersheba, believing we would be overtaken.

Well! The incidents of that day, night and the next day, I will not try to speak of, my pen would fail to paint the anxieties, perplexities, fatigues and hardships of that trip to B. I will never forget it—never. The only bright feature in it was the fact that we escaped the Yankees—Mr. B. and Jim were safe. Oh! I was so disappointed at failing to meet my good Father here! Six long months had now elapsed since he bade adieu to Ma and me and I was almost ready to be clasped in his arms, when lo! He had to retreat. Poor [General Braxton] Bragg was suffering now from tongue lashings. I said nothing—I only felt that our lot in Middle Tennessee was to be given up to the wild and demoniac rule of the Yankees for some time. I could not blame Bragg falling back, when we knew that Rozencrantz was meeting him or rather going around him with a greatly superior force. Bragg had been weakened by reinforcements sent to Johnson at and before Vicksburg and this was the only alternative left—either to leave his whole Army surrounded or to retreat to the mountains. I heard one gentleman, who had two sons with Bragg, say, he "wished to God his sons would desert and come back and not follow that madman Bragg any longer." Rozencrantz was at the summit of his fame. He was called "The Invincible," the brave, victorious, lion-hearted General. He had now commenced his onward march to the Gulf of Mexico, via Chattanooga, Atlanta, and Mobile; nothing could retard his progress. His Army with its gallant leader, could scale mountains, penetrate valleys, cross rivers with one stride and roll like a majestic wave thro' Georgia, conquering all and dispersing the Rebels like "chaff before the wind." Laurels decked the Conqueror's brow that were destined to fade ere the leaves faded. Great jubilees were held everywhere by the Yankees on the occupation of Middle Tennessee by Rozencrantz. This chieftain published an address to Tennesseans in arms to rebellion, inviting them to return home, urging soldiers to desert; that is, come home to be paroled and unless they asked it, they would never be exchanged.

I blush to say hundreds availed themselves of this invitation and basely deserted the cause they had espoused, simply because it now seemed to be the weaker side. About McMinnville, some who had been officers in the Confederate Army, men of influence, who had done all they could in the Legislative Halls, to urge the state to resistance, now took the Oath and loudly talked of Union again. Poor weak human nature! Today imploring heaven to give you strength to fight to the bitter end or the glorious triumph of a just and righteous cause; tomorrow praying heaven to forgive you for your folly in doing a noble thing!

But to return to Beersheba—Cousin and myself found all our plans frustrated by Pa's departure. It was impossible to get boarding—so we were obliged to take a furnished house and set up to housekeeping on a very limited scale. We remained until 27th of August—Mr. B., Mr. And Mrs. Riddle with us part of the time. We had feared that we would have a very dull time at B. as only eight or ten families were there. But, never in my life had I a more excited sojourn anywhere—it was full of incidents of the most sprightly and alarming character. The Bushwhackers' haunts were on the mountain and they visited Beersheba almost daily, stealing everything they could transport in wagons. Any family there whose friends were South in the Army, was a mark for their

plundering. Mrs. Col. [Benjamin] Hill—Mrs. [William B.] Smart—Mr. [Oliver T.] Morgan and the furnished unoccupied cottages of Southerners all suffered severely. Mr. [John Hopkins] French lost all his blooded stock there—horses of every description were stolen—the hotel plundered, etc. All that a set of fiends could do was done with the coolest assurance. Fortunately for us, we were strangers and our connection with the Confederate Army unknown. Mr. B. and Mr. Riddle always hid. It kept Cousin Margaret and me always on the alert to hide our two soldiers and their clothes, horses, etc., and then protect ourselves. By one master stroke of policy, we became secure from the depredation of the bushwhackers—I appealed to the Captain of the Gang— Capt. Hard Hampton for protection—told him we were two unprotected females, at Beersheba for health—showed him our stack of provisions, etc., and asked him to give orders to his men not to molest us, which he most magnanimously done. The Federals too were very attentive to us—they paid four visits to the Springs with a force of 100 or 200 to look for Rebels, but never found any. Cousin and myself hid our rebels always—sometimes in the 6/crcfc-jacks, another time in the kitchen loft. At that, any time we were entertaining six or seven federal soldiers in the house. Oh! The anxiety it gave us. But the greatest event of the season was the sacking of Beersheba by the natives of the mountain.

It will be remembered that there were 25 or 30 furnished cottages there, belonging mostly to wealthy Southerners. Some of them were elegantly furnished—others plainly but comfortably. Many of the cellars were full of choice wines. The hotel too was supplied with accommodations for 2 or 300 persons. The natives of the mountain are extremely poor—ignorant and envious. They got the aid of the bushwhackers—(many of whom lived among them) and determined to find a pretext for sacking the village. For several days a report was circulated that the Federals were coming to burn the place;—then on Sunday July 26 the whole town was full by breakfast of men, women and children—wagons, etc., with seven or eight armed bushwhackers. Each person or generally two or three persons— went to a cottage and set claim to anything they might desire— stayed by it day and night until they had it taken to their huts in the mountain.

They would demand the keys of Mr. [Tom] Ryan, the superintendent, and unless produced at once, they broke open the doors. We were very fearful that they would attack Mr. Murfree's Cottage—occupied by Cousin and myself—but our presence protected it.

When Mr. Armfield discovered that it was impossible to save anything, he sent word to any of us who desired articles there for the money, to go and get them and leave the money with the superintendent. So Cousin, Mrs. [Sam] Scott, Miss Myra—Mollie Smith and others sallied forth Don Quixote like in search of adventures. I went around to see the natives, as much as anything else—Oh! Such dirty— squalid-wicked talking wretches. They all had one tale—the Yankees were coming to burn up the town tomorrow and we thought we would take these things and take care of them. Two women had a royal fight at one cottage over some article. Many of them stayed all night and tho' it was the Sabbath, they sang and drank and danced all night. One poor woman had her baby with her and the little thing was very ill. Bishop [James H.] Otey's fine Theological Library and Mr. Rolf Loundres' miscellaneous Library was taken by those ignorant creatures that cannot read. One woman said to me "what a pity the Southerners broke up this Union—they'll lose their fine things for it"—Well! This novel and exciting scene closed in three days. The last thing was removed and we were quiet for several days.

Aggy Henderson and Sue rode out in the country one day and visited several of these cottages to see what use the stolen furniture was put to. Their houses generally contained one room— sometimes a shed room attached. The lofts were cut out in places, to allow the wardrobes or china presses or tall bedsteads to sit up and all the meat they had hung up in the wardrobes. The looking

glasses were broken out of the bureaus as useless. A splendid marble side board was out under a shelter—safes—tables, etc. were in the porch and china ware—books—set in the loft—under the bed—stuck in cracks, etc. I saw an elegant china tureen full of walnut dye.

Just here I will say—these people all said they acted under orders from General [G.D.] Wagner, who was stationed at Hillsboro. The Bushwhackers wore blue clothes and said they belonged to the Federal Army but the Federals denied it positively. At any rate, the Federal authorities took no steps to put it down.

Our friend, Mr. [John] Armfield, who had been the founder of Beersheba's present fame and who had lived on that mountain dispensing charity and hospitality to the poor and to the rich, with such a lavish hand, was very much distressed at the scenes around him. His great wealth rendered him a high mark for plunder, and he and his friends felt great anxiety for him, but he escaped molestation. Poor Mrs. Armfield was too good a Southern woman to restrain her indignation at the doings of the bushwhackers and Federals. They always had the Yankees to feed—man and beast—when they come. They had hid all their valuables and this gave them great anxiety. So each one of us had our full share of anxiety and trouble. The time at last came for us to leave—Mr. B. had made a secret flight to Chattanooga weeks before and we were now alone. No conveyance could be procured, and we went to Mc for a two horse wagon, which transported us with our plunder and servants to McMinnville. Cousin and myself had made up our minds to take the Oath and go home. Tho it was very pleasant to turn our faces homeward [on August 29] and tho our life at B. had been full of anxieties, yet we were very sad to leave the balmy atmosphere, cool breezes, sparkling water and above all the dear friends we left there. How sad I felt to give a parting kiss to dear Mrs. [L. Virginia] French, whose pale face whispered, it might be for the last time. And kind, good Mrs. A.[rmfield], I'll always remember her with the tenderest feelings. When we were far, far down the mountain, we saw two figures high above us—one in pink with floating curls—the other in some sombre dress with raven hair and eyes—waving an adieu. Dear girls! I pray that life may have no clouds for your sunny spirits and that Mollie [Smith] may realize fully her present dreams of future happiness with her betrothed. A very pleasant day, plenty of the wherewith to comfort the "inner man"—an accommodating driver made our trip to McMinnville in the wagon very agreeable. At night fall we were escorted into the city by the Yankees.

September

My friends in McMinnville wondered a little that I did not go on South as I was on my way, with my husband. My reasons were these—I had left my Mother entirely alone in Rutherford five months before, to regain my shattered health. It was impossible for her to leave Rutherford without utter abandonment of the farm and negroes and I could not think of leaving her longer to bear her troubles alone. So I determined to return and comfort my Mother and struggle with the adverse tide that surrounds her. When I mentioned to my friends my determination to go again to teaching, they thought it a very unwise thing, as I always look so frail, even tho my health had been greatly improved. I had not heard from Ma for two months and Oh! I was so anxious. Cousin and myself made an early visit to Provost Snyder [took the oath] and came out full-fledged Yankees in name. The Provost obliged me to give \$5000 bond on account (he said) of my rebel associations, having a husband, brothers and father all Rebels. Cousin did not give bond. I remained a few days in McMinnville and came home under the escort of Capt. I.H. Stonage of Ohio—who proved a very kind and gallant escort. I met a most cordial reception from my poor lonely Mother and to my joy found her well.

—Bettie Ridley Blackmore July, August, September 1863. Reprinted from *Tennessee*

Historical Quarterly, March 1953.

War Times: 1861-1865

Among the celebrities at Beersheba I will recall Judge Nathan Green, Robert L. Caruthers, Governor Isham G. Harris, Henry S. Foote, Andrew Ewing, Colonel Jo C. Guild, Emmett Thompson (the founder of the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company, and member of the Confederate Congress), A.S. Colyar, Colonel John Armfield, and others, whose precepts moulded my young mind to the idea of warranted provocation in offering myself a sacrifice in opposing the attempted outrage of violently taking from the Southern people their heritage.

“As the twig was bent, so has the tree inclined.” As the scion of Southern sentiment was engrafted, the propagation followed. Beersheba Springs was a place I frequented, and scenes of Southern culture at the old resort, together with the thrilling and hazardous sights in the war, make its recollections historic.

Colonel Armfield was a man of wealth, and his wife a woman of polish. They established it, and gave cottages to families of prominence. Bishops Otey and Polk, Mrs. L. Virginia French (the Southern poetess), and the families of Charles Egbert Craddock, R.L. Caruthers, Hockett, Anderson, General B. F. Hill, and persons of like caste formed the society.

And when the hotel was allowed to open as a grand Southern resort, it was with the published notice that no illegal or immoral amusements would be allowed, and no gamblers could get accommodation even for a night. The sisterhood of grand Southern women summering there made the reputation of Beersheba grow into fame. Twenty miles from McMinnville and two thousand feet above the sea, the health and altitude of the place brought together not only minds that moulded the policies of the country, but conceived the establishment of the grand Episcopal University of the South at Sewanee, and the wild flowers of our mountains were suddenly beautiful by the rich mental roses of our valleys.

In conversation once with Judge John M. Lea, of Nashville, touching the founder of Beersheba, he spoke of the bold, big hearted man thus: “I shall never forget the pleasant old home on the brow of the mountain, overlooking a panorama as extensive and grand as was ever presented to the human eye. There is within a few feet of the precipice a ‘Druidical rock’ which equalled the character of Colonel Armfield. A child could give to it a gentle movement, but no human strength could cause it to topple or be overturned; so his kind feelings could be touched by the slightest appeal to generosity, but in all matters where duty and principle were involved, he was firm and immovable. “When war’s dread alarm was sounded his Southern blood began to boil, and his purse sprang open to help all he could in the struggle, “until wild war’s deadly blast was blown.” Too old for active service, he called up the neighboring mountaineers of Grundy County, equipped and put into the field a company, and took care of their families while they were away, establishing a post office in his own house, and had his family to write to and receive letters from them. He became so popular with those old mountaineers that he was the arbiter of every dispute. The lawyers of Altamont said that they could not live, because of the dearth of fees. Colonel Armfield died after the war and was buried at Beersheba. The heaviest mourners at his grave were those sturdy mountaineers, who won for themselves glory in every battle.

In July, 1862, Forrest was cantoned near there preparatory to making his grand raid resulting in the capture of 3,000 prisoners at Murfreesboro. As his soldiers filed by Beersheba, Mrs. Armfield had several sacks of coffee opened, and the haversack of every orderly was filled for his mess.

Beersheba was the half-way house between Chattanooga and Nashville, and in the line of march between Bragg and Rosecrans. The spectacle was grand, to sit in the observatory and see columns of gray at times going back and at others going forward, and likewise the blue pursuing and being pursued. But there was a class between the lines that the citizens feared, and that was a terror to everybody. They were mountain bushwhackers and robbers. Colonel John Armfield, being a man of wealth, afforded a target, and but for his bravery and absolute fearlessness he could never have lived in the wild, rugged mountain home.

The raids became so frequent that with the soldiers it was every day talk, wondering how the robbers of Beersheba were treating Colonel Armfield, and whether they would not finally kill him. I happened to be up there at one time when the home of Colonel Armfield had filled with old gentlemen visitors. The Colonel emerged from the rear of the house, and said that one of his mountain friends had come to tell him that robbers would be in on him that night. So he went to work getting his guns ready. Those old gentlemen planned for the battle. The two visiting boys were to make a scout about nightfall along the road where the robbers were expected, and if discovered, to fire and run in, these old gentlemen agreeing not to open fire until we returned. The tramp down the road in the still night, without the chirp of a bird or the sound of a cat, when any sound would have frightened a couple of fifteen out of their wits, was one of the trying scenes of Beersheba; and now, when I look back and think of our imprudence in firing anyhow, and running back to give the old gentlemen a scare, I pause to think of the dangerous experiment. These old fellows were ready to fight, and they would have done it had they seen an enemy.

There was a robber terror up there by the name of Ainsworth, said to be a Chicago jail bird. He had to have ransom, like the old sheik around the Pyramids of Egypt, to insure safety. His clan would loot Beersheba, but Armfield and family would be passed without violence, Colonel Armfield always secretly feathered the leader's nest.

Mrs. Armfield (formerly Miss Franklin, of Sumner county) is still in good health and fine mental vigor. Even her pearly teeth are as in days of yore. She is living at Bel Air, Md., with her niece, Mrs. G. L. Van Bibber. She is now eighty-six years old, still living for others, and attributes her long life to the mountain air and pure water of Beersheba. In a letter to me she says she is as busy as ever with her needle, devoted to her church, and tries to make others happy with her little remembrances. She has no children, but has raised and educated more than a dozen. She was one of the loveliest female characters Tennessee has ever produced. This testimony of my boyhood memory is strengthened in the fact of the devotion between herself and my honored father and mother.

Touching resolutions on the character and liberality and usefulness of John Armfield are made enduring in the minutes of the county at Altamont, his county town, and the prominent of the old South will recall him as one of the useful citizens of the day.

—Bromfield L. Ridley, Jr. From *Battles and Sketches of The Army of Tennessee*. Mexico, Missouri: Missouri Printing and Publishing Co., 1906

The Howells Come to Stay: Recollections, 1870-1922

In the summer of 1870 there arrived at Beersheba at midnight, a small party—Mrs. D. F. Wilkin, Love and Hettie, Miss Bettie Curd, Morton, Alfred, and Sue Howell, all of Nashville.

Mrs. I. N. Nicholson had opened the hotel for the first time since the war. It was a brave thing to do for the people had mighty little money. But it proved wise. It was the nearest mountain resort to a large area and many people needed a change of altitude. It was this that brought our party. Dr. J. P. Dake advised it. He had not been long in Nashville but already had a large practice and was much loved—as is his grandson now.

All the travel was by way of McMinnville. The wagons and horses were old and the worse for wear. The roads were really dreadful—very little work had been done on them since “before the war.”

But the drivers had horns and began to blow at the foot of the mountain—I think there was some signal as to the number arriving. The guests at the hotel crowded out on the observatory and answered the horn. This was great encouragement to the toilers on the mountainside.

It was very dark, the wagon stuck in holes many times, and we all piled out and walked some while the driver pushed and pulled and shouted—I have no doubt his language was choice.

But finally—at midnight—we really arrived—and were heartily welcomed by a large number of guests.

The old parlor was brightly lighted, the big piano was in the middle of the room and Mrs. Mollie Bank Craig—that wonderful singer—gave us “Pat Malloy.”

We were assigned three rooms in a row, two in the brick and one in the log row that was taken away.

I remember hearing great complaint of the food. The country people had probably not known that the hotel would be open long enough to plant extra large gardens, and food was not shipped and canned in those days as it is now.

Very little repairing had been done—there were lots of leaks, and the beds were hard. There was no horse back riding—no horses to ride. Everybody walked. Very few went as far as Long’s Mill. Misses Fanny and Martha O’Bryan had their four nieces with them at the Northcut Cottage.

Mrs. Felicia Porter was in the White House; Mr. And Mrs. Alex Porter in the beautiful home that was soon after bought by Mr. John Hege and burned. It is owned now by Mr. Hunerwadle, but was built originally for Mr. Chas. Phillips of Louisiana.

Our first walk to Dan was, by invitation, with the O’Bryans and there began my lifelong intimacy with them.

There was one unfinished sawn log house next to and beyond Dr. Barnes’ place. The rafters were as far from the ground as the Turner home. The children played there for several years. The trees were beautiful and the road shady all the way to Dan and no houses after this unfinished one.

Late in August there arrived—resplendent in new paint, “The Belle of Beersheba,” a beautiful new stage, with boots for the trunks “‘nevery thing.” There were four horses in it. Dr. Vernon Moore was one of the first passengers. We all came back to McMinnville in it.

In 1872 we were very happy to come again to Beersheba; we had Lucy and Pattie, those darling little babies, with us. We had rooms upstairs in the main building. Miss Mary Maxwell was next to us and had with her her niece Martha Overton. When the fancy dress ball came along she was the Queen of Hearts. Mr. Sam Scott kept the hotel and had it for several years. His two sons were fine beaux for the girls. Mrs. Speaker Hollins had rooms in the brick row which were hers for years. She had six very pretty and popular daughters, and other girls often came with her. Misses Joe and Addie Cole had their baby sister Anna with them. Mr. Edwards was there to visit Miss Joe. He was very much amused when Mama—who was making me a black silk apron—took the pins out of the apron and stuck them straight into her bosom.

Dr. Dudley Winston was resident Physician. He had a horse and buggy and gave many rides to the guests. He laid out the new road to Stone Door—the road that is used altogether now, going by Laurel Mill.

In 1873 the plans were for the family to stay at home. Flavel and Mary Toy were only a few months old and no teeth were expected. The Monday morning that final exams began in the Public Schools, the children were sent home; the schools closed; cholera was pronounced epidemic!

Papa got home almost as soon as I did. I heard him say “We will go to Beersheba tomorrow” and Mama said “The clothes are all in the tubs.”

We went next day. The Wilkins waited to get ready and Aunt Lucy had a slight attack. Then Love and Hettie were sent and the others came as soon as Aunt Lucy could travel. There were a great many here already, and soon every room was full. Mr. A. G. Adams had the Coffee Cottage, now the Nelson—it did not belong to the hotel. He also had some hotel rooms next. There were a lot of Shelbyville relatives with them. I think it was that summer that I first knew them.

About the last of June Aunt Lucy and Mama bought this place and as soon after as possible moved in. They called it “Liberty Hall” for their Grandfather Edmunds’ home in Barren Co. Kentucky, where they had been so happy in their childhood.

Then the work began. A new roof was put on—Papa and Bill Tate put a new fence all around. The hogs were put out and war declared on fleas! Some of the family say there has never been an armistice.

The room now known as Rachel’s was the kitchen. Mrs. Armfield helped to secure Mr. Peter Schild to live at the place as caretaker. That first winter he reclaimed the kitchen house and the log one that was his home for so many years. They had six children when they came and four were born here. Little Bettie died in infancy, Alfred died when he was about grown and Annie, the eldest, a fine woman, a few years later. The others are substantial good citizens in various parts of the State. Alfred died in early June, about the time Miss Mat and Miss Fan had arrived. Tony Trabue was a young boy and timid but trying to overcome it and was willing to go to Mr. Dykes’ for the mail. It was after dark. Mr. Cagle had finished and painted Alfred’s coffin and set it in the road to dry and when Tony came on it suddenly—he just went back home. No mail that night.

We had company that first year—I remember Rena 118

Howell was here. It is to be regretted that a guest book was not kept from the first, for the list would be most interesting. It is probable that my own guest was the most important we ever had.

I wanted Jennie Thompson to visit me but in those days it was not quite conventional for a girl to visit in the home of the man to whom she was engaged. Miss Fannie was allowed to come instead. This was in 1884. Sue Grundy and Ethel were here at the same time. The visit was delightful to us all. Miss Fannie was completely captivated by the mountain. The next summer she rented the White House and the next the Dahlgren and in 1887 she bought the Dahlgren and it has ever since been another center of joy and happiness.

Mrs. Wm. L. Brown bought her place in 1879 and it is still in her family. All the other property has changed— some of it several times.

The families of some of our dear friends have disappeared from Beersheba altogether. Mrs. Armfield, the Basses, Dr. Harding, the Porterfields, Mrs. Banks and the Freelands, the Stirling Cockrill family of Arkansas, the McPhail Smith family and quite recently we lament Gen. Thruston and the Henry Merritts.

The Hotel has changed and changed again both in owners and in proprietors. Many years were very gay. There was always music for the ball room and often in the first court at meal time. The gayest years were probably when Smeedes and Johnson—Jilts Johnson—had it. It was said that every good gambler in these parts spent his summer here—and he didn't stop work either. If Mr. Smeedes could have rested at night things might have gone better—but he had to work then too. It must have been his pleasure to. He couldn't make ends meet because there were other debts to be paid before the butcher and baker. But he knew how to keep a hotel always clean, brilliantly lighted, and a fine table.

About this time the hotel passed into the hands of Mr. James Satterwhite of New York. He let his brother Sol, his sister Mrs. Cannady, and her son Will, have it. They knew they were not hotel people but they loved the place and they made various different plans which were more or less satisfactory to guests—usually less—and in 1886 Mrs. Alex Nelson bought it. The Nelsons planted the Sugar Maples in the court that are now so beautiful. They thought the old Locusts would soon be gone. They looked then about like they do now. We are indebted to Mrs. Jennie Trousdale Smith for the pink Spirea which is so beautiful everywhere. She brought a few plants and put them out by the Brick row.

Some times the same band would come for several years and one of these was Luther Ewing, a fiddler, and his son Courtney who played a harp. They made very pretty music and excellent dance music. They also gave dancing lessons and some of the Smith boys took. When they attained some proficiency the guests enjoyed a performance of the Highland Fling or the Fisher's Hornpipe every evening by Marion and Blair. Mr. McPhail Smith—a scholarly gentleman—was never more proud of the fine reports his boys always brought from their schools than he was of this dancing. He loved to dance himself.

For one of the entertainments Mrs. Thomas Harding wrote a clever rhyme telling of the activities of the Glass house on the bluff. Lizzie Atchison—now Mrs. John Hill Eakin—read it. She was visiting May.

May, Mrs. Smeedes, and I had a Sunday school first in the White House and then in the Dahlgren. Our other helper was Fagan, a German who was caretaker at Mr. Matt Johnson's—now the Street place. We had a good school and were getting on fine but there were more guests than

could be accommodated and the Hotel needed the Dahlgren Cottage for the overflow, and we had to close.

One of our guests was Dr. J. P. Dake who had his son Frank with him. The Dr., Mr. Wilkin, and Papa had planned to search for medicinal plants. They were all interested in plants and knew something about them too. Dr. Dake arrived and the drouth broke. The rain descended and it looked like the floods had come. All the time he had planned to stay it rained. Frank was easy enough, but what to do with the Dr.! He did not play cards—no—but he was very courteous—he would try. We taught him smut, old maid, casino—eucré. Very soon we were playing with him in relays, and he was making up for lost time. His sons told me it was a fine visit for them for he learned there was no harm in the cards themselves, and they were encouraged to play at home—where cards had not before been permitted.

The Howell Family for all the years were true to Beersheba but for various reasons the Wilkins stopped coming and for a long time there were only three—Aunt Lucy, Lucy, and Flavel. Aunt Lucy and Mama decided to try keeping house separately. Aunt Lucy used the West hall for a dining room and the store room was enlarged to be her kitchen. It worked very well except that they really wanted to do something else. One year they went to the Jersey coast.

Every night for years Aunt Lucy took us to the ball room, and stayed with us until we were ready to come home. Then the lanterns were lit and we came home in proper fashion—all of us and all the beaux—in front of her. Most often the beaux were dismissed at the gate. I did not really appreciate this service till years after when I tried it myself and found it irksome.

In those years the ball room was decorated with cedars and there were lots of lamps to make it bright.

In the first years at our cottage Uncle Wilkin did some beautiful work making some tables of Laurel that were very unusual. He and Papa built the summer house, the benches that are still on the porch, and some chairs.

There was a great deal of game on the mountain. We had venison several times each season. It was during the first summer that the two hind quarters of a deer were bought and one leg hung in the well to keep cool and the rope broke! As late as when I was keeping house at the Northcut place a young friend came on the porch one day and said “I am glad to bring you an owl. You understand, Miss Sue, it is an owl.” It was a fine turkey almost grown.

We have made the trip to Beersheba in all sorts of ways. Boyte used to drive his jponies thru—they were Dan and Sue. We wish these children had known Dan and Sue. Poor little children—everything is machinery now. It was about 1891 that they made their first trip. Then Papa brought his carriage horses too. The train for a long time left Nashville at 7:30 a.m., and Papa got a permit for it to stop at the Chestnut Street crossing for us. And so it happened that my sister Margaret was brought to Beersheba before she was in Nashville. Later she madle two trips to the P. I. Before she had been to Washington; City. It was a great help for us to get on at Chestnut Street. There were a great many trunks, we brought a parrot, a canary bird, always dogs, always babies, fiddles and guitar—besides lunch baskets, etc.

There was a wreck just ahead of us one year and we stopped overnight at Tracy City starting again at daybreak. The nurse insisted on waking the baby Boyte when we reached Dan so that he could see the four horses she had been telling him about. She wanted to keep his confidence.

Another trip the rains had been very heavy and at Lockhart Creek one of the horses

laifl^down. The driver Mr. Northcut got out in the water and got him up and across the creek somehow; everybody was wet and Mr. Northcut most of all.

Aunt Lucy got out a bottle and gave every one of us a swallow. Then what to do about Mr. Northcut! After a whispered conference with Mama she held the bottle in her own hand and let him take—not too much. I think it did him good. Certainly the laughs we have had over it have done us good.

Blue Hole was not a popular resort until my brothers were big boys. They learned to swim at Laurel Mill. There was a good dam above the fall and that made a good swimming hole. Afterwards for years Mr. Hunerwadle and then Mr. Hill took their farm wagons over to Blue Hole two or*three times a week with as many men and boys as could crowd in. Both men were fine swimmers and we were never anxious.

Thru all these 50 years Mama (the third Mrs. Morton B. Howell, born Bettie Curd) has been the house keeper, the home maker—always ready to welcome every one of us and our friends, equal to every emergency. We—Adamses— brought our family till we had four children and thought it time to colonize. We were not asked out. I believe she would have made a place for us and all seven of the boys.

Beersheba Springs —Sue Howell Adams

June 3, 1922

The Mountain from Afar: A 50-Year Retrospective

Mrs. Morton B. Howell
Beersheba Springs, Grundy Co. Tenn.
My dearest Aunt Bettie,

And all those grandfolks, big and little, who are with you today. I congratulate every one of you on being so fortunate. It is a rare spectacle—a place, a spot, so remote, so unique, that has given so much pleasure—to so many. The greatest changes in the world's history have occurred since you and Papa and Aunt Lucy and Uncle Wilkin bought that dear place.

Fifty years! A long time to look ahead! A very short time to look back and yet in that time Chicago has been built from a comparative village, and the farmlands on the Island of Manhattan have been transformed into many scores of miles of marvellous structures of the rich, and the still more astonishing apartments of teeming millions. Yet Beersheba is just the same to the casual observer. There are changes, yes, but not the kind of which the world takes note. The ruthless forester has invaded for paltry gain the store of hardwood and poplar. Cagle's Mill is gone and the tannery and the mill and dam at Laurel and all of the remains of the mill structure at Long's that we older ones remember. The Ten Pin Alley is gone and a number of rooms—from the Hotel's original figure 8 plan. And the old original Hege cottage is gone, and the big stable near Uncle Nathan's Cabin, and the big stable down the mountain under the observatory, used by the McMinnville stage teams. St. Paul is gone and Miss Fan's Ten Pin Alley and Ice House. There are some gains to offset these in part; that you all know and value.

The things that I wish to recall and the part that I can possibly contribute, not known to all (but you and Sue) is in reference to our early advent. I remember we went by McMinnville (there was no Tracy route) and there were four horses to the big stage that carried the trunks in the boot behind. And what a load it was. Seven or eight inside, four to six on the outside, a railing round the top holding the lighter bags and packages, and six or eight trunks in the boot. I remember reaching the foot of the mountain at dark in a storm and taking three or four hours to make the pull up that terrible road. I can hear the crack of the long whip when we started again after the very numerous pauses to let the horses blow. And such a rolling and pitching inside of bundles and children and you dear ladies, you and Aunt Lucy. We arrived finally and I remember we were put in the Brick Row.

It seems to me there was an awful crowd of fine people all very "society" and "prominent," so to speak. At least I remember feeling quite abashed and timid of them, and going through the courtyard or on the front porch was about equal to asking one of us now to walk across the stage of a big theater full of people.

I can't think whether we were at the hotel one or two summers, but I shall never forget when it was decided to buy the place and some of the things were put in the house. I was delegated to spend the night "up there." There was no fence and no Peter Schild. You got him later. I slept in the room nearest the Schild cabin, or rather I lay on a bed in that room. It was soon after the war that in that remote section there were many stories of Bushwhackers, ex-soldiers who were homeless and unable to adjust and locate themselves and just roamed around. I suppose these stories were all exaggerated, but they produced such an impression on me that I was expectant of almost anything.

During the night the hogs walked around and conversed in their familiar style. Their footsteps

and voices were so humanized by fancy that my hair stood on end most of the night. This only happened a night or two until there was more company and the terror of these hogs that talked like men subsided, with familiarity. The only thing I could not get used to was the sensation of having one “raise up” with you when you stepped on him coming home from the hotel at night. This going to the hotel was a great society event. It seems to me I never saw such beautiful dressing—such fine clothes and fine manners too, not the crass familiarity that you see with so many young folks today.

I cannot identify these early times year by year, but while the memories are inseparable from the beauties of nature, the trees and forests, the sand and lichen-covered rocks, the ferns and forest flowers, the clouds, and far-off valley views, the horses and smell of harness, and ox teams, and smell of tar and axle grease, and coal oil lamps and hickory sticks, and fried chicken and all the heaps of good vegetables at the big table—corn on the cob, and off the cob, and corn pudding, and blackberries, and venison and sometimes some bear meat for a curiosity and all the good pies that Mammy Julia would make (and always had one stuck away for us boys). While all these things are subconscious and ever present, it is the people, all those faces that pass in affectionate review, that make the memories of Beersheba so dear.

It is the most poignant part of all to think that were I there, I would look and listen in vain for so many that make those memories dear. It is no reflection on those present to recall those made merry before them: Hardings, the Chapmans, the Hollins family, Fred Porter, Tom Evans, Gillespie Adams, Tom Freeland, Miss Mary, Mrs. Henry W. Comer, A.V.S. Lindsley, the Houston girls, Hattie Marshall, Mary Hunt, Major Thomas, Van Kirkman, Clark Pritchett, the Browns, the Morgans, the Overtons and Thompsons; Mr. and Mrs. Matt Johnson, Harry and Ben, Corneille Ricketts, Mary Morgan, Mrs. Will McNeilly, Mary Leen Delleville, Lizzie Atchison, J.M. Dickinson. My, what a list one could compile, and I am afraid to enumerate for fear I would leave out some one fondest of all.

Of course in the household Uncle Charlie stands out with me. We were most affectionate friends and Uncle Haiden and his friend Mr. Epps. Do you remember him? Do you remember Jim Disheroon and the swimming hole in that crawfish clay in the rear lot and how Bob Smith slipped in up to his neck and went home without a smile or a word, passing you and Aunt Lucy as you sat on the corner of the porch sewing? The rest of us were hilarious, but Bob never broke the solemnity of his demeanor. Uncle Wilkin was fond of me. I used to help him and went with him to cut the laurel branches and assisted him in making the benches on the porch.

Of Captain Plumacher and the many trips and tramps of the White Flag and Red Flag on Tother Mountain, of Tom Freeland’s and my hair-breadth escape in a runaway of his two young mules in the Valley, of the fishing in Dykes Creek and the tramps to Swiss Colony, the Swiss carvings once so plentiful; of the 4th July—”Schuetzen Fest” and barn dance at Dan when the Swiss wore wooden shoes; of Plumacher’s wild hog hunt; of scores of such things, it would be cruel for me to hold you to narrate it all.

I can only in this rambling way suggest at least to the young folks that Beersheba is rich in traditions and memories, and for them, whatever the future may hold, in whatever clime their fortune may find them, there will never be sweeter memories clustering about any place than there. It is a rich heritage that we here and now express to you our gratitude for providing and maintaining, and to those that labored with you that we might enjoy it all.

Though I am so far away and so much engrossed in a very stirring business which taxes all my

energy and ingenuity, I would gladly leave the scenes of this greatest Metropolis in the world to recall in my mind what seems dearest of all: those placid, peaceful walks and scenes. Time is all too short to enjoy them. Do not be impatient, you young ones. Before you know it, you too will be recalling "fifty years" and we who now span that period will be like some we have mentioned, just a part of the memories of dear, grand old Beersheba. With love to all,

I am Affectionately,

Alfred E. Howell

June 28, 1922 Somerville, N.J.

Life Was Young at Beersheba

Grandfather Adam Gillespie Adams and Grandfather Morton B. Howell both took their families to Beersheba early in the 1870s. There was cholera in Nashville in 1873 and all the habitable buildings at Beersheba were filled with refugees from Nashville.

Grandfather Howell and his brother-in-law, D. F. Wilkin, bought, with the help of their wives, the cottage called “Swallows’ Rest” in 1873. Grandfather Adams did not purchase a home at Beersheba and there is no record of how frequently he took his family to Beersheba, but Grandfather Howell’s family went every year and occupied the cottage as they do now.

Grandfather Adams was called by some of the younger generation “Uncle Blackberry Adams” because he was fond of picking blackberries, and according to some of his nieces, insisted that they go with him to the briar patch to pick berries despite their inexperience and clothes which were not suitable for berry-picking—not to speak of the chiggers.

Beginning in 1888, it is probable that Mama (Sue Howell Adams) spent several summers at “Swallows’ Rest” with her children but in the summer of 1894, when my brother, Howell, was one year old, two rooms were taken in Whiskey Row across the street from Miss Fannie Thompson’s place, now called Nanhaven, where the family had its meals.

That summer all four of us boys had mumps; Morton fell out of bed and mashed his ear so badly that it had to have surgical attention; and then Howell, the year-old baby, got pneumonia. Dr. Ewing came from Nashville and it was said he held out little hope for the child’s survival, whereupon Mama said, “Dr. Ewing, I am not going to lose a child and you are going to save it.” They stayed all night by the baby who passed the crisis successfully.

My brother Morton and I spent the summer of 1895 at Shelbyville with Aunt Teni. Then Papa and Mama began to rent the Northcut Cottage and continued to do so until the purchase of the White House from the Merritt estate.

Each June after the last class and before commencement, the family went to Beersheba. All household linens, as well as clothes, were taken. We had some old-fashioned shoedrummer’s trunks, as well as regular trunks and bags. Getting all the luggage, all the children and two maids to the train at 8:30 in the morning was a hectic job. We got to Tracy City about noon and usually had lunch at Mr. Tidman’s hotel. Mr. Stepp would have gotten the trunks and baggage in the wagon and, afterwards, the family in what was called a “hack.” It was drawn by 2—and sometimes 4—horses with 4 or 5 seats. Then the long drag to Beersheba began. It was 20 miles and we did well to make 4 miles an hour. But there was plenty of time, and we were not going home until September.

While Papa stayed for about a week, we were kept hard at work cleaning up the walks, removing the honeysuckle from around the house, getting flat stones from Laurel to put under the downspouts on which washtubs were set up to collect rain water for washing. And there was always the underground box, under the house, to fix. In this were kept the butter, eggs and milk. We ate fried chicken 6 days a week. But, since chickens should not be killed on Sunday, something else did for Monday dinner.

There were always plenty of projects for our fun and amusement after we had finished the housekeeping chores. The daily routine was, after breakfast, bringing water from the well to fill the pitchers in the bedrooms and keeping the cook supplied with water. Mondays there were several tubs to fill with water from the well for the washerwoman.

Then we were free for projects and expeditions. First, there was the ground to clean up for a tennis court, marking the court, and erecting poles for the net. One summer we built a log cabin about 8 feet square with pine saplings which we brought from the nearby woods. The cabin had a gabled roof and was covered with shingles.

Each boy had a knife and we were always whittling on something. It was fashionable when walking, for everyone, ladies included, to carry a hickory staff. We spent a lot of time in the woods looking for straight hickory sticks. A nice straight sourwood shoot of the year before was in demand. When the bark was removed and the bare wood exposed to a little heat, the wood turned blue. We would * cut the bark in various shapes, hearts, diamonds, clubs, and then wind a snake around it.

Walking consumed most of our time. We walked to Laurel and Stone Door. At Stone Door there was the Post Office to visit by climbing around the face of the cliff. Then there was Tother Mountain, Savage Gulf, Disheroon Spring, The Backbone, Dark Hollow, Big Spring and Blue Cliff at the foot of the mountain.

As little fellows, we swam in a pool at Laurel which was never more than 3 feet deep, but it was big and deep enough for us to learn to swim dog-fashion. We never knew how Grandma and Mama discovered that the water was too low at Laurel for swimming. The ladies sat on the corner of Grandma Howell's porch all day, sewing, knitting, crocheting, darning, embroidering and talking. But they always knew what was going on; teachers and mothers seem to have eyes in the back of their heads.

Later we would walk 4 miles on Hunter's Mill Road back of Grandma's to swim at Long's, and made the trip in an hour. Some Saturdays Mr. A. A. Hunerwadel took his wagon drawn by 2 mules to Long's and charged 10 cents a head for each passenger. Uncle Dave and Mr. Jim Palmer sat on the front seat with Mr. Hunerwadel and the boys sat on boards across the sides of the wagon bed.

When the girls began to feel that they should be permitted to swim, none of them had a bathing suit. Northcut's store was searched for suitable material: blue-striped bed ticking was selected. The girls emerged from behind the bushes with their bed-ticking blouses, bloomers, skirts and black cotton stockings. The girls were mighty cute but when wet the suits were too heavy to try to swim in.

At home in Nashville, no card games were allowed but at Beersheba we played whist, fan tan, and pinochle. This was before the day of bid-whist or bridge.

There were lots of girls at Beersheba but we had little to do with them until nighttime, when we went to the ballroom at the hotel. There was no heavy dating or going steady. We usually took the Merritt girls of Clarksville and their three or four guests. The Merritts did not dance but usually their guests did. Around the ballroom walls were benches on which the old folk sat and it seems to me now that any person who was old enough to be married was in the group who sat out the dance on the benches. Once a summer there was a musical at the Merritts. Mrs. Gates Thruston and Maud Merritt sang, Uncle Alfred Howell played the violin, and Uncle David sang "My Little Gypsy Sweetheart."

Two or three times a summer, a real wing-ding was arranged—a german or a cake walk. For the german, Northcut's was ransacked for knick-knacks to be used as favors. At home, favors were stuck on the log walls, all round the mirror. I was not permitted to dance until I was about 13,

but when I did learn, I danced every time the band struck up.

At times during the summer there were 50 or more teenagers at Beersheba. Kitty Stubblefield, Martha Thomas and Polly Prichard could be counted on to get up a girls' baseball game which attracted a large audience and created much excitement. And 3 or 4 times a summer there would be a baseball game between the mountain boys and the summer boys.

We did not get to the mountain in time to see the laurel in bloom but would occasionally find the mountain honeysuckle or azalea and a little rhododendron. Blackberries were ripe and plentiful. Later came huckleberry time and the time for "Monkeys"—the name we gave the flower of a terrestrial orchid. They indeed look like monkeys and Fahery's field was prime hunting-ground.

We had many fine friends among the mountain people and, of course, knew them all—the Browns, Lanes, Tates, Cagles, Scruggs, Dykes, Hills. Mr. Dykes was the only Republican in the town and he, consequently, was the postmaster. The whole community gathered at Mr. Dykes' house to get the mail late in the afternoon.

It would be interesting to discuss the many personalities among the mountain people and many interesting incidents and this should be done some day. For instance, there was "Uncle" Nathan Bracken who had been a slave of Colonel Armfield. He was bow-legged, always wore a hat and coat and carried a cane. He lived between Dr. Paul Eve and Mr. Fahery. Children were always welcome at his door. His son, Henry, worked for Dr. Eve. He was called "Shoo Fly," because as a little boy he danced a jig and sang "Shoo Fly, Don't Bother Me."

One could have no better wish for a child than that he have the opportunity we had—of spending the summers from 1894 to 1905 at Beersheba—a few years, but it seems like an age of joy.

-Adam G. Adams, III

Cakewalks and Charades

My mother had charge of the hotel during the summers 1899-1901. There were about two hundred people there at the height of the season. There were no bathrooms. Guests were supplied with cold and warm water every morning and afternoon. Two boys carried it to the rooms in pitchers. New wells have been dug in recent years. I marvel when I think back on the scarcity of water. Two water coolers stood near the diningroom door with water from the two springs on the hillside. One of these “water-boys” was Claude Coppinger—just about getting grown—who later was postmaster for many years.

One of the most amusing incidents took place when Mr. Hege accused Claude Coppinger of stealing apples from the Plumacher orchard. The trial was held in the bowling alley in the afternoon, when the women were taking their afternoon nap, but the men, nurses, and children lined the sides of the alley. Major Settle and Leslie Warner were there and Squire Jim Scruggs presided. He sat on an orange crate and up-ended another in front of him, and on it rested the thickest law book I ever saw. Claude had a smart young lawyer whose defense was that they were green apples and who would want to steal green apples? Squire Scruggs flipped the big book back and forth, never stopping to read, and then said: “I see no record of a case like this. The case is dismissed.” Hege limped off on his one crutch, making the air blue with his curses, and Tommie Northcut came out to the porch of the store and threatened to arrest Hege if he didn’t hush up.

There was a gorgeous cake walk in the ball room. Gen. Gates Thruston and Mrs. McGannon won the prize. She was dressed as a bride. One of the prettiest shows was staged at Nanhaven, the Thompson Cottage. The guests were seated in the yard, and in the lovely old colonial door was the living picture. Esmond Ewing read the poem “That Old Sweetheart of Mine” by J. Whitcomb Riley. Miss Annie Dallas was the bride. I have forgotten who portrayed the pink sunbonnet girl but she was lovely.

The Means Cottage gave a house party for Miss Elizabeth Jamison and some of her school friends from college. They presented in pantomime “The Persian Garden.” I was asked to be the devil and made a big hit. Morton Howell sang “O Moon of My Delight.” To be near a piano he had to go up into the ballroom and sing from the window. The scenes were below in the court of the hotel.

Many years ago the Howell Cottage celebrated the 50th anniversary of their cottage. Old Mr. Morton Howell was a cultured conversationalist. I owe my love of wild flowers to his knowledge of them. Mrs. Howell sat on the corner of her front porch and everybody went to her for counsel and advice.

Mention must be made of Barney Gunn. He was the porter and caretaker many years before we came and continued in this capacity, but he inherited from his sister, Mrs. Fahery, a nice log cottage. Here he lived to be very old and finally died there and had been dead several days before he was found. He was Irish and a man of integrity and a loyal friend to us all.

My cottage was built in 1912. My mother bought the lot called Indian Rock from Gen. Thruston the summer before and gave it as a birthday gift to me. Several years later Mr. and Mrs. Charles Trabue built their house Roundtop. These were the only houses that were built since the pre-Civil

War days. Dr. and Mrs. Lucius Burch remodeled the old store for a home. Since the Methodists came a number of houses have been built. Their lovely chapel adds a great deal to the place.

Mention must be made also of Miss Mary Cornelia Gibson, who married Judge Thomas Malone. She was generous with her voice and lied in the singing. When the Hotel celebrated its 100 years,, she stood on the hotel porch and sang “The Hills of Ho>me.” To make it thoroughly Beersheba-like, an old stray musle sauntered along the road in front of her. Group singing has always been a custom.

Another event that we oldtimers love to remember was one of my birthday parties. Eweryone was invited to come dressed as a child. Miss Mattie Thompson and Charles Mitchell won the prizes. Every cottage kept a collection of old clothes to use for charades or fancy dress dances.

For many years Mrs. Marsh Polk and her daughters came and added to the gaieties. Miss Prudie Polk had a parade of lanterns on the Fourth of July. Every child carried a lighted Japanese lantern and marched around the ballroom floor. What a menace, yet no fire occurred. The most important of all social events were the musicals given by the second Mrs. Gates Thruston. She would sing nearly all morning while the guests sat on her porch.

The old observatory used to be the center of activities. Here crowds gathered in the afternoon and music tinkled to welcome the incoming “hack.” People went to the “springs,” and the healing properties of the iron water were believed in. When yellow fever was doing its worst, people flocked here from New Orleans and Memphis. It was not known until years later that mosquitoes were responsible for the scourge. The invigorating mountain air did revitalize people—and does to this day—and those of us who have been coming year after year still think that it can do wonders for those who are tired out by the city clang.

Mary L. Means June 1954

Watermelons For Christmas

As a caterer Mary Means did a large business at Christmastime in cakes, cookies, jams, jellies, and candied watermelon rind, an item which had its origin in warmer days on her lawn. Esmond Ewing loved to tell the story of one such watermelon feast, the guests in their chiffon frocks and summer whites all “star-scattered” on the grass where Miss Mary knew the sticky drippings would not need to be mopped up. As the party finished eating, Tillie the cook, the funny little bandy-legged creature with a big brown wart on her nose, began to pass among the guests collecting the rinds in an immaculate white pail. When she came to Esmond he gently laid his rind in the pail and murmured to it in a low voice: “So long, old fellow. See you at Christmas.”

As The Century Turned

My trips to Beersheba date from 1905. Getting there was something of an adventure, at least to a little girl. I think it was about 8:30 in the morning that we boarded the train at the Union Station and rode until a little past noon on the prickly mohair seats of the so-called day coach, with cinders pouring in through the open windows, to the end of the line at Tracy City. It must have been what was known as the milk train which stopped at every station en route no matter how small.

At Tracy City we got into a big barouche or “hack” drawn by two horses. Hans Hege, descendant of one of the Swiss immigrants to the mountains, was usually the driver. When we had driven just beyond Coalmont we stopped by the wayside near a spring to eat the picnic lunch which we had brought along.

It seems in retrospect that it often rained during the trip over the rocky dirt road. The leather curtains of the hack had to be put up and, though supposedly snapped on, they flapped industriously, letting the rain in. At times the road was so muddy that some of the grownups had to get out to lighten the load. Part of the road was what was known as corduroy; that is, with logs placed crosswise over the stretches which were always muddy. The arrival of the hack at Beersheba was announced by the ringing of a bell by the driver. This was usually about five o'clock or after, but once I recall the hack arrived at 4:30, causing lusty cheers along the road over this new speed record.

In its heyday the Beersheba Springs Hotel was most imposing. The big white frame two-storied building, with columns all across the front and porches for both floors, was built near enough the edge of the mountain to command a good view of the valley. There are one-storey rooms hemming in the two grass open courts at the back. Originally the rooms around the back court were for the slaves of the plantation owners who came by carriage or horseback from warmer climates to enjoy the cooling mountain air. Brick walks, roofed over, were a necessity on rainy days.

The hotel in those days was run by a Mrs. Conger, from a well-known Nashville family, a widow who was known for her catering abilities; so the food was good. My father, Edward A. Lindsey, who came for only part of our stay at the hotel, took a rather dim view of it. When asked about it by someone who had never been there, his reply was that the food was all right but that you never knew when you were going to get it; it depended on the weather: if there was a very hard rain the roof leaked and put the stove out. Whenever the meals were ready a big farm bell was rung just outside the dining room.

Our quarters were usually in the so-called “brick row,” a few rooms near the front of the hotel, and the only ones built of brick—for reasons unknown to us. An oft-told legend was that all the mattresses were made of corn shucks. What I clearly remember was that the beds were the spool type, and greatly prized as early American antiques in later years. There were washstands with bowl, pitcher and slop jar, and a curtained area along one wall was the clothes closet. All toilets were on the far end of the court at some distance towards the back. The lighting was by coal oil lamps.

The most desirable rooms, some thought, were those on the second floor of the main building. There was a staircase to a small upper hall which opened on to the upper porch from which all these rooms had to be entered. Behind each one was a second room. These were in such demand that they had to be reserved the year before, and some regulars had the same rooms year after year.

In this main building on the first floor was a large room with fireplace, windows on both sides overlooking the court at the back, tables for games, chairs, and rocking chairs. There were also lots of big split-bottomed rocking chairs on the front gallery. I think the big room was called the parlor. Besides the card games there on rainy days, there was hymn singing on Sunday evenings. A high spot in the summer entertainment also took place in that room. Sometimes a colorful lady, resembling Miss Pitty-Pat of “Gone With the Wind” fame, held “seances” there. An interested group, mostly non-Beersheba-habitues, would gather round a table; all the doors were closed and lights put out. Silence would prevail for awhile until Mrs. Ittie Kinney Reno began tapping on the table to summon the spirits. In order to help maintain Miss Ittie’s prowess, and entirely unknown to her, two or three teen-age boys would hide behind the doors in the upper hall and respond with the proper tappings to the questions asked of the spirits. It was said that the table was sometimes lifted off the floor, which Miss Ittie ascribed to the spirits, but which the more cynical participants felt was due to manipulation by some of the non-believers.

At the end of the building, on the second floor over the dining room, was a large bare room with wooden seats around the walls and a slightly raised platform at one end, the so-called “ball room.” As I recall it, dances were held sometimes on Saturday nights. Children and grown-ups were on the floor together. One season there was a popular new step called the “Horse Trot.” What mostly comes to mind about this exercise in agility is the vision of “Miss Tillie” Porter, an “unclaimed treasure” of about my mother’s age, being put through the paces by one of my contemporaries, Winkie Thomas, to the delight and hilarity of all. “Miss Tillie,” it’s hardly necessary to add, was a good sport and lots of fun for everybody. She was known the rest of the summer as “Horse-trot Till.”

As all the hotel guests were either acquaintances or good friends, they often gave parties for the entire clientele. One I especially remember was a Japanese party, when lighted paper lanterns were strung all around the court and we children were dressed in Japanese costumes—where we got them I am at a loss to remember. I do recall Miss Augusta Schwab taking me to her room and doing up my long hair into a stiff pompadour and sticking miniature paper umbrellas into it; and while she was working on it, I had a good view of a framed photograph of the handsome young man—Paul Davis—whom she later married. I remember marching around the courtyard with my partner, Hugh Dallas. The rest of the evening is a blank.

Regular summer visitors to the hotel were the Douglas brothers—Lee, Beverly, Jr., and Byrd and their mother. It was the annual custom of Mrs. Douglas to give a watermelon party in their honor. This took place in the middle of the afternoon in the court, the young honorees all dressed up in white flannel pants and navy blue jackets, ignoring the inevitability of watermelon drippings. Between our rooms and the road was a strip of lawn, and near our quarters was a huge oak tree with wide spreading roots above ground. This was a favorite playhouse for me and Frances Allison from St. Louis. Frances was the granddaughter of Dr. Thomas J. Harding who had built and inhabited the brick house (the only one in Beersheba, just across from our playground, which was the home of the Charles Mitchells). With Frances, the lure of Beersheba had passed on to the third generation.

A road separated the main part of the hotel from the very broad wooden platform perched on the brow of the mountain and known as The Observatory. Narrow seats were all around the back, overlooking the valley and one small part of this area was roofed over for those who wanted to get out of the sun to read or take refuge from rain. Young and old gathered on the Observatory during the day and on moonlight nights.

It was to the people on the Observatory that Jimmy Granbery brought news of the outbreak of World War I in Austria. I do not remember how he got the message. There was a telephone in the small hotel office, but it was nearly always out of order, or if theoretically working, it was impossible to get anything through without shouting loud enough to be heard, without the aid of the telephone, into the next county.

A short distance from the Observatory, and also on the brow of the mountain, was Tommy Northcut's store—a perfect example of the old-time general store—including a front porch. Things were hanging from the ceiling, and it was jammed with great wooden bins for staples, with labeled lids opening from the top. Candies and cookies were protected by glass counter jars. We often went for our favorite of his wares—Marshmallow Dainties, which were delectable chocolate things filled with gooey marshmallow. Tommy, as I now look back on him, was a perfect 1900-type: profuse, drooping mustache; side-parted hair, slightly curled over the brow; immaculate white shirt, sleeves rolled up; no coat but neatly buttoned vest. He was from a well-todo family in Altamont.

Long's Mill was four or more “mountain” miles from Beersheba, not walking distance for many, so arrangements for transportation had to be made (no cars then). Usually a two-horse wagon was rented from one of the natives and flat planks were placed across the top for seats. Sometimes two narrow planks were used as a seat, and I distinctly remember getting pinched by these. One time Howell Adams and John Overton, who were always up to something devilish, sighted a hornet's nest in a tree by the side of the road. They leapt off the wagon and beat on the nest with sticks. This, of course, let the hornets loose, inciting screams of protest from the wagon riders who ducked and whipped up the horses against a possible attack by the dreaded bees.

Those two daredevils took great delight in riding wildly about on their ponies chasing Isabel Howell, Louise Howell, and me, while we were playing in the yard at Nanhaven (the Thompson cottage), shouting that they were Indians and were going to scalp us, which somehow scared us to the point of running inside. Indicative of his gentler nature, Howell would go every August to a swampy spot on the road to Altamont to gather the white and orange wild orchids, called “monkey flowers” by the mountaineers.

The Adams cottage, or the White House, opposite that of their grandfather Howell's, always had enough room for guests in addition to the seven Adams boys and their guests. I remember their tale of a pancake contest one Sunday morning, all the males vying with each other to see who could consume the most. Twenty-four pancakes was the achievement, I think.

The Adamses and their visitors supplied most of the cottagers' baseball team which had spirited contests with the hotel team in the triangular vacant plot between the main road and that to Laurel Falls. Spectators cheered and vigorously waved red or blue scarves or ribbons for whichever team they were backing. Alf Adams, later to become captain of both the Vanderbilt football and basketball teams, further conditioned his physical fitness by chinning himself on a low branch of one of the big trees in the Thompson cottage, greatly impressing the three girls standing by.

Hiking was a regular diversion. Laurel Mill was a favorite and easy walk. But in those pre-jogging days Robert Lee Burch and a companion made news when they ran all the way back from Laurel. And several boys were greatly acclaimed when they were the first to hike to Tother Mountain and back all in the same day. George Mitchell and his friend, George Smith, a professor from St. Louis, sometimes took Marjorie Brown, one of my best companions, and me on mild

hikes into the valley. I think these walks through the mountain woods gave me my first love of wild flowers.

How I happened to be present I do not know, but I was at one memorable gathering on Balancing Rock, on the mountain side just below the Armfield cottage, when, under a full moon, beautiful songs were sung by beautiful people (Mary Cornelia Gibson Malone and Henry Meeks).

Our next door neighbors on High Street in Nashville were the Mitchells, right where the Tennessee Performing Arts building now stands. Having no children in the family, all the Mitchells spoiled us. Mama and Papa Mitchell (Mr. And Mrs. Charles Mitchell, Sr.) were as dear to us as our own grandparents, always gentle, kind and indulgent. Small children though we were, we always addressed the Mitchell children, although older than we, by their first names: Margaret, Charlie and George. I shall always think of Margaret as smiling; she loved people and made them aware of it. She also loved church work, parties and bridge and pretty clothes. Charlie, too, was an outgoing person with a variety of interests: he was affiliated with the first amateur theater group in Nashville and was one of the founders of the first Nashville Symphony. He also loved playing poker with the “boys” on Saturday nights. George was more reserved, humorous but quiet, a great lover of the beauties of nature. He was also interested in automobiles and was among the first people in Nashville to own a Dorris car, which was designed by a Nashville native. He taught my sister to drive at the age of nine, using Centennial Park as the practice area. He and a friend were, I think, the first motorists to make the climb to Beersheba by auto. I remember the triumphal entrance they made late one evening, and I remember that Marjorie Brown and I went to Sunset Rock, to wave a red blanket to the daring pair as they drove back through the valley.

Among my most treasured memories are several visits at the Mitchell’s cottage “Ben Hame.” My little spool bed was in the corner of Mama Mitchell’s big bedroom. Each morning she would let me sleep until she was entirely dressed; then at 8 o’clock sharp, as the china clock on the mantel chimed, she would wake me in time to be ready for breakfast at 8:30.

These were idyllic days for me. No one ever said to me, “Why don’t you go outside and play? It’s such a nice day.” I could spend as much time as I wanted reading in the porch swing, a marvelous construction long enough for me to lie down, with high railings around three sides and mattress and pillows. Copies of this are still to be seen and they are known as the “Beersheba Swing.” If I wanted a change of scene, I could move around to one of the three hammocks on other sides of the porch. On rainy days I would go into the living room and, lying flat on my stomach on the floor, I would read something from the collection on the book-shelves. My first introduction to Shakespeare was by way of King Lear, chosen for what reason I cannot now imagine from a full set of Shakespeare paper-bounds.

All around the porches was a waist-high lattice balustrade, giving it the privacy of a living room. Indeed it was just that. At one corner there was a circular area, which had a grass rug, cane-backed sofa, rocking chairs, bridge chairs, and a table. From the domed ceiling a large Japanese paper umbrella was suspended and hanging baskets of ferns and Chinese wind glasses surrounded this area, tinkling pleasantly in the breezes. More than a dozen fern baskets and wind glasses were suspended all around the long porches. One summer I must have come early with the family, for I remember going with Clara, the aristocratic colored housekeeper who lived with the Mitchells until she died, to get the ferns. We took a little red wagon down under the bluff beneath the Hotel Observatory near the chalybeate spring, where maidenhair and other ferns abounded and filled the wagon with them.

As there was no plumbing in those days, my baths took place on the back porch. Clara brought a big zinc tub, in which I stood behind a fascinating screen. While leisurely lathering, I enjoyed the innumerable pictures pasted on it, a kind of collage of illustrations mostly from old English magazines. As both sides of the screen were decorated in this way, I could vary my entertainment.

Another party I remember was a candy-pull at the Turner Cottage—cottage being somewhat a misnomer—except as regard the connotation of a “summer home in the country”— for that big, comfortable, high-ceilinged, two-story home. But it still continues to be a center of warm hospitality now dispensed by the third generation of the family.

The Mitchell cottage was elevated to a height of about half-a-storey above ground, with great stone slabs appearing beneath all the porches, which were inviting places for little girls to play on hot days. Another appealing spot was the hammock hung between two huge hemlock trees (or so they seemed then) on the lawn. One of my happiest memories is of my birthday party which took place on one of the stone areas near the dining room. Everyone was impressed with the home-made ice cream, which was rarely seen in Beersheba for ice had to be sent from Tracy City. I also remember the big bouquet of Queen Anne’s Lace in the middle of the table.

Queen Anne’s Lace and orange Butterfly Weed were among the blossoms I remember among those in the flower borders on each side of the sandy path leading from the latched front gate to the nine or ten steps leading up to the cottage porch, sort of an English front yard garden. As I recall it, George and Clara were the gardeners.

Clara and I sometimes went for the mail after supper, for it would not be sorted until then. It was quite a little walk to the Post Office, and as it was about dark when we left, we carried along a lighted coal oil lantern. Sometimes late in the afternoon, she took me to Sunset Rock, which was my favorite spot in Beersheba and where I decided I would certainly have a cottage when I was “grownup.” Clara was one of my dearest friends. When she died, I was taken to her funeral—the first one I ever went to—at the little Trinity Episcopal Church on Lafayette Street. She is inextricably bound up with my Beersheba memories.

Fortunately the old saying, “Don’t go back” does not apply to Beersheba. Not only is the old hotel building preserved but also some of the oldest cottages remain in the hands of the same families, and the sense of Beersheba’s individuality seems to have been maintained by the newcomers till the present day.

—Martha Lindsey

A Young Doctor at the Hotel

My life began in South Pittsburg, Tennessee. My father was the supervisor of commissaries for the Tennessee Coal and Iron Company, now owned by the United States Steel Company. It was his duty to establish his residence in each town where a new mine was being opened. Thus it was that in 1904, when I was quite small, our family was located in Tracy City. Soon after, we moved to Coalmont, and because there were no passenger cars for the trains, we traveled in the cab of a locomotive. On arrival we found a new house, with telephone installed, waiting for us. Four or five other families from Tracy City had already moved there. The balance of the population of Coalmont were of local origin, and had had only limited access to the amenities of life.

The people connected with the company could be found on many Sundays riding a hand car up and down the railroad. The men would stand at a platform on one end and pump for dear life while the women and children crowded on two parallel seats on the other end, with a narrow aisle separating them. On holidays the company people would gather by arrangement at whatever house the ladies would choose. Most families had a horse and buggy, and frequently we drove to the Swiss Colony, Gruetli, not far away. There we bought cheese, wine, and apples. The five members of our family, including my two sisters and myself, drove, but not very often, to Beersheba. The road was "corduroy," constructed of the trunks of small trees laid parallel to each other and at right angles to the direction of the road. This must have been difficult for the horse; it was surely uncomfortable for the occupants of the buggy.

I can remember the large hotel dining room at Beersheba where we had lunch, and the observatory in front of the hotel. My father took me out down the mountainside to one end, and looking backward and upward, I could see under the observatory, imbedded in the slope of the mountain itself, the head of a lion made of some kind of shining metal, from the mouth of which a stream of water flowed.

The most unforgettable experience of my early life in Grundy County began when my sisters and I were attending a Christmas celebration in the Episcopal Church in Tracy City. We were in the vestibule, when we heard a shot ring out at the entrance to a nearby mine. We soon learned that the shot had caused the death of a young man, son of one of my mother's friends, as he emerged from the mine and was shot by one of a band of strikers. I attended the funeral with my family, which included the viewing of the corpse of the deceased in the open coffin in the church.

Less distressing, but also exciting shootings were those of a wolf, found just behind our barn, and of a rattlesnake, coiled outside our back door. The snake was shot through the screen door. I have never liked snakes.

Shortly after these episodes, my father resigned from Tennessee Coal and Iron, and we moved to Rockwood, Tennessee, where I grew up. While this ended our residence on Broad Mountain, I did go with my mother on several occasions to visit friends of hers in Tracy City.

My next experience with Grundy County began in the spring of 1926, when I was asked by a staff doctor at St. Thomas Hospital in Nashville, where I was finishing my first internship, if I would like to serve the hotel at Beersheba as physician that summer. I accepted the offer immediately, and will try to describe how I found the place which I had first seen so many years before.

Equipped with a new doctor's bag, driving my new Ford, I began the trip to Beersheba. I took the road up the mountain at Monteagle, and then on to Tracy City. I stopped long enough to see a patient I had known at St. Thomas. She was of the Swiss family Marugg, and I recalled that a man, possibly her husband, had given my father an Alpenstock which he had brought from Switzerland. As our acquaintance grew, Mrs. Marugg gave me some wonderful strawberry wine and cake.

Next, I drove to Coalmont, and there located the wife of the company superintendent and stopped to chat a little with her. She had two sons, with whom I had had great fun playing, frequently joined by their billy goat. I noticed that there had been very little change in the towns, the principal one being the paving of the main street. The last town I drove through before reaching my destination was Altamont, the county seat of Grundy. The structures I remember best were the jail and the courthouse and a large barnlike structure across the road from the latter which was a store belonging to two brothers named Northcutt. I remembered once riding on a horse behind my father from Coalmont to call on these gentlemen.

Still farther on, we came to a small white church among the pines by the roadside. I made a mental note to attend services there sometime. When finally I did go, I found only a few horses and mules hitched to the trees surrounding the church and not many more people inside. The minister's lament, repeated many times, was one I could not forget: "Oh Lord, the world's on wheels a-going away from the house of God." He knew that the automobile had stolen his congregation.

At last, I reached Beersheba. After the church, the road led by a small store, a short distance beyond which a large cottage sat on the right on an elevated lawn. This was the Howell Cottage. Later, I learned that the lady who owned it was there to spend her fiftieth summer, having come long ago to escape cholera and other summer plagues in Nashville.

On my way to the hotel I passed a "homemade" baseball diamond, and soon after there was a row of small connecting cottages which led on to the larger building, which stood at right angles to the cottages. It was two stories high, with both upper and lower porches along its entire length. Mrs. Mears, wife of the manager, showed me my room. Actually there were two rooms, extending from the front porch overlooking the observatory into the courtyard on the rear. However, for all its space, it had few conveniences. In each room there was a bed, a large pitcher and a bowl sitting on a washstand. Seeing the pitcher, I remembered the story that if a guest would put a quarter in the pitcher, and after dark leave it under the observatory, he would find it filled with corn whiskey next morning. I never tried this, but after being taken to my room, Mrs. Mears informed me that there was a very sick man, a guest at one of the cottages, and that I was expected to call on him right away. My practice had begun.

The patient and his wife had come to visit relatives at Beersheba, hoping that the water there might be good for his trouble. Unfortunately, the illness, acute nephritis, was far advanced, and after one or two days he died. I wondered what losing my first patient might do to my prospects on the mountain.

After calling on the poor gentlemen, I returned to the hotel for dinner. It was arranged for me to have a private

table; however, the manager explained that when a single male came to the hotel to spend the weekend, he would be seated with me. Most of the men who came along were pleasant enough, and often were able to help me learn more about Beersheba and the people who came there. One of the topics that interested me was the women card players. Some of the ladies, it seemed to me, were quite sharp at the game. One gentleman from whom they had extracted all the coin he had

with him told me that he intended to stay as long as necessary to learn their system. Others said that one of the players had boasted that she had won from her own daughter a blanket which she needed. All in all, the people who came to the hotel were of different castes. Several of the women, to my gratification, had young children with them.

The hotel suited me completely. Because it was necessary that the presence of a physician be included in its advertising, Mr. And Mrs. Mears considered my presence very important, and could not have been more thoughtful of me. For instance, when they learned that I liked horseback riding, they referred me to a man who was unwilling to rent his horse to unaccustomed riders. He insisted, however, that I take his horse for the summer without pay. In riding I tried not to go too far away from the hotel because I might be required there. As may be supposed, the patients I had came only from the summer people, and were few in number. Their illnesses included poison ivy, ingrown toenails, intestinal upsets, and mild children's complaints. I lived in dread of snake bites and am still grateful that none occurred.

One evening, toward the end of the summer, I was called to attend the hostess of a supper party at which I had earlier been a guest. She was in great pain, the cause of which I could diagnose, but had no means to treat. After consultation with the physicians at Monteagle, it was concluded that she should go by ambulance to her surgeon in Nashville. She did, and I learned later that the surgery had been performed and the patient was well. The only difficult cases which I treated that summer have now been described. The first came upon me the day of my arrival, and the last occurred just before my tenure on the mountain was over. I had so much to enjoy that I had almost forgotten my medical responsibilities.

—Henry Carroll Smith

Field List of Tennessee Birds

Grundey County May 5 and 6, 1979

This survey by members of the Tennessee Ornithological Society, under the leadership of Ben Coffee, Memphis, reported in two days 135 birds within an area of 25 square miles.

Hérons—Bitterns: Green Heron, Little Blue Heron, Great Egret, American Bittern

Swan—Geese—Ducks: Blue-Wing Teal, Wood Duck
Hawks—Falcons: Red-Tailed Hawk, Red-Shouldered Hawk, Broad-Wing Hawk, Osprey, American Kestrel, Turkey Vulture, Black Vulture
Game Birds: Ruffed Grouse, Bobwhite
Marsh Birds: Killdeer, Common Snipe, Spotted Sandpiper, Solitary Sandpiper, Lesser Yellowlegs, Baird's Sandpiper, Least Sandpiper
Doves—Cuckoos: Mourning Dove, Yellow-billed Cuckoo
Owls—Goatsuckers: Screech Owl, Barred Owl, Chuck-will's-widow, Whip-poor-will, Common Nighthawk, Chimney Swift, Ruby-Throated Hummingbird, Belted Kingfisher
Woodpeckers: Pileated Woodpecker, Red-bellied Woodpecker, Red-headed Woodpecker, Yellow-bellied Sapsucker, Hairy Woodpecker, Downy Woodpecker, Red-cockaded Woodpecker
Flycatchers: Eastern Kingbird, Great Crested Flycatcher, Eastern Phoebe, Acadian Flycatcher, Eastern Wood Pewee, Olive-sided Flycatcher, Horned Lark
Swallows: Tree Swallow, Bank Swallow, Rough-wing Swallow, Barn Swallow, Cliff Swallow, Purple Martin, Blue Jay, Common Crow, Carolina Chickadee, Tufted Titmouse, White-breasted Nuthatch, Brown Creeper
Wrens—Mimics: Carolina Wren, Long-billed Marsh Wren, Short-billed Marsh Wren, Mockingbird, Gray Catbird, Brown Thrasher
Thrushes: American Robin, Wood Thrush, Hermit Thrush, Swainson's Thrush, Gray-cheeked Thrush, Veery, Eastern Bluebird, Blue-gray Gnatcatcher, Ruby-crested Kinglet, Cedar Waxwing, Loghead Shrike, Starling
Vireos: White-eyed Vireo, Yellow-throated Vireo, Solitary Vireo, Red-eyed Vireo
Wood Warblers: Black and White Warbler, Prothonotary Warbler, Swainson's Warbler, Worm-eating Warbler, Golden-wing Warbler, Blue-wing Warbler, Tennessee Warbler, Nashville Warbler, Northern Parula Warbler, Yellow Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, Cape May Warbler, Black-throated, blue Warbler, Yellow-rumped Warbler, Black-throated Green Warbler, Cerulean Warbler, Blackburnian Warbler, Yellow-throated Warbler, Chestnut Sided Warbler, Bay-breasted Warbler, Blackpoll Warbler, Pine Warbler, Prairie Warbler, Palm Warbler, Ovenbird, Northern Waterthrush, Louisiana Waterthrush, Kentucky Warbler, Common Yellowthroat, Yellow-breasted Chat, Hooded Warbler, Canada Warbler, American Redstart, House Sparrow
Blackbirds—Allies: Bobolink, Eastern Meadowlark, Orchard Oriole, Northern Oriole, Rusty Blackbird, Common Grackle, Brown-headed Cowbird.
Tanagers—Finches: Scarlet Tanager, Summer Tanager, Cardinal, Rose-breasted Grosbeak, Blue Grosbeak, Indigo Bunting, American Goldfinch, Rue-S-Towhee
Sparrows: Chipping Sparrow, Field Sparrow, White-crowned Sparrow, White-throated Sparrow, Swamp Sparrow, Song Sparrow
Perhaps it will be of interest to indicate that for some generations a pair of peregrine falcons nested in a conspicuous escarpment some 200 yards to the right of Stone Door at Beersheba. In addition, in the past this was a natural habitat for wild turkeys and ruffed grouse and with the constructive conservation work of the Wildlife Resources Group, they should once again flourish. Even the stately golden eagle bred in this plateau region within the last 50 years.

- Vernon Sharp

The Trabue Families at Beersheba

My mother was the first member of my immediate family to visit Beersheba, but she knew nothing about it at the time. In the summer of 1873 there was an outbreak of cholera in Nashville and people had the notion that cholera germs could not survive at higher elevations. So my grandmother, Mrs. Thomas H. Malone, brought my Uncle Tom, just a year old, to Beersheba. She also brought along my mother, who was not to be born until the next February 4, 1874. As the old Anglo-French put it, Julia Malone made the trip “en ventre sa mère.”

On the paternal side, my grandmother, Ellen Dunn Trabue died in 1883 and her husband, George W. Trabue, died in 1884. They were survived by four sons: William Dunn (Uncle Will), George W. (who died young), my father, Charles Clay, and Anthony (Uncle Tony). Their first cousin, Miss Mattie W. Thompson, who was then 34 and a teacher in the Nashville Public Schools, quit her job and took over the responsibility of raising the 4 boys. All the Trabue family called her “Cousin Mat” and she was the only grandparent I ever knew.

Cousin Mat Thompson had an interest in the cottage Nanhaven and in 1884 began taking the Trabue boys with her to Beersheba to spend summers. Uncle Will was 15 years old, and I suspect he had quit school and gone to work. Uncle George was 13 and, if he went to Beersheba at all, it was only for a year or two. But my father was 12, and he went regularly. I am sure that Uncle Tony went, since he was only 9, but I have never found any of his tracks in Grundy County.

Father told me of a stage coach that ran from Beersheba to Tracy City, where it probably met another stage, and I think that is how they made the trip. He said that when the stage got to Dan, the coachman would blow his horn and whip the horses into a gallop so that they arrived at Beersheba in a cloud of dust.

Father enjoyed his summers at Beersheba immensely. He loved to walk and explore. He went as far as a young man could go on foot. A close friend and college mate, Harry E. Smith, stayed with his parents at the Hotel, and the two of them spent many happy days together. Using a hammer and a nail, they chiseled their initials wherever they went. I have seen these initials in the entrance to the Post Office at Stone Door, and on the large rock behind Miss Mary Means’s house, now owned by Mrs. Ammie Sikes. There is no telling in what other places they left their mark.

Father’s summers at Beersheba ended when he graduated from the Vanderbilt Law School in 1894, and after that his visits were few and brief; he was too busy building a law practice. But his love for the mountains never died.

So it happened in the summer of 1920—when I was 10 and my brother Tom 8—that my mother’s sister Ellen (Aunt Nell) and her husband, Dr. William T. Magruder, rented Miss Mary Means’s house and invited my family to spend two weeks there with them, and we did. We caught the Chattanooga train in Nashville and went to Cowan, where we changed to a connecting train which brought us up the mountain, through Sewanee and Tracy to Coalmont. There we were met by Mr. Mears who, with his wife, owned and ran the Hotel, now the Methodist Assembly. Mr. Mears had a Dodge touring car. Coalmont was 13 miles from Beersheba, and the road was unpaved; when it became muddy travelers would sometimes make a “corduroy” road by paving it with pine saplings laid side by side across the road, but more often they simply cut down a few small

Kate Thompson and Charles Clay Trabue, Laurel, Aug. 1, 1890 trees and drove around the mudhole and thereafter this detour frequently became the “road.” As soon as we arrived that August afternoon in 1920, and while we still had our town clothes on, Father took me walking with him down into the Dark Hollow, and we got lost. Of course, we found our way back by simply climbing to the top of the plateau, but we were a pretty long way from the Means Cottage and it took a while to get home.

As I remember, it rained every day during our two-week stay, although I think that we walked to Laurel every day and swam below the falls in the “Third Pool.” This pool was only some 20 feet long, and 8 or 10 feet wide. We dressed behind large rocks in the gorge—the boys on one side, the girls on the other, I wore a cotton swimming suit and almost froze to death. That summer I saw my best friend, Tom Weaver, who was spending the summer at the Howell Cottage with his mother and two sisters. I also saw Cousin Mat and many of my Howell relatives, and I remember Alf Adams, Sr., and several of his brothers and their mother Miss Sue. That summer Father read *Treasure Island* to Tom and me, sitting on the porch at the Means Cottage.

When it came time to return to Nashville, we put on our town clothes and Mr. Mears drove us to Coalmont in a twohorse surrey. Because of the rains, the roads were no longer passable in an automobile.

We came back to Beersheba the next year and spent the whole summer. Henry Brown leased or owned three houses which were across the road from Nanhaven and faced on the Ball Park, or Commons, and we rented the middle house. During that winter Father had bought the lot called Round Top, overlooking the Collins River Valley, and had

hired Mr. Russell Hart, who had designed Bonaventure, our Nashville home, to draw plans for a summer home. Work on the house began in the summer of 1921, and it was finished in the spring of 1922. Henry Brown, a splendid carpenter, was in charge of the construction, and the work was superior. Mr. Hart said that the joists below the house looked like cabinet work and that it would be impossible to get such good work done in Nashville.

Round Top was situated on a large lot, in the middle of a grove of tall pines. The house was on the north edge of the plateau, and the trees on the bluff had been cut to open up the view. It was a large rambling house, built of wide, rough-finished clapboards, stained a deep brown. There were 3 bedrooms downstairs, one on the west side and 2 on the east, and 2 bedrooms upstairs, one on either end. The living room was 2 stories, and the upstairs bedrooms were connected by a balcony which ran from the top of the stairs at the west end across the south side of the living room. There was a big fireplace in the living room made of native stone, with a shoulder-high mantel. A wide porch, which ran the width of the house on the north side, overlooked the Collins Valley, and there was a stone terrace at the west end which overlooked Dark Hollow.

Round Top was unique at Beersheba in one respect; it had running water, with 2 bathrooms downstairs. The water for the bathrooms and the kitchen came from a wooden tank, 8 feet high and 10 feet across. Father had bought 4 of the tanks at the Powder Plant at Old Hickory after World War I. He gave one to Nanhaven, one to Miss Mary Means, one to the Howell Cottage, and kept one for Round Top. (Below the tank at Nanhaven was written “The Charles C. Trabue Memorial Bathroom.”)

At Round Top, there were two sets of gutters: high gutters, which drained the upper part of the

roof into the tank, and lower conventional gutters which drained the rest of the water through a charcoal filter into a cistern. I have never tasted better water anywhere.

The dining room was a screened-porch on the east side, which adjoined the kitchen. Our first stove was kerosene, but was soon replaced with a wood stove. And, separated from the kitchen by a dog-trot, we had a large wood shed.

While Round Top was blessed with indoor plumbing, we also had an outdoor privy, which my brother and I were required to use.

Round Top burned in the fall of 1961. I had spent all or a part of every summer from 1922 until 1961 there. When John Fassnacht called me after midnight on October 29, 1961 to tell me that Round Top was burning, I felt that I was losing a part of myself. I had loved that remarkable house for 40 years, and it held many wonderful memories for me. And I still have those memories.

My father was a lawyer and during the 20s practiced alone. Avery Handley was associated with him and also, for a short time, Elliott Adams. Father had a tremendous capacity for work and worked very fast, which enabled him to spend some 2 months at Beersheba every summer. He had presence, and was a natural leader. He used to say: "If you want something done right, do it yourself." He also told me: "If you do anything for me, do it my way." He took charge, wherever he went, but not in an objectionable manner. He was always tactful. The younger people and children called him Uncle Charlie. He loved them all, and they loved him.

Father had maps and studied the mountains and the trails, and led many walks and excursions for the young people. He would plan walks to Howell Falls, or Petticoat Point or Savage Gulf. The evening before he would send word around to the cottages: anybody who wanted to go,

Meet with a canteen and a sandwich on the Observatory in front of the Hotel at 7:30 the next morning. These were real walks—down Beersheba Mountain, up and across the Valley, and up Tother on the other side. Then, after we had eaten our lunches, we walked back. Father carried a pedometer; one day it showed that we had walked 22 miles.

Another time Father took a group—15 or 20 of us in our early teens—to Stone Door. We went down through the Door and around below the point, then climbed up the crack which separates the point from the mountain. It was a great adventure at the time, but I would not like to try it again.

Father loved the families who lived at Beersheba. He used to walk by himself through the woods and whenever he saw a house he would go up and introduce himself and talk to the people living there. He got to know them and took a personal interest in them and their problems. He understood their point of view, respected and had a high regard for them. Among his friends were Will and Vic Tate, Claude Coppinger, Ben Hill, Henry and Marvin Brown, Tommy and Jim Northcut, Bill Perry, the Argos, and the Whitmans. The Northcuts owned the store at Altamont, and also the one at Beersheba across the road from the Hotel, and which is now owned by Bill Earthman. Another friend of Father's was Mr. Hunerwadel, who could repair anything and was responsible for installing many of the water tanks.

Particular friends of Father were Eliza and Bill Perry. Eliza was as fine a person as I ever knew. Her strength of character showed in her face. She wore a sunbonnet, and a black dress which reached the ground, and every week she would walk 2 miles from her home in the woods and wash clothes for the people at Nanhaven. I remember her standing on the porch at Round Top and looking across the valley, and saying to Father: "You don't want nothing between you and the North Pole, do you?"

Father used to talk at length with her husband Bill Perry and thought that Bill's profession was hunting Bee Trees and collecting wild honey. One day at Round Top, Bill Perry looked at Father's automobile and said: "I can't run one, but I can take that one down, down to the last nut, and put it back together and it will run better than it ever did before."

When any of the Beersheba people had trouble, they often came to Father, and he helped if he could. My father and Mr. Charles N. Burch, a prominent Memphis lawyer, acquired the property and built the Beersheba Library, and stocked it with some books. This library is still operating at the same location, and in the building which Father and Mr. Burch built.

In the spring and fall, Father used to bring friends to Beersheba for long weekends. These included Grafton Green, who was Chief Justice of Tennessee, my Uncle Tom Malone, Chancellor William J. (Pink) Wade, Joseph Martin and others. Father would take them on walks through the woods, and sometimes they got lost.

Uncle Tom called him Big Chief Shortcut. As Father got older, they would go in his car and explore the side roads and by-ways in Grundy and Warren counties.

Father rode; Pink Wade or Joe Martin did the driving. On one of these trips they hit a bump and Father broke a tooth, so he named the mountain "Broken Tooth Mountain."

Once Father decided to put his car in the garage at Round Top and hit a corner of it. Alf Adams, Sr. was there and began anxiously inspecting the car and the garage to see what damage had been done. Father got out of the car and looked sternly at Alf and said: "It's my car and it's my garage."

Miss Prudie McCarver cooked for us at Round Top. She lived in Utah, the Mormon settlement west of the Altaniont Road, 3 miles south of Beersheba. She was a good cook when she came, and she learned even more from my mother. She walked to and from our house but after we had automobiles, my brother and I drove her home after lunch. Mother always cooked supper.

Miss Prudie's health failed during the mid 30s and after that her sister-in-law, Mrs. Minnie McCarver, took her place. Miss Minnie believed then and still does that Round Top was haunted. She would not stay alone in the house, even during the day. I know of things that happened there which I cannot explain, and am therefore in no position to dispute her convictions about the house.

In the early 20s my father hired Gordon Brown to take my brother and Tom Weaver and me on walks around Beersheba. He showed us the well-known paths down the Mountain, the way to Peak Mountain and Tother, and how to find Alum Gap. He also took us into the Savage Gulf, and showed us Bear Cave, on the left side of the ravine, going up. We went in the cave; the opening is small and difficult to find, but the cave opens up, once inside. Many times since I have searched for Bear Cave, but have never been able to find it again.

Gordon also took us frog hunting. He would shine a light in the frog's eyes and catch it with his hand, then take his razor-sharp knife and cut its legs off. He would put the legs in his sack and put the rest of the frog back in the river. That cured me of frog hunting. Gordon was also a wonderful shot. He had a German Luger pistol and hunted squirrels with it. He could knock them out of the tops of the tallest trees.

Gordon had worked in the coal mines and finally died of the black lung disease—silicosis—which afflicts many miners. Gordon's brother Paul helped Bob Meyer build the house for my daughter Mary and used to do lots of work for me and my wife Mary. Paul sold his house at Beersheba and moved to McMinnville, where he now lives. But I will always believe that Paul

remains fundamentally a “mountain man.”

During the 20s and 30s, the gathering place for old and young was the Howell Cottage. The younger set gathered there at the tennis court—the only one in Beersheba—and we played from morning till night. Tom Weaver and I and my brother frequently had the job of marking the lines. We would mix the whitewash, using lime and water, and pour it along the lines from bottles. We also had to keep the grass off the court. This was where I had my introduction to tennis, and at 12 I still enjoy playing. My brother and I had chores. Every morning we had to make our beds, then fill the kerosene lamps. We also brought wood into the kitchen and stacked it beside the stove.

After that, we had to go to Cousin Mat’s and do the same thing—fill the lamps and bring stove wood into the kitchen. We would form a line, passing the sticks from hand to hand, and stack it in the kitchen.

In the summer of 1922, Uncle Will Trabue rented the same house facing the Commons we had occupied the year before. He and his wife, Lucinda (Aunt Lou) and three of their children, Ellen, Lucinda and Charles, stayed there two summers. In 1924, they rented the Ferriss house on the Grassy Ridge Road. My cousin Lucinda was married there that summer to David Clark Statler of New York. That same year my cousin Charles played tennis frequently at the Howell Cottage, and went on the walks with the rest of the young people. Uncle Will kept a Maxwell touring car at Beersheba, although his family seldom used it. For the most part, people walked wherever they went.

I believe it was in 1923 that Judge Jennings Bailey brought his family to Beersheba from Washington, D.C.— he and his wife, who was a sister of my Aunt Lou, and their 4 children: Jennings and Lizzie and Lucy and George. They stayed at the Hotel a year or two, and then moved in with Uncle Will after they began renting the Ferris Cottage. I think they had a Hupmobile touring car. Judge Bailey also played tennis from morning till night—in fact, he continued playing, in Washington, until he was over 80. My father, who had been captain of the Vanderbilt tennis team, played with him. George Bailey was clearly the best tennis player in Grundy County, and played on the Princeton tennis team. He had a powerful serve, good ground strokes, and was the envy of every boy on the mountain.

George began to have dates with Martha Weaver. Neither of them ever courted anybody else seriously, and they were married in the 30s.

During the middle 20s Mrs. Alfred H. Williams came to the Hotel, and brought her son Alf (Hicks) Williams. They came for several years, and Hicks became one of my best friends. He was one of the finest looking young men I ever saw—tall, with blond, wavy hair and blue eyes. A number of times my brother and Hicks Williams and Tom Weaver and I walked to Long’s with Ed Hoyte. Ed drank and had rough ways, and the older people looked down on him, but we younger boys admired him very much. He had been an aviator in World War I, and had had unusual experiences all over the world, and would tell us about them. Ed was a strong swimmer. Long’s was over four miles from Beersheba, so that it meant a 9-mile walk to get a swim, but we enjoyed our conversations with Ed—it made the walk worthwhile.

Poor Ed had a sad life. He had a twisted mind, and never had a job, so far as I know. In Nashville, he lived in the old Hoyte home on Broad Street next to Tarbox School. The roof leaked so he put up a tent on the upper floor where he slept. He starved to death there during a cold winter.

One summer—I think it was 1924—we built a dam across the Laurel Mill Creek, above the falls. The superintendent of construction was a Col. Harry K. Johnson, retired, who had been in the Army Corps of Engineers. We hauled the cement and sand to make the mortar in wagons, and then everybody went to work. We carried the rocks and placed them where the Colonel told us to. The dam crossed the creek where the present road crosses it and came out in a wide semi-circle on the Beersheba side. There was a spillway which slanted upstream, and 4-by-6 boards were laid across the spillway to the top. Shortly after the dam was finished the pond filled, and there was a fine pool. Everybody enjoyed building it, and we swam there for the next few years. Finally, somebody forgot to take the boards off the spillway one fall, and the whole dam was washed away by the spring floods.

As it happens to all boys, I finally realized that, although girls are impossible to understand, they can be very attractive indeed. I first realized this during the summer of 1925. The MacDonald family of West Palm Beach came to spend the summer at the Hotel, and their younger daughter Mary was my age. She had dark brown hair and blue eyes, and I followed her around, wherever she went. When the MacDonalds left to go home, they drove by the Howell Cottage to tell everybody goodbye. When they left there, I went out in the pine woods behind the Howell Cottage and sat under a tree. I did not believe that I could survive.

I never saw Mary again, although we corresponded during my sophomore year at Vanderbilt. Mary was talented and had taken voice lessons, and had become a fashion model. The next summer she was on her way to the West Coast by train and the train ran through a bridge which had been washed out, and Mary was drowned.

During the summers of '26 and '27 Mary Phillips Street was my girl friend. The Streets owned the cottage on the bluff which is now the Glasgow Cottage. Mary Phillips and I, and Martha Weaver and George Bailey, used to walk and explore the mountains together. They were wonderful summers for me and I think that we all enjoyed them very much.

My last full summer at Beersheba was 1927. I had graduated from the Wallace University School and was enrolled at Vanderbilt University in the fall.

Dr. R. W. Billington and his family rented the log house now known as Tother House next door to the White House in 1928 and 1929. Dr. Billington came up for the weekends, but Mrs. Billington spent the summers there. She brought her children, Martha and Polly Anne and Billy. She also brought several of her nieces and nephews: Mary and Knox Polk, and Mellicent and Joe and William and Waldemar Prichard. Her house, like the Howell Cottage, soon became a mecca for the young people. My brother Tom began courting Martha Billington and, like George Bailey and Martha Weaver, neither of them seriously considered anybody else, and they were married in 1934.

In 1936 I married Mary Hamilton, whom I had previously brought to Beersheba several times. She was, and was to be, my last girl friend. Our daughter Julia was born in 1937, and we took her to Beersheba that summer. After that, Mary and I and our children, as our family grew, spent more and more time at Beersheba during the summers.

The last time that my father came to Beersheba was with Mother during the summer of 1941. He was suffering with heart failure and was short of breath. I made several trips to Beersheba, just to talk and be with him; we had always been very close. That summer he still saw his old friends, but he had to drive around. He could not walk far because of his health. He died in September, 1942.

During the late 40s and 50s Billy Trabue III and his wife, Lillian, brought their two daughters, Mary Dale and Lucinda, to visit me and Mary at Round Top. Mary and Lillian and the children—ours and Billy's—spent much time there, and Billy and I would come up for long week-ends. Billy had a trailer, and we would bring things up in it, and occasionally we would “borrow” corn from farmers who had corn fields along the highway.

Billy had the idea of putting a float or “raft” on the Collins River. The river was very cold but with a float which people could lie on and bask in the sun, it was an ideal swimming hole. Billy and I built the first “raft” about 1950, and I am sure over the years, as old ones wore out or were washed away by the spring floods, 15 or 20 more rafts have been built. Billy is younger than I, but we had great times together. Since then, Billy and Lillian have become civilized and bought a house at Monteagle.

Mary and I built our new house of redwood on “Picnic Rock,” the westerly part of our property which adjoins Mrs. Sikes. At the beginning, there were two bedrooms and two baths at the west end, with the kitchen at the east end. The living room has a wide stone fireplace and a vaulted ceiling, and the north half of the living room is a screened-in porch. There is a garage door, with glass panels, which separates the living room from the porch. This door is raised during the summer, which makes the living room twice as large, and cool, but the door can be lowered in cold weather, and the living room warmed by the open fire and electric heaters.

Mary and I added a deck on the north side of the house, which overhangs the valley; then we added a third bedroom on the east end and moved the kitchen north of the new bedroom; then we added a second deck, adjoining the first deck to the east, and at this time Mary put an outdoor shower below the original deck. It is a wonderful experience to take a shower below the house and look out across the valley. In 1982, we added a room, below the second deck, for the washing machine and dryer.

When we bought the property we found a small log cabin on it which Gates Thruston, Jr. had built in the early 1900s. I understand that he used it to commune with the spirits. We put a new roof on this cabin and put a floor in it, and put double-decker bunks in it, and, for a while, our grandchildren liked to sleep there. It is now used as a store room.

Mary and I gave our daughter, Mary, and her husband, Bob Meyer, the easterly half of our lot, next to the Glasgows, and they built a house on it which I believe is as attractive as any at Beersheba. It is built of handhewn yellow poplar logs which Bob found on a farm near Gallatin. Some of the logs are more than 2 feet wide; he was told that the original house was built around 1815.

The house has a large living room with a vaulted ceiling and a large stone fireplace. The gables on each side of the chimney are glass, which lets light in, and there is a large balcony which overhangs the easterly side of the living room, and which serves as a second bedroom, and there is a wrought-iron fence on the edge of the balcony, to keep guests from falling down into the living room.

The master bedroom is east of the main house, and is connected to it by a closed-in dog trot. The floors are of old yellow poplar planks, and are very beautiful. Bob also got several doors, and windows of beveled glass, from Peach Blossom on Craighead Avenue in Nashville, when that house was being taken down; he and Mary named the Beersheba house Peach Blossom.

There is a large screened-in porch on the north side of the house, with a deck east of the porch. Bob also built a third bedroom, with a shower and bathroom, below the screened porch.

Beersheba has changed greatly since my boyhood. The State of Tennessee now owns Stone Door and the Savage Gulf, and much of the land surrounding them, and it has become a State Natural Area. Some of the old paths are “resting” and new well-marked trails have been designated. It is now necessary to sign up at a Ranger Station to go to Stone Door. In the Spring of ‘82 a group of us wanted to go into the Big Timber, in the Savage Gulf, and we got a written permit from the Tennessee Commissioner of Conservation, which we took to the Ranger Station at the head of the Savage Creek. And then two rangers, armed with .45 caliber revolvers went with us down into the Gulf, back to the top of the Peak Mountain and then down the Old Stage Road, on the south side of the Peak Mountain to the valley, where we met our friends who took us back to Beersheba.

And now the fourth generation of the Trabue family is growing up and coming to Beersheba in spite of organized summer camps and the many diversions for young people these days which we did not have 60 years ago.

—Charles C. Trabue, Jr.

Cousin to Cousin: Two Boyhoods Revisited

Dr. Charles C. Trabue IV wrote this account of his visits to Beersheba for his cousin by the same name Charles C. Trabue, Jr.

I don't hold with the fellow who said that "nostalgia is not what it used to be." I think nostalgia is alive and well and a lot of pleasure—and will probably continue to improve. My earliest memories of Beersheba date back to the summer of 1922 when mother and father rented the middle Brown cottage on the mall—the same one that your family had the previous summer. Both of my older sisters, Ellen and Lucinda, were there for at least a part of the summer. My recollection is that Malone Magruder was at Beersheba for a while, possibly with his parents or visiting Mrs. Julia Trabue, who was his aunt. At any rate, I was old enough, nearly 16, to realize that something silly called "romance" was going on between him and my sister Ellen. And sure enough, this culminated in their marriage on June 3, 1925, in Nashville. I recall that on many mornings you and Tommy, having had breakfast at Roundtop, would arrive at our house while we were having breakfast, and you always had room for a few more hot cakes and syrup. You were both favorites of my parents and were more than welcome to join the family. I think of my relationship to the two of you as being more than friendly, though I was older by four and six years, respectively, than you.

As far as I was concerned that summer and the four that followed were for me truly halcyon years. Not a care in the world. Practically no responsibilities and free to play all day and all evening. It seems to me that there were usually 10 or 15 kids of close to the same age and with mutual interests and there was almost uniform congeniality among us. In good weather, there was tennis, swimming, and hiking. We thought nothing of walking to Long's or Laurel, swimming half a day and walking back. We frequently organized all day hikes to Tother or Peak Mountain. I remember one such excursion to the top of Tother and when we got up there we were not so sure which end of the mountain we had reached. We wanted to leave some kind of mark that we could see when we got back atop Beersheba Mountain. We held strategy sessions and finally one of the girls produced a white petticoat. This signal was securely fixed as a signal flag high in a tree. And sure enough, when we got back to Beersheba, and with the help of binoculars, we were able to see our flag, and it was way down at the left end of the mountain. We gave that spot the name "Petticoat Point" and it can still be recognized by some of us today— about 60 years later.

In the evenings, or when the weather was bad, we usually gathered at Grandma Howell's and played cards. I don't remember just what games we played, but they were simple and adaptable to most any number of players. In good weather we often spent our time playing games in the yard, like hide-and-seek and some variations of it. One of the more popular variations allowed two or more participants to hide in the same place. I say this was a popular variation, and that was so because the participants were of both genders, and if one was able to hide in a spot with his favorite flame of the moment, it would allow a proximity that was quite exciting in a puerile sort of way. You see, pairing off was not practiced much by this gang in the middle twenties. The members of our age group that I remember as being there most constantly, summer after summer, were: you and Tommy; a large contingent from

Grandma Howell's, including Bettie, Martha and Tom Weaver; Maud and Boyte Howell;

Betty and Bob Orr; Mary Phillips and Parke Street; the two Bailey boys, George and Jennings, from Washington (their sisters Lizzie and Lucy were like my two sisters, Ellen and Lucinda, too sophisticated to associate with our crowd); there were others who came from time to time, and I have saved the best for last—Sue (Soo) Lewis from St. Louis. I don't remember just when our chemistries began to attract each other; I think it was a gradual process. She was really a very beautiful girl; blond with brown hair and eyes and lovely complexion. In spite of her femininity, she was a good sport and participated as much as anyone in our vigorous life. Our friendship became warmer and warmer, and by the end of the summer of '24 I was hoping that we would have a permanent relationship in spite of the fact that I was going to college that fall and then planned to take four years in medical school. But I had not been very long at Davidson College when I received a "Dear John" letter telling me that she was engaged to an older man in St. Louis. I could not believe it and thought that it was almost certainly a scheme devised by her parents against her will. I didn't much think I would ever get over my grief.

There were certainly some special events that I remember, one of them being the building of the dam across Laurel Creek. It was above the falls and just where the road from Beersheba now crosses the creek. We did not think of it as work but rather as a great adventure and a rather heroic accomplishment for a bunch of teenage kids. The dream of having a swimming pool so much closer to home was an inspiration. We scratched our initials in the fresh cement and sometimes two sets of initials were linked to indicate a special relationship. I searched for some of those initials on a recent trip to Laurel but, alas, time has now taken its toll on the initials as well as the relationships!

In June 1924, my sister Lucinda married David Clark Statler from New York at Beersheba. That was our second summer at the Ferris cottage, which was an old but well maintained two-storey frame cottage standing close to, and facing the brow of the mountain. At that time it was the only cottage between Miss Mary Hollins' Lover's Leap and the large Johnson cottage on the Domain. The wedding was a lovely affair staged in the front yard. The preacher, Dr. B.E. Wallace, pastor of Moore Memorial Presbyterian Church in Nashville, stood with his back to the valley. The wedding party and the guests faced the valley and the beautiful view beyond. It was a lovely early summer day. Following the ceremony mother had arranged a seated breakfast for the wedding party and guests in the back yard. I was the proud best man and following breakfast the bride and groom got in the car with me proudly at the wheel for the long trip to Cowan. You see the point of the early morning wedding time was to allow them to reach Cowan to catch the Dixie Flyer to New Orleans for the beginning of their honeymoon. I remember that Clark and I had spent the previous night at the Johnson cottage, as it would not be proper for him to spend that night in the same house as his bride to be. I recall feeling very sophisticated spending the night with a man who was to marry the next day.

Why it took so long to get there

Father [W.D. Trabue] did not spend the summer at Beersheba but commuted from Nashville several times each summer for short visits. He left an old Maxwell touring car with us for emergencies and such. I had lots of fun with that car when I was occasionally allowed to use it. I remember that the battery became so low that we were not allowed to use the lights. This was no problem. On the rare occasions when we used it at night I would drive and George Bailey would lie down on the front fender holding a flashlight so I could see the trees along the edge of the road. Of course, there was no other traffic on the road in that era. The road out to our house was, of course, unpaved and in muddy weather the ruts became quite deep. I was careful to keep the

wheels in the same rut. There was a swinging gate between this road and the drive up to the Ferris cottage. After the road dried just right, I was able to put the car in low gear and, being sure that the wheels were properly set in the rut, I would jump out, open the gate, allow the car to make the turn in the ruts and to pass through the gate. Then I would close the gate and run fast enough to catch up and jump in the car and drive on to the house without being observed by my elders. I don't believe it ever left the ruts or bumped the gateposts or a tree.

Another experience I had with that Maxwell was a trip I made from the woods behind the Howell cottage straight through the woods to the head of Alum Gap. Not even a logging trail—just following my sense of direction and memory from previous trips on foot. Such trips are common today in jeeps and such, but that old Maxwell was not built for such rugged trips. I can see it today as being irresponsible, but on that occasion it was quite an adventure.

Another recollection of the Ferris cottage concerns a cook we had brought from Nashville for the summer. The Bailey family was staying with us, and it was a large household. One evening toward dusk, this middle-aged obese cook made a trip to the outhouse, which was about 50 or more feet from the house. When she opened the door, she saw a large rattlesnake coiled on the seat and shaking his tail to make that ominous rattling sound. We heard her screams as she ran all the way back to the house and burst into the room still screaming and white as a sheet. I think she was a city woman with no experience with snakes and, as I remember it, she headed back to the city the next day!

Another memory I have of the Ferris place was the summer that mother required me to spend a certain amount of time each day reading. I think I read a number of Dickens' volumes that summer. I would be sent to my upstairs bedroom to read undisturbed. There was a great oak tree close to the house with a large limb just outside my window. I was able to climb with my book through the window and into the oak tree. There I would find a comfortable crotch to settle in for my educational reading. Today it makes all my old bones and joints ache just to think about it, but then I thought it an ideal place to relax and read.

The year I graduated from high school was the year Lucinda married at Beersheba. The week after the wedding I gave a house party for several days. Clark's sister, Margaret, who had come down from New Jersey to the wedding, was about my age. I invited a couple of my Hume- Fogg classmates, Bill Trimble and Peggy Williamson, I believe. We had all just graduated. They were all good sports and we joined the other Beersheba regulars in all the activities. It was a great party. But can you imagine Mother, who had just hosted the large home wedding of her daughter, being willing to put up with a bunch of teenage house guests? Such is Mother love!

When I was a freshman at Davidson College, my roommate was a boy named Clisby Dubose. His parents were Presbyterian missionaries to China, and I believe he had been born in that country. At least he had been educated in Soochow, and he had a fine English education. He had practically no relatives in America, and I was allowed to invite him to come home with me. That was the summer that father had decided that, now I was college age, I should spend my time in a worthwhile endeavor. He got me a job as a day laborer building the road up the mountain. Clisby's visit did not last long, and as soon as he left I reported to Ben Hill, the foreman of the road gang. All the other workers were native mountain men, and it was a truly broadening experience to share the conversations of these men and to learn something of their style of life, something of their standards, their sense of values. It did bring home to me a real appreciation of what a privileged life I was leading.

The road we were working on had previously been not much more than a creek bed. There were huge boulders that had to be blasted and moved. Of course, there was no road building equipment. It was all hand labor. There was one horse-drawn slide-shovel to help move earth and rocks in the deep cuts. At the end of the day, there were no trucks to ride to the top of the mountain. It was a matter of climbing on foot and that was character building. One can imagine how covered with dirt and sweat I was at the end of the day. No running water, of course, but we did have a hat-tub. I had had previous experience with hat-tubs at my grandfather O'Bryan's house at Ridgetop. The tub was hat-shaped and probably five feet across. It rested on the floor, top side down, and water was poured in to fill the crown. Then one sat on the under side of the brim with his feet in the water, being very careful not to upset the balance of things and cause the tub to topple over. It was quite a feat to get a really dirty, sweaty body clean in this manner and makes me appreciate my nice warm shower.

The hotel in those days did not have many young guests. They were mostly elderly with a large proportion being widows. There were all-day and long-into-the-night card games and we kids heard that they "played for money." I remember especially Mrs. Hoyte and a lady whose name was Ittie Kinney Reno, who was said to be a real medium. The food in the dining room was excellent and served in generous quantities with many dishes, especially vegetables and fruit. There was a bowling alley where the church now stands though I don't believe it was still operative in my time. There was another building on hotel property, set in the woods just beyond Marvin Brown's store, and reserved for men. It could accommodate, I believe about 20 men in two rows, back to back. After breakfast there might be a waiting line.

Another adjunct of the hotel was the observatory, across the road and supported over the brow of the mountain. It was a popular meeting place and at one time was used as a launching site for hot air balloons made by Dr. Beverly Douglas, a plastic surgeon who had very skilled hands, and who loved to fashion these balloons from tissue paper and bamboo strips. There was a small container with a candle in the bottom to create the hot air. The launchings were always at night, and it was very exciting to see this beautiful lighted balloon sail up and out over the valley and away toward Tothor until it appeared as only a spot of light in the distance no larger than a star. There were some early ecologists who said there was the risk of starting a forest fire, but I never heard of such a fire being thus started.

In retrospect I can't envision a more enjoyable, more healthy, more wholesome environment for the maturing years of young boys and girls. We were actually living in an almost isolated community surrounded by friends and relatives. We were scarcely aware of the outside world. No radios, no daily papers, no television, no pot, no cocaine, and although I suppose whiskey was available we never saw any or even thought of it. I'm sure that my character and that of my friends was favorably influenced by those wonderful summers at Beersheba in the mid-1920s.

My mother died on May 15, 1927, and our family never had another summer at Beersheba. I did not know that Beersheba was still to play a role in my future life. In the summer of '27, I was invited to visit Uncle Charlie and his family at Roundtop. Jennings Bailey and some of his family were there, and Jennings had some dates with Julie (always called Biddie) Ritzius. I had never known Biddie, but I recalled seeing her many times riding along the roads on a fine black horse. She was certainly a beautiful brunette with a stately carriage and a very reserved manner. Since Jennings had had the nerve to ask for a date, I decided that I could also ask for a date. And so Biddie and I had our first date and as time went on our romance continued and culminated in our marriage on June 6, 1931. Our wedding was also an alfresco affair on the lawn of her mother's

home. This home, which has since burned and been rebuilt, was the first house on the left after passing Grace Chapel on the Backbone Road. It is now owned by Comfort Adams Randolph. Mrs. Ritzius was the widowed daughter of Mr. And Mrs. Arnold Hunerwadel. (I believe Mr. Hunerwadel was one of the largest and strongest men I have ever known. He had a huge frame and was all muscle. He was a first generation American, having immigrated from Switzerland at about the same time that a large colony of Swiss immigrants founded Gruetli.) After our marriage, I was not able to take much time for vacations at Beersheba because of the demands of my final year in medical school, years of graduate training, and the early years of practice.

Nostalgia! I relive those early years every time I visit you and Mary and your family and show Mellicent a bit of Beersheba.

—Charles C. Trabue IV, M.D.

Girl's Simple Pleasures in the 1930s

- Waking up early at the Turner Cottage before Rina came to the kitchen and slipping out of the bedroom door into the pantry and getting a big slab of devil's food cake with white icing and a tomato and climbing up to the maple treehouse and lighting a candle that I kept in one of William Burns' cigar boxes I had nailed to the limb.
- Seeing William go out to milk the cow and going to watch and getting him to squirt some milk into my mouth.
- Listening to Rina haggle with Mr. Hunerwadel over how much she'd pay for his beans.
- Watching William sling a chicken around by its head to break its neck and throwing it onto the ground and putting a wash pan over it so it wouldn't "flop all over Mrs. Sally's yard and bloody it up."
- Going to Brown's store and getting a little bag of candy that Mr. Marvin filled out of his candy bins with a scoop of a little of this kind and a little of that or "maybe some of that other kind" and a liquorice strap stuck in on top.
- Cutting through the fields to Laurel Falls with Aunt Bess Cason and wading and then walking back with no panties on cause Aunt Bess was carrying the "wet muddy things" and passing by under the Hobbs' big apple tree and not being able to reach the apples.
- Winning a nickel off Uncle Fred Cason for not wiggling and giggling while he counted my ribs.
- Going across the street to see Laura Caldwell and playacting on the stage upstairs and being afraid to use their outhouse because it hung over the bluff.
- Taking a nap on the big swing on the porch and talking to George McCloud over in the hammock on Mrs. Margaret's porch.
- Getting up on the mounting block out by the front gate and putting my left foot up in the stirrup and having Pappy Kisling's fool old gray horse bite me in the rump every single time.
- Eating fried chicken and knowing we'd have chicken slickers (flat dumplings) and biscuits with blackberry jam that Rina cooked in the big white pot that just kept the juice from boiling out.
- And at nighttime looking at stereoptican slides of all the places around Beersheba while Uncle Fred played chess with Cousin Turner.
- Putting on my p.j.'s over a shirt and a pair of shorts and telling Aunt Bess and Mom and Uncle Fred goodnight—at a distance—so they wouldn't know and later sneaking out my side door and waiting until Miss Mary Means went on by with her lantern shining so bright you could see her legs through her pink voile dress and then hiding my p.j.'s under the cattle catcher at the car gate and going with Laura and Louise and George and Morty Adams and Dub McGee out Grassy Ridge road to Lover's Leap where "that man has a moonshine still cause there's a spring under there."
- And asking Morty if he was scared and his telling me he just liked to whistle.
- Watching the shooting stars down at Balancing Rock and hoping I'd get kissed "by the one you love."
- Slipping into my bed with Mama Turner's quilt over me and leaving the lamp lit so I could be sure the big spider stayed in his web way up in the corner of my room by the door and so I could find

the pot during the night and not get a spanking for using the wicker waste basket in the dark, and deciding that some day I'd get REAL sick or OLD like Mama and then they'd have to let me use the bathroom like Mama did.

- And lying there wondering what I'd look like in Aunt Bess' old fashioned bathing suit with the wool underpants and the black and cherry red taffeta dress over it.
- And singing "I'll Never Say Never Again, Again" that Saturday night down at the Hotel with Florence and Lucia Vinton and Shirley and Jean Johnson.
- And falling asleep thinking about Elijah Walker bringing his donkey over to take me riding and knowing he'd scare me half to death by dropping back and running ahead and then jumping out from a tree and yelling that Indian yell that his grandmother would have been proud of and wishing Elijah was my brother.
- Hiding under a cover on one of the big swings on the porch and shining a flashlight up at the ceiling to make the bats swoop down on us. Going down to the Hotel and watching Mrs. Hoyte's little bull dog stand up on his hind legs and say his prayers.
- And going down to the dining room door to smell the good smells and guessing what they'd have for dinner and watching Morty Howell get chased out of the kitchen for snitching crackers.
- Idolizing Dr. Bayer, the "doctor" at the Hotel the summer we had all the wrecks on the big curve down under Mrs. Sadie Burch's cottage.
- Being mad at Mr. Greeter the summer he tried to charge everybody to go swimming at Long's.
- And picking seed ticks off of Rosalie Adams in that little shack up behind the big rock.
- Watching for Mom's car lights down in the valley from the observatory while Mr. Jack Keefe played the piano and sang, "I want my rib, I want my rib. They took it from me when I was a child you see, I'll bet she's grown up now and pretty as can be. I want my rib ..." And suddenly seeing Mom's car and knowing it was Mom by the way she was flying like the wind and knowing we'd sleep together that last night of the summer because my mattress was all rolled up and tied and standing on its end to keep the mice out.
- And not even being sad about leaving because I never thought about not coming back next summer. I always have.

—Suzanne Gibson Fasnacht

Hazards of the Road

In the early days of motoring to Beersheba, the high road was often as adventurous as the low road through the woods, and ten times more dangerous. Dan McGugin, Jr. will never forget a trip down the mountain one stormy night around July 4, 1931, nor will his passengers, George Houston of Woodbury and Harriett Batchelor Tyne. Dark clouds had been building all that muggy afternoon but the three were determined to get started anyway. Halfway down the mountain the heavens opened, as had been predicted.

The car was a snappy little Ford A-Model soft-top coupe, all up to date except that the windshield wiper was still handcranked. Pretty soon the inside of the windshield began to fog up. By the time they had reached the foot of the mountain and the old single-lane, one-way-at-a-time, rusty iron trestle bridge over the Collins, Dan says he was so busy trying to keep both sides of the windshield clear that he barely had one hand free for the steering wheel. But that was just part of the problem.

The road approached the bridge at quite an angle and then turned sharply onto the planks that formed a pair of tracks running across the floor of the bridge. Dan saw what he had to do to make it safely and he spun the wheel at the right moment but the little car had other ideas. It just kept going in the direction it had been headed and plunged through the gap in the broken guard rail where another car or two had been before. They plunged twenty feet right side up into the river below.

The impact broke the engine mounts. Dan was knocked cold and badly bloodied by flying glass which slashed an eyelid open. George was thrown clear and into the bushes unconscious. Harriett, sitting between the two men, broke her leg, probably on the gearshift. She, too, was knocked out but was the first to come to.

They had not been in the water long before mountainfolk came along and spotted the headlights shining down below and stopped to investigate. Because of his white suit, George was found quickly, still lying in the bushes unconscious. There was a tremendous struggle to get the injured out of the water and up the muddy bank. One of the mountain men later described their difficulties trying to help Harriett up the slippery bank in the memorable phrase “and h’it a’rainin’, and her acussin’.”

Harriett and George were put in the back seat and big Dan, still pretty groggy, stood on the running board of the Model-T which picked them up, holding onto the top for dear life as they sped through the darkness in the blinding cloudburst. Another motorist overtook them and stopped them by honking furiously. Dan was transferred to the

comfort and relative safety of the other car for the rest of the trip to the McMinnville clinic, where, lying on his back with both eyes closed, Dan gazed up at the surgeon through the big slit in his eyelid. It was a near thing, but they all recovered — in time, and Dixie Roberts salvaged the McGugin car.

About an hour after they plunged through the guard rail the heavy rain had finally come to end in Nashville where Dan’s little brother Leonard was saying goodbye to Harriett’s little sister Pamela at the Batchelor home. In backing his car to turn around Leonard had somehow got mired in soft ground or a flower bed and the other boys were trying to push him out. Mr. Batchelor had

stepped outside to see if he could help or better direct the operation when he was summoned inside by a phone call. It was long distance—Harriett herself with the news of her broken leg.

Years later Mr. Batchelor, a generous and forgiving man, confided to Dan that when that phone call came, he thought he'd had just about all he could stomach of the McGugin boys in one day.

—Dan McGugin, Jr., as told to Sam Howell

Summer Cloudburst

In 1928, when I was still in knee pants and the public road system of Tennessee and its counties was not much further advanced, there was more than one route, and more than one means of transportation which its devotees might use, in traveling from Nashville to their beloved Beersheba Springs.

The waystations on the route in any case included Murfreesboro, but then it might be, if by auto road, Woodbury, McMinnville, and up the Collins River to the old stage road; there one branch, to the left, extended over Peak Mountain and on to Chattanooga; the other branch climbed to the top of Broad Mountain, by a very steep route to Beersheba on the brow, then headed off across its top to Altamont, Coalmont, Tracy City, Monteagle, and Sewanee, sitting on another edge of the same plateau.

Alternatively, one could turn more southerly on the road at Murfreesboro and head for Shelbyville, Tullahoma, Winchester, and Cowan before climbing the mountain at Sewanee and then proceeding across its top some 32 miles to the Beersheba destination. Because this was part of the route from Nashville to Atlanta, U.S. Highway 41, it was the better, more reliable road.

The first-described route made the distance about 100 miles, the second was roughly 125 miles. The route either way was mostly unpaved, though there was a narrow concrete ribbon extending to the Davidson County line from Nashville and a roller coaster blacktop from Lavergne the rest of the way to Murfreesboro. From then on the surface was either crushed limestone, or gravel, or dirt; on top of the plateau some was sand and in steep places, corduroy, made by cutting saplings of diameters 3 to 6 inches and laying them side by side at right angles to the direction of the road.

Besides the auto road, which required all day for its passage to Beersheba, maybe longer, if rain or serious trouble was encountered, there was also, at least for most of the journey, the railroad.

In June of 1928, my grandmother Jennie Howell and her sister Mat Thompson invited me to go with them to open Nanhaven for the season. I was nearly nine, reasonably selfreliant, and considered sufficiently mature to be of some slight help in running errands for the two ladies, who were then in their sixties and seventies respectively, but active of mind, and body, and fully experienced in the requirements of the annual cottage-opening process.

So we boarded the train at Nashville's Union Station about 9:00 A.M. On a Thursday and traveled without incident to Murfreesboro, thence to Shelbyville. There the rail route left the motor vehicle road and ascended Tullahoma plateau by way of Normandy, with its second syllable heavily accented by the train conductor, thence to Tullahoma, at that time a summer resort of sorts. It then went to Winchester and Cowan. At Cowan, we got off and changed trains, taking the "Mountain Goat" as the Sewanee boys called it, which was able to cope with the steeper grades up the mountain, then across it, through Monteagle and Tracy City to Coalmont. At that point we got off the train for good, for the railroad then took a southerly turn toward Palmer, even farther from our destination than Coalmont, which was 12 miles from Beersheba.

Dennis Brown, second son of Marvin, the Beersheba storekeeper, met us in his father's Overland touring car, which had seats for us, and room for our bags, except for Aunt Mat's wardrobe trunk, which would come later and provide additional revenue for the enterprising

Brown family.

At Nanhaven, we were met by Mr. And Mrs. Eddie Brown, who had already begun the sweeping process on the porch, with the husband wielding the extended broom to bring down cobwebs and the residue of winter occupancy by a small colony of bats from the porch rafters. Aunt Mat produced her collection of keys which opened the various doors, by then being equipped in some instances with two types of locks, and in other instances even a third, a padlock which was applied to the kitchen, detached from the house building, but connected by the porch. Also locked were the bathroom, the two doors to the two room cabin, and even the dairy, under a mound in the backyard which had its own padlock. It also had a sawdust-filled door which was thought to resist the summer heat and allow large blocks of ice, obtained for special occasions, to last longer within its stone and earthen confines than they might have in another place.

There was no electricity, coal oil lamps being the chief source of night illumination, and wood being the fuel for the cooking stove.

A black cook would come along later but for the present the two ladies would fix breakfast, and we would take lunch at the hotel and evening dinner with Miss Mary Means who had already opened her hostelry on the bluff some 300 yards away by path through the woods, or slightly farther, if we chose to travel by way of Dahlgren and Armfield Avenues, in either case on foot.

The three of us occupied three separate rooms; Mamma Jennie took the blue room with its own door on the front porch. Aunt Mat's room, sometimes called the yellow room, opened onto the back porch; I was assigned the pink room, across the main hallway from the blue room with access to it from the hall, the porch, and the yellow room by an inner door.

The housecleaning and returning furniture to the front porch, with Mr. Brown's help, proceeded well in the sultry weather, on Friday, but after we returned to Nanhaven from our evening meal with Miss Mary Means, it began to rain. It continued through the night and the next morning, and continued to pour when we went down to the hotel for our mid-day meal.

At this point let me observe that the top of Beersheba Mountain was then quite heavily wooded, more so than today. There were many clear streams which drained the area. Some joined others, flowed to the plateau's edge, then plunged over sandstone capped falls to tumble down the mountain, eventually to join Collins River. The porous mixture of sand and limestone clay on the valley floor allowed a remarkable phenomenon. Some of the streams which came off the mountain simply disappeared, to surface again later. Such an occurrence may be seen today at the so-called Alum Gap Pool in the valley. One hundred yards downstream from the pool the water disappears. The stream bed continues, but dry. The water appears again two miles farther down, in a pool underneath the blue cliff which can be seen from the Beersheba-McMinnville Highway. Despite the absence of water, there is a well-defined water course, parts of which have been called the "dry wash" which extends from the Alum Gap pool to the Blue Cliff pool and on farther to where the stream comes in from the big spring, marking the beginning of the year-round stream known as Collins River. The east side of Collins River valley also is formed by a steep slope which goes to the top of the same plateau, which lies roughly 900 feet above the valley. The valley soil is generally considered more fertile, and a better area for agricultural activities, than is the sandy soil on top of the plateau where Beersheba sits. The valley gradually widens to the north where the big spring stream comes in, but at the foot of the mountain where the present road, and the former stage road, reached the valley floor, it was only a half mile wide. Southerly toward the foot of Peak Mountain the valley gradually narrows, being only 200 or 300 yards wide there, and up the two

branches, Stone Door Gulf on one side and Coppinger Gulf on the other, it narrows even more. Given a heavy downpour, the water could collect in the steep-sided gulfs, and suddenly appear on the narrow, flat valley floor at the foot of Peak Mountain. This is probably what happened.

As the ladies and I approached the hotel for our noontime meal in raincoats and carrying umbrellas, we noticed several people standing on the old observatory, which was mostly open plank platform with a small gazebo in its center, looking straight down into the valley. We heard some mention of flood, and as we walked to the edge, we could see that in fact the valley floor from the foot of Beersheba Mountain to the foot of Tother Mountain was covered by water flowing swiftly toward the north. As we watched, it was apparent that the water level was rising and within a few minutes, we saw a small framed schoolhouse, which had stood close to where the present bridge over the dry wash now stands, being swept from its moorings by the raging torrent. Farther downstream, to the north, a small barn, with a steep shingled roof, was also seen wavering on its foundations and before long it too was wafted off toward the north, slowly, bumping its way through gulleys in the bottom, possibly fenceposts and other obstacles, all of which it overcame with the vast rush of water behind it.

We knew that the Wid Morton House, a log cabin with puncheon floor also sat in the valley, but on higher ground than the two buildings we had seen swept away, and wondered how its occupants were faring. Remarkably, the rain had begun to let up, and, as we watched, the flow of water

subsided. Since the excitement of seeing the buildings swept away was over, we went on to our lunch at the hotel, and when it was over and we came back to the observatory, the rain had stopped and the level of water on the valley floor had diminished greatly. However, there was still a roaring torrent going down the dry wash, which was quite visible, and it continued to flow the rest of the day, though by dark the valley floor had emerged from its watery covering and the road which followed the course of the stream northerly, but at a respectful distance, was again visible.

Afterwards, we heard tales of one resident of the valley, who is said to have seen a “wall of water” coming down Stone Door Gulf toward his cabin home slightly above the valley floor, and to have saddled his horse, or mule, and ridden off to the north to tell those whose cabins were situated on the lowest ground of the approaching danger. Of course, as the valley widened, and the extent of the usually dry stream bed, the dry wash, increased, the water left the fields and returned to its bed so that past the little village of Tarleton, the water was nearly all within the banks of the dry wash. However, there remained for several years the roof of the barn which I have mentioned earlier which sat in a field near Tarleton, where it had been stranded many years earlier. I cannot say whether the owner of the land wanted to be reminded of the ferocity of the natural elements which he or his predecessors had seen unleashed, or whether he just never got around to doing anything about the stranded roof and removing it.

In any event the summer cloudburst, even more than 50 years later, is still a remarkably vivid memory to me. Because of the faster run-off of rainfall even of similar intensity, in the present day, there is unlikely to be a repetition of this small scale but fearsome catastrophe.

Needless to say, as the summer went on at Nanhaven, where I stayed as long as my parents would let me, the great sight that I had seen in the valley gave me many opportunities to remind my younger cousins, first, and more distant ones, too, of the great experience I had had in June which they had missed and which might never happen again.

Morton B. Howell Jr.

Off on A Hike: July 21, 1922

A party of twenty-three left the Observatory at 9:30 A.M. For Howell Falls. The group included Bettie and Martha Weaver, Mary Dudley Dake, Maud Orr Howell, John Harold Connor, Boyte Howell, Jr., Irene Langford, Tom Fuqua, May Allen, Mary Wilson Eldred, George and Marshall Eldred, Billy Orr, Lucinda Trabue, Barsha Hollins, Mary Phillips Street, Martha Lambeth, Theodosia 'Toots' Cartwright, Susan Lewis, Mary Lewis, Marjorie Finnegan, Jane Lloyd Fleming, and Elizabeth Hord.

On the way down the mountain we separated into three groups. Those who went ahead and took the shortest way included Johnny, Toots, Boyte, Martha L. & W., Mary Dudley, May Allen, and Mary Phillips.

The next group that went a longer way, and was first to get to the foot of the mountain at Mr. Hobbs', included Bettie Weaver, Elizabeth Hord, Mary Wilson, Marshall, Maud Orr, Billie and Renie. At the Hobbs' the rest caught up with us: George, Barsha, Sue, Mary, Marjorie and Jane Lloyd.

We all ate our lunch after we had explored the falls and rested for about an hour. After lunch we carved initials and hung around awhile. At about one thirty, twelve of us left for the cliffs on Tother Mountain: Marshall, Bettie Weaver, Martha, L. & W., Lucinda, Billie, Sis, Sue, Renie, Fleep (Mary Phillips), Elizabeth and Maud Orr. The rest stayed at the Falls awhile then came on home, separating into two parties, one coming up by Ferris': Boyte, Tom, Toots, Mary, Marjorie and Jane Lloyd.

The others, including George, Barsha, Mary Dudley, May Allen, and Johnny came up the Observatory.

The twelve that went to Tother Mountain climbed straight up the mountain through the woods with no path or anything but Marshall's compass to guide us. When we got to the cliffs Marshall climbed up first to see if we could make it. He hollered for us to come on. Some of us took off our shoes to keep from slipping and handed them up with our walking sticks. Marshall stopped at the top and pulled us up the worst place. By pulling and boosting each other and with Marshall's encouragement and help we all got up safely.

Bettie W. and I took off our petticoats and waved them to a man in the valley who was waving to us and to Miss Mary Hollins at Lovers Leap. Martha L. and Renie took some pictures. We named the place we climbed up "Marshall's Bluff" and the place we waved the flags "Petticoat Point." We walked along the top of the cliffs a little piece then Marshall put up the flag (petticoat). We hiked to the other end of Tother Mountain and went down to the Iron Spring.

We drank gallons of water as we had not had any since we left Howell Falls. We finished the food left over from lunch and rested from four to four-thirty. From the spring we went straight down the mountain with no path. About half way down we hit the road and followed it on to the valley. We came on by the road to the foot of this mountain; then we came up the short cut, reaching home by six o'clock.

Maud Orr Howell (Mrs. Gerald Henderson)

Hard Times in a One-Room Schoolhouse

Beersfrefa scholars, 1931, above, below, and on next two pages In 1932, during the Depression, I began my teaching career in a small one room log building called Utah, which had also been used for a church from 1914. I had about forty pupils in eight grades. The room was heated with a large coal-burning stove. There was no well on the school grounds; the large boys carried water in a bucket from a neighbor's well. At the beginning of the school year the Grundy Board of Education had furnished us with a water bucket, dipper, coal scuttle and shovel, a broom, a mop, a box of chalk, and about a dozen erasers. These were our supplies for the year, plus a register which had to be kept each day. The room was completely bare except for enough old-fashioned double desks for the children and a recitation bench. From home I took a small chair and table which became my desk.

No textbooks were furnished. Each child had to get his own. Very few new books were bought as they could most always locate and buy a used one, although it may have been dog-eared and ragged from being used by ten or twelve children before that year.

I had borrowed the money to go to school in Murfreesboro that summer of 1932 for one quarter's work which entitled me to a one-year certificate to teach. I was to get \$50.00 a month wages, but when the eight-month term was completed I still had the eight Grundy County school warrants which I had been unable to get cashed. We were told the county was practically bankrupt and our warrants were good only to pay taxes. Some merchants were taking them at a discount. I offered to take ten dollars for each of mine, which would have been eighty dollars for a year's work, but was told by one merchant that he didn't want them as a gift because they would never be worth anything. Several years later a bank in Chattanooga took them and gave me the full value of four hundred dollars for teaching that first year. Oh lucky me!

The second year I was sent to another school where there had been some trouble the year before. The teacher hired by the Board of Education had been sent home at Christmas by the superintendent and another teacher sent to replace her. The parents responded by refusing to send their children; so the school was closed for the remainder of that year.

When I arrived at this location in the fall of 1933 I had ten children. Several parents came to me and said, "We have nothing against you, but we aren't going to send our children to school because they refused to give us the teacher we started out with last year."

At the end of the first month the superintendent came by and said, "The School Board is planning to close this school tonight because the attendance is so low. I am closing it today and as of now you are an unemployed teacher eligible to continue teaching a W.P.A. School if you can keep as many as six children."

I had expected to get a small raise but instead, my salary was decreased to \$35.00 a month for the term. I was told that the Governor of Tennessee had impounded the teachers' money to be used for building highways. How true this was, I never knew. However, when told that I could continue teaching under W.P.A. With a salary of \$48.00 a month, I was elated. Immediately I located a place to board at \$14.00 a month.

This proved to be a very interesting year. My fifth grade consisted of twin sisters, one of whom was a very good student. The other twin had learned to read, write and spell fairly well but

had no conception of numbers. She could not add or subtract. While other children were playing at recess she liked to go out in the woods nearby and gather leaves and wildflowers which she could identify far better than I could. She was able to tell me whether she had gathered five or seven wild flowers but if she was asked to add four and three wildflowers she could not.

At the end of the first month when time came for tests I wrote the arithmetic test on the blackboard. She copied it very neatly exactly as I had written it, but without adding one thing to it. Her paper was handed in with the following written at the bottom: "This is poor Myrtle's paper and it is all that poor Myrtle can do."

One day during the term I noticed a smoke rising in the distance and thinking the woods were on fire I remarked about it, only to have one child speak up and say, "Oh, no, that is only the smoke where they made 'em a run last night."

This building was much larger than the one I had been in the year before and harder to heat. We had a long, wood-burning stove. Most of the wood was cut during the summer by the parents and stacked to dry out. I was told that the roads were so bad the coal trucks couldn't get in to bring coal, so they continued to use wood. We had a problem trying to keep warm with unseasoned wood which only seemed to spew instead of burn. We kept on our coats all day and sat around the stove.

One day I happened to spill a few drops of water under the stove while eating my lunch, which we carried from home in brown paper sacks. In a very few minutes this water had turned to ice. Had the water been brought inside in a bucket it would have frozen in a very short time. We did have a well at this school, however, with a pump. Each child brought his own glass and went to the pump when he wanted a drink.

During the first term my reports went to Nashville and I received a check every two weeks for \$24.00, but at the end of the year I hadn't gotten one for six weeks. When school was out the superintendent told me they had been lost but that he would stop payment on them and have more written. From that day I have received no money for teaching that last month and a half.

Pond Springs School in the 30s

I went back to this same school for two more years; however, by the next year I had almost thirty pupils. The parents who had refused to send their children the year before relented and put them back in school. It was opened this year again as a county school and, if I remember correctly, my salary was \$37.50 a month. This was so low that I decided I had better try to stay at home instead of paying board. I rode the school bus a few miles and walked four miles to school and four miles back in the afternoon to the highway.

I had to cross a small branch on a footlog, but after a hard rain the branch became almost like a river. One morning I couldn't cross without wading through it. By the time I got to school I was wet to my waist and didn't get dry all day.

At another time while crossing this branch, which was in a ravine, I heard a gun fire to my left and bullets whizzed over my head. I immediately dropped to the ground and about that time I heard hogs begin to squeal to my right. Evidently someone was shooting hogs across the ravine and over my head. Grundy County still had the open range and hogs were allowed to run out wild in the woods at that time. When it came hog killing time the owner would go out in the woods, locate his hogs by a certain mark, and shoot one to be carried home and dressed.

The winter of the big snow came in 1935-36. After an Indian Summer of pleasant weather when the children had been coming to school barefoot, on Friday, December 13th it was rather warm in the morning but suddenly began turning cold and snowing. By twelve o'clock noon, the snow was so deep that I knew I must dismiss school if we were to get home at all. The path was completely obliterated; so it was imperative that we walk to the road, a distance of several miles farther. A six-year-old girl had come that morning wearing tennis shoes. The larger boys carried her as far as they went. After reaching their homes it was left to me alone to try to get the six-year-old child home. I carried her until I was exhausted and for about one fourth of a mile I had to put her down and drag her through the snow—which was about nine or ten inches deep by this time. At one time she begged me to turn her loose and let her lie down because she was so sleepy. When I finally reached her home I still had about three miles to go to mine. I arrived home about seven o'clock that night with ice caked on my legs to my knees.

At that time schools were not called off for any reason, not even a twelve-inch snow. Monday morning, with almost zero temperature, we had to report back to school. One of the parents said, "You will freeze in that school building. Come to my house and have your school." This we did. We were allowed to use a room with a large stove in the center and two beds on each side of the stove. The children all sat on each side of the beds and wrote on their knees. At closing time the parents of the children who lived elsewhere came after their children. Of course, I was not able to get anywhere and had to share a bed with two of my pupils. This continued for several days, but by the next week we were able to go back to the school building and shiver.

By this time we were all better prepared. I had put on riding pants and knee boots. The girls all wore boys' overalls—unheard of at that time. One day two T.V.A. Employees became lost and stopped to find out where they were. One of them remarked, "Oh, I see we have stumbled upon a private boys' school."

All during that bitter winter the children continued to come, some with gunny sacks wrapped around their feet and legs. The snow stayed on the ground in the high places for more than sixty consecutive days. For shoes, one child wore a pair of women's galoshes with paper stuffed in the heels. Some of them were thinly clad and able to bring very little for lunch except a few apples raised at home and nuts gathered from the woods. However, I was told later by the health officer that I was feeling sorry for the wrong family since the ones who had seemed to have the least to eat had almost perfect health without one cavity in a tooth.

Although schools were never called off by the Board of Education for any reason, if there happened to be a death in the community the children themselves closed it by not coming. At one time I was the only one to report at the school house for three days. Of course, we made up these days at the end of the school term.

No newspaper came to the community. At least half of the time I carried my Chattanooga Times to school where it was left to be passed around in the community.

One summer while at school in Murfreesboro I made a map of the United States on white cloth which was hung on the wall. One weekend our map disappeared. In a few days one of the boys confided in me that he knew where our map was. He said, "Other night I was eating supper with a family not too far away. They had a nice white table cloth, but when I turned the edge up to look at the other side there was the United States map."

Every Christmas we had a program and Christmas tree, but it was impossible to keep the children from recognizing a Santa Claus selected from the community. The last year I taught at this

location my brother, whom they did not know, offered to put on the Santa Claus suit and help out.

We brought in the tree and decorated it, using wax candles. This was sometime before electricity came to the mountain. Our pastor had offered to go along and help out with the program. All this time the children were trying to guess who Santa Claus was. Just as he leaned over to pick up a present under the tree, his suit came in contact with one of the candles and immediately caught fire. With the mask on he was unaware of what was happening until Brother Sullivan yelled out, "Carlos, you are on fire!" The fact that Santa was on fire didn't seem to excite the children nearly as much as finding out who Santa Claus really was when he came out of his mask and burning clothes. They began to whisper to each other, "It is her brother," since they knew his name. Fortunately a tragedy was averted as several rushed around him and beat out the fire with their

It was several years before things began to get any better in the school system and I could go on—and on—and on, but “Methinks this will do for that early period.”

I retired in 1967. That summer Mrs. Ira Oertli and I decided to get an art and craft show organized for Beersheba similar to the one Monteagle had which had been established by Julia Ritzius Mabee, a granddaughter of Mr. A. A. Hunerwadel and originally from Beersheba. Mrs. Oertli said, “We’ll get this art and craft show started and if it’s a failure we’ll take the blame and if it’s a success we’ll give Mr. Tucker and the Community Improvement Club the credit.” Mrs. Oertli arranged for Mr. Mouzon Peters, tri-state editor of the Chattanooga Times, to come to Beersheba. We showed him around the area, taking him to most of the historical homes. When he returned to Chattanooga he wrote such a glowing account of our efforts that the Beersheba Springs Art and Crafts Fair, at first called a Mini-Market, was established immediately. Our idea had been to get the local people interested in some kind of craft work. At that time the Argo Sisters were about the only ones who did any of the mountain crafts. They had learned to make baskets and bottom chairs when very young. A few people in Beersheba are getting interested in handcrafts now, but it takes most of the town’s citizens to park cars and feed the hungry people who come to Beersheba every summer for the Art and Crafts Fair in August.

Since 1975 I have been collecting books, documents, artifacts, and photographs for Beersheba Springs Museum a few yards from my home. It gives me great satisfaction to go through the Museum Guest Book and see the names of visitors from many states and several foreign countries who have found Beersheba a place unique and apart from the rest of the world.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Recollections: Personal and Handed-Down

I was born in Chattanooga but I consider myself a native of Beersheba Springs because my parents were from here.

My mother had polio or white swelling as it was called, at that time, when she was a small child and the doctors sent her to Beersheba to drink the chalybeate water, which was supposed to cure all ills.

My father's ancestors had been in this area since the pioneers first came to Warren County. Goodspeed lists Isham Dykes, my great-great-grandfather as having come with Henry J. A. Hill from North Carolina about 1802. It is said these men cut a road all the way across Cumberland Mountain from East Tennessee and finally settled in the Collins River valley.

Another great-great-great-grandfather, Abednego Green, and a great great-grandfather Absolem Brown came two or three years later from South Carolina. I have been told that Absolem Brown brought his family by the river in a flat boat with all his possessions including a horse, cow, hogs, and chickens and settled in the area where the Woodlee 4-H Club is located in Warren County.

The life of the pioneers was very hard. The first thing they had to do was clear a section of their land they had taken up and build a house of logs. The floors were usually made of puncheons, which were split logs laid side by side. The cabin was built with a large fireplace made of rocks and usually finished with what was called a "stick and clay" chimney near the top. They covered the fire at night to keep it from going out. If it did go out they had to go to a neighbor's to borrow fire.

After the cabin was built, the next thing to do was clear the land and get it ready to plant crops. They always had plenty to eat. They depended upon killing wild turkeys for meat. They also raised hogs which ran wild and fattened on acorns. Each man's hogs had a different mark and in the fall they were hunted with dogs and killed for winter use.

A smokehouse was built near the cabin where the meat was cured and kept for winter use. I heard my grandmother tell about how families who were unable to get salt during the Civil War would go to the smokehouse and scoop up the top layer of soil, add water to it and boil it in order to get salty water to cook their meat and vegetables.

They always had plenty of apples, cabbage, turnips and potatoes for winter use which could be kept all winter by digging a hole, putting them in the hole and covering with many layers of leaves. Apple trees were planted and in a few years they had plenty of apples which could be stored or dried for winter use. In the summer they picked huckleberries and blackberries and in the fall gathered hickory nuts and walnuts.

Instead of sugar they used wild honey to sweeten their food. This was easy to find in the woods. They watched for the bees to swarm, capturing a new swarm which they brought home with them. Soon they had several "bee hives" at their own homes. For seasoning they used lard rendered from the fat meat after hog killing time.

The clothing was made by the women of cotton or wool which was spun into thread by the spinning wheel and later made into cloth by the loom. All pioneers tried to have at least one sheep to furnish the family with wool. In 1854 my great-grandfather had four sheep. The women knitted

the stockings and socks for the family. The shoes for the family were made by the men. I have heard one of the Dykes cousins say that his father became so good at making shoes that eventually the whole community got him to make their shoes.

My branch of the Browns came to the part of Warren County which later became Grundy because Absolem Brown took up 400 acres of land in Grundy which he gave to his youngest son, William Sanford.

He built the same type of log cabin in Grundy County which his father had in Warren County. The pioneer homes and barns usually were built by “workings” and all the neighbors were invited. The women cooked the food while the men built the cabin or barn. The last building in Beersheba to be built by a “working” is a barn which was built for my grandmother in 1919 and is standing today.

Some other special occasions were hog killing, corn huskings, and quiltings. The women continued to meet and quilt as late as 1940 in the Beersheba Library.

These early settlers had to learn to make out with home remedies which they had on hand. Turpentine and kerosene were used for cuts. Whiskey was used for a snake bite. In the spring they picked the leaves of the wild poke plant and gathered the roots of the sassafras tree, from which they made tea. These both were supposed to be good for the blood.

When a child, I had a horror of meeting a rabid dog because of a tale my grandmother used to tell about two acquaintances. She was a great believer in the “mad stone” because of this happening. Two women were walking to church one Sunday morning. They met a rabid dog which bit one of the women on the leg, tearing a large hole in her dress and leaving some of the saliva on the dress. The woman who was bitten said, “I must go back home and change my dress.” The other one said, “No, I have a needle and thread in my purse. I’ll sew up the torn place and we’ll go on to church.” When she finished sewing up the torn place she tried to break the thread. Failing to do that, she reached down and bit the thread with her teeth. Later they found out that the dog was mad. The woman who had been bitten went to the “mad stone” which stuck for several hours and she never suffered any ill effects, while the woman who had bitten the thread died from hydrophobia.

Many people believed in planting crops when the signs were right and by the moon. They thought the planting should be done during the fruitful signs and not in the barren signs, which was a good time to destroy weeds. Once my father planted potatoes at both times. He could see very little difference in the yield, although the vines grew much higher on those planted during fruitful signs.

Also, there was a certain time of the month when they would not nail wooden shingles or boards made by hand because they said the ends would curl and draw up, causing the roofs to leak.

Such things as painting houses, cutting timber, or setting fence posts in the ground should be done when the signs were right also, they believed.

All the early settlers built their homes near a spring, and my great-grandfather was no exception. Water usually was carried from the spring in a wooden bucket and most of the time a gourd dipper was used. The women washed clothes on a washboard and used home-made lye soap which they had made from wood ashes mixed with old grease. The clothes were boiled in a large kettle to whiten them.

Talking of a wooden water bucket reminds me of a story I’ve heard my aunt tell. When she was a

small girl her parents took her to church in the valley one hot summer day. After the long trip down there and sitting through a long service she became very thirsty. Upon coming out of the church, she saw a bucket with a gourd dipper on a bench near the entrance. She rushed over to get a drink but before she could reach the bucket, her mother jerked her back. When she got home she was told that the bucket contained apple brandy for the thirsty men who wished to partake.

Cows were allowed to run out and each cow had a bell which enabled the owner to locate her if she failed to come home when it was time to be milked. The owner soon learned to recognize the sound of his cow's bell.

Corn was carried to a mill to be ground into meal. The miller was given part of the meal as payment for the grinding.

Many years ago, one old citizen of Beersheba, when over 80 years old, gave an interesting account of a trip to the mill when he was a young boy. He had ridden horseback down Dan Avenue with his corn, but had to wait so long for his turn that it began to get dark before he was able to start home. While riding through the woods, he heard a noise above him and looked up just as a mountain lion leaped out of the tree toward him. He began to whip his horse to get away from it. Although he was afraid to look back, he could hear it following him. Shortly afterwards he reached home and fell off his horse exhausted. It was not until he was safe in the house that he realized that the pita-pat which he thought was the mountain lion following him was only the pounding of his heart.

My great-grandfather, William Sanford Brown, was the first Methodist circuit rider in north Grundy County. He rode a horse all over the county preaching the gospel and never allowed bad weather to stop him. Every Sunday he rode all the way from the Backbone Road in Beersheba across the Savage Gulf to pastor a small church, now known as Brown's Chapel near the old Chattanooga stagecoach road on Cumberland Mountain in the Barkertown settlement. In 1885 he had deeded this one acre of land containing the church building to the Methodist Episcopal Church. The ground was to be free for all persons to bury their dead. The three trustees of the church were to be James Scruggs, T. C. Abernathy, and Russell L. Brown, his son.

Dr. Thomas Black of McMinnville, who owned a summer home in Beersheba, had this to say about William Sanford Brown: "If there was ever a man inspired of God he must have been. I have heard him preach and not once have I ever heard him make a grammatical error, although, I'm sure, he has very little education."

He always carried his gun with him and usually came home with enough fresh meat to last the family a week. At one time he killed a deer on the way over, put it across his horse and carried it into the church until he started back home. He couldn't leave it outside because of the dogs.

At one time one of his children rode behind him to church and was frightened at seeing an Indian peeping out from behind a tree in Savage Gulf. His father said, "Don't be afraid. The Indian will not hurt you. Some of them hid out down in here when the Indians were removed to Oklahoma. He is just as afraid of you as you are of him."

I have been told that there is an Indian grave yard in Savage Gulf and several grave sites in the Palmer area have been said to be those of Indians.

A part of an old letter written by my grandfather about a bear hunt in Savage is in my possession. It says, "It was in July about the 4th, 1884. We took out 14 men and 14 bear dogs and hounds. Two of our men took their blowing horns, guns, and 14 dogs. H. W. Brown, my brother,

placed his men on both sides of the head of the Savage Gulch. Tot up and stood right up on its hind feet about 30 yards of me and it struck one of our bear dogs and knocked him about 20 feet right towards me. The dog yelled and turned towards me. I did not want to shoot the bear dog because he was about the best one we had. His name was Foot but he most always came out a half-mile ahead of the hounds. I noticed the wounded bear went down in the myrtle and ively branch. I waded down in the branch and my gun in my hands with my gun cocked and the old bear coming at me”—The remainder of the letter is missing but he did kill the bear.

My father, Henry L. Brown, was a building contractor. When his sister Agnes Brown had married Rev. J. M. Bean and gone to Illinois to live, Daddy stayed with them for awhile and worked under another builder as an apprentice until he learned the carpenter trade.

During my early years we lived in Chattanooga during the winter and came to Beersheba in the summer. He built many houses, schools and church buildings in both Hamilton County and Grundy County, some of which were: Seventh Day Adventist Church in Chattanooga and Snow Hill school building of Hamilton County, Coalmont and Palmer Methodist Churches and most of the early Grundy school buildings, such as Pond Springs, Freemont, Flat Branch, Mt. Olive, Tatesville, Utah, Coalmont and Palmer. He built additions at several others such as Tarlton, Beersheba and Collins. He either built or put an addition to every school I ever taught in.

The very first thing I can remember happened in Chattanooga during the Confederate Reunion in May 1913 when Johnny Green became the first person to fly an airplane over Lookout Mountain. He dropped money and I ran across the grass to pick up one of the bills. As I returned I heard someone say, “Don’t you know that they will put you in jail? Didn’t you see the sign which said ‘Do not walk on grass’.” Of course, I hadn’t read the sign, for I was only three years old. Not realizing that they were joking, I worried about having to go to jail and wondered if my money was worth it. I wish I hadn’t spent that money.

One summer in Beersheba we spent at “Cold Storage,” the small log cabin on the Hill property where most all newly married couples had begun housekeeping since the late 1800’s. It was called “Cold Storage” because it was very cold in winter. Part of the old building has been preserved and moved to the Roadside Park.

When we were ready to go back to Chattanooga in the fall Daddy walked across Savage Gulf to Chattanooga leading old “Bossy” the milk cow who always went with us. Believe it or not one could keep a cow on McCallie Avenue at that time. It took Daddy two days to make the trip, spending the night in the Rock House under an overhanging ledge in the Savage Gulf.

Mama and I went by “hack” as it was called at that time. It left Beersheba early in the morning and met the train at Coalmont. After traveling by train the remainder of the day, which went to Stevenson, Alabama and back to Tennessee, we arrived in Chattanooga after dark.

On one of these trips Gates Thruston, the son of General Gates Thruston of Nashville, who had been spending some time at Beersheba, caught the hack to return to Nashville. On the way to Coalmont, he kept the passengers entertained by telling ghost tales. Right at the end of one of his scary tales he let out a loud whoop, yelling for the driver to stop, which he did. Thruston took off down through the woods, pulling off his coat and shirt as he went. It turned out that he had a wasp down his back which was stinging him.

Young Thruston was very popular among the mountain people. He spent many weekends here, both winter and summer. He had a furnished room in the valley at the home of the Joe Hobbs

family where he always left the fireplace ready for a match to be struck to it when he arrived on the next trip. One weekend he failed to come because death had come to him at 28 years of age. The Hobbs family never disturbed the fireplace. Approximately thirty years later it was just as he left it.

A poem which he wrote and left behind leads me to believe that he wanted to be buried on the mountain. It follows:

My Mountain Sepulcher

Lay me to sleep among the crags;
Let the storm in fury dash,
Thunder roll and lightning flash;
Let the rain my ashes lash,
While I sleep among the crags.

One winter we spent in Chattanooga there was a smallpox epidemic. People were dying all around us. They compelled everyone to be vaccinated. The day they came by to vaccinate Mama, my little brother, and me, they asked where Daddy was. On being told that he was somewhere on the streets in Chattanooga, they said "We'll get him then before he returns home," and they did. One neighbor at first refused to have her family vaccinated. She was told, "you will be vaccinated or go to jail."

Finally the Tennessee River went on a rampage, before the time of TV A, flooding all the low parts of Chattanooga. When we escaped the flood, the water was on three sides of the house and coming into the yard. There was only one way we could get out. When we could return home, Mama said, "Take me back to Beersheba where there is no smallpox and the Tennessee River can't reach me."

We spent the next few years in Beersheba until I was ready to start to high school. During this time I became fascinated with Beersheba's early history, including Beersheba Cain, who discovered the chalybeate spring, and Col. John Armfield, the slave trader, whose slave, Nathan Bracken, chose to remain with him after the Civil War. Nathan, always a colorful character in Beersheba, was loved by everyone especially "his boys," as he called them.

Mama remembered going to church service at Nathan's home when there was only standing room. Because she was a crippled child, Nathan picked her up and set her on his table.

At another time her mother sent her to take a piece of cake to Nathan and one to Mrs. Fahery. Nathan met her at the door, grabbing both plates and sticking his thumb in both pieces of cake. She had to go back home and get another plate for Mrs. Fahery.

One of the Schild boys had been going with one of the local girls, Laura McCarver, but she suddenly married someone else. The next time Nathan saw the Schild boy he said, "Ye jist let George Cawter steal de bait off de hook."

The 35th Confederate Regiment of Tennessee was raised in Grundy, Sequatchie, Warren, Cannon, Bledsoe and Van Buren Counties. It was organized in the fall of 1861 with Benjamin J. Hill of McMinnville as colonel.

Company "A" of this regiment was recruited from Grundy County, with Albert C. Hanner, son of Mary Hanner and nephew of John Armfield, elected captain. Company "A" was equipped by Armfield and took part in the Battle of Shiloh the following April, during which engagement Captain Hanner was killed.

Brothers fighting at Shiloh for the Confederacy were 2nd Lt. Jackson V. Brown and Pvt. Russell L. Brown, sons of Rev. William Sanford Brown of Beersheba. Before leaving they had entered into a pact that they would not allow darkness to come each night without knowing where the other was. After the bloody battle of Shiloh and both sides were withdrawing, a Grundy Countian lingered behind to see if he knew any of the dead or wounded. He found one of the Brown brothers wounded but alive. About a mile from there he located the other brother also wounded. The second asked him if he could bring his brother to his side where they could both die together. The friend was able to carry the wounded brother and place them side by side.

Fortunately, neither died. They came home and lived to a ripe old age. They were fond of saying if they had only one biscuit between them and starvation they would share with the friend who placed them together on the battlefield.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Beersheba, Off-Season

After summer people left in the fall, Beersheba became a sleepy little village with not much happening. In my youth there were “workings,” when men in the community met and built a house or barn for a neighbor and the women cooked a meal for the workers. The last one of these “workings” was a barn built in 1919 which is still standing in Beersheba.

Often, in fall, a group of gypsies came through and camped in the woodland in front of the school. They created some excitement with their “swapping.” People in the community sometimes bought horses from them.

Another interesting event was the making of sorghum by the Ben Hill family. Children in the community never tired of watching this.

One exciting time occurred when two little girls became lost in the woods. At that time there were wild animals which were dangerous. A search party was organized and one woman hurrying to get breakfast before daylight in order for her husband to join in the search, made a mistake and put sulphur in her biscuits instead of soda.

One animal which was called a panther could scream almost like a woman. This scream terrified many a person walking alone at night. One man coming back from the store at Altamont had one of these animals run out of the woods and jump at his horse’s throat. For that reason, most men carried their guns when going to the store or post office.

At one time a bounty was paid for the killing of certain animals. The following is found in County Court Clerk’s Minutes, 3rd. Monday, December AD 1855:

This day Thomas King proved in open court the killing of a wild cat in the state of Tennessee within twelve months from this date whereupon the court ordered that he have a certificate for the same.

As for bounties, Major H. P. Ritzius at one time offered the boys in Beersheba 25¢ for each hawk they killed and brought to him. After paying the 25¢ he threw the dead hawk over the bluff because the hawks had been catching his and other people’s chickens. After paying out so many quarters Major Ritzius became suspicious and found the boys were climbing down the bluff and bringing back the same hawks. That ended when he started cutting off the heads before throwing them over the bluff.

The women met at each other’s homes and had quiltings. After the library was built in 1923 they continued to meet there in the community room and quilt until the late 1940s.

For recreation the young people met at each others homes and had “candy pullings.” Mrs. E.J. (Louise) Hege had parties for them and in later years Mrs. Fred Bohr continued this practice.

There was great rivalry between Beersheba boys and those in the valley and Altamont over the girls. If an Altamont boy came to Beersheba to see one of the girls, the Beersheba boys referred to Altamont as “Big Gag” and if the boys from the valley came, Tarlton and Philadelphia were referred to as “Sodom and Gomorrah”. One boy, angry because a boy from the valley had come to see his girl friend, stood on the observatory and, looking into the valley said, “O Lord, how long will you let Sodom and Gomorrah exist?”

At another time the valley boys had attended church at Grace Chapel and left their horses tied while they walked their best girls home. Meanwhile, the Beersheba boys untied their horses and

whipped them off the mountain. So the valley boys had to walk home, almost to the Warren County line.

For many years there was a Grundy County Singing Convention organized with Mr. Levi Woodlee from Altamont as president and the meetings rotated to all the communities. Beginning at 10 o'clock, the different choirs sang until noon, stopped to have dinner on the ground, and continued in the afternoon. The Beersheba singers usually came off with the honors. Clara Bell Tate was always the pianist. At one time the Convention was held in the woodland behind the Hotel grounds. A platform was made and the piano moved out. This was remembered probably better than the others because Alvin C. York, the hero, was an honored guest shortly after World War I.

Beersheba began to come alive again with the arrival of the summer residents about the first of June. Mr. Stepp with his hack, pulled by two or four horses, began to meet the train at Tracy City and in later years Marvin Brown with his T Model Ford began meeting the train at Coalmont.

The baseball season opened with games between the Mountain boys and the summer boys. Mr. Hunerwadel could be seen every few days with his wagon and team of mules carrying a group to Long's Mill and the swimming pool.

—Margaret Brown Coppinger

Indian Grave Sites

Lost to sight—and almost to memory—is an ancient Indian burial mound located at the foot of Backbone Road in the valley on the Elda Scott Farm. Of considerable size, it had smaller companion mounds nearby. All were close to the “Big Spring,” purported to be the head of Collins River and according to Cherokee Indian lore was revered as the “Spirit’s Well.”

During a bulldozing operation in July 1955 the mound was inadvertently destroyed. Revealed, however, was the skeleton of a male of exceptionally large physique. Also found in the grave were arrow heads and spear points.

Conjecture is that the skeleton might very well have been that of Chief Cheuwalli who, according to legend, was a “huge” man and ruler of that particular Cherokee territory. This may well be a possibility if the name was contracted to “Charlie,” whose name is recorded on deeds. Also, it may be that “Charlie’s Creek” and “Charlie’s Camp” bear the chief’s Americanized name.

In an effort to learn more about the construction of earthen burial mounds and other types of Indian graves we interviewed William R. Pasley, known to the Cherokees as Chief Long White Eagle, residing in McMinnville. He appeared most knowledgeable and has devoted untold hours to exploration of the area, having made some new discoveries.

According to Pasley, Indian burial procedures were determined by availability on the sites. The interments included earthen mounds, caves, and rock graves.

The mounds were constructed in layers, each layer holding individual graves. The final layer was capped with a deep covering of earth.

Following death, the Indian’s body was placed on a scaffold, open to the elements. This, Pasley related, was the “Cremation of Flesh,” meaning the return of flesh to the Mother Earth. After the body was reduced to its skeletal form the skeleton was then interred in the burial place, resting in a fetal position on the left side.

Food utensils and water bowls were placed alongside the females while the male graves contained arrows, bows, knives, small pipes and the individual’s finest costumes.

Also in the Beersheba Springs area are caves which served as tombs, being sealed after burial ceremonies were completed.

The third type of burial site, Pasley advised, is the rock grave. This consisted of a square hole lined with rocks and topped with a large flat stone covering the entire grave.

Although not readily seen by the average person, all three types of burial sites were marked by the Indians. The markers, still in existence, consist of Indian legends (or drawings) on a large rock, situated near the places of entombment.

William Pasley mentioned a huge cave under Beersheba Springs with an entrance somewhere under Stone Door known only to the Indians, which has an underground river.

Another cave in the Savage Gulf area, known to many people, is Big Bear Cave. According to Caves of Tennessee, “the name originated from an incident in which a wounded bear was tracked into the cave by a hunter, who shot and killed the animal.” The story told in Beersheba is that Tommy Thompson found the bear in the cave and killed it with his hunting knife.

Pasley has also interpreted signs in the ancient Indian village west of Beersheba; he has

located places where the tribes put out their smoke signals which could be seen for seventy-five miles.

—Georgianna D. Overby

Uncle Bill Perry and the Hams

Uncle Bill Perry had a big smokehouse because he killed a lot of hogs every year. He'd smoke the meat with applewood and hickory wood. Then he'd hang the meat up, after it was smoked, in the loft of his house, because he was afraid somebody would break into the smokehouse if he left it there. He drove nails into the rafters and hung the hams, shoulders, middlings up there. He did it so long that the ceiling of the house was grease-soaked — just pure grease up there — and if that house had ever caught afire it would've exploded.

I can remember when I was about five years old we heard the dogs barking outside our house and Daddy wouldn't go out and see what was the matter till I argued with him. Finally he did. The dogs had treed a possum in a big persimmon tree. Daddy climbed up the tree and knocked the possum out cold and skinned him and cured the hide on a board with salt.

Daddy said I could have it because I had argued with him to go and see what the dogs was barking at. Then one day Davy Nunley came up and saw the hide and said to Daddy that he'd give him a quarter for the hide. Daddy said: "I can't sell it because it belongs to Josephine." When I came up about that time, I said: "Yes, I'll sell it to you for a quarter." And I was so proud of that quarter I carried it around with me all the time. I was tickled to death over that quarter.

Then I went down to Uncle Bill's for something — I don't remember what — and he still had these great old big hams — and one he'd taken down from the loft — and I went on back to our house and I said: "Daddy, Uncle Bill's got these great old big hams down there and I asked him reckon what he'd want for that ham and he said he'd take a quarter for it."

That big ham started worrying Daddy. He said: "Look here. Uncle Bill wouldn't sell me a ham for nothing like that. So I'll tell you what — if you'll go back down there and give him your quarter, I'll give you your quarter back." And I said: "No, you'll never do it. You'll never give me my quarter back."

Daddy said: "Yes, I will, if you'll go get that ham." That was his promise and Mother said: "Yeah, we'll give you your quarter back."

So I took off running — it was about half a mile — and I said: "Uncle Bill, you still want to sell that ham for a quarter?" I mean it was a great big ham. Cured and everything. So I took that ham back to the house in a hurry.

Daddy said: "Well, Josephine, I'll have to sell some lumber off before I can give you your quarter back."

I said: "I bet I don't never get my quarter back." But as soon as he sold it, Mother made him give me my quarter.

Of course there was eight of us children and Mother and Daddy, and that ham didn't last all that long, you know. After a few mornings it was gone. Then Daddy said: "I wonder if Uncle Bill's got another of them hams down there?" I said: "Yeah, he's got some more down there, but I ain't givin' him my quarter for one." And Daddy said: "You go down there and give him your quarter for one and I'll give you your quarter back, when I sell my lumber again."

Daddy kept talking till I went back down there and I looked all around and I said: "Uncle Bill, got any more of them hams you want to sell for a quarter?" He took the ladder and went up to the loft

and got another big ham down and said yeah, he'd sell it for a quarter. So I gave him the quarter and come on back to the house.

Daddy was slow in selling the lumber this time and I like to never got my quarter back. But when I did, Daddy said: "Josephine, wonder if Uncle Bill's got any more of them hams down there?"

I was ready for him this time. I said: "No, he ain't got no more of them hams for a quarter. He wants fifty cents."

So Daddy said: "Josephine, I'll give you a quarter and you take your quarter and run down there and get that fifty-cent ham." So I run on with the two quarters. The mistake I made was to not wait for Daddy to say he'd give me my quarter back. So when I got back with the ham, he wouldn't give me my quarter back and it made me so mad to be tricked that I like to died. I was eating ham all the time, sure enough, but I wanted my quarter and I never did get it back.

Now, do you want to know what Uncle Bill did with the quarters I give him for them great old big hams? Why, he went to the store and bought him some bologna. That's what they told on him. He bought bologna.

—Josephine King Eubanks

Brief Snippets

The Medicinal Spring Water

Having promoted Beersheba for several years as a watering place, Colonel John Armfield would go down to the chalybeate spring every morning before breakfast and take one—and one only—glass of the mineral water. One morning as he went down the path from the Hotel he met a lady of some years who had just arrived the night before by the late stage.

“Oh, Colonel Armfield,” she babbled, “I’ve been down to the spring to taste your glorious water. And, alas, before I knew it I had drunk six large tumblers. It’s divine.”

The master of propriety tipped his hat, stepped off the path, and said firmly: “Madam, alas, let me not detain you.”

—Charles S. Mitchell

Monteagle, Meet John Dillinger

A friendly rivalry has long existed between Beersheba and Monteagle. Neither likes to bow to the other in the continuing game of oneupmanship—that is, getting the last word on any subject, even criminal. In Monteagle’s recently published *Mountain Voices*, page 66, there appears an item about Big Crime. In the interest of fair play, this piece calls for a response from Beersheba, especially since we have the bigger guns.

If Monteagle’s story of Pewter Garner’s chance encounter on the mountainside in the 30s with the notorious mobster Al Capone is true, then equally possible is the appearance at Beersheba for a few weeks in the 30s of the FBI’s Public Enemy No. 1, John Dillinger. When Dillinger was wounded and “on the lam” from his last bank robbery, he was frequently “sighted” in many parts of the land. So why not at Beersheba—always a good place to get lost?

According to Josephine Eubanks, who was only a girl at the time, a good many of the mountain people believed they had Dillinger in their midst. He descended, limping badly, with another member of his gang and a woman, who “wore the same red dress just about every day,” on Mr. Hunerwadel and stayed for a time in some of his rooms and kept their getaway car in his garage. Finally Mr. Hunerwadel became frightened of their actions and locked them out one night. Dillinger and friends then proceeded to build for themselves a hut in the woods near Lovers Leap, with lumber “bought” from Josephine’s father, Hill King. Dillinger told King he didn’t have any money or checks on him at the time but would pay as soon as he could.

King got tired of waiting for his money and went around to the cabin one afternoon and knocked on the door. Dillinger, who had given his name as Frank Boshea, opened the door and King told him what he wanted. About that time King saw the heavy Tommy machinegun Dillinger held half-concealed behind his back. “I still don’t have any checks,” Dillinger growled. “That’s all right, mister,” King said, backing away, “Just pay me whenever you can—any time,” and fled.

Not long afterward the gang disappeared in two cars they had “paid for” with kited checks. A few weeks later Dillinger was dead, gunned down by the Feds while coming out of a Chicago moviehouse with the woman in red, who had put the finger on him and stood aside. “It looked like the same woman, all right,” says Josephine, recalling the newspaper pictures she had seen at the

time.

Dillinger's dying words were supposed to have been: "Somebody squealed."

Hill King never got paid, of course, but he got his lumber back, by putting rolling logs under the cabin and pushing and pulling it, with all the help from friends and family he could muster, onto a lot he owned some distance away.

—Josephine Eubanks as abridged by Sam Howell.

To the Memory of Beersheba Cain

From McMinnville came Beersheba Cain
Who grew dry in this mountain terrain.
She sipped of the waters celestial
And declared them immediately medicinal
But was ever so cautious when thirst struck again.

Although I never knew Beersheba Cain,
I admit I have had the same pain.
My advice is to sample it
Before you so ample it
Or else altogether abstain.
—Anonymous

Praise from England

Thursday 8th — Sunday 11th April, 1982 (Easter weekend). This is to certify that I, Matthew Francis of Brighton, England, poet ordinaire, ping-pong-player extraordinaire and promising novice bourbon-drinker was here plied with all good things imaginable and (previously) unimaginable, including barbecue, poke salad, pickled okra, shrimp, eggs benedict and chess pie; that I was turned loose upon the Andrews house and the Howell cottage tennis court, both of which survived, and upon the Collins River in an inflatable canoe, which I survived, mostly due to Alison's seamanship; that I have been witness to hawks, dead possums, Altamont jail and the Great Stone Door, that I have been introduced to innumerable Howell descendants and other residents, and that I have had a marvelous Easter and will come back the first chance I get.

Witness my hand this Easter Sunday, one thousand nine hundred and eighty-two.

Matthew C. Francis 33 High Street Brighton, England

Elder Dykes

Elder Dykes lived on the slope of Dykes Mountain, in sight of the bridge where Highway 56 crosses over Dykes Creek in the Collins River Valley. All I remember he ever did was to sit on his porch and watch the cars and trucks go up and down the valley.

In the 1940's the county was dry and corn was squeezed in the mountains behind Elder's house. I know because I have visited Uncle Jerry Coppinger's still on Robin Creek which runs into Savage Creek, and I have seen the old Plymouth which could do 120 on the straightway, working

its way through the trees on the top of the mountain with a full load on.

Well, I never saw Elder run any off, and being a lawyer, I am trained to altogether reject hearsay — but, what I do know is if, when Elder was sitting on his porch, you would stop, go under the bridge, leave a \$5.00 bill on the top of a column, drive away and return in a half hour. In the place of your five you would find a gallon of corn.

I never did it, but I have seen it done. Ask Morton Adams, Jr.

Alf Adams, Jr.

Whimsical Observations

A number of years ago Mr. R. A. Wilson wrote a delightful column for the Nashville Banner entitled “Fins, Fuzz, and Feathers.” Dr. George R. Mayfield succeeded Mr. Wilson in carrying on this column. At one T.O.S. Meeting during the roundtable discussion, Mr. Wilson was called upon and he rose to the occasion with the following: “I am not an authority on birds, but have always loved them a great deal. But, in my four score years I have made a study of those who study birds. In this pursuit I am very happy to relate that in all of my experience I have never seen a lover of birds in the state penitentiary and very few in the state legislature.”

On one occasion Dr. George Mayfield was wandering on a bird hike and chanced to meet a native farmer. In the conversation that followed Dr. Mayfield suggested that his friend might like to see his binoculars. Taking the 8powered Zeiss glasses and looking at his cow across the valley, he stated with enthusiasm, “Well, I’ll sware! I believe I believe I can milk her from here!”

FIRST FAMILIES

It has been said in jest that at Beersheba nobody has to be introduced. Introductions are a waste of time because everybody is kin. Yet, a simple question comes to mind. Do people always know what kin and how kin? If not, they may be able to come up with the answer by consulting the pages which follow, for here are histories of Beersheba's Founding Families from Anglin through Woodlee. The names roll off the tongue like the familiar sounds of the alphabet. . .Bess, Bouldin, Brown, Cagle, Coppinger. . .

This chapter names the members of many families who came early to the mountain, staked out their claims, and survived when Tennessee was still young. Some were here, or nearby, in 1833 when Mrs. Beersheba Porter Cain sipped the chalybeate water of the spring and started the influx of summer people that has been going on for 150 years. Some were here before Andrew Jackson stopped overnight or James K. Polk held a political conference in 1840.

The familiar local names are all recorded—some called to mind from the pages of a family Bible, some from memory, some from letters, account books, and public records. The papers of Thomas Jefferson Barnes (1883-1956), the Warren County historian and genealogist, are an indispensable source for family histories of this area. Many local informants have shared their knowledge and allowed the editors to use their notes. Margaret Brown Coppinger undertook and successfully completed the actual compilation over a period of several years of determined digging, which was clearly a labor of love.

With these genealogical details assembled and published now for the first time—however much has been lost—many readers will arrive at a comprehensive and compelling introduction to those families who came early, who have chosen to stay the year round, and who can be counted on to go on keeping the faith.

Anglin

John Anglin, born in 1793 in North Carolina, and wife Labra, born 1808. Their children were: Lynchia, m. J. M. Lockhart; Adrian; John; Houston; Tipton; Evaline; and Elizabeth.

Argo

There were several Argo families in Warren County as early as 1830; most members were born in North Carolina. Among them were Josiah, John, David, R.M., William, and Isaiah. The 7 children of David Argo (who married twice) were Robert m. Eliza Vickers; Susan m. Arnold Argo; Mary m. Samuel Henderson; Thomas m. Mary Laughlin; William m. Julia Cain; Catherine m. George Washington Ware; ? m. Eliza Bouldin; Josiah Argo m. ? Smith and their 6 children were: Mary m. Adam Nunley; Wilifred; Adam; John J. m. Sallie Hobbs; Lucinda m. John Smith; Laura m. William Smith. The 6 children of John J. and Sallie Hobbs Argo were: William m. Brittainia Myers; Eva; Carroll; David; Irving m. Mary Fults, daughter of John; Minerva m. John Turner. The 7 children of Abner (Dock) Argo and Buena Fults Argo were: Emma; Hiram (Tot); Hassie; Arcy; Maggie May; Flossie Jelva m. Rupert Tate; and Sarah Mary.

Armfield

The original John Armfield, who was a strict Quaker and school teacher, came to America in 1695 from Northern England. By 1718 he and his wife were living in Philadelphia. He taught school in Bucks County for several years. The Armfields were the parents of five sons and three daughters. The sons were William, John, Robert, Isaac, and Thomas. By 1760 John had left Philadelphia and gone to North Carolina, settling in a log house near Greensboro. William had seven sons: Robert, William, Nathan, Solomon, Jonathan, David, and John. Nathan was the father of John Armfield of Beersheba, b. 1797, d. 1871. According to tradition, Isaac Franklin, the prosperous slave-trader, found John Armfield driving a stagecoach and took him in as a business partner with headquarters in Alexandria, Virginia.

Barnes

It is believed that the family was in England at the time of the Norman Conquest and one appears to have been a knight in the service of William the Conqueror when he arrived in England in 1066. Some later lived in Scotland. By 1830 there were John, Charles, Elizah, William, and Thomas in Warren County.

William Barnes, b. 1780 in North Carolina; d. in Warren County 1819. He married Charity Phillips and their 8 children were: Thomas, b. 1800, m. Hannah Martin; Mary, b. 1805, m. Samuel Worthington; Sarah, b. 1807, m. John Barnes; Charles, 1809-1864, m. Susannah Smith, daughter of Isaac and Britannia Savage Smith; William P., b. 1812, married Martha Hill; Jesse, b. 1813, physician m. four times; Mildred, b. 1816, married Henderson Safley; and Eliza, b. 1819, married Thomas S. Myers.

The 12 children of Charles and Susannah Smith Barnes were: Isaac, b. 1829, m. first Susannah Hill, daughter of Irvin and Elenor Morgan Hill; m. second, Mary Ann Bess; William C, b. 1831; d. 1917; m. Bethiah (Bertha) Hill, daughter of H. L. W. Hill; second m. Hallie Cagle, daughter of Benjamin Cagle; Britannia, b. 1833, m. John Bess; Andrew Jackson, b. 1835, m. Cora Bess; Mary

Jane, b. 1836; Melchesidak, b. 1840; Elizabeth, b. 1842, m. Charles Clendenon; Louvisa, b. 1844, m. Andrew J. Woodlee; Caroline, b. 1847, m. William Carroll Woodlee; Lawson, b. 1849; Campbell, b. 1852, married Catherine Bess; Addison, b. 1856, m. Mollie Painter.

Charles Barnes, b. 1835 (son of Thomas and Hannah Martin Barnes) m. Hannah Vickers. Their 8 children were: Jonathan, b. 1855, m. Manerva Higginbotham; Jesse, b. 1857; Nathaniel, b. 1859, m. first Sarah Walker, daughter of Marion Walker; second to Lucy Lockhart, daughter of Holman; Mary Jane; Sarah; Lyman; Thomas; and Lillie.

The only known child of Andrew Jackson, b. 1835, and Cora Bess Barnes was Eugenia Barnes, who m. James Stotts and they had: Clyde Stotts m. Blanche Morton; and Junie m. Etter Dykes.

The 12 children of Isaac and Susannah Hill Barnes were: Charles Ervin Lafayette, b. 1854, m. Lucy Nunley; William Thomas, b. 1855, m. Sarah Woodlee; Benjamin Winslow Dudley, b. 1857, m. Barsha Coppinger; Elenor (Nellie), b. 1859, m. John Hillis; Jefferson Davis, b. 1861; Isaac, d. young; Etta, b. 1865, m. James Stotts; Bethia, b. 1867, m. Clayborn Hillis; Levisa, b. 1868, m. D. W. Woodlee; Edwin Bruce, b. 1870; Susan, b. 1872; Rice Sewell, b. 1874; and Leonidas Polk, b. 1877.

The 11 children of Dr. William Carroll and Bethiah Hill Barnes were: Lawson Hill Barnes, m. Lillie Etter; Susan Adeline, m. Dr. W. T. Mowdy; Charity, m. Dr. D. B. Hall; Livingston, M.D., m. Lemma Etter; Virginia A., m. James Leonidas Coppinger; William Carroll, Jr., M.D., b. 1862, m. Annie Laura Nearn; and Charles LaFayette.

The children of Dr. William C. Barnes and his second wife, Hallie Cagle, were: Hugh (Buncin); Laura, m. A. P. (Pat) Hunerwadel; Stanley; and Hallie, m. ? Murphy.

Bess

In the Bess family, who emigrated from North Carolina to Warren County, there were four boys, and one girl, Rose Anna, who married John Roberts. The boys were Basil, John, Eli, and Wiley (who went to Texas). Basil Bess married Polly Johnston and had one son, John, who married Britannia Barnes; John Bess, born in South Carolina in 1815, m. Elenza Grundy Hill (daughter of Polly Johnston who married Basil Bess). Their 11 children were: Euphemia, b. 1838, m. Archibald Rhea; Cora, m. Andrew Jackson Barnes; William Carroll, m. ? Webb; Israel, m. Balzora Dearing; Louisa, m. Arch McGee; Louvisa, m. William Christian; Mary (Polly Ann), m. Isaac Barnes and had 4 children; Andrew Jackson Bess, m. Angie Adcock; Chatham, m. ? Hobbs; Catherine, m. Campbell Barnes; and Arwood, m. Tempie Bouldin. Eli Bess, b. in South Carolina in 1813, m. Lehar Killian, daughter of Daniel, and sister to Ambrose. Their 14 children were: Mary, b. 1835, m. Russell Rogers; Nancy, b. 1836, m. Isaac Rhea; Robert, b. 1838, m. Sarah Morton; John, b. 1840, m. Tempie Ann Williams; Daniel Killian, d. in Civil War; Alias, b. 1843, d. in Civil War; Wiley, b. 1844; Sarah J., b. 1847, m. John Bond; Martha, b. 1849, m. ? Medley; Caroline, never married; Cora, m. Hugh Slaughter; Euphemia, m. Jesse Slaughter; Jack, m. Mary Mayfield; Dock, m. first Margaret Green, sister to Hannibal, and second, Mary Hobbs Woodlee; children of Dock were Emma, Ether, Willie, John, Claborn, and Eoda.

The 8 children of Jack Bess and wife Mary Mayfield were Venus and Eli Bess. Venus m. Lettie Whitman and their children were: Leo, m. Berton Smartt; Stanton, m. Polly Scott; Elizabeth,

m. Frank King; Heber Earl; Irma, m. Wallace Smartt; Venus, Jr.; Mildred; and Opal.

Eli Bess m. Agnes Whitman and had Harvey.

Bouldin

Noble Bouldin came to Warren County from North Carolina, supposedly with Henry J. A. Hill, in the early 1800s and took up land in 1815. He operated a tavern for some time. His wife Temperance was a member of the Primitive Baptist Church on Collins River organized in 1809. Their 5 children were: Noble Jr.; Gideon, m. Mary (Polly) Hill, daughter of Benjamin Hill; Lewis, m. Susannah Knight; Elender, m. ? Stinsell; Nathan; Reuben; and perhaps two or three others.

The 9 children of Gideon and Mary (Polly) Hill Bouldin were: Montaque Pleasant, m. Adaline Curtis; Benjamin, m. Margaret (Peggy) Sutherland; Cobb; William; Wiley; Noble; John; Hill; and Jemima, m. ? Scott.

The 6 children of Montaque Pleasant and Adaline Curtis Bouldin were: James Madison, m. first ? Safely; second ? Hicks; William, m. Myra McDaniel; Arminda, m. James Gulley; Benjamin, m. Martha Ann Moffitt; John, m. Lou Paine; and Martha, m. Alexander Hillis.

The 9 children of William and Myra McDaniel Bouldin were: Leander, m. Anna Schild; Louella, m. ? Houts; Eugene, m. ? Tate; Bessie, m. ? Trimble; Mary Etta, m. ? Overturf; Jim; Lora Lee, m. Harold Brown; Jeanette; and Carl.

The 3 children of Benjamin and Margaret Sutherland Bouldin were: Jerome, m. Marjorie Crabtree; H. M., m. ? Grooms; and Jennie, m. ? Parker.

The 7 children of Jerome and Marjorie Crabtree Bouldin were: Leah, not married; ?, m. ? House; Grover, m. Sullivan; Mattie, m. ? Lusk; ?, married ? Wake; Bryan, m. Georgia Brown; and Lula, not married.

Brown

Absolem Brown, b. in South Carolina in 1780, m. Joyce Green, a daughter of Abednego Green, Sr., also from South Carolina, and said to have been closely related to Nathaniel Green of Revolutionary fame. Their children were Tommy, Green, Missouri, and perhaps one other. After the death of his first wife, Absolem Brown married Mary Jane Green, his wife's sister. Their 6 children were Russell, Permelia, Billoat, Absolem, Jr., William Sanford, and a daughter who married Johnnie Green, the miller at HilT's mill on Hill's Creek.

The 8 children of Tommy, b. 1802, and his first wife Mary Morton were: Thomas Jr., m. Nancy Bond Thompson; Celia, m. Benjamin McCollum; Dial, m. Milly Cruse; Leddon, m. first Louise Crossland, second Susie Jane Eskew; Zera; Carlyle; Elizabeth; and Isaac, married Philadelphia Thompson.

The 5 children of Tommy Brown and his second wife, Mary (Polly) Brooks were: Absolem, m. Jane Nunley and they were the parents of Luther Brown; J. B. (Buck)* m. Martha Hudson; Martha, m. John Patrick; Mary, m. James Madewell; and Winnie, m. B. Bonner.

The 8 children of Green Brown, b. 1806, and his wife Malinda ? were: J. H. (Hooker), m.

Sarah Jane Scott, daughter of Cooper Scott; Hooker was killed at the battle of Shiloh; Sam, m. first Elizabeth Tate and second Melvina Medley, and had one son, William C. (Bill) Brown; William, married Sally Fern; Elihu; Cynthia; Jackson; John B.; and Celia.

The 10 children of Russell Brown and wife Mary (Polly) Dykes, daughter of Isham, Sr. and Prudence Choate Dykes, were: Asbury, m. Mary (Polly) Morton; Prudence, m. John Hobbs; James K. Polk, m. Elizabeth Smith; Frances, m. Taylor Dugan; Hortensia, m. James Cagle; John G., m. first Sallie Johnson, second Azalee Moffitt Gross; Julia, m. Sanders Dykes; Isham, never m., killed in Civil War; Thomas J., m. Nancy Gross; and Aurena.

Permelia Brown married John Goolman Tate and their 9 children are listed under Tate.

The 11 children of Billoat Brown and his wife Jessie Brooks were: Ruth, m. Dr. B. W. Sparks; Absolom Duskin, m. Elizabeth Dykes; Allen, m. Martha Scruggs; Lafayette, m. Julia Owen; Mary, m. Dock Argo; Abbie, m. James Yearwood, no children; Sam, never m.; Frank, never m.; Annie, m. Cass Smith, no children; Elizabeth, m. John Pennington, no children; and Jesse, m. Grace Henderson.

The children of Rev. William Sanford, b. 1820, and his wife, Nancy Dykes Brown, b. 1821, daughter of Isham and Prudence Choate Dykes, numbered nine:

(1.) Jack V. Brown, b. 1840, m. Abbie Williams. Their children were: John Wesley, m. ? Echart; Altha, m. ? Martin; Annie, m. ? Carr; Hassie, m. ? Segroves; and Jimmie May, married first ? Tanner, second ? Narrod.

(2.) Russell L. Brown, b. 1842, m. Elizabeth Tate. Their 5 children were: Nancy Ann, m. Carroll Parsons; Laura, m. John Sloan; Abbie, m. Charles P. Sweeton; Victor, m. Mary Brown; and Noah, m. first Susie Henderson, second Nannie Scruggs.

(3.) James K. P. Brown, b. 1844, married Barsha Coppinger. Their 5 children were: Albert Brown, m. Bell Tate; Emma, m. Frank Gross and had the following children: Irene, Marie, Lucille, Kathleen, and Charles; Mackey, J., m. Flora May Swope, no children; Rachel, m. Henry Givens; and Margaret (Maggie) m. Lawrence Ward.

(4.) William A. Brown, b. 1847, married Penelope (Neppie) Saint and they had 8 children: Sanford (Santy), m. Maggie Nunley and their children were: Etheleen, Carl David, Sanford and Margaret; John, m. Hattie Walker: one child Vivian; Matthew, m. Ethel Charles; their children are Charles, Nellie, Emmett; Hendrix, m. Rosa Grooms; their children were Rudolph, Lucille, Rosa Lee; Marvin, m. Timmie Smith; their children were Raymond, m. Lois Nation; Dennis, m. Frances Hughes; and Stanley, m. Dorothy Beck. Eddie, m. Emma Sweeton; their children were Douglas, m. Rose ?; Ethel, m. Harmon Hodge; Gladys, m. Sam Merreil; Hazel, m. Ray Davis; and James Edward, m. Beulah Mae Nestor; Elenora, m. John C. Campbell; Frank, m. first Vera Lusk, second Flora Parmely; and Nunley. Adopted children of second wife.

(5.) Norris B. Brown, b. 1849, m. Josephine Johnson. Their 9 children were: Willie L., m. Rosa Allen; Mollie, m. John Conry and had one child; A. S. (Gus), m. Ida Sweeton; their children are: Lou, m. ? Land; Clarence, m. Helen Tucker; Eda Mae, m. ? Krichbaum; Joe, m. Elsie Maynard; Wayland, m. Dossie ?; Irene, m. ? Collins; Cora, m. ? Felts; Lillard (Snook), m. Eula Cline; Ida Grace, m. ? Coffey; and Sam. Ida, m. J. C. Parson; J. B., m. Etta Sweeton. Their 4

children were: Elmer F., Nell; Mary; and Claretta. Oscar, m. Savanna Sweeton; and Alice, m. James L. McGovern. Their 3 children were: James; Lucille; and Ima Jean. Herbert, m. Louise Poe; and Pauline, m. Rev. S. Dewey Organ.

(6.) Mary E. Brown, b. 1852, m. first Noah Stokes. Their 2 children were: Susie, m. Dr. Charles Hembree and had Mary Ellen Hembree; and Joe Harry. Nancy (Nannie) Stokes, m. Sterling Cagle and their 3 sons were: Stokes; Charles; and Edward. After the death of Noah Stokes, who was killed in a railroad accident, Mary E. Brown m. Claud Hillis.

(7.) H. Wesley Brown, b. 1854, m. Fannie Smith; their 6 children were: Mabel, m. Wiley Coppinger; Vance P., m. Bessie Savage; their children were: Percy; Herbert; Louise; Pauline; Wesley; and Lester. Bessie Brown m. George State; Ollie, married Frank Tate; Edna, married Bert Silvers; and Howard.

(8.) Prudence Susan Brown, b. 1858, m. Monroe Morton; they had five children who are not listed.

(9.) Leander Virgil Brown, b. 1861, m. Malvina Cornelison. Their 7 children were: Nancy Agnes, m. Rev. James Madison Bean; their children were: Harry; James; and Fred D.

Henry Brown m. Anna Medley; their children were Margaret, m. Floyd Coppinger; Carlos, m. Frances Coppinger; James F., m. first Clera Baskin, second Odessa Morris.

Maude Brown m. Albert Nunley and had seven children who are not listed.

Ella Brown m. first Louis Essman, second Will Adams, and had three children: Henry; Elsie; and Billy Eugene. .

Hassie Brown died young.

Herman Brown m. Maudie Seahorne; they had five children: Eunice; Doris, m. Raymond Hargis; Joyce, m. Clifford Cordell; Jimmie May, m. Bobby Sweeton; and Huey Paul.

Willie Dan Brown never married.

The 7 children of Luther Brown and his wife Laura Smith were: Gordon, never married; Annie, m. Carl Foster; Ida, m. ? Cunningham; Myrtle, m. Frank Creighton; Georgia, m. Bryan Bouldin; Paul, m. Zelma ?; and Ernest.

The 9 children of Clarence and Helen Tucker Brown were: Louella; .Clarence, Jr.; Edna; Carlene; Clara Bell; Leon; Mary; Wayne; and Peggy.

Cagle and Countess

Charles and Jacob Cagle were in Warren County in 1820. By 1840 John, David, and Henry Cagle were living in Warren County.

John D. Cagle, b. 1800 in North Carolina, m. Mary (Polly) Carter, b. 1801. Their 9 children were: Harvy McCoy, m. first Nancy Collins, and second, Lottie Nunley; Benjamin Silas Cagle, m. first Levicy Wright, second, Laura Armstrong, and third, Mary C. Smart; Preston Alexander, m. first Sarah Nunley, and second Rose Haines; Emmaline, m. James D. Knight; Permelia; Louisa; Barthenia; Loucinda; and John Elwood.

John Armfield brought Benjamin Silas Cagle from Irving College to Beersheba Springs in the

early 1850s. The 2 children of Benjamin Silas, born 1826, and first wife, Levicy Wright were: Nimrod T. Cagle, m. Elizabeth Dykes; Canova Thomas Cagle, m. first Martha Tate, and their children were: Thomas, Sterling, Anna, who married ? Earls of McMinnville; and Frank, who never married. Canova T. m. second time Nan ?. Their children were: Molly, Edna, Minnie, and Paul David Cagle, who all went to Idaho.

The 3 children of Benjamin S. Cagle and his second wife, Laura Armstrong, were: Hallie, m. Dr. William C. Barnes; Hilda, m. B. Earls of McMinnville; and Lela, who died young.

Coppinger

Coppinger is an old family which one source has traced back to Higgins Coppinger the first, who was born in 1661, at Ballyvolane Castle, County of Cork, Ireland, and married Sara O'Neill of Belturet Manor, Ulster, Ireland. This ancient family was believed to be of Danish origin. A coat of arms was issued to the family in Britain,

The first to appear in America was a later Higgins Coppinger who came over in 1761. His son was Walter "Watt" Coppinger. Higgins was a Revolutionary War soldier in Virginia who received a pension. The son Walter was born in Virginia in 1790 and married Rachel Tussey, born in 1794 in Virginia. They were married in Sullivan County, Tennessee, and had eleven children: Austin, b. 1810, m. Millie Lassiter; Jesse, 1812-1866, m. Rachel Nunley, b. 1817; Smith, b. 1814; Martha, m. Robert Allison; Jane, m. Joseph Clay; Sally, m. Thompkins Levan; Alexander, 1821-1863, m. Susan Allison; David, 1822-1883, m. Barsha Tipton; Julia Ann, 1826, m. Jeremiah Walker; Sam, b. 1828; and James, b. 1830, married Melinda Turner Tate.

The 12 children of Jesse and Rachel Nunley Coppinger were: Amanda, b. 1836, m. William Jordan; Alexander, b. 1838, m. Rachel Patrick, and was killed in the Civil War; Sara Jane, b. 1839, never married; Mary Ann (Polly), b. 1841, m. first Adam Moffitt, and second, Jeremiah Killian, son of A. H. Killian; William, b. 1844, m. first Abbie Moffitt Bost, and second, Evelyn Nunley; David (Davey), b. 1847, m. Mary (Mollie) Purdom; Lawson, b. 1848, never married; Rachel, never married; Barsha, b. 1850, m. James Brown; Levander, m. ? Turner; Frankie, m. William Stoner; Ada, never married.

The 3 children of Alexander and Rachel Patrick Coppinger were: Laura Ann, m. ? Williams; Jesse, m. Bettie Lockhart; and Alexander, m. Lizzie Nunley.

The 3 children of Adam and Mary Ann Coppinger Moffitt were: Leona, m. William Wannamaker; Claiborne, m. Molly Myers; and Amanda Moffitt, m. first James Northcutt, and second ? Kelso.

The 7 children of Mary Ann (Polly) and second husband, Jeremiah Killian were: Kelly, married ? Green; William, never married; Minnie, never married; Henry, m. Souvanna Smartt; Lillie, m. ? Warner; Jesse, m. Lou Tate, and Emma, m. W. Templeton.

The 4 children of William and first wife, Abbie Moffitt Bost Coppinger were: Francis Marion, m. Lucy Nunley; Billie; Robert, m. Lizzie Myers; Amanda, m. ? Carter.

Abbie Moffitt Bost had one child, Caldonia Bost, before marrying William Coppinger.

The 3 children of William Coppinger and his second wife, Evelyn Nunley were: Fannie, m. E. A. (Tade) Walker; Gilbert, m. Martha Hobbs; and Wylie, m. ? Smartt.

The 9 children of Francis M. and Lucy Nunley Coppinger were: Ersie, m. Douglas Givens; Ollie, m. Beecher Wanamaker; Clara, m. Oscar Wimberly; Stella; Herbert; Frank, m. Stella Gross; Floyd; John Waymond, m. Dottie Wanamaker; and Frances.

The 7 children of David (Davey) Coppinger and Mary (Molly) Purdom were: Wiley Coppinger, m. Mabel Brown; Carrie, m. Victor Tate; Maggie, m. Floyd Smartt; Claud, m. Ida Smith; Joe; Wilson; and Clara, m. Isham Brown, and died in childbirth.

The 8 children of Claud and Ida Smith Coppinger were: Randal, m. Wilma Slaughter; David, m. Ruth Barker; Gladys; twins Etheleen and Evelyn; Joe, m. Bernice ?; Grace, m. Tommy Senter; and Claud Newell, m. Juanita Monevheffer.

According to records from Queen Anne's County, Maryland, James Countess, who married Mary Green, died in 1732. Their children were: William, James, and Peter Countess, born in 1708 and married Rebecca ?. The children of Peter and Rebecca were: Mary Ann, Hannah, Sarah, James, and Peter Countess II, b. 1740, m. Sarah ?, William, b. 1742, and Rebecca, b. 1744, m. John Walker.

The 3 children of Peter Countess II and Sarah were: Henry, Sarah, and Peter Countess III, b. 1772, in Maryland, and m. Martha Burttt.

Peter Countess III bought 120 acres of land from James Tate in Russell County, Virginia, in 1801, but sold it in 1808 when he came to Warren County.

The 8 children of Peter III and Martha Burttt were: Thomas, b. 1789; Susanna, b. 1792; Reuben, b. 1794; John, b. 1795, m. Nancy Grizzle and had 12 children; Rachel, b. 1797; James, b. 1799^ m. Winnev Jordan and had 8 children; William, b. 1801; and Peter Countess IV, b. 1803, in Virginia, m. Elizabeth Louisa Farriss.

In 1827 Peter Countess IV entered 25 acres of land in Warren County for l<t per acre on Collins River, running to the mountain.

In 1846 he served in the Mexican War under Captain Adrian Northcutt and in 1848 was allowed 160 acres more land for his service. He later fought for the Confederacy.

The 10 children of Peter Countess IV and Elizabeth were: Pleasant Henderson Countess, b. 1825, m. Susannah Dugan, daughter of William Dugan; William K. Countess, b. 1826, m. Prudence Dykes, daughter of Isham and Prudence Choate Dykes; Frankey, b. 1830; Thomas, b. 1832; Martha B., b. 1834; Polly A., b. 1836, m. Noah Jones; Elizabeth, b. 1840, lived with brother Pleasant Henderson; John P., b. 1842, killed in Civil War about 1862; Louisa, b. 1846; and Virginia Ann, b. 1848.

The 3 children of Pleasant Henderson and Susannah Dugan were: Robert, b. 1848, m. Elizabeth Sartain; Mary, b. 1850, m. Jackson Sanders; and Louisa, b. 1854, m. J. V. Echols.

The 6 children of William K. and Prudence Dykes Countess were: Mary L., b. 1848, never married; Isham H., called "Dick," b. 1854, m. Nannie Gross; Jane, b. 1856, m. J. A. Hill; Nancy Frances, b. 1858, became second wife of John C. Hughes; Nelly, b. 1865, m. Lyman Rhea; and Floyd Leander, b. 1869, m. Lula Virginia Curnutte.

The 3 children of J. A. Hill and Jane Countess Hill were: Lela, never married; Maggie, m. Will Moffett; and Minnie, m. Kenneth Madewell.

The 3 children of John C. Hughes and Mary Frances Countess were: Marcus Hughes, never

married; Ocie Hughes, married ? Woodlee; and Hervey Hughes, married Charlotte Woodlee.

The 3 children of Hervey and Charlotte Woodlee Hughes were: Edna Hughes, not married; Lucille, m. Joe Beasley; and Frances, m. Dennis Brown.

Creighton

First in Grundy County was Joseph Hunter Creighton, who came from Nashville to spend some time at the old Beersheba Springs Hotel. While here, he met and fell in love with one of the local girls, Polly Ann Morton. They married and he remained in the vicinity. They had two sons, William and John. William, b. in 1860, m. Susan Killian, a cousin, and daughter of Elias and Mary Dykes Killian. The 7 children of William and Susan Creighton were: Joe, m. Nancy Sweeton; Kate, m. William (Bill) Curtis, a Methodist preacher; Robert, m. Etheleen Brown; Pauline, married ? Alexander; David, died young; Paul, married Helen ?; and Willie Sue, m. Arthur Roy Curtis.

The second son of Joseph H. Creighton, John, b. 1862, m. Mary Victoria Tate, daughter of John J. Tate. Their 10 children were: Jenny, m. W. M. Brown; Morgan, m. Eliza (Lizzie) Perry; Martha, m. Claud Hobbs; Lycurgus (Curg), m. Mary Esther Roberts; Joe, m. Zada Prater; Vernie, m. first Willie Hobbs, second W. B. Mitchell; Frank, m. Myrtle Brown; Johnny, m. Mabel Hobbs; Louise, never married; and Elizabeth, m. Melvin Hampton.

Dugan

In 1820 there were a William and a Thomas Dugan in Warren County, probably brothers. In 1830 William Dugan and wife had two sons and three daughters. When Grundy County census of 1850 was taken one Thomas Dugan, 15, was living in the home of Starling Savage. William Dugan, who was born in South Carolina in 1785, and died in Grundy County in 1867, was married to Mary ?. She was either a Tate or a Lockhart and died in 1829. She seems to be the first person buried in the Philadelphia Cemetery with a monument. William Dugan, who took up the land where the Beersheba Springs Hotel stands was one of the signers of the 1844 petition requesting that the new county (Grundy) be formed and he served as one of the county's first commissioners representing the northern section of the county. William Dugan and wife had one son, Robert, who never married, a daughter Susannah, who married Pleasant Henderson, and is buried at Pelham. Their children were Robert, Mary, and Louisa. Elizabeth Dugan married Jesse Nunley (see Nunley). Another daughter Nellie Dugan, born 1818, married John Dykes, a son of Isham Dykes and Prudence Choate Dykes (see Dykes). A son, John Dugan, a preacher in whose name the father took up land in Beersheba, married Louisa Walker, the only child of John and Temperance Dykes Walker.

The 9 children of John and Louisa Walker Dugan were: Taylor Dugan, m. Frances Brown, daughter of Russell and Mary (Polly) Dykes Brown; William; Robert, never married; James, m. Ruth Tate, daughter of Goolman; Frances; Mary, m. John Rogers, son of Terrell; John B., m. first Virginia Ransom; Rufus, m. Vina Hammers; and Louisa (Lizzie), m. John Stout.

The 4 children of Taylor and Frances Brown Dugan were: Prudence (Prudy), m. Ben Hobbs; Ira Dugan, m. Beulah Henley; Walter, never married; and Frank.

Dykes

Dykes is an old English name which has been traced back to the Norman invasion of England in 1066. According to tradition, the first Dykes came through New York and moved to Virginia. The first to reach Warren County was Isham Dykes, born in Virginia in 1773. He married Prudence Choate, born 1777, a descendant of the first Choate immigrants who came to Virginia in 1635. Isham Dykes was one of the men who came with Henry J. A. Hill from North Carolina in 1801 to make the first settlement in the Collins River Valley. Isham Dykes and his wife Prudence had 12 children: Celia, m. John Sietz and went to Alabama; Jemima, m. Jeremiah Walker and had 12 children; Temperence, m. first John Walker, second, William Morton, Jr.; Mary (Polly), m. Russell Brown; Rebecca, m. Elijah Walker; John Dykes, b. 1814, m. Nellie Dugan, b. 1818; Nancy Dykes, b. 1821, m. William Sanford Brown; Susan Dykes, m. Green Prince; Prudence Dykes, m. William Countess; Malinda, b. 1819, m. John Perry; Isham Dykes, Jr., b. 1832, m. Elizabeth Tate; and Eulitia (Lishie), m. Joseph Vickers.

The 7 children of John and Nellie Dugan Dykes were: Andrew Jackson, m. Mary Barker, daughter of Howell Barker; Mary, m. first, Charles Killian; second, George Thompson; third, ? Mansfield; Robert Tyler (Bob), m. first, Mary McCorkle; second, Mary Frances Walker; Sarah L., m. James Hobbs; Virginia Ann, m. Jefferson Stokes; Prudence, died at 14; and Elmira, m. William (Wid) Morton.

The 3 children of Andrew Jackson (A. J.) and Mary Barker Dykes were: Elizabeth Dykes, m. Nimrod Cagle, son of Ben Cagle; John J., m. Amanda Hudson; and Elijah.

The 4 children of Robert Tyler and Mary McCorkle Dykes were: Isham; Tim, married ? Daniel; Prudence, m. George Washington (Wash) Morton; John Carroll, b., 1868, m. Martha Tate (daughter of Victor and Carrie Coppinger Tate) and had three girls: Martha Opal, Nell, and Johnnie.

The 9 children of Robert Tyler and his second wife Mary Frances (Molly) Walker were: Robert Tyler, Jr. (R.T.), never married; Myrtle, m. Rev. R. A. Sullivan and had four children: R. J., James, Martha Frances, and Levi Sullivan; Morris Dykes, m. Ethel Martin; Harris, died young; Herman, m. Ethel ?; Willie, m. Irene Kersey; Lewis, m. Ruth Thomas; Grace, m. Harvey Greeter and had one child, Harvey Grace, who m. Eugene McGovern; and Herbert, m. Thelma Estes, and they had two girls.

The 7 children of Isham Dykes, Jr., and Elizabeth Tate Dykes (daughter of Goolson and Permelia Brown Tate) were: Prudence Dykes, born 1867, never married; Mary Evelyn, b. 1868, m. Billy Moffitt; Julia B., b. 1869, m. Claud Hillis, his second wife; Isham III, b. 1872, m. Nannie Nunley, no children; Etter, b. 1873, m. Junie Stotts; James C, b. 1876, m. Ada L. Harmon; and Elder, b. 1880, never married.

The 5 children of John W. and Nancy Morton Dykes were: Rosa B.; Belle; Daisy; Nancy; and Louise.

The 5 children of Etter and Junie Stotts Dykes were: Eugenia, m. Gordon Teeters; Renee, m. Jack Walker; Hassie, m. Foster Griffith; Willie; John, m. Pauline Bess.

The 8 children of Jim and Ada Harmon Dykes were: Janie; Nellie, m. John Cordell; Oscar, m. Juanita Cordell; Robert; Obed; Joe; Martin; and Clayton.

Martin Dykes, a nephew of the first Isham Dykes, was in Warren County by 1830. His 4

children were: Sanders Dykes and wife Jane had 3 children: Calhoon, Sanders, and Mary; John married Dolly ? and their children were: Sally, Jacob, John C, James, K. P., Almyra, and Sanders; Martha; and Martin.

Fults

In the 1820 census there were Adam, George, Ephraim, and two John Fults living in Warren County. By 1840 the census listed Jesse Fults, born in Virginia, Andrew, David, Alfred and Josiah.

By 1850 the following were in Grundy County: Nathan Fults, 40, with wife Mary and six children; Daniel Fults, 58, born in Virginia, and his wife Philadelphia, born in North Carolina. They had one daughter, Lydia, who married William Purdom.

Adam Fults, born 1799, in Virginia, married ? Nunley. Their 7 children were: John; Elihue, m. Mary McDaniel; Hiram, m. first ? Scott; second, Mary Smartt; Jeremiah, killed at Battle of Shiloh; Malinda, m. John Whitman; Daniel; and James.

Hiram Fults married first ? Scott. Their 2 children were: Lou, m. William Smartt; and Charlie, m. Louise Fitch (or Cannon ?). Hiram Fults married second Mary Smartt. Their 5 children were: Albert Hanner, m. first Bell Scott; second Margaret Gross; Buena Vista, m. Abner (Dock) Argo; Flora Bell, m. Jay Nunley; Thomas Jefferson, m. Pearl Hobbs; and Lewis, m. Frances Elizabeth Walker.

The 2 children of Albert Fults and Bell Scott were: Bob Fults; and Jay Fults.

The 9 children of Albert and Margaret (Maggie) Gross were: Estelle m. ? Killian; Flora m. ? Turner; Mae m. Herman McGee; Ray, never married; Elsie, m. ? Campbell; Hazel, m. Sidney Smartt; Twins: Myrtle, not married; Mable m. ? Campbell; and Mack.

The 5 children of Lewis and Frances Elizabeth Walker Fults were: Malcolm, m. Willie Mae Lusk; Mildred, m. first Gordon McGinnis; second Sam Cordell; Chester, m. Marjorie ?; Kermit, m. Ophelia Dickerson; and Juanita, m. C. B. Lockhart.

Daniel Fults married Frances (Frankie) Nunley and they had 11 children: Belle, married Jesse Givens; Ella, married ? Hobbs; Martha; Sarah; Sophie; Med; Fanny; George; Oris; H.; and James (Jim) m. Willie Smartt.

Green

Abednego Green, born in South Carolina, was in Warren County before 1813. Other Greens who came early to Warren County were Joseph, William, James, and Shadrack Green.

Samuel Green, born in England, came to the United States and served in War of 1812. He married Esther ?. Their children were: Shadrack, m. first, Scott or Nunley; second, Rachel Smith; Richard; Esther Green, m. William C. Smartt.

John Green, born in South Carolina in 1802, married a Brown, born in 1811. John Green was the miller at Hill's Mill and his 5 children were: William H.; Minerva, never married; Mary, m. Ephraim Bowers; Permelia, m. Houston Higginbotham; and Joiner, m. first a Tate; second, La Vica King.

The 2 children of Joiner Green and his first wife were: Hannibal; and Margaret, m. Doak Bess.

The 5 children of Joiner Green and his second wife, La Vica King were: William "Pat" Green, m. ? Lytle; Martha; Mary, m. a King and had two boys. Minerva, m. Joseph Tate, his second wife; and Brown Green, never married.

The 2 children of Pat Green were: Claborn; and George.

The 4 children of Livingston Green were: Claud; Hilda, m. Sam Gibbs; Hallie, m. a Smartt; and Lizzie, m. Bill Wimberly, his second wife.

And even a plain John Gross. Little John's son Leonard and grandson Johnny Gross currently live in Beersheba, as do other grandsons of John W. Gross, Glyn and John Casey Killian.

Lela Gross, daughter of John W. and Susan Bond Gross, married George McGee and they had two children: Wilda, who married Lyndon Hillis, son of Frank; and G. W. McGee, who married Nelma Dean Wannamaker, daughter of Beecher and Ollie Coppinger Wannamaker.

—Notes by Cynthia S. Killian

Hege

John Hege, born in 1822 in Germany, and his wife Wilhelmina, born in Germany in 1828, settled near Cleveland, Ohio but exchanged property with Richard Clark about 1871 and came to Beersheba Springs. They were the parents of four children: Ernest J., Julia, Wilhelmina and Moritz, who died at age 21. Julia married Fred Baumgartner and went to Georgia. Ernest J. Hege, born in Ohio in 1854, married Louisa? They were the parents of five children, only two of whom lived to be grown: Hans Hege m. Mary Tate, daughter of Victor and Carrie Coppinger Tate; and Dagmar m. Mason or Morrison Holder. After the death of his first wife, Ernest Hege married Gertrude Goelz Rohrer, a widow with four children who was originally from the Swiss Colony. One daughter was Alvina; another was Agnes, who married Willie Savage, son of Samuel Savage, and they went to Idaho. The 3 children of Hans and Mary Tate Hege were Otto, Louise, and Katherine. Wilhelmina Hege, born in Ohio in 1861, married Arnold A. Hunerwadel in 1888 after he came to Beersheba to visit his relatives, the Eugene H. Plumacher family. The Hunerwadels became the parents of four children: Julia, who m. Henry P. Ritzius; their only child was Julia, called Biddy; A. P. (Pat) m. Laura Barnes; their 4 children were Robert, Ann, Jimmy and Moritz; Otto, a Grundy County teacher, who with his wife Helen lived for many years in Burma, where he worked for the State Department under the I.C.A. Program helping the people of Burma improve their agriculture; and Alice, who m. Max Steiner.

Gross

The Gross family was probably of Norman origin. Sir William Le Gros was born in County Kent, England in approximately 1250. His descendants lived in County Kent and County Suffolk until around 1406 when Oliver Le Gros II moved to Dijon, France. The family, variously known as Le Gros or De Gros lived in Dijon until the mid 1600s, when some of them moved to Mannheim and Strasbourg, Germany and began using the name Gross.

George Gross was born in Strasbourg, Germany, around 1702. He emigrated to America as a young man, first settling in Pennsylvania, then moving to Morganton, North Carolina, where he married a woman named Mary around 1732. They had seven children: Mary, Catherine, Philip,

Christian, Francis, Henry and John. From land grants it is known that the three Gross brothers Henry, John and Christian were among the earliest permanent settlers of Lincoln County, North Carolina.

Henry Gross (b. 1746, d. 1821) married a woman named Elizabeth (b. 1753, d. 1828). They are both buried at the Old St. Paul's Church cemetery near Newton, North Carolina. Henry and Elizabeth had thirteen children: Adam (b. 1770), Suzannah (b. 1778), John T. (b. 1780), Henry Jr. (b. 1785), Daniel (b. 1785), Catherine (b. 1788), Philip (b. 1790), Mary (b. 1792), Barbara (b. 1793), Sally or Sarah (b. 1795), Christina (b. 1805), Margaret (1800), and Elizabeth (b. 1802).

The second son of Henry, Sr., John T. Gross, married Sally (Sarah) Killian, daughter of Samuel Killian and Barbara Hager and granddaughter of the pioneer Andreas Killian, in Newton, North Carolina in 1808. They moved to Grundy County, Tennessee in 1820, and are both buried in Philadelphia Cemetery. John T. and Sally had eight children, Malinda (b. 1812), John Jr. (b. 1813), Margaret (b. 1815), William (b. 1815), Lawson Henry (b. 1817), Asa (b. 1821), Anna (b. 1827) and Jonas (b. 1834).

John T. and Sally's oldest son John Jr. moved to Trenton, Georgia. William, a wagonmaker, married Winnie Brooks. John T. and Sally's third son Lawson Henry married Hannah Tucker Walker and had six children; James A. (b. 1843), Sarah E. (b. 1845), Margaret (b. 1847), Mary (b. 1849), Martha Sultania (b. 1851), and John Samuel (b. 1853). Asa, their fourth son, married Sarah Louise Bost and had thirteen children: Nancy Elizabeth (b. 1851), William (b. 1853), Sarah or Sally Jane (b. 1856), John W. (b. 1858), Jefferson D. (b. 1861), Winnie Caroline (b. 1863), Belzora (b. 1864), Emily Francis (b. 1865), Adam Daniel Lafayette (b. 1868), Lawson Floyd, (b. 1870), Mary Ann, Frank and Delia. Anna married Zeb Walker and lived in McMinnville. Jonas married Rachel Moffit and had one son, John. Jonas was killed at the Battle of Chancellorsville, Virginia during the Civil War.

John W. Gross, son of Asa and Sarah, married Susan Bond. They had seven children: Harley, who married Fannie Simons; Harris Bradford, who married Ada Lee Hughes; Lela, who married George McGee; Hallie Francis, who married Burl Franklin Killian; Haskell; and Inez.

John W. Gross was pastor of the Philadelphia Baptist Church for many years. This church in the Collins River Valley may be the oldest established church in the territory, with services dating from 1809. After the death of John W. Gross, his son-in-law Burl F. Killian was pastor from 1924 to 1961, and Burl's son Glyn Killian has served as pastor since 1961.

It is interesting to note that since the Grosses had a tendency to name their sons John it was always necessary to rely on nicknames to determine which John Gross one was referring to. John W. Gross was known as Black John, and there were simultaneously a Big John, Little John, Speckled John,

Hill

Among the first settlers in Warren County were Isaac Hill, Sr., and his son, Henry John Alexander Hill. The Hills, of English descent, first came to Maryland, then to Virginia, and on to North Carolina where Isaac, Sr., was born in Edgecombe County, 1745. He first moved to Georgia, then to Warren County, Tennessee, where he died in 1825, and is buried near the old mills tavern on "Hills Trace." He first married Lucinda Wallace of Irish parentage, and second Lydia Hill,

widow of William Hill, who may have been a brother to Isaac. Isaac, Sr., was sheriff of Edgecombe County, N. C, before moving to Georgia. His 14 children were: Henry J. A., b. 2-7-1774, in Edgecombe County, N. C; Mary Ann, m. Thomas Webb; Lucy, married ? Mayo; Elizabeth; Isaac, Jr.; Lawrence; Benjamin, b. 1782, m. Rebecca Wallace; Wright; John, father of Senator Benjamin Harvey Hill of Georgia; Whitnel, m. first Elizabeth Pace, and second Biddy Christian; Abraham Webb, (called Asa) went to Texas. He and his sons fought in Battle of San Jacinto under Sam Houston; Allen, Baptist preacher, m. Anna Parham; Sarah, m. ? Knight; and Martha, m. ? Morgan. Henry J. A. Hill, who led a large party of 30 men, from North Carolina to make the first settlement in the Collins River Valley in 1801 or 1802, married Susannah Swales Savage, widow of Sterling Savage. She was born at St. Mary's, Maryland, in 1767, and had Savage children before marrying Hill.

The 7 children of Henry J. A. and Susannah Hill were: Erwin or Irving, 1796-1836, m. his cousin, Eleanor Morgan; Isaac II, b. 1797, m. Eliza Hill, his grandfather's step daughter; Asa, b. 1799, m. Louvisa, daughter of William and Lyda Hill; Jesse, b. 1803, married ? Smartt; Melchesadick, b. 1804; Lucinda, b. 1807, m. Samuel Killian, and went to Texas; and Hugh Lawson White Hill, b. 1810, m. Virginia Ann Dearing, daughter of William Dearing and Mary Harrison Dearing of Lebanon.

The 10 children of Ervin Hill (son of Henry J. A., and grandson of first Isaac) and wife, Eleanor Hymen Morgan Hill (his cousin) were: John Alexander, killed in Mexican War in 1846; Jesse, drowned during Mexican War in Gulf of Mexico; Lawson, killed by a Tate during California gold rush; Martha Hill, m. Dave Woodlee; Henrietta, m. George Martin; Benjamin Winslow Dudley Hill; Ervin LaFayette, 1824-1869, m. Susannah Brock; Jonathan, m. Besta Scott, daughter of Cooper Scott; Henry, died while a student at Irving College from drinking cold water after becoming overheated; and Susannah Hill (1834-1879), m. Isaac Barnes.

The 6 children of Ervin LaFayette and Susannah Brock Hill were: Ervin Bowen Hill, b. 1845, m. Jane Stepp; John Alexander, 1847; Jesse J., b. 1849; David Lawson, b. 1852; Napoleon Leander, b. 1855; and Israel, b. 1859, went to Oklahoma.

The 6 children of Ervin Bowen and Jane Stepp Hill were: Martha, b. 1870, married ? Christian; Lafayette, b. 1872, m. Melissa Watson; Francis Marion, b. 1873, m. Susan Clendenon; James Henry, b. 1876, m. ? Christian; Benjamin Jefferson, b. 1878, m. first Lou Smith; second, Minnie Clendenon; and Virginia, b. 1880, m. John Bess.

The 5 children of Benjamin Jefferson and Lou Smith Hill were: Morgan, m. Clara Parsons; their children were Johnny, Morgan, and Anna Lou; Mabel, m. Wiley M. (Bunk) Tate; their children were Isabel, Pauline, and Benny Miller; Marcus, m. Robbie Etta Hobbs; their children were Louise, Elizabeth, Grace, Marcus Jr., Bennie, Sadie, Joe, Ronald, Barbara Ann, and Ruby. Marshall, m. Winona Fults; their children were Bobby, Kay, Philip, Tony, and Tommy; and Baxter, m. Ima Jean ?

The 6 children of B. J. Hill and his second wife, Minnie Clendenon Hill, were: Carrie Lee, m. Carl Willis; their children were Ralph and Wayne Willis; Marjorie, m. Rodney Petersen; J. B., m. Fay Fults; their children are Hugh Gerald and Jane Hill; Richard, m. Thelma Rollings; their children are Don, Gail, and Raymond; Susan; Waymond, m. ? Tubb.

The 3 children of Benjamin, b. 1782 and Rebecca Wallace Hill were: Isaac, m. Frances Pickett; Lucy, m. Henry Watson; and Polly, m. Gideon Bouldin.

A child of Isaac and Frances Pickett Hill was Col. Benjamin J. Hill, commander of the 35th Tennessee in the Civil War. His wife was Mary Smartt, daughter of George R. Smartt. While representing White County in the Tennessee Legislature, Henry J. A. Hill met Hugh Lawson White, for whom he named his youngest son, H. L. W. Hill.

The 10 children of H. L. W. and Virginia Dearing Hill were: Dearing, b. 1841; d. same year; Bethia, m. Dr. William C. Barnes; Livingston, b. 1845; d. 1852; Virgil, m. Emma Cain; Susan, m. John Myers; Franklin, m. Lenora Myers; Eliza, m. Joseph Deakins; Athelia, m. William S. Cain; Octa, m. Andrew Myers; and Mary D., m. James Hughes.

Hillis

John Hillis, the first member of the family to come to America, settled in the William Penn Commonwealth in 1690. A later John Hillis, Revolutionary War soldier, bought land in Scott County, Kentucky, in 1790, and was receiving a pension in 1832. John's son was Isaac, born 1788, near Lexington. Isaac had a son, Boswell Hillis, born 1825, who married Elizabeth Grissom. Their son was John who was married three times—first to Nellie Barnes, second to Nettie Stubblefield, and third to Betty Franklin. Isaac Hillis, Jr., b. 1819, m. Hannah Johnson. Their 3 sons were: Logue, m. Laura Curtis; Clayborn, m. Bethia Barnes; and Benjamin, m. Josephine Barnes.

James Hillis, a son of John, the Revolutionary War soldier of Kentucky, and a brother of Isaac, married Mary Naylor. Their 7 children were: Isaac, m. Elizabeth Drake; Robert, m. Frances Scott; Archibald, m. Elizabeth Logue; Tvixon, m. Mahala Hale; Oliver, m. Canzada Tosh; Eliza, m. William Boyd, her cousin; and Elizabeth, m. John Sutherland.

The children of Isaac and Elizabeth Drake Hillis were: James, m. Margaret Worthington; Isaiah Kelley, m. Virginia Moore; Elijah, m. Adaline Moffitt; and there were also several girls in this family.

The oldest child of Elijah and Adaline Moffitt Hillis was Calud Hillis, 1858-1930. tax assessor in Grundy County for many years. He first married Mary Brown Stokes. Their children were: Ada, m. John Crabtree; Georgia, m. Sol Schearer; Ethel, m. Henry Crawford; and Jessie, m. Katherine Butler.

After the death of Mary Brown Stokes Hillis, Claud Hillis married her cousin, Julia B. Dykes, and had one child, Addie Mae.

Hobbs

Richard Hobbs, born about 1807, and probably the son of Ezekiel, married Esther Smartt, a sister of Reuben Smartt, Sr. Their children were: Chrys, m. Elizabeth Smith; Deida, m. Jesse Nunley; Sally or Sarah, m. John J. Argo; Reuben, m. first ? Lay; second, Sallie Rogers; third, Anna Rogers; Wesley or Scat, m. Mary Nunley; Richard, m. Cella Turner; Elizabeth, m. Alex Nunley; Angie, m. William Fults; Taylor; and John.

Reuben Hobbs, born 1827, served in the Mexican War under Captain Adrian Northcut, and had the following 5 children by his first wife, ? Lay: James; Wilson; Mary, m. Ben Fletcher; Rose; and Britannia, never married.

Reuben's 3 children by the second wife, Sallie Rogers were: Eliza, m. James Biles; Laura, married James Biles; and Josie.

Reuben's 2 children by his third wife, Anna Rogers, were: Frank Hobbs, m. Fannie Fults; and Lawson.

The 7 children of Adrian Hobbs, b. about 1815, and his wife Deida were: John, b. 1836; Minerva, b. 1839; James, b. 1842; Willia, b. 1844; Faithy, b. 1846; Joseph, b. 1851; and Louisa, b. 1854.

James Hobbs m. Sarah Dykes. Their 8 children were: Berton, m. first, ? Thompson; second, George Watley; Emma Frances, m. Will Tate; Jimmy Hobbs, d. in Texas; Ben Hobbs, m. Prudie Dugan; Jennie Ann, m. Enoch Cathcart; second, ? Miller; Claud, m. Martha Creighton; Maud, never married; and Herman, m. Carlena Rubley.

Joe Hobbs m. Susie Lockhart. Their 5 children were: Dock, m. Ollie Tate; Hallie, never married; Emma, m. Henry Tate; Annie, m. Alex Knight; and Willie, m. Vernie Creighton.

The 5 children of Ben Hobbs and Prudie Dugan Hobbs were: Robbie Etta, m. Marcus Hill; Barney, m. Pauline Tate; Allison, m. ?; Eugene, m. ?; and Mitchell, not married.

The 5 children of Herman and Carlena Rubley Hobbs were: Wilsie, m. Jasper Tate; James, m. June Meeks; Dorothy, m. Freeman Irvin; Sarah Ann; and Joyce, m. Joe Knowles.

Killian

The origins of the Killian family can be traced to St. Killian of Wurzburg, Germany. Killian was an Irishman with the formidable Celtic name of Clegwallabog who became a student of the famous St. Patrick and adopted the nickname Killian meaning "the gifted speaker" or "the generous one." Around 640 Killian left Ireland with 11 companions and set out to convert the pagans in the area of Wurzburg, Germany. During the process Killian was martyred and later made a Saint. There is a St. Kilian (Killian) Cathedral in Wurzburg, Germany today, and the likeness of the Saint and cathedral have appeared on the official city seal of Wurzburg since 1308.

The Killians of Beersheba Springs are directly descended from Andreas Killian born in Wurzburg in 1702. In 1732 Andreas arrived at Philadelphia on the ship Adventure with his three children Margaret, Leonard, and John. No record has been found of his German wife. He settled in Reamstown in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, where he was married at least once, to Mary Cline. He had nine more children: Jean, Crate, Andrew, George, Brina, Daniel, Samuel, Christianna, and Elizabeth.

In the 1760s Andreas and his older sons received large land grants and settled in the Catawaba River area near Newton, North Carolina. Andreas died in 1788, and a memorial to him and his descendants can be found in the old St. Paul's Church cemetery near Newton.

Andreas' ninth child Daniel Sr. (b. 1757-59) married at least twice. His second wife was Margaret Watts. He had seven children, John and Daniel Jr. (born prior to 1790), Joseph (b. 1791), Nancy (b. 1796), William (b. 1800), George (b. 1802), and Lydia (b. 1805). Daniel Sr. was one of the first white settlers in the area near the present city of Asheville, North Carolina. Miss Josie

Killian, granddaughter of Daniel Sr., was interviewed when she was 92 years old in 1939 and recounted that there were still Indians in the area when the family lived there and the forests were so thick the early pioneers could easily become lost even near home.

Daniel Sr/ second son Daniel Jr., a blacksmith, moved from North Carolina to Dade County, Georgia prior to 1840, and then to DeKalb County (Fort Payne), Alabama in 1850. Daniel Jr. and his wife Mary had nine children, Cain (b. 1807), Elias (b. 1811), Ambrose (b. 1816), Lehar (b. 1816) and married Eli Bess, Delana, Lucinda, Susannah (b. 1825), Daniel III (b. 1828) and John (b. 1833).

The third child of Daniel Jr., Ambrose, moved to Grundy County, (then Warren) Tennessee prior to 1840. His original log cabin is still in good repair and can be seen from near the mouth of Savage Hollow. Ambrose was married first to Hannah Walker. They had two children, Jerry and Martha. He and his second wife Nancy Walker Bost had five children, Elias, J. Ambrose, John L. C, Nancy and Telitha D. Lamie. Ambrose's oldest son Jerry (J.D.) served in Co. E of the 16th Tennessee Infantry during the Civil War. Jerry's son was Henry Morris (b. 1880), and his grandson, Willie Morris Killian, still lives near Ambrose's original cabin and blacksmith shop.

Another grandson of Daniel Jr., John Houston (Hull) Killian, was an early resident of Grundy County. John Houston enlisted in the 40th Tennessee Infantry when he was sixteen years old in 1861. He was captured during the bombardment of Island No. 10 in the Mississippi River by federal gunboats and spent six months in a federal prison camp in Illinois before being released in a prisoner exchange. John Houston married Martha Sultania Gross in 1874 and they had six children: Emma (b. 1880), Lawson (b. 1882), James J. (b. 1885), Burl Franklin (b. 1888), H. Mack (b. 1893), and Houston (b. 1896).

Burl Killian ran a sawmill in Beersheba Springs and was minister of Philadelphia Baptist Church for many years. He married Hallie Francis Gross and they had six children: Thelma, Sue, Lora, John Casey, Glyn and Mildred.

Thelma, m. Lester Scott; Sue, m. Clyde Crownover; Lora, m. J. C. Smith. Son of Frank & Nellie; John Casey, m. Charlene Earle; Glyn, m. Eva Gross: and Mildred, m. Curtis Johnson.

—Notes by Cynthia S. Killian

King

James King signed the petition of August 6, 1806, asking that Warren county be established. By 1830 William King, born in Virginia in 1793, and Stokes King, born in North Carolina about 1800, were in Warren County.

Stokes King m. Frances (Frankie) Brown, daughter of Thomas Brown. Their 9 children were: Thomas H., m. Rachel Perry, d. of Benjamin; Lovelace (Lace); Elizabeth, m. John Perry, Jr.; William (Billy) m. Nancy Perry; John, m. Susan Russell; Celia, m. John Mansfield; Andrew, b. about 1827, m. Lucy Russell; Dock, m. Lela Mooneyham; and La Vica, m. Joiner Green.

The 8 children of John and Susan Russell King were: Merrill; Jasper, m. Lucinda Slaughter; Stokes, m. Mary Mansfield, daughter of Jess; John Russell; Thomas M.; Henry, m. Mary Tate; Rhoda, m. Henry King (Big Henry); and Sarah.

The 5 children of William and Nancy Perry King were: Martha, m. James R. McCarver;

Thomas, m. ? Brown; and second, Rose Smartt; Henry (Big Henry), m. cousin Rhoda King; Lana; and Eliza Jane.

The 7 children of LeRoy King and his wife, Evaline Morton King were: Hill, m. Callie Hale; Grace, m. Lester Norris; Virginia; Martha; Carrie; Maude; and Frank, m. Elizabeth Bess.

The 7 children of Jasper and Lucinda Slaughter King were: Sarah, m. Warren Smartt; Frances, m. John Gross; Pearl, m. Albert Tate; Venus, m. Lizzie Smartt; Kalter; R. G., m. Irene Smartt; and Jesse King, m. Dora Perry.

The 10 children of Henry C. and Mary Tate King were: Laura; Lillie; Flora; Fluella; Hassie; Susie, m. Jay Fults; Lena, m. Ed Childers; Harvey; Mary Porterfield; and Fred, m. Jennie Smartt.

The 2 children of Henry (Little Henry) King and his wife Etta were: Corbit H.; and Rosalee.

The 10 children of Jesse King and Dora Perry King were: Marvin; Newton, m. Rosalee King; Velma, m. Reuben Fults; Marshall, m. Iola Green; G^vW, m. Charlie Green; Creed; Jessie, m. George Green; Tony, m. Mary Edith Layne; Ollene, m. Claudie Pease; and Jack.

The 2 children of Venus and Lizzie Smartt King were: Richard; and Etheleen, m. George Huntley.

Knight

By 1850 George Knight, born in Maryland in 1805, and his wife A/ga, barn in North Carolina in 1805, were in Warren County, with a son, William R., born in Tennessee in 1832. The first Knight in the Beersheba Springs area was William, who married Martha Savage, born 1809, the daughter of Sterling and Martha Pope Savage.

The 4 children of William and Martha Savage Knight were: Dolphin Alexander, m. Sara Jane O'Rear; Sterling, 1832-1889, m. first, Manerva Hobbs; second, Mahalia CTrear; Sally, married ? Savage; and Martha, died young.

The 9 children of Dolphin and Sara Jane CTrear Knight were: Warren, m. Mary Gross and they had six children; J. Calvin, m. Peggy Ann Gross (daughter of Lawson and Hannah) and they adopted Maggie; Sarah, m. Jim Disheroon, and had two children, Jim and Estelle; Annie, m. Bob Vaughan, and had Dolphan and Minnie; Mary, m. John Caldwell one daughter, Lou, married Jim Henderson; Sterling, m. Louiza Hobbs; they had four children: Josie, Adren, Wally, Henry. George D., m. Ella Disheroon; they had one girl, Clara; Jess, never married; and Lavander, m. twice: Mary Hobbs and Phoebe James.

The 8 children of Lavander and his first wife, Mary Hobbs Knight, were: Alex Knight, m. Annie Hobbs; George, m. Pearl Childers; Albert, m. Bernice Miller; Osha, m. Patrick Henry Nunley; Hester, m. Joe Knighton; Vernie M. Caldwell; Gates; and Sally. Lavander and his second wife, Phoebe James, had two boys: Robert and Henry, who died young.

The 6 children of Warren and Mary Gross Knight were: Sarah Knight, m. ?; Tucker, m. Adrien Smartt; Lawson, died young; Willie, died young; Emma, m. Edward Childers; and Minnie, never married.

The 3 children of Sterling and his first wife, Manerva Hobbs Knight were: George Knight; William Harris; and Laura.

The 3 children of Sterling and his second wife, Mahalia CTRear Knight were: Eddie; Martha, m. William Anderson; and Sarah, m. Amos Hargis.

Lankford

Silas Lankford, born about 1813, married Mary (Polly) Sitz. Their 8 children were: William; Thomas; Vatchel; Levi; Jacob, m. Martha Canzada Dugan, d. of Ford Dugan and wife, Eliza O'Rear Dugan; Nancy; John; and Cinda. This family was getting mail at Beersheba in 1860, but had moved away by 1900.

Layne

There was a George Layne who came from Virginia to Warren County about 1800. He was married twice, first to a Miss Prater by whom he had four boys: Wyatt, Tom, Joseph, and Benjamin. The second wife was Minta Dickinson, who came from Scotland. They had three sons and one daughter. The Laynes were active in the Mt. Zion Methodist Church of Warren County. Most of them went west, to Texas, Arkansas, Idaho, and California. In 1850 there was a Daniel Layne with wife and eight children living in Grundy County. By 1900 there was a Sam Layne living in Beersheba who went to Idaho.

Lockhart

James Lockhart, born about 1784, in South Carolina, was in Warren County by 1820. He had married his first cousin, Mary Lockhart, and they brought John C. to Warren (now Grundy) where he was reared on Collins River. Other children of James Lockhart were Robert, born about 1824; Holman 1825; William 1829; Nancy 1832; and Prudence.

John C. m. Sallie or Martha Walker who died early. Their 8 children were: George W., who went to Arkansas; Andrew; John C; James M.; Mary, m. Archibald Dykes; Thomas, m. Julia Tate and went to Oklahoma; Nancy, m. J. W. Orange; and Malinda.

Holman Lockhart married Nancy Hunter. Their 10 children were: George, d. young; Dick, d. young; Janie, m. first James Lockhart, her first cousin; second, Russell Brown; Belle, m. James Nunley; Burton, m. Lawson Williams; Elizabeth (Betty), m. Jesse Coppinger; Prudence, never married; Lucy, m. Nathaniel Barnes; Nannie, m. Levi Scott; and Eliza, m. Alonzo White.

McCarver

The first McCarver in the area was Campbell, who lived in Sequatchie County. His only known son was Elias, who m. Cynthia McGill and had three children. Elias enlisted in the Civil War and when he returned two of his children, Mary and Matilda, had died. The only child to live was James. After death of his first wife, Elias m. Mary Thompson and they had 3 children: William, m. a Boyd; Etta, m. Rufus Bonner; and John, m. Jeffie Roberts.

James McCarver m. Martha King and had 7 children: Nancy, m. John Sissom; Laura, m. George Carter Tate; Prudie, m. Marion King; James LaFayette, m. Minnie Roberts; Nora, m. Tom Walker; Lawson, married ? Johnson; and Edna, married ? Barrett.

The 2 children of James LaFayette and Minnie Roberts were: David m. ?; and Bertie, m. Charles Morgan.

Morton

David Morton from North Carolina married Esther Seitz. Their 7 children were: William, b. in Cabarrus County, N. C, 1808, died 1888, m. Temperance Dykes Walker; Asa, m. Mary (Polly) Tate; Ham; Wesley; Sallie; Betsy; and Caroline.

The 9 children of William and Temperance Dykes Walker Morton were: John Morton, b. 1829, m. Mary Adline Smith; Isaiah, b. 1831, m. Elizabeth Smith; William P., m. Mary Byars; Lycurgus; Polly Ann, m. Joe H. Creighton; Caroline; Jane; Martha; and Prudy.

The 7 children of John J. and Adline Smith Morton were: John Carroll, b. 1853, m. Charity Woodlee; William (Wid), b. 1856, m. Elmira Dykes; Monroe, b. 1859, m. Prudie Susie Brown; George Washington, m. Prudy Dykes; Nancy, m. John W. Dykes; E. J., m. Rosa Bess; and Mary, m. George Clendenon, and had one child, Nellie Gray Clendenon.

After his first wife Temperance died, William Morton m. Sarah Cunningham. Their 4 children were: Mattie Morton, m. ? Loveday; Asa D. Morton; Willie, never married; and Mary Morton, m. Oscar Tate, and had two children: Etheleen and Elsie Tate. Etheleen married Henry Myers.

The 3 children of J. Carroll and Charity Woodlee Morton were: John Carroll, Jr., never married; Adeline, m. Coleman Shelton; and Margaret, m. Preston Buquo.

The 5 children of Monroe and Prudy Susie Brown Morton were: Joe, died at age 19; Gertrude, m. Bill Palmer; Mary, m. Barney Koliff of Dallas, Texas; George Washington, m. Edna Ferguson; and John Sanford, m. Bessie Salesby.

The 3 children of William and Elmira Dykes Morton were: Eugene, m. Dagmar Tate, d. of Robert and America; Bessie, m. Clyde Tate, son of Robert and America; and Blanche, m. Clyde Stotts.

Northcutt

The first Northcutt in Warren County was John, born in 1756 in Virginia and arrived in Irving College about 1806, probably with Henry J. A. Hill. He and his two sons, Isaac and Archibald, enlisted and fought with Andrew Jackson at the Battle of New Orleans. After getting out of the army John and Archibald started home but were never seen again. Isaac had been discharged the year before. John's wife, Lyncia, was left with nine children, one of whom was Adrian, who had married Sarah Cope by 1820, and bought 45 acres of land in Warren County. A few years later he acquired 500 acres and in 1844 bought 2,886 acres as a partner of Jonathan Tipton.

By the end of 1850 Adrian and Sarah Northcutt had 15 children: John, b. 1820; Lydia, b. 1821, married Joseph Tipton; Steven, b. 1823, killed in Mexican War;

James, b. 1824; William Elihue, b. 1826, fought in Mexican War; Archibald; Harris Bradford, b. 1829, m. Fannie McCrow of Beersheba; Houston, b. 1831, killed in Civil War; Elizabeth, b. 1833, m. Elijah Rogers; Lyncia Ann, b.

1835, m. Jim Hughes; Woodson L., b. 1837, killed in Civil War; Lawson H., b.

1840; George W., b. 1843, m. Serena Rogers; James K. Polk, b. 1845, m. Sarah Tate, went to Spencer; and Mary Ann, b. 1849, m. James K. Walling.

Adrian worked to establish the new county of Grundy and in 1844 when the county was established, he was one of the commissioners appointed by the legislature to organize it. He served on the county court many years and was elected in 1845 to the state House of Representatives, serving until 1849. He was elected to the Senate and served 1849-1851, and again 1853-1855, and another term in the House 1855-1857.

He opened the first store in Altamont and sold from his home for a few years. His son, Harris Bradford, is the one who opened the H. B. Northcutt and Sons store in Altamont.

H. B. and wife, Fannie, had three children, Thomas B., James H., and Tim, who married James M. Moffitt. After the death of H. B., Tom and Jim operated the Altamont store until Tom began operating the famous Northcutt store in Beersheba Springs. Neither Tom nor Jim ever married. Fannie Moffitt, a daughter of their sister, inherited money and property when her uncles died. At her death in 1955 a cousin filed a suit to settle the estate which was divided among the Northcutt and Moffitt heirs.

James M. Moffitt was a son of Add Moffitt, who was one of the workmen John Armfield had brought to Beersheba Springs. He was put in charge of making changes in the house of William White after it was bought by Armfield. Much of the early history of Beersheba has been obtained from the things remembered by the little girl, Harriet Moffitt, who came to Beersheba with her father after the death of her mother.

—Notes by Martha Northcutt Perkins

Nunley

Research has revealed that there was a Nunley in the county of Shropshire, England, in 1616. The first Nunley to come to Virginia was Richard, who came in 1630, where the Nunley family remained until after the American Revolution, when they appeared in North Carolina.

When the 1820 census was taken the only Nunleys in Tennessee were in Warren County. Because there were so many in Warren County in the early 1800s, it is difficult to separate them. Thomas, Archibald, and John, born in 1770, sold their land in Rutherford County, North Carolina, in 1809, and came to Warren. William was born in 1774 and Jeremiah soon after. It is believed that they were all brothers.

All the descendants agree that their ancestor was born on the Yadkin River in North Carolina of a Cherokee half breed mother who had married a Nunley.

Some of the Nunley men were said to have come with Henry J. A. Hill, who made the first settlement on Hill's Creek. They returned to North Carolina and brought back their families. An interesting story told by descendants is that they came with Cherokee friends and relatives, who helped them make the long trip across the mountains. The Nunleys settled on what is now called Nunley Mountain, and their Indian friends settled near by. They also say there was an Indian reservation almost next door to this mountain.

Thomas, who had been given a land grant by Willie Blount, governor of Tennessee, had six children, all born in North Carolina. They were: Elizabeth, Sally, Fanny, James, Thomas Jr., and William B. The 3 children of Tobe and Fannie Stoner Nunley were: John Toby, grandfather of Rev. Willie B. Nunley of Beersheba; Norman, who m. three times and is father of Prof. J. L. Nunley of McMinnville, and grandfather of Dr. Joe S. Nunley; and Mary, who was Lawson Nunley's second wife.

The 5 children of Commodore and Rachel Hale Nunley were: Susan, m. first, John Stoner, and second, Jeff Nunley; Eve, m. William Coppinger; Lawson, m. first, Nan Crook; second, Mary Nunley; William, married ?; and John.

The 3 children of Lawson and Nan Crook Nunley were: Lucy, m. Francis M. Coppinger; Dock, m. Belle Carter; and Jay, m. Fannie Northcutt.

The 4 children of Alex and Bettie Hobbs Nunley, sister of Reuben, were: Sarah, m. Reuben Smartt; Jesse, m. John Smartt's d., June; John, m. "Duck" Tate, d. of Polly Bost Tate; and William E., m. Ada, d. of Polly Bost Tate.

The 2 children of Willis and (cousin) Elizabeth Nunley were: Sarah, m. Preston Cagle; and William, m. Isabel Whitlock.

The 4 children of William E. Nunley and Ada Bost Tate Nunley were: Harris Nunley, m. ?; Mary, m. ?; Albert, m. Maude Brown; and Emma, m. Joe Geary.

Their 9 children were: Pascal; Mildred; Charles; Marvin Lee; Louise; Johnny; Alvin; Carl; and Aileen.

The 7 children of Albert and Maude Brown Nunley were: Ralph; Kathleen; Agnes; Stanley; Barton; Betty; and Glen.

—Notes by Frances Koole

Henry Nunley and Dawn Whitman.

William B., born 1801, in North Carolina, married Sarah Jane Smartt, daughter of Reuben Smartt. Their 4 children were: Mary, m. George Argo; Cynthia, m. ?

Gibbs; Willis, m. his cousin, Elizabeth Nunley, d. of William, first; second, Nancy Brown, d. of Alexander and Rachel Brown; Joseph, m. ? Gibbs; John, m.

Mary Jane Smith; Rachel, m. Adrian Smartt; Elizabeth, m. first, John Smartt;

second, Calvin Hobbs; Sarah Jane, m. Nelson Hobbs; Frances, m. Daniel Fults;

William C, m. Mary Rankin; and Nancy, m. first, Polk Fults; second, Lawson Fults.

Some of the children of John Nunley and Mary Jane Smith were: Elias or Ellis;

Jeremiah (Jerry); Manuel; and Jesse, who m. Elizabeth Dugan, daughter of William Dugan.

Jesse and Elizabeth's son was William C, who married Nancy Killian, daughter of Nancy Walker Bost Killian and Ambrose. The 2 children of William C. and Nancy Killian Nunley were: James, m. first, Belle Lockhart, d. of Holman; and second, Louisa, daughter of Andrew Lockhart. The 4 children of James and Louisa Lockhart Nunley were: Nannie, m. Isham Dykes; Emma Nunley never married; Hester, m. J. E. Thomas, a Methodist preacher; and Jessie, m. Gordon Northcutt, and had one son, Jimmy Northcutt.

Robert L., son of William C. and Nancy, m. Cora Patrick, and had one son, J. B.

The 3 children of Jeremiah Nunley, b. in Virginia about 1774 and his wife Jane were: Jane; Matison; and Carroll.

William Riley Nunley, b. in North Carolina in 1808, m. first, Nancy Stepp, daughter of Frederick Stepp. Children were: Mary Lou, Taylor, Lucinda, Robert, Jane, Madison, Cynthia, and Adaline. William R. Nunley married second, Susan Bouldin.

Henderson Nunley m. Caldonia Bost. Their 4 children were: Gillie, m. John Meeks, and they had 9 children; Mary Emaline, m. David Meeks, and they had 8 children; Delia, m. Walter Graham, and they had 3 children; Pearl, m. Frank Nunley, and they had 4 children.

The first William Nunley, b. 1794, m. Jean Miller, said to be related to John and David Miller of Dry Creek. Their 10 children were: William, Jr.; John, m. Margaret Smith; Jesse, m. first, Deida Hobbs; second, Lucinda Fitch; Sarah, m. Dickey Stoner; Mary Jane, m. H. C. (Baker) Fults; Greenberry Tobe, b. 1815, m. Fannie Stoner; Rachel, b. 1817, m. Jesse Coppinger; Commodore, b. 1820, m.

Rachel Hale; Alex, b. 1823, m. Bettie Hobbs, sister to Deida; and Elizabeth, m. Willis Nunley, her cousin.

In 1830 there were Nathan Perry, William Perry, and John L. Perry in Warren County. An Alexander Perry m. Elizabeth Woodiee. Their children were: John Perry, b. 1816, and two daughters, Lyda and Peggy.

By 1850 Stephen Perry, b. about 1814 in North Carolina, the son of Benjamin and Laura Cagle Perry, and his wife were living in Grundy and had these 6 children: Nelly; Marion; Malinda; Henry; Jane, m. Carroll King; and William, m. Eliza.

Henry Perry, and his wife Nancy, had these 5 children: Mary 6, Delana 4, John 3, Martha 2, Sara 6/12.

John Perry, b. in 1816, m. Malinda (Lizzie) Dykes. Their 10 children were: Euphemia, never married; Isham, m. Beulah King; James, m. Julia Christian; John Houston, b. 1844, m. Elizabeth King, d. of Stokes; Sarah, m. Stephen King; Henry Stokes; Mary or Martha, never married; Taylor, m. Rebecca Smith; Isaiah, never married; and Isaac Floyd, m. Martha Hambrick.

The 9 children of Isaac F. and Martha Hambrick Perry were: Gillie; Lizzie, m. Morgan Creighton; Viola, m. ? Sitz; Florence; Arvilla, m. ? Lankford; Joe Wheeler, m. Lela Brown; Toy; Robert; and Nettie.

Roberts

Isaac Roberts, believed to be of Irish lineage, was born in South Carolina in 1788. His wife, Charlotte or Charity, a Cherokee Indian, was also born in South Carolina in 1788. Their only known child was John L. Roberts, born 1812, and married Rose Anna Bess. The 6 children of John L. and Rose Ann Bess Roberts were: Linda, married ? Camps, went to Texas; Grundy, killed at Gettysburg; John, went to Texas; Dialpha, m. ? Overturf; Azilee, m. Alec Roach; and Isaac Washington, m. Caroline Russell.

John L. m. the second time, Polly Overturf, and had one child, Isabel, who married Robert Richardson.

The 9 children of Isaac Washington and Caroline Russell Roberts were: Anna Jane, m. John Pursley; Elijah, m. Florence McBride; Arky, m. Isham Walker; Isaiah, m. Lou Barnes; Naaman; Isaac, m. Hester Gross; Letha, m. ? Baker; Minnie, m. J. L. McCarver; and Stanley, m. Alberta Pressley.

Smartt

William, Reuben, Joseph, John, William B., and George R. Smartt were in Warren County early. The two last named each entered 5,000 acres of land next to the grant made to William Dugan in Beersheba Springs. Joseph Smartt, b. 1805, and wife Jane, had these 8 children: John, b. 1831; Adrian, b. 1833; Nancy, b. 1835; Ezekial, b. 1836; Andrew, b. 1843; Joseph, b. 1845; Wiley, b. 1849; and Mary, b. 1849.

John Smartt, b. 1815, (son of Reuben, brother to William C.) m. Rachel Nunley, d. of John Nunley. Their 11 children were: William, b. 1836, m. Mary Elizabeth Rogers; Elizabeth, b. 1841, m. John Scott; Stepson, b. 1842, m. Elvina Brown (parents of Steve Smartt); John Jr., b. 1844; Sarah, b. 1846, m. John Scott; Elacain, b. 1849, m. Elizabeth Rogers; Wesley Smartt, b. 1851, m. Esther Fults; Melton, b. 1853, m. Mary (Polly) Fults; Canda, b. 1855, m. Betty Fults; Mary, b. 1858, m. George Fults; and Jane, m. Jesse Nunley.

William C, b. 1819 (son of Reuben), m. Easter Green, d. of Samuel Green. Their 11 children were: Sarah Jane Smartt, b. 1842, m. Alex Hobbs; Reuben, b. 1844, m. Sarah Jane Nunley, daughter of Alex; Mary, b. 1846, m. Hiram Fults; Rachel, b. 1848, m. William Drake; Calvin, b. 1850, m. Victoria Hughes; Martha, b. 1852, m. John Fults; Noah, b. 1854, m. Elenora Hughes; Barsha Ann, b. 1856, m. Buck Martin; Carroll C, b. 1858, m. Helen Hughes; Deida, b. 1860, m. Charlie Hobbs; and Isaac, b. 1863, never married.

The 9 children of Reuben and Sarah Jane Nunley Smartt were: Francis Marion Smartt, m. Myra Nunley; Henry Clay, m. Ether Bess; Benjamin Franklin (Frank); Lyman Beecher, m. Flossie Tipton; Olive, m. Arnold Smartt; Alfred, never married; Louie, never married; James B., m. Vivian Brown; and Thomas, never married.

The 9 children of Henry Clay and Ether Bess Smartt were: Lillian, m. Charles Walker; Nellie, m. Lewis Whitman; Berton, m. Leo Bess; Wallace, m. Irma Bess; Lucinda; Irene, m. Elmer Fults; Marshall; Winona; and Edna Clay.

The 5 children of James B. and Vivian Brown Smartt were: Sidney, m. Hazel Fults; Aubrey, m. Annie Richardson; Rebecca, m. Eugene Norris; Carl, never married; and Marie, m. Livy Scott.

Savage

Sterling Savage and his brother, Jesse Savage, were early settlers on Hill's Creek in Warren County. The brothers were sons of Sterling Savage who died in 1794 in Edgecombe County, North Carolina, and grandsons of Robert Savage of Martin County, North Carolina, whose will was written September 13, 1788. This Robert Savage was a descendant, probably a great-grandson, of Robert Savage of Surry County, Virginia, whose will was written March 17, 1697-8. This Robert Savage is the earliest known ancestor of this branch of the Savage family in the colonies, having arrived in Virginia at least by 1682.

Jesse Savage and his step-father, Henry J. A. Hill, settled on Hill's Creek during the first decade of the 1800s. Jesse Savage lived the rest of his life in Warren County. Sterling Savage was born about 1780. He moved from Edgecombe County to Hancock County, Georgia, where he married Martha Pope (born 1791), the daughter of Samuel and Sally Pope, about 1807. Sterling moved to the Hill's Creek around 1814. In the 1820s Sterling Savage and his family moved to the head of Savage Gulf along Savage Creek in what is now Sequatchie County, a short distance from the Grundy County line. He remained there for the rest of his life. Sterling Savage died in 1854,

and his wife Martha died about 1878. They were members of the Baptist Church while they lived in Tennessee.

Sterling and Martha had eight children: Martha (Patsy), Warren, Jesse, Simeon, Samuel Pope, Brittanne, Lucinda, and Frances (Franky).

Martha was born about 1809. She married William Knight and had children: Dolphin, Sally, Martha, and Sterling.

Warren Savage was born about 1810. He settled in Hamilton County and had children: Sarah, Samuel, Jesse, Margaret, John, Sophronia, and Jane.

Jesse was born about 1812 and died in 1877. He was a bachelor and lived his life on the family farm.

Simeon Savage was born about 1814. He married first Elvira Ann Walker, the daughter of James and Polly Walker, and had children: James Sterling, married Telitha Killian; Martha, married John Bost; and Elizabeth Beersheba, married James M. Hill.

After the death of his first wife Simeon married Philadelphia Thompson, the daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth (Fults) Thompson. They had children: Brittanne, married Sidney Brewer; Jesse Lawson, married Josie Bowman; Sally Harrison, married Blaylock; Samuel Thomas (Tom), married Nellie King; and Martha Jane (Jennie), married Amos Scott. Grover married Nannie Tate. Simeon Savage died in 1891.

Samuel Pope Savage, Sr., was born about 1816. He married his first cousin, Beersheba Savage. Their children were Angelene, who married John King; Decatur, who married Fannie Tate; and Samuel Pope, Jr., who married Lou Vernie Tate. Samuel Pope Savage was still living in 1900.

Brittanne Savage (1825-1879) was not married.

Lucenda Savage was born about 1827. She married James W. Tate, son of Robert and Sally Tate. Their children included Sarah, Fannie, Robert, Prudent, and Joseph.

Frances Savage was born in 1828. She married George Walker and their children were Leroy, Warren, Brittanne, Martha, George, and Nancy. Frances Walker died in 1903.

The 5 children of Sterling and Telitha Killian Savage were: W. T. (Brack), m. Delia Gross; Anna; Mary, m. James Hobbs, son of John Hobbs; Ambrose, m. Mary Gross, d. of Asa; and Marion, m. Britannia Smartt.

Samuel Pope Savage, Jr. (b. 1862) and wife, Lou Vernie Tate, had 9 children, but only 5 lived to be grown. Samuel Pope, Jr. died in 1900, and was buried in Savage Gulf. Their surviving children were: Elizabeth (Bessie), m. Vance P. Brown, son of H. Wesley Brown; Willie Savage, m. Agnes Rohrer, d. of the second Mrs. Ernest J. Hege; Lou Vernie Savage, m. Ernest W. Tate; John; and Samuel Franklin.

—Notes by Richard Savage

Scruggs

John Scruggs and his son James both died while in the service of their country and while encamped at Valley Forge during the bitterly cold winter of 1777 and 1778.

John Scruggs II, son of James who died at Valley Forge, was the father of 7 children: Elizabeth, who m. Joseph Day; Nancy, who m. Isaac Sartain; Matilda, who m. John Sims; George; James; William; and Carter.

Carter came to Marion County when a young man and married Lucinda Kilgore, who was born March 20, 1820, in Sequatchie Valley and died at Beersheba Springs in April, 1884.

The Scruggs family is of Irish lineage and the Kilgore family of Scottish descent. By occupation, Carter Scruggs was a farmer and saddler; however he served a term as clerk of the Circuit Court and tax assessor. He was one of the first J. P/s of Grundy County, and also chairman of the county court; in addition, he also taught school for a time.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter Scruggs became the parents of 10 children: (1) Nancy, b. 1840, m. Henry Overturf; (2) John, b. Feb. 19, 1844, m. first Winnie Walker, daughter of Zedekiah Walker, and second, Bertha Freudenberg O'Leary; (3) Sarah Scruggs, b. July 13, 1846, m. John Calvin Smith, a resident of Beersheba Springs; (4) Martha Scruggs, m. William A. Brown, son of Billoat Brown, and a farmer in Warren County; (5) James Scruggs, born Dec. 9, 1848, m. first Sarah Thompson, and second, Annie Schild, and third, Anna von Rohr; (6) William Scruggs, m. Anna Cagle and went to Texas; (7) Thomas Scruggs, m. Elizabeth Cagle, sister to Anna; (8) Milly Scruggs, m. William Lathrum; there were two other children who died young.

John Scruggs, son of Carter, left school to join Company A of 35th Tennessee Infantry commanded by Albert Hannah, nephew of John Armfield. He participated in battles of Perryville, Ky., Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, and Atlanta. At Chickamauga he was knocked senseless by an exploding shell, and in the same battle 14 bullet holes were found in his clothes, but none touched him. More than 50 bails penetrated his clothes during the war.

At the close of the war he was employed by H. B. Northcut as a salesman. He then taught school and in 1870 was elected clerk of the County Court for 4 terms. He was also superintendent of the public schools of Grundy County for ten years.

Eight children were born to John Scruggs' marriage to Winnie Walker; James D., a farmer; Joseph H. Miner of Tracy City; Mary C; and Laura Ann. Four other children died young.

To his second marriage to Bertha CTLeary were born seven children: Twins, Addie and Ada, who first m. Haskell Tate, and second, Jerome Payne; Robert Bryan; William Clarence; Tom, m. Florence Rollings; Tim, m. Frank Rollings; and Clara Mabel, m. Jay Shelton.

The 4 children of James Scruggs and Sarah Thompson were: Ella, m. Lavator Cannon; Etta, m. Louie Disheroon; Nancy (Nan), m. Noah Brown; and Ed, m. Amy McDaniel.

The 3 children of James Scruggs and his second wife, Anna Schild, were: Carter, m. Mrs. ? Cox; Charlie, m. Stella Patrick Nunley; and Lewis, m. Mary Abernathy.

The 3 children of James Scruggs and his third wife, Anna Von Rohr, were: Grady, m. Nellie Meeks; Esther, m. ? Sigmon; and Isabel, m. Elmer Thompson.

Smith

John Calvin Smith, born in 1846, and died 1932, came to Beersheba Springs some time during the Civil War and married Sarah Scruggs, born 1846, died 1898, daughter of Carter Scruggs. Statement of Laura Brown: "Pa" The 5 children of Lillie Smith and Floyd Gross were: Edgar, m. Ruby Tate; Ethel, m. Joe T. Tate; Claud; Clyde; and Delia Mae.

The 4 children of Ernest and Nora Meeks were: Georgia, m. B. A. Smith; Melvin, m. Hester Layne; Rosie, m. Holly Cole; and Esther, m. first Leroy Argo; second Robert Jones.

The 7 children of Frank and Nellie Smith were: J. C, m. Lora Killian; Sarah Emma, m. George Smartt; William Franklin (Bud), died in World War II; Nell m. first Troy Wilhite; second Wayland Brown; Jean m. Robert Carr; Annie Grace; and Mildred.

Stokes

Young Stokes was born in Georgia and married Barbara Gross, born in North Carolina, and died in Dade County, Georgia. Their 10 children were: Lawson Henry, b. 1835; William Brantley, b. 1836, m. Mary Catherine Wheeler; Greenberry Jefferson, b. 1839, m. Virginia Ann Dykes; Isaac Isiah, b. 1841; Anna Catherine, b. 1843, m. Eli Smith; Martha Ann Barbara, b. 1845, m. James Smith first, Lockhart Walker second; Levi A. b. 1848, in Dade County, Ga., m. Mattie Gilstrap; Noah, b. 1850, in Dade County, Ga., m. Mary Ellen Brown; Thomas; and Josephus.

The 2 children of J. S. L. Walker and Martha Ann Barbara Stokes were: William Jackson, b. 1878; and Henry Bradford.

Noah Stokes, b. 1850, killed in train wreck 1882. He married Mary Ellen Brown, b. 1852, daughter of William Sanford Brown.

The 3 children of Noah and Mary Ellen Brown were: Susie Etta, b. 1876, m. Dr. Charles W. Hembree; Mattie W., died when one year old; and Nancy (Nannie), b. 1880, m. Sterling Cockrill Cagle.

Tate

Robert Tate purchased land on Moccasin Creek, Russell County, Virginia, in the early 1770s. Robert and his wife Mary had six sons and one daughter. The oldest son, Joseph, remained on the Moccasin Creek land but the other five sons, James, John, Robert H., Aaron and Alexander came to Warren County with Henry J. A. Hill before 1805. Their father, Robert, died in 1806, and they returned to Virginia for the settlement of the estate and brought their mother back to Warren County.

Little is known of the daughter, Polly, who married Meredith Price, or of John, who married Leddicia (Dice) Hogg, or of Alexander, who married a Henderson. Aaron moved to Alabama before 1840. Robert H. and James remained in Warren County. Robert H. was married twice, to Suzannah and later to Scinthy. He died in 1867 and left the property to his wife Scinthy and unmarried son, Aaron V. After their deaths the land was sold at auction and divided among several heirs, some of whom were Mitchells, Jennie Woodlee, Jessie Tate who married John Keel, Mary Tate who married Henry King, Porter Tate, and Susie, wife of Quincy Love, children of William and Ellen Tate.

James Tate, born about 1780, was the most prolific of the sons. He and first wife, Ruth, had 13 children. These were: Robert, b. 1799, m. Sally (maybe a Lockhart); Mary, b. 1800; Davidson, b. 1802, m. Dorcas Myers; Sarah; Joseph; Margaret (Penny); James M.; Twins, Jahaziel and Zazeel, b. March 4, 1814; Samuel Jackson; Elan H., b. 1817, m. Jane Turner; John Goolman, b. 1820, m. Permelia Brown; and Eveline, b. 1823, m. Andrew Gross.

James and Ruth Tate were divorced. He married Elizabeth Smith and had five more children by her: James W. M., b. 1827, m. Mary Dugan; Francis Asberry, b. 1830; Meredith P., b. 1830; Nancy, b. 1833, m. Jonathan Bost; and Elizabeth, b. 1835, m. Marcus O. L. Bost.

James, who served in the War of 1812, was known as Major James Tate. He died in 1849 and is buried in Philadelphia Cemetery.

Robert (son of Major James) and Sally had 10 children: James W. Tate, b. 1822, m. Lucinda Savage; John J. Tate, b. 1824, m. Martha Hicks; William Holeman, b. 1825, m. Prudence Lockhart; Francis Marion, b. 1826, m. Mary Bost; Elizabeth Tate, b. 1828, m. James Reilly; Humphrey P. (Pose), b. 1829, m. Elizabeth; Calvin G. S., b. 1832, m. Fannie Christian; Prudence, m. Vance Lockhart; Joseph S., m. Helen Larimore; and James, m. Caroline Smith.

John Goolman Tate, b. 1820, and his wife Permelia Brown, had 9 children: Mary E., b. 1841, m. William Brown; Elizabeth, b. 1842, m. Isham Dykes, Jr.; James B., b. 1844; Russell, b. 1848; John, b. 1854, m. Sarah Smith; Ruth, b. 1856, m. James M. Dugan; Julia, b. 1857, m. T. B. Lockhart; Martha, b. 1859; and Nancy, b. 1859, m. George Rogers.

The 2 children of John and Sarah Smith Tate were: Herbert; and Floyd, m. first Nancy Sweeton and had two children, Clyde and Therman; second Sarah Vann and had one boy, Floyd Tate, Jr.

The 5 children of James W. and Lucinca Savage Tate were: Sarah; Fannie; Robert; Prudent; and Joseph.

The 11 children of John J. and Martha Hicks Tate were: Elizabeth, b. 1847; James D., b. 1849; Sarah S., b. 1850, m. Polk Northcut; Francis Marion, b. 1853, m. Minerva Tate and their children were Willie V., Walter, Delia, Lassie, Mamie, Carrie, Charlie, and George.

Robert D. R., b. 1855, m. America Dutton and their children were Dagmar, Arnold, Oscar, Clyde, Haskell, Sexton, and Jim.

Elijah, b. 1858, m. Mary Ann Williams and their children were El, Beth, Dess, Ike, Ernest, Tull, Mary, Eva, Ella, Jim, Willis, Hallie, and Bertha.

Clara Belle Tate Bowden, celebrated New Orleans entertainer, at two keyboards in the Beersheba Hotel Lobby.

Joseph, b. 1858 (twin to Elijah), m. first Susan Smith and their children were Albert, Elizabeth, Hilda, Nancy, and Mary; Joseph m. second Minerva Green and their children were Stokes, Nathaniel, and Maudie.

John Armfield, b. 1861, m. Hattie Tate and their children were Albert, Ernest, Hattie, Bill, Nettie, John, Nell, Charles T., and R. J.

Albert, b. 1863, m. Eva Thompson and had one child, Mary Elizabeth.

Victor L., b. 1867, m. Carrie Coppinger and their children were Mary, m. Hans Hege; Martha, m. John Carroll Dykes; Joe T., m. Ethel Gross; Wiley "Bunk", m. Mabel Hill; Ruby, m. Edgar Gross; Allie, m. Andrew Anderson; Frances, m. Morris Layne.

Hubert, m. first Vesta Layne and second Katherine Gilbert; Naomi, m. Frank Melfi; Hazel, m. Leander Layne; Victoria, m. Bill Morrison first, and second Harvey Bess; and Eugene.

Mary Victoria, b. 1867 (twin to Victor). Her children are given under Creighton.

William M., b. 1869, m. first Emma Hobbs and their children were Nellie, m. Frank Smith; Annie, m. Earl Hargis; and Garnet, m. Hazel Beck.

William M., b. 1869, m. second Martha B. (Mattie) Smith and their children were: Ruth, m. Hoyt Cook; John Franklin, m. Mabel Schulze; Clara Belle, m. Sam Bowden; Bessie, m. Harvey Bess; and Leonard, not married.

The 2 children of Oscar and Mary Morton Tate were: Etheleen, m. Henry Myers; and Elsie.

The 6 children of Clyde and Bessie Morton Tate were: Hembree; Lottie Bell; Richard; Glen; B. D.; and Clyde Jr.

The 6 children of Robert Tate (called Wooley Bob) and Margaret were: Lou, never married; George Carter, m. Laura McCarver; Champ, never married; Ollie, m. Dock Hobbs; Henry, m. Emma Hobbs; and Othella, m. Charlie Tate, son of Francis Marion.

The 5 children of George Carter and Laura McCarver Tate were: Rupert, Lillian; Margie; Paul; and Lloyd, m. Dora Smartt.

The 9 children of Albert and Pearl King Tate were: Jasper, m. Wilsie Hobbs; Lucinda, m. Bill Johnson; Iola, m. Joe B. Tate; Burton, m. Sidney Walker; Roscoe; Morton; Paul; Lester; and Edward.

Willie V. Tate (son of Francis Marion) married Delia Smith. Their children are: Alfred, Lorene, Woodrow, Alton and Arthur.

Thompson

By 1820 there were Daniel, David, James and William Thompson in Warren County, and by 1830 there was a Thomas (Tommy) Thompson. James Thompson, a lawyer of McMinnville with his family were among the first guests when Beersheba Springs was chartered in 1839. In later years his little daughter, Louisa, told about the game which was brought in by the hunters and the fresh produce which was brought from McMinnville by wagons and cooked by slaves.

By 1860 Tommy Thompson, b. 1808, in Louisiana, and wife Elizabeth Fultz (Fults), b. in 1822 in Tennessee, were getting mail at Beersheba Springs post office. Their 11 children were: Philadelphia, b. 1843, m. first Isaac Brown, and second, Simeon Savage; Jane, b. 1846; George, b. 1848, m. Mary E. Dykes; James K. P., b. 1849; Sarah C, b. 1850, m. James Scruggs; Mary, b. 1852, m. Elias McCarver; Jesse T., b. 1854; Marion, b. 1856; Elizabeth, b. 1858; Albert, b. 1860, m. Rachel Dalton, died at Tracy City; and Beersheba (Barsha), b. 1863.

The 6 children of George Thompson and Mary Dykes Killian Thompson were: John, m. Christine Daniels; James K., m. Hassie Pearl Kirby; Lena; Mary; Leona, m. Eugene Pauff; and Jack.

The 6 children of John and Christine Daniels Thompson were: Banks, m. Lela Hobbs; George, m. Gertrude Etter; Elmer, m. Isabel Scruggs, and had one child, Ralph; Irene, m. ? Gibbs; Lena Pearl, m. Ernest Rubley; and Eileen, married ? Savage.

George and Gertrude Etter Thompson's children are Mary Ann, Bobby, Jimmy, and Linda.

Walker

In 1820 there were four Walkers listed in Warren County: Alexander, Samuel, Gabriel, and James. James Walker, son of William and Sarah Walker, was born in Virginia in 1771, and married Nancy Bost, daughter of Josiah Bost. They had one child, Polly, who later married Nathaniel Turner.

After the death of Nancy, James Walker married second Polly Campbell, the daughter of Hugh Campbell. The 15 children of James and Polly Campbell Walker were: Martha (Patsy), b. 1801, m. John T. Lawles; John Walker, b. 1803, m. Temperance Dykes, d. of Isham Dykes. John died in 1826, leaving one child, Louisa, who afterward married John Dugan; Isaac S. Walker, b. 1805, died 1826; Jeremiah, b. 1807, m. Jemima Dykes, d. of Isham; Elijah Walker, b. 1809, m. Rebeckah Dykes; Margrit Walker, b. 1811, m. James Levan; Harvy Walker, b. 1813, m. Sarah Lankford; James C. Walker, b. 1815, m. Betty Bond, d. of William; Almira Walker, b. 1817, m. Sanders Dykes; she died in 1839; William H. Walker, b. 1818, died 1828; Elvira Anna Walker, b. 1822, m. first Mames Lockhart, and second, Simeon Savage; Hannah T. Walker, b. 1825, m. Lossan H. Gross; Samuel Davis Walker, b. 1828, m. Elizabeth Bond, daughter of James; Elizabeth Sarah Walker, b. 1832, married James Smith Lockhart Walker, son of James H. Walker; and Jacob, b. 1836.

The 4 children of J. S. L. Walker and Elizabeth Sarah Walker were: (I. H.) Isham, m. Catherine Walker, d. of Zed and Anna Gross Walker; Mary Frances, b. 1861, m. Robert Tyler Dykes; Savannah, m. Bill Wimberly; and a child who died young.

After Elizabeth Sarah died, J. S. L. Walker m. Martha (Mattie) Barbara Stokes, and had two sons: William Jackson, never married; and Henry Bradford, m. Iola Hodges.

The 12 children of Jeremiah Walker, b. 1807, and Jemima Dykes were: John Walker, b. 1831, m. Mary A. Burke; Samuel Walker, b. 1832, m. Sally; Prudence Susan, b. 1833, unmarried; James J., b. 1834, m. Naomi Reed; Isham Dykes Walker, b. 1836, m. Emily a. Lankford; William Harvey Walker, b. 1838, m. Susan Moore; Jeremiah Allen, b. 1839, m. Sally M. Jones; Isaac D., b. 1842, unmarried; George Monroe, b. 1844, unmarried; Harrison Benton, b. 1849, m. Belle Seitz; Margaret Ann Elizabeth, b. 1852, m. John Stowers; and Jim Lankford, b. 1854, m. Sallie Reed.

The 3 children of James Walker, b. 1815, and Betty Bond Walker were: William, b. 1840; John, b. 1846; and Jeremiah, b. 1849.

The 3 children of James Walker, b. 1815, and Betty Bond Walker were: William, b. 1840; John, b. 1846; and Jeremiah, b. 1849.

The 14 children of Elijah Walker, b. 1809, and Rebeckah Dykes Walker were: James, b. 1833; Jacob, b. 1835; Elijah, b. 1837; Louisa, b. 1839; Samuel, b. 1841, m. Mary Cooper; Martha A., b. 1842; Martin J., b. 1843, m. Lucinda Fults; Elizabeth, b. 1845; John G., b. 1846, m. Julia ?; William W., b. 1848; Rhoda, b. 1850; James P. A. Walker, b. 1852; Henry E. Walker, b. 1856; and Levi H. N., b. 1859.

The 6 children of Martin Jackson Walker, b. 1843, and Lucinda Fults were: Orpha Walker, b. 1870, m. Arnold "Pappy" Kissling; Hattie, b. 1872, m. John W. Brown; E. A. (Tade) Walker, b. 1877, m. Fannie Coppinger; Maggie, b. 1879, m. Elder Whitman; Thomas Walker, b. 1882, m. Lenora McCarver; and Frances Elizabeth, b. 1885, m. Lewis Fults.

The 4 children of Samuel Davis Walker, b. 1828, and Elizabeth Bond were: Isaac A., b. 1853;

Mary S., b. 1854; James W., b. 1856; and Nancy E., b. 1858.

The 4 children of E. A. (Tade) and Fannie Coppinger Walker were: Eva, m. J. L. Rollings; Frances, m. Roy Fults; Elijah, m. Mae Dickey; and Willie Martin (Bill).

The 7 children of Thomas and Lenora McCarver Walker were: Charles, m. Lillian Smartt; Dorothy, m. Bassie Norris; Robert (Bob), never married; Sidney, m. Berton Tate; Morris, m. Alma Jean Bohr; Parker, m. Sarah Ann Hobbs; and Loretta, m. Leonard Gross.

Isham Walker and Arky Roberts Walker had one child, Alease, who married McKinley Richardson. Their children are Cleo, Mary Jane, Annie Myrtle, and Hazel.

The 14 children of Zedekiah and Anna Gross Walker were: Sarah (Sally), m. Frank Roddy; Mary Evelyn, m. Thomas Abernathy; Barbara, m. Emory Nunley; Winnie, m. John Scruggs; John A.; Lawson, m. ? Scott; James, m. ? Thompson; Margaret; Martha; Louisa, m. D. W. (Dock) Williams; Catherine, m. Isham Walker, son of J.S.L.; Phrona, m. Worth McCollum; Barsha, m. Willie Nord McGregor; and Venus, m. Annie Myers.

Wanamaker

The name is of German origin and exists today in Germany as Wannemacher, meaning basketmaker. The family was an old and noble family, were land owners, and were Protestant leaders. The emperor of Austria bestowed a coat of arms upon their ancestor, Wilhelm Wannemacher, in October, 1555. The first Jacob Wannamaker came to Orangeburg, South Carolina, in 1735, and later served in the Cherokee Indian War.

The 6 children of Jacob Wanamaker and wife Nancy Turner were: James, m. Lydia Bond; Margaret, m. William Patrick; Susan, m. Reuben Fults; Fanny; Mary; and William Wanamaker, m. Leona Moffitt, d. of Adam and "Polly" Ann Coppinger Moffitt. The children of this union were Frances or Frankie, m. L. Scott; Elza, m. Ida Dunn; Nancy, m. James Wannamaker; Floyd A., m. Prudie Gross; Amanda, m. Frank Hillis; Oscar, m. Hester Coppinger; Hallie, m. John Nelms; Beecher, m. Ollie Coppinger; and Hilda, m. Arnie Lusk.

Whitman

Uriah Whitman, born in North Carolina in 1801, and his wife Mary, born in Tennessee in 1799, were living in Warren County when the census of 1830 was taken. Their 6 children were: John, b. 1826, m. Malinda Fults; Alice, b. 1833, m. William Fults; Edward, b. 1834; Jeremiah, b. 1837, m. Elizabeth Green; William R., b. 1840; and Abram, b. 1844.

The 5 children of John and Malinda Fults Whitman were: Sarah; Jesse, m. Rachel Smartt; Jane, never married; Drusella (Cilia), m. Taylor Gross; and Elder, m. first a Nunley; second, Maggie Walker.

The 8 children of Jesse and Rachel Smartt Whitman were: Lettie, m. Venus Bess, son of Jack Bess; Hallie, m. John Bess, son of Doak Bess; Agnes, m. Eli Bess, son of Jack; Myra, m. ? Gray; Octa, m. Dick Lockhart; John Whitman, m. Ruby Myers; Lewis, m. first, Mamie Myers; second, Nellie Smartt; and Lester, m. Mymie Givens.

The 3 children of Elder Whitman were: Dean; Marshall, m. Lucille Green; and Arnold, m. Magdalene Huntley.

Woodlee

By 1820 John and Jacob Woodlee were both in Warren County. John Woodlee, b. in 1766, in Virginia, was the son of Jacob Woodlee and came to Warren County about 1810. He married Lyda Harrison. Their 12 children were: Jacob, b. 1789, m. Mary (Polly) Rogers; Mary; John; Reuben, m. Elizabeth ?; Elizabeth Woodlee, m. Alexander Perry; David; Harrison; Greer; Jefferson; Abner, m. Louisa Hill, d. of Isaac and Lydia Hill; James; and Lyda.

The 9 children of Jacob and Mary (Polly) Rogers Woodlee were: John, b. 1817; Levi, b. 1818, m. Telitha Martin; Jacob, m. Louisa Hill Woodlee, widow of Abner; Enoch, m. Mary Reed; Mary, m. William Bonner; Greer; Elijah; and the twins: Andrew Jackson, b. 1838, m. Louvisa Barnes; and William Carroll, b. 1838, m. Caroline Barnes. *

The 4 children of Reuben and Elizabeth Woodlee were: Lyda, m. James Hughes; Nancy, m. Hugh Armstrong, Jr.; Gracie; and David, m. Martha Hill.

The 5 children of Abner and Louisa Hill Woodlee were: John Lafayette, m. Mary Etter McKnight; Mary Jane; Louvisa; Isaac; and Elizabeth.

The 8 children of James and Nancy Armstrong Woodlee were: Eudora, m. ? Patton; William, m. Mary Anna Smith; Lydia; Sue, m. J. H. Pallon oi Pelham; Lisy, m. Dick Rowan; James, Jr. (Pone), m. Almia Dykes; Elizabeth (Betty); and John, m. Martha Bouldin, daughter of J. M. Bouldin.

The 7 children of Harrison and Dovie Carheart ? Woodlee were: Jacob, m. Jennie Mitchell first, and second Emma King; Mary, m. Jesse Etter; Sarah Jane, m. Thomas Barnes; Charity Manerva, m. J. Carroll Morton; Franklin, never married; Dee Witt, m. Levisa Barnes; and Edwin Harrison, m. Tennie Bedingfield.

The Rev. Enoch Woodlee, b. 1825, m. Mary Reed. Their 6 children were: Savannah, m. ? Cathcart; second, Patrick Barnes; Augustus Henry, m. Emily Walker; Levi, m. Betty Willis; Mary Victoria, m. James A. Cathcart; M. J. D., m. Maggie Steakley; and J. B. (Buck), m. Mollie Thompson.

The 2 children of Jacob and Jennie Mitchell Woodlee were: Mabel; Jennie, m. Walter M. Woodlee.

The 5 children of James and Sarah Ann (Walls) Bonner were: James; Rufus, m. Eva McCarver; Joseph, m. Myrtle Huntley; Magburn, m. Nancy Walker; and Ada Bell, m. Haskell Madewell.

The 7 children of Andrew Jackson and Louvisa Barnes Woodlee were: Andrew, m. Fannie Harrison Nunley; Mollie, m. A. P. Hill; Lafayette; Charlie; Enoch, m. Rebecca Walker; Daisy, never married; and Charlotte, m. Hervey Hughes.

The 6 children of John and Martha Bouldin Woodlee were: Matt; Lee; Talmadge; John; Carroll, m. Mamie Sweeton; and Pearl, m. J. B. Levan.

The 5 children of Carroll and Mamie Sweeton Woodlee were: Lincoln, m. ? Wimberly; Estella, m. first, Arthur Roy Curtis; second, Ted Dickerson; Geneva; Agnes; and Carroll, Jr., m. Thelma McGee.

The 6 children of James, Jr. (Pone) and Almira Dykes Woodlee were: Paddy; Thomas; Nancy; Fred; Bettie; and Henry, m. Lena Schwoon.

Lonnie (Bud) Whitman in City Hall.

Poems by Leonard Tate

Winter Penance

Wind-scourged, winter-chastened,
Ascetic and dumb,
The thorn trees do penance
Till April shall come.
For their expiation
Do these not suffice—
Ashes of fallen snow,
Sackcloth of ice?
Atonement is finished,
And this the reward—
This rancorous laurel:
The crown of our Lord.

-Leonard Tate

Wild Geese

And suddenly we two became aware:
Faint crying sounds against October wind.
Searching the southward skies I saw them then
But "Lost!" my father said. And flying high
Confused, they wavered, strung like beads, wheeling
One on another. Lost! O, untamed hearts
I see you go, unquiet forevermore. . .
Oh leave me not, my heart beats with your own—
I, too, have cried into unlistening wind. . .
Leonard Tate

The Honored

I feel esteemed that God should make
His world of nature for my sake.
I am akin to every brook
Into whose mirror I may look,
I sense a close affinity
To every heaven-reaching tree,
And feel each palpitating note
That pulses in the thrushes throat.
Yet there are those who dare to dream
Of sullyng the silver stream,
And with a single careless flame
Reduce the tree to ash and shame,
Who think it sport, and not a wrong,
To still the thrush's lyric song.
And so I pray the water clear
Remembers me and has no fear,
The tree that longs to touch the sky
May tremble not when I pass by,
That I, with some bilingual word,
Might reassure the frightened bird
To sing, as I, that God should make
These things of beauty for our sake.

Leonard Tate

Trailing Arbutus

How many seasons, after she grew old,
I brought arbutus from the waking land—
Shell pink-and-white, that she again might hold
The redolence of April in her hand.
The year has turned anew; across the hill
The gleam of pale arbutus blossoming
Can not with earthly beauty ever fill
The absence of her presence in the Spring.
So strange it seems a flower delicate
Could have a mortal quality—whose bloom
Of innocence can yet insinuate
Deep in the heart its arrows of perfume,
And by this subtlety accentuate
The presence of her absence in the room.

-Leonard Tate

Summer Rain

I could be kind
to anyone who loves the amber, summer
rain that comes in showers; frothy
and sweet and tepid—that smells
of pollen dust, and tastes of the
rain-moist and fuzzy pumpkin vines.
Winds before rain in summer tell
of moisture in the clouds, and,
turning all the green leaves over,
show their silky underthings.
My heart could hover
near one who loves these well
close as a wing. Beside the harrow
rusted since spring using, we sat, feeling
the ecstasy in rain that bowed the grass;
we breathed the fragrant earth, and found
in this a peace that would not pass.
And fireflies lingered close upon the yarrow.

Leonard Tate

Abandoned Road

For one short day of time it knew the feel
Of trampling hooves; it was a symbol, then,
Of progress, and the lunging of a wheel
On stone spoke the supremacy of men
Over all nature. Crumbled now in rust
Are tools of those who came to blaze the way;
The builders of the road are gone, their dust
Mingles inseparably with this clay.
Triumphant trees are quick to hide each trace
Of man's ambition and his great travail;
Only the washed-out stones now mark the place
Of wilderness defied—to what avail?
All they encroach upon belongs to these
Conquering stones, these swift-returning trees.

Leonard Tate

Mountain People

We are mountain people.
We are a boorish set, they tell us—
Hard-bitten, coarse of feature and of speech,
Shallow and brawling as the mountain streams,
With morale friable as our sandstone.
All my life I have wanted to tell them:
That we are mountain people,
That mountain streams have pools of deep quietness,
And that beneath the sandstone of our hills
There is granite.

Leonard Tate

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Beersheba Springs Historical Society

This publication began as a comprehensive revision of the book *Beersheba Springs: 150 Years, 1833-1983*, published by the Historical Society in 1983. It proved impossible, however, to complete the revision by the end of the summer of 2009. So that the visitor may have a summary account of the interesting history of the place, and a detailed history of its hotel and United Methodist Assembly, it was decided to print a small number of copies of the introductory chapter and the Hotel-Assembly chapter. The complete, searchable text of the first edition is (or soon will be) available at <http://grundycountyhistory.org>

It is our hope and intention to have a complete revision ready for the summer of 2010 with updated accounts of the homes, several family histories, and new stories and pictures as well as some – but probably not all – of the material from the first edition.