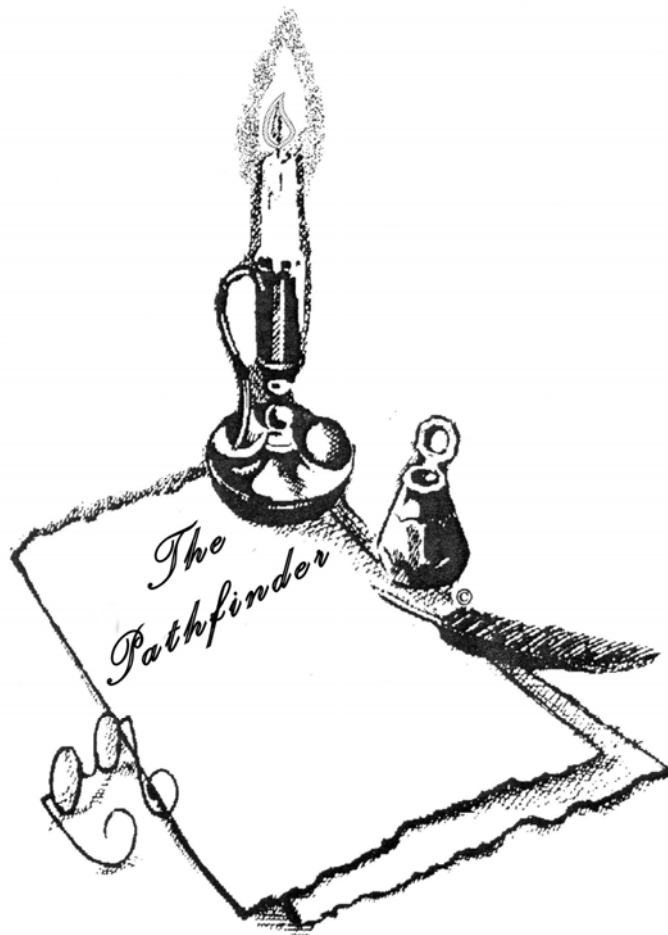


# *The Pathfinder*

A Quarterly Publication of the Grundy County Historical Society

Grundy County, Tennessee



Vol. 25 Number 3 – September 2020

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## **News, Notes, & Greetings from the Pathfinder Editorial Staff**

History is always being made, but this year our history is like none before. COVID 19 has stopped our whole world in its tracks making 2020 unique. In the distant future historians will be looking back on our time much as we are taking a look back at those who came before us. Would you love to have a first-hand account of some of the things that took place during some of your ancestors' lives? Here's an opportunity for you to leave a record, no matter how brief, of what is happening now for your future descendants. Write about how you were affected and what you felt about the pandemic. It's history in the making- your history!

We are proud to announce that our long awaited 175<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Grundy County Pictorial History has arrived. We have copies now available for \$49.95. If you didn't order your book during the pre-publication sale, get yours now. Send your mailing information to Grundy County Historical Society; P.O. Box 1422; Tracy City, TN 38387, with your \$49.95 payment plus \$7 for shipping or come by the Heritage Center at 465 Railroad Ave. in Tracy City. We want to thank everyone who had a part in the effort to put this publication out to the public and that includes those who sent photos to be used, those who promoted the book, bought & sold ads, put the book together, sold books, distributed books, and any of the many things they did to make the book a reality. Thank you, everybody.

We have a new chief editor of The Pathfinder. She is Gabby Crabtree, who was one of the primary workers on our new pictorial history. Gabby's considerable computer skills and willingness to give of her time has been a blessing to the entire Society. We welcome her to this new position and at the same time thank Sharon Goodman for the many years that she served in this capacity. Volunteers make this organization possible. If you would like to volunteer, we would love to talk with you about what you can do to help. Please call 931 592-6008 or email [heritagelibrary@blomand.net](mailto:heritagelibrary@blomand.net).

Janelle Layne Taylor

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## **Early Doctors of Grundy County**

This list was compiled by S.R. Brvesch, MD of the University of Tennessee at Memphis and is published as written. These are the doctors known to have practiced in Grundy County: George Byron Alder 1916 in Coalmont, Elijah Walker Bailey 1887 in Tracy City, Llewellyn Phelps Barber 1887 in Tracy City & 1898 in Monteagle, L. Barnes 1903 in Tracy City, William Barnes 1898 in Tracy City, James M. Bell 1860 in Altamont, Upton B. Bowden 1914 in Pelham, David Hampton Bryan 1898 in Monteagle, Lynn Adolphus Carden 1898 in Pelham, Charles P. Cochran 1876 in Tracy City, Emmett Gattis 1909 in Coalmont, Alberto Hudson 1909 in Monteagle, C.F. Hutton 1876 in

Pelham, William Andrew Jackson 1921 in Monteagle, Bailey Peyton Key 1898 in Tracy City, Eugene C. Lindsey 1925 in Tracy City, Eugene C. Lindsey 1925 in Tracy City, Henry Lockhart 1912 in Coalmont, Walter Lee McCaleb 1929 in Coalmont, B.S. McCurdy 1896 in Tracy City, Edward C. Marks 1890 in Tracy City, J. Morgan 1890 in Tracy City, Robert M. Morgan 1898 in Tracy City, James Odum 1887 in Pelham, R.B. Owens 1887 in Tracy City, Alfred Paine 1836 in Beersheba Springs, W. Frank Park 1887 in Tracy City, George W. Pearson 1898 in Pelham, James B. Ritchey 1860 in Altamont, Marshall F. Sayles 1898 in Monteagle, Elisha Martin Sims 1876 in Pelham, A.M. Tullis 1902 in Tracy City, William D. Rogers in Coalmont, William Perry Stone in Tracy City, Thomas Franklin Taylor in Monteagle, W.E. Tillett in Tracy City, Charles W. Hembree in Tracy City, George Douglas Hayes in Tracy City, John J. Crossland, and J. N.W. Conn 1850 in Pelham.

This is not a comprehensive list since we know that there were others who are mentioned in other records.

In addition to these names, others are known to have practiced medicine and surgery in the area. One was Dr. George D. Cullender b. 8 July 1819 in TN and died of typhoid fever per the TN Mortality Census on 5 October 1849 in Pelham and is buried in Old Baptist Cemetery located on Tom Patton Rd. Dr. Cullender left a wife, Mary C. Cullender, living in Pelham. She is listed as a physician in the 1860 Grundy Co. Census, so she must have taken up his profession after he died. Living with her in 1860 was Reuben Hasser, age 16 who was attending school.

More detailed information on some of these doctors follows.

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**Dr. Upton Beall Bowden Jr.**  
(12 December 1884 – 24 August 1951)

Compiled by John W. Bowden, grandson

Dr. Upton Beall Bowden was born December 12, 1884, in McComb, Mississippi, to Rev. Upton Beall Bowden and Henrietta Pennington Douglas Bowden.

Dr. Bowden came from a family background of missionary work and caring for others. His father and his grandfather the Reverend William Kirtland Douglas M.A., S.T.D. were both Episcopal ministers. He, his brothers and other family members were made aware of the opportunity to attend The University of The South in Sewanee through the affiliation with the Church. The University had a Medical School and he decided to enroll. The sister of Rev William Kirtland Douglas moved to Sewanee and operated a boarding house to help with housing for the young men. Dr. Bowden graduated from the University of The South in 1907. He did postgraduate work at Vanderbilt University.

Dr. Bowden continued helping at the University of The South in a teaching role. He was asked in 1912 by Dr. John S. Cain, Dean of the Medical School, to go to Pelham to help meet their medical needs including an outbreak of typhoid fever.

During his trips there he met a widow Della Wilder Ramsey and her 6 year old son Laney David Ramsey. Dr. Bowden and Della were married in 1913.



*Dr. Bowden, Della and Dr. Bowden's mother, Henrietta Pennington Douglas*

Dr. Bowden would travel by any means required including auto, horseback or buggy to the local communities to administer what he could to help with their needs. He met all medical requirements regardless of whether they could pay or not pay. He is reported as serving as dentist, surgeon and general practitioner. He saw that no one went without medication.

In September of 1927, with confirmation from the State of Tennessee Health Department, he began the development of a co-operative sanitation and educational work program with Bledsoe, Sequatchie and Grundy Counties to teach about the sources and prevention of typhoid



*Sanitary pit privie under construction*

fever, dysentery, diarrhea and enteritis of infants, smallpox, tuberculosis and diphtheria. The State Health Department stated that nothing was more important than to wipe out these diseases. The value of this work had been proven in other counties in the reduction of the death rate from these communicable diseases.

Dr. Bowden held community meetings persuading adults that sanitation is a way of life given to us by Moses. Sanitary pit privies were built as each county court passed ordinances requiring every family to have a sanitary way to dispose of human excreta.

Dr. Bowden with his staff of one sanitary inspector, one nurse and one secretary held clinics in schools, theaters, churches, stores, along roadsides and any place people would gather for "shots" to prevent typhoid,

diphtheria, whooping cough and smallpox. Teachers cooperated by helping with “Blue Ribbon” parades for children who had gotten their shots. Parents soon realized the value of the shots and soon the dreaded diseases were under control. Many people still talk about him coming to their school and giving shots or performing his duties while maintaining a friendly and congenial demeanor.

The Great Depression created hardship for everyone. He delivered babies where there was plenty and where there was not even a floor in the small one-room house built of poles cut from the forest or “slabs” from the sawmill. He would bring with him layettes made by the W.P.A. ladies for the new-born. Often the family would have nothing in the house to eat so the next day he would return with corn meal, flour, lard, beans and meat.

Dr. Bowden established the first Health Department in Grundy County in 1928 and served as a general practitioner and the County Health Official for 38 years. He also served as the Health Official for Warren County.

Dr. Bowden was a member of Christ Episcopal Church in Tracy City, a Mason, a Shriner and the Order of Eastern Star. He endorsed and enjoyed all types of community activities including horse shows and baseball games.



*Dr. Upton Beall Bowden*

He and Della made their home in Pelham with their 4 children:

Laney David Ramsey who later married Agnes Nadine Womack,

Della Henrietta Bowden who later married Joe Cecil Ray,

Charles Upton Bowden who later married Mildred Reaves, and

Ethel Virginia Bowden who later married Robert Howell Stricklin.

Dr. Bowden and Della’s front porch and their doors were always open to the community that they loved and felt blessed to be a part of.

He died August 24, 1951.

# SANITATION

A way of life.....  
 First shield against disease .....  
 It must come from within the people.

It is nourished and grows as an obligation and an ideal in human relations.

The first law of sanitation was given by Moses to the people of Israel. Deut. 23:13 "and thou shalt have a paddle upon thy weapon; and it shall be when thou wilt ease thyself abroad, thou shalt dig therewith, and shalt turn back and cover that which cometh from thee."

It is the aim of the students of the biology class of the Grundy County High School to bring to the citizens of our County a knowledge of our sanitation problem in the field of human waste disposal in relation to pure drinking water.

The story of life and the story of water are inseparable. Water is second only to oxygen in its importance to the body. In short, water is the essence of life.

**INSANITARY CONDITIONS BRING THE FOLLOWING DISEASES: TYPHOID FEVER, YELLOW FEVER, MALARIA, POLIO, CHOLERA, TYPHUS, INFANT DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, HOOKWORM, TUBERCULOSIS, HEPATITIS, & BUBONIC PLAGUE.** With the knowledge of the dangers of insanitary conditions and the fact man is a victim of his own filth, we have made a survey of our county and present the following facts for your consideration:

1. A survey of 3264 homes in Grundy County shows we have 352 homes with no privy at all! Surface soil must not be polluted by wastes.
2. We have 672 homes with open back privies! Flies, rodents, domestic animals, or cockroaches should not come in contact with wastes.
3. We have 1236 homes with pit privies. Privy should be fly proof, rodent proof, and a minimum of 100 feet from your well, otherwise, you may be drinking a drip, Mister. Too, every home should build an approved pit privy in case of nuclear attack. Consult the Health Department for specifications.
4. We have 1004 homes with septic tanks. Some of these tanks are dangerously close to the home water supply. Some were discharging raw sewage on the surface of the ground or into open ditches. Your septic tank must be 75 to 150 feet from your water supply .

Not only family and community health are at stake, but many livestock diseases are known to be transmitted in impure water.

No matter whether your water comes from well, cistern, spring, or surface supply, you should make it safe from human excreta and keep it safe.

**EVALUATION:** Approximately 68% of our homes have substandard (dilapidated or not worth repairing) sewage disposal systems.

**RECOMMENDATION:** Raw sewage from malfunctioning septic tanks, cesspools, overflowing pit privies, and open back privies is being discharged into open ditches and onto the surface of the ground to the extent that we have created a potential source of contamination to our water supplies. Therefore, we are hoping that in the very near future all sewage disposal systems be required to meet the standards of the local health department, and that no privy installation shall be permitted for new construction without the approval of the health department.

As you can see from this survey we have serious sanitary defects. Conditions for the spread of communicable diseases are present. Think on these things, resolve to do something about them, and thus make Grundy County a sanitary place in which to live.

**DR. UPTON BEALL BOWDEN, JR**

1884

1984

Born December 23, 1884

**HONORING HIM ON HIS ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY**

**Founder of the Grundy County  
HEALTH DEPARTMENT**

**STATE OF TENNESSEE  
DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC HEALTH  
NASHVILLE**

**E.L. BISHOP, M.D.  
COMMISSIONER**

September 20, 1927

Dr. U.B. Bowden,  
Grundy County Health Officer,  
Pelham, Tennessee.

Dear Doctor Bowden:

Mr. E.C. Stoy, representing this Department, has conferred with you relative to the development of a cooperative project in sanitation work for Bledsoe, Sequatchie and Grundy Counties. Mr. Stoy has asked that I confirm the offer which he made personally, at my request.

The State Department of Health is willing to develop a cooperative program of sanitation and educational work in these three counties, provided each county will appropriate \$300 for transportation and incidental expenses, covering the period January 1, 1928 to December 31, 1928. The budget for this year's work would amount to a total of \$2,700, and of this, the State Department is willing to supply \$1,800, provided the three counties share equally with each other by appropriating \$300 each, the total of the three counties' appropriations amounting to \$900 per annum.

Work would be started January 1, the first three months being devoted to educational work in the schools and in the individual counties. Sanitation work would start about April 1, and continue to the expiration of the year.

I know of nothing more important than work of this kind, for typhoid fever, dysentery, diarrhea and enteritis of infants, and diseases due to intestinal parasites are prevented by sanitation methods which would be instituted under the leadership of the Sanitary Inspector assigned in charge of these three counties. The value of this work is proven in Rhea and Anderson Counties, where a similar activity has been going on for a considerable period of time, and has become about the most popular activity in the county. It strikes at one of our fundamental health problems, and unless we can have the cooperation of our counties in the solution of our problems, it will be impossible for us to progress in the reduction of our death rates from communicable diseases.

I would, therefore, request that you call a meeting of your County Board of Health, and that a resolution be prepared by your Board for presentation to the County Court, in order that they may make the appropriation necessary.

It should be understood that, unless all three counties grant the appropriation of \$300 each, it will be impossible for the State Department of Health to grant its aid in the project. It should be carefully noted that the State is willing to assume two-thirds of the total expense, provided the counties assume one-third.

Will you not advise me at the earliest convenience of the action taken by your Board?

Very truly yours,

**E.L. Bishop,  
Commissioner of Public Health**

"The service a man renders to his fellow man is the highest gauge by which he can be judged on this earth and no doubt will figure in the judgment by the Highest Authority... We see in his passing a "scholar of the old school", one who will not be replaced for a long, long time."

*Grundy County Herald 1954*



WHEREAS: U.B. Bowden, M.D. has departed this life since the last Regular Meeting of this court,  
And

WHEREAS: No living person had devoted more of his time, energy, talents and abilities to the welfare of Grundy County in general and to the health and welfare of its citizens collectively and individually in particular... we laud and commend his efforts for the benefit and betterment of the people of Grundy County... and commend his life and example to present and future generations." ---- The Grundy County Resolution passed by the County Court at its session on October 3, 1951

Acknowledgment: Some material in this article came from the *Homecoming '86 History of The Elk River Valley, (Pelham Valley) of Grundy County* compiled by Arlene Partin Bean and Janelle Layne Coats

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## **Dr. David Hampton Bryan, M. D.**

**(1858-1949)**

by Jackie Layne Partin

Contributions by Bob Douglas, David Randall Bryan and John Milton Bryan, Jr.

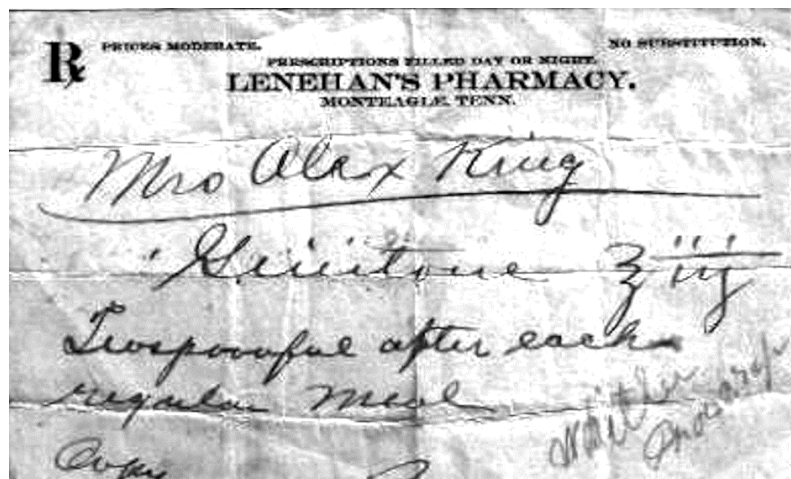
Some appreciative patients named their newborns after their beloved doctor, Dr. David Hampton Bryan. For example, **David Hampton** Wells, Mary **Bryan** McFarland, and **David Bryan** Thomas were a few of those babies. We are a strange lot of people; we expect a doctor to be there when we need him, and today, he or she is accessible most of the time except on holidays. One needs to think back to the medical situations of the late 1800's and early 1900's when the "Doc" traveled by foot, mule, or horse and buggy. Dr. Bryan was no different in his mode of travel in Monteagle and the surrounding areas. As a young doctor, he traveled by horseback when making house calls or by foot if the calls were close enough to keep him from saddling the horse.

Bob Douglas, a former neighbor of the doctor, recalls recorded, home visits that Dr. Bryan made to a Trussell family who lived near Pelham. The family had contracted typhoid fever, and several members were quite ill. The good doctor traveled four miles up and down the mountain on his horse twice a day to take care of the family. In the coming years, just for fun, he graduated from his horse to a big-wheeled bicycle and later for work trips, to a T-Model Ford sedan. Who was this man who gave so freely to those in need of medical attention?

David Hampton Bryan, born **Dec. 20, 1858**, was one of seven sons of John Alexander and Charlotte Elizabeth (Hampton) Bryan. David's brothers were Robert Jefferson, John A., Jr., Ben, William Ransom, George Edward "Eddie" and Joseph Wade. Like the neighbors around the Bryan place, farming went on in a big way. John, Sr. had plenty of help with the plowing, caring for animals, milking and anything else that a farmer's chores entailed; just as soon as a little son grew strong enough to fork hay or milk a cow, he was given a chore. Little Ben may have died between **1870** and **1880** leaving six sons to do chores. David Hampton's favorite stomping grounds were around Fountain Grove, Prairie Plains and Hillsboro.

It was only a matter of time until he met the love of his life, Frances Louvinia "Fannie" Brixey. They married in Warren County on **Nov. 1, 1883**. Fannie's mother was the former Martha Elizabeth Swann of Verville, Warren County, Tennessee. Her father, Calvin L. Brixey, was infamous for his cruelties during the Civil War. He stole anything he wanted and killed off folks, (or had it done), he did not like, one being Anderson S. Goodman, an ancestor of my husband, Grady Ward Partin. Local Grundy County men also aided him in his rampages, two being Martin Van Buren Phipps and James Conaster. Martin Phipps moved to Cooke County, Texas to avoid the backlash from his time spent riding with the Brixeyites. Martin went so far as to name one of his sons *Calvin S. Phipps*.

Before David Hampton and Fannie Bryan moved to Monteagle, Dr. William Kirkman Bowling, purported to be a descendant from John Rolfe and Pocahontas, was living in the newly formed Chautauqua, the Monteagle Sunday School Assembly. He lived there only a couple of short periods during two seasons, and because of his age and his prestigious position probably tended only to those inside the domain as a resident physician. In **1885** Dr. Bowling died in Nashville. The Bryans saw a need in the growing little village for someone to care for the sick, so before **1891**, they moved to Monteagle. Dr. Bryan may well have been the first medical doctor to linger many years with the needy folks of Monteagle. I'll name a few of his patients: Clara Etta Wooten was delivered by him in **1898**; the following were tended while sick and until death by him: little Gracie Lee Levan, **1914**; Thomas Raymond Metcalf, **1914**; Emma Casine Scott, **1917**; William Thomas, **1916**; Mont David Barnes, **1916**, Margaret (Turner) Starling, **1915**, Henry Clay Parker, **1929**, and my great-grandfather, Alex Benson King, **1912**. Even my great-grandmother was given a prescription by him as seen here.



Prescription written for Mary Athelia (Perry) King  
by Dr. David Hampton Bryan

The young family seemed to have lived near the DuBose School area on the Grundy County side of the tracks while Fannie was alive, but at some time after her death in **1908**, Dr. Bryan and young Laura moved over to the Marion County side of town. Dr. Bryan continued his medical practice, but he needed someone to watch over his eleven-year-old daughter. Mary (Lowrie) Francis, wife of Robert Cooper Francis, became Laura's baby sitter for all the times that the good "Doc" was called out on duty. This is how Dr. Bryan became acquainted enough with Mary's half-sister Martha Lowrie to ask for her hand in marriage. They eventually moved into a small, two-room house behind the home of Robert A. and Nannie (Henley) Francis. The house now belongs to the Francis family, and underwent some renovations. It is located just south of the barn on said property and north of what used to be Kitty Bell Lane that separated the Will Richmond place. It is now **(2013)** the Tony Gilliam property.

In **1927** Dr. Bryan served as the Sunday School Superintendent at Morton Memorial Methodist. Folks thought of him as a kindhearted, dedicated man as he went about his work. Bob Douglas remembers him as being a tall, slim man with a jovial personality. He also remembers that Dr. Bryan was the first person that made him think really hard when he asked Bob about which came first, the chicken or the egg.

Dr. Bryan and his first wife had two children, but only one child, Laura, survived. He and Martha had no children. Laura grew up to marry Ragnar Gustraf Arthur Thele who immigrated to the USA from Stockholm, Sweden. He and Laura moved to Jefferson County, Alabama, where he worked as a civil engineer in the Birmingham Electric Company, and she was a clerk in the Birmingham Fire Insurance Company. Ragnar passed away in **1982** and Laura in **1988**. Both were brought back to Monteagle Cemetery and buried beside Laura's parents.

In his older years, Dr. Bryan moved to Prairie Plains to live with his nieces, Hattie and Mamie. He took his T-Model with him. He was ninety years of age when he passed away in his beloved Prairie Plains in Coffee County. He had outlived both his wives. Mary Elizabeth had died in **1938**. His body was brought back to Monteagle and placed between his two wives in the Monteagle Cemetery.



*Dr. David Hampton Bryan in his older years with a friend.*



*Left: Dr. David Hampton Bryan and a friend on a day of leisure. The photo isn't clear, but we can readily see the big fish and the fishing pole.*

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## Is There a Doctor on the Mountain?

Devon Lockhart Slough

Dr. Henry Lockhart was born on April 5, 1871, in the mountains of Grundy County, Coalmont, Tennessee, the only child to John William ("Uncle John Andy") Lockhart and Elizabeth Caroline Spong Lockhart.

Unfortunately, not much is known about his younger years, as my dad and all his family are gone now, but from family stories I remember hearing, my great-grandfather Henry Lockhart grew up wanting to serve his community. He grew up in a rural mountain community and saw for himself what the lack of healthcare did in those areas, where doctors were few and far between and served many communities. He decided to go to medical school and



*Henry Lockhart in his younger years*

attended Tennessee Medical College at the University of Tennessee and graduated in 1898 when he was 27 years of age.

Then, in 1898, came the conflict in Cuba culminating in the Spanish-American War. Once again, Dr. Lockhart felt compelled to serve and volunteered his services in the Army, we believe serving as a doctor during the war. He was a Private in Companies E and H in the 4<sup>th</sup> Regiment Tennessee Infantry. After contracting malaria, he was discharged in 1899. He, then, returned to Coalmont to continue his medical profession. In 1904, he was elected the Grundy County Health Officer. In 1920, he was named Secretary and Treasurer of the Grundy County Medical Association.



**SPANISH-AMERICAN VETS**—These local men were members of the Fourth Tennessee Volunteers, a unit which took part in the Spanish-American War of 1898. A banquet was given in Tracy City when the men returned in

May, 1899. This group includes members of Company H—Sgt. David H. Beaty, Sgt. Robert S. Turner, Sgt. Sidney L. Simcott, Sgt. John H. Nunley, Henry Lockhart, and Cpl. Joe C. Looney. Photo of Albert Bonholzer

Dr. Lockhart had an illustrious medical career, practicing for at least a quarter of a century. He spoke often at medical conferences and had articles published in medical journals. He was considered an expert on community health and preventative medicine - a doctor before his time. It is eerie how words spoken at a medical conference in the early 1900's parallel the COVID-19 pandemic of 2020. "Better community health is an issue between money and morals, between dollars and men; not always clearly perceived; frequently imperfectly understood, but when brought down to its last analysis, we find it too often to be ignorance and greed against intelligence and health. We know now that health is a purchasable commodity. We can prevent disease if we are willing to pay the price. Clean milk, clean water, clean streets, clean houses, clean schools, clean churches and clean people may all be had if we are willing to pay the price.

It is, today, entirely up to the community whether it wishes to be clean and healthy or filthy and diseased.”



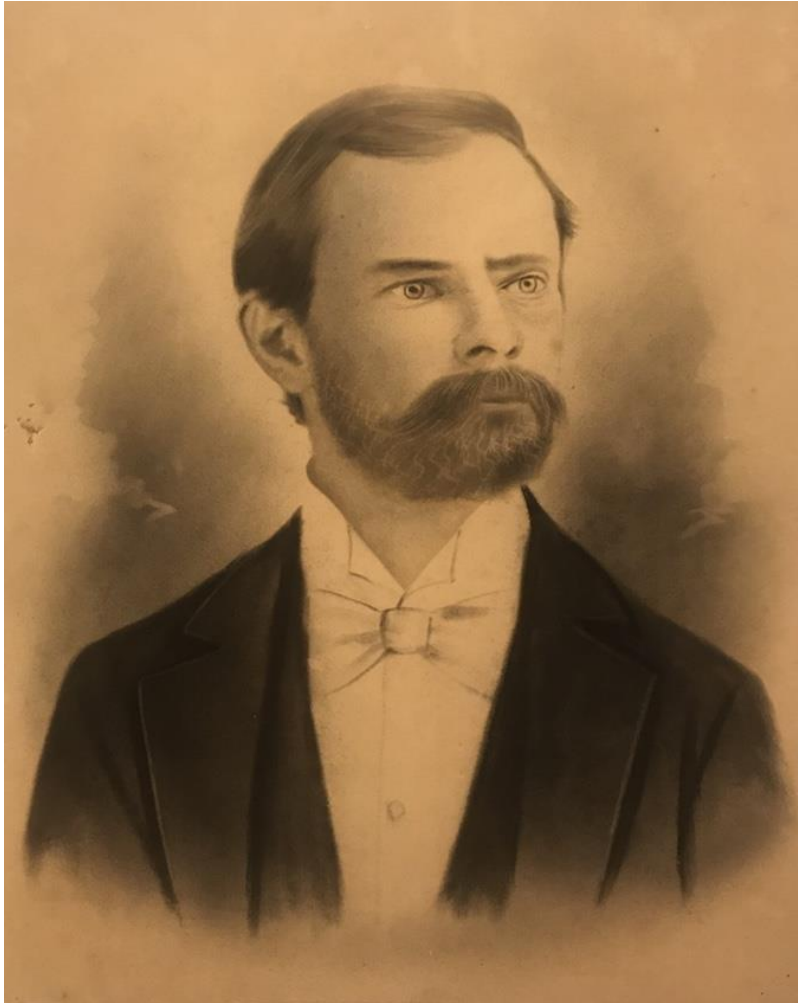
*Camp of Dr. Henry Lockhart, his wife Cleo, daughter Lucille and son Henry Younger "Doug" Lockhart, circa 1916. Their daughter, Beryl, had just died the year previous to this in 1915.*

On March 17, 1900, Henry Lockhart married Cleo Etter of Irving College, Warren County, Tennessee. They had 3 children: Lucille Lockhart Hudson (1901-1960), Beryl Lockhart (1904-1915) and Henry Younger "Doug" Lockhart (1909-1956). Sadly, in 1915, Beryl died tragically in a house fire when she was only 11 years old.

In 1916, Dr. Lockhart contracted tuberculosis. Finding the harsh, mountain winters tough on his health, he packed up his family and started spending the winters in Florida, becoming an original "snowbird." Before settling permanently in Florida, Dr. Lockhart and his family camped each winter until they found *the* place that they wanted to make their permanent home. In 1922, the move was made final and he and his family settled in Ft. Lauderdale, FL. With both Henry and Cleo still having family in Coalmont and McMinnville, TN, they visited often, and their visits often

lasted weeks. In 1928, while visiting family, Dr. Lockhart suffered a heart attack and died on June 22, 1928. He is buried in Tracy City Cemetery, Grundy County, alongside his daughter, Beryl. When his wife, Cleo, died in 1956 in Ft. Lauderdale, she was buried next to her husband and daughter in Grundy County. His other 2 children, Lucille and Henry Younger are both buried in Ft. Lauderdale.

Coming from a family committed to their service to the community, Dr. Lockhart instilled a life of service in his own children. His own father, John "Uncle Andy" Lockhart held various political offices in Grundy County, including Justice of the Peace for 3 terms, was the Tax Assessor for 2 years and was Register of Deeds during the Civil War. Dr. Lockhart's son, Henry Younger "Doug" Lockhart was a Ft. Lauderdale police officer and served in the Navy for 5 years during WWII. He then went on to be elected as a Ft. Lauderdale City Commissioner in 1955; and his grandson, Henry Douglas Lockhart was a teacher, coach and mentor for 37 years. Dr. Lockhart was committed to serving the people on his mountain by offering the best medical care he knew to give.



*Dr. Henry Lockhart, 1898, Tennessee Medical College graduation picture*

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## **Dr. William Dewitt “Duke” Rogers**

by W. H. “Bill” Nunley

*Grundy County Herald 1976*

The country doctor occupied a unique place in community life. He was greatly admired for his professional skills, but his worth was far more than that. He was a friend.

He rejoiced with you when the wet, new-born eyes of your child first saw the light of day. He consoled the family when the efforts to breathe became too much for an aging parent or grandparent, and it was the country doctor who explained as best he could death from a disease not then named or understood.

The name of the first physician to practice in Grundy County is lost to history. Perhaps the name is not important. What is important is that as soon as the various settlements in the county had sufficient population to support them, physicians came to the mountain and a rudimentary practice of medicine began.

In 1887 Tracy City had five physicians who advertised their services: E. W. Bailey, L. P. Barber, C. F. Hutton, R. B. Owens, and W. F. Park. In Monteagle only J. M. Porter had hung out his shingle. These six physicians may have been the most to practice in Grundy county at any given time.

Drs. Henry Lockhart and Byron Alder had recently completed their practice here when William Duke "Doc" Rogers arrived in 1931. He held an M. D. degree from Emory University and came to Coalmont from the coal mining town of Durham, Georgia, located at the edge of Lookout Mountain.

The Sewanee Fuel and Iron Company may have lured him here to administer to the health care of their miners.

The death of his wife caused him to leave the memories where he had practiced for many years, so he came to Coalmont alone.

The doctor boarded at the old Wigwam Hotel with five other men. A black man named Leck Vincent cooked their meals.

Dr. Rogers' office was in a small two-room building behind the Wigwam; but, in the era when doctors made house calls, he saw many of his patients at their homes.

His driver, Jack Parmley, chauffeured him first in a 1928 Chevrolet and later in a second-hand 1930 Ford wherever he needed to go—day or night.

If you are over the age of 40, and a native Grundy Countian, chances are high that you were either delivered or later treated by "Doc" Rogers. He charged thirty dollars to deliver a baby, but after delivering a baby for a family in Georgia, he informed the proud father the bill was sixty dollars. The man asked him why the bill was twice the regular amount. Rogers replied, "Because your father never paid me for you."

The death of a child or baby always upset the doctor, but his driver remembers the death of Louis Whitman of Altamont as the one that distressed him above all others.

Whitman was a big, strong man who died of pneumonia. After walking out of the Whitman house he hung his head. "He's dead, Jack. I should never have lost that man."

This was shortly before the development of the so-called miracle drugs that would make the death of a healthy man from pneumonia a rare occurrence. The doc was voicing his



frustration at not having the tools in terms of medicine and knowledge to save a patient that didn't have to die.

If the practice of medicine had its darker moments, it had a lighter side too. "Doc" Rogers always wore a dress coat, even in summer. Jack Parmley was driving him through Coalmont one Summer day and the "Doc" had his arm out the open window when a bumblebee flew up his sleeve inside his shirt. It stung him repeatedly as he begged Jack to stop. "Whoa, Jack. Whoa, Jack. Whoa, Jack. Whoa!"

On another occasion they were driving and the doctor asked Jack to find a good place and stop so the doctor could go to the bathroom. Jack got busy driving and talking and forgot about the request. After several miles the doctor looked over and said, "By the way, Jack, I ain't too particular any more about the place."

The doctor's account ledger tells a great deal about the hard times that were the thirties in Grundy County. Few patients could pay all they owed, and fewer still paid in cash. Many paid in goods or services.

Doll Meeks paid 25 cents on her bill with two squirrels at 12 ½ cents each. Henry Scholer of Gruetli paid his bill in the summer of 1931 with four frying chickens (1.50), one pound of butter (\$.25), one bushel of apples of apples (\$.50), and other produce from the farm. Sam Nunley cut stovewood and gave the doctor huckleberries for payment. Clell M. Dykes of Tracy City paid seven dollars with two chairs, one a rocking chair. Lee Layne of Beersheba paid his bill with five gallons of gasoline (\$1.00), and with gas, oil, beer and sandwiches valued at \$3.80.

Doc Rogers sent all his patients who needed difficult surgery to Erlanger in Chattanooga, but minor surgery was performed both at his office and at a patient's home. The doctor's account ledger shows numerous occasions when he also performed dentistry and charged the patient one dollar for extracting a tooth.

Charles E. Nunley vividly recalls the pain when "Doc" Rogers lanced an infected knee. The doctor kept probing into the infected area until Charles could stand the pain no longer. He reached over by the fireplace and picked up a small poker and told the doctor he would hit him with it if the doctor touched him again. "By the way, I guess I'll leave it alone," Rogers replied.

When the Wigwam Hotel closed, Rogers boarded with W. H. Warren and "Hub" Griswold became his driver.

In 1935, Rogers took pneumonia and as his condition worsened, he was taken to Erlanger in Chattanooga where he died.



**A young Dr. William Dewitt “Duke”  
Rogers in Georgia**



**“Doc” Rogers in Coalmont, Grundy  
Co., Tennessee  
(1868-1936)**

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### **Dr. Thomas Franklin Taylor**

**(1869—1945)**

by Barbara (Mooney) Myers & Jackie Layne Partin

Grundy County and nearby areas had several doctors in the earlier years. Many came and went. Some remained, married, and had families; then the mountain towns became their homes. One I got interested in was Dr. Thomas Franklin Taylor who came to the Monteagle Assembly Grounds in **1919** and set up a retail drugstore. By that time in his life, he could ably do the work of a pharmacist and a medical doctor.

Dr. Taylor was born **May 3, 1869**, in Crockett County, Tennessee. His parents were David H. and Susan Emily (Wingate) Taylor. The **1880 Census** states that David H. Taylor was crippled.

Pvt. David H. Taylor, Bradford's Battalion, Co. B. 13<sup>th</sup> Reg, Tenn. Vol. Cav. Union Army, (also in Co. E of same regiment), died in the Veterans' Hospital in Memphis, TN, at the age of 86; the cause of death was carcinoma of the liver with other contributing factors. His records show that he was an "Army Invalid" and had been "greatly impaired" from gunshot wounds: one to his right jaw; a second musket ball struck the front of right shoulder joint; the third ball entered three inches below and a little to the right of ensiform cartilage; the fourth ball went into the left knee; and the fifth ball went into the upper, middle part of the thigh. These wounds and others were suffered after surrender at Ft. Pillow. Pvt. Taylor's roster papers stress that he was shot five times (five different balls) leaving him crippled. His son Dr. Taylor had not yet been born, but this makes one wonder if his son may have gotten the desire to become a doctor after watching his father suffer so much pain from within his riddled body.



**David H. Taylor**

**Pond Street Church Cemetery**

**Alamo, Crockett County, Tennessee**

**(May 17, 1845-Dec. 16, 1931)**

**Union Army Veteran**

**Father of Dr. T. F. Taylor**

Much of Dr. Taylor's schooling was done in Nashville, Tennessee, at the Vanderbilt University College of Medicine in **1897**. He served as a professor of anatomy while in Nashville. In **1900**, thirty-nine-year old Dr. Taylor was still single and lived in Dyer County, Tennessee, where he rented a house and practiced medicine. Three years later on **January 14, 1903**, in Crockett County, Dr. Taylor married a young lady, Bertha Berthenia Davis who was born on **Nov. 10, 1882**, in a small town in West Tennessee called Friendship. It is said that he met her when she was quite young and told her when he finished his medical school work and graduated, he would come back and marry her. And he did. The couple spent their honeymoon on Monteagle mountain and fell in love with its beauty and freshness.

**Dr. Thomas Franklin Taylor**

**and**

**Bertha Berthenia Davis**

**Jan. 14, 1903**

**(Wedding Day)**



In **1910**, Dr. Taylor, Bertha and their one surviving son, Thomas Franklin Taylor, Jr., lived with the doctor's brother, David Frederick Taylor, his wife and their one son, Fred, Jr. They were all living in Monroe, Mississippi County, Arkansas, near College Avenue. It is possible that Dr. Taylor was still studying in an effort to further his medical education. However, his occupation at that time was listed as an eye, ear and throat specialist. Remembering how much they liked the clean, fresh air of Monteagle, and having a sick child to care for, they made their move to the mountain. By **1920**, the family had moved to the Monteagle Assembly Grounds where the doctor opened a drugstore. Dr. Taylor felt the air would be helpful to fight off diseases like malaria; fewer mosquitoes and cleaner water streams meant less disease. Here he could put to use all the years of medical schooling, helping not only local people in need of attention, but assuring his family a healthy place to enjoy life.

In the **1930s** and **1940s**, Dr. Taylor had set up a private family practice in a section over the dining hall of Camp Unaka, his wife's dream camp for young ladies that also doubled as the family home and compound. The setting was perfect for young ladies to learn cultural and spiritual values. They swam in the beautiful creek that eventually ran off into Laynes' Cove. Patrons of the MSSA found in the camp a safe, well-cared for, and disciplined retreat for their daughters with a doctor on call at all times and with Mrs. Bertha Taylor taking on the role of a mother if needed. A few people are still alive who can tell of the committed interest in the

medical care of the town shown by Dr. Taylor. Whether the patient had money to pay or just an extra dozen of eggs to offer, Dr. Taylor tended to their needs. The Taylors attended the Morton Memorial Methodist Church in Monteagle. Their energy, zeal and spiritual kindness were acknowledged by all who knew them.

As WWII drew closer, and the U. S. A. was drawn into the battle on **Dec. 7, 1941**, Dr. Taylor served on the county's Selective Service Board. He did not realize that his time to leave this earth was also drawing near. He passed away on **April 24, 1945** with the same disease, liver cancer, that had killed his father.

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## Palmer in the '50s and '60s

Joan Nasso

On the corner of Chiggertown Loop and Hwy. 108 in Palmer, Tennessee, sits a house built by the Tennessee Consolidated Coal Company in 1919. It was one of the houses built by the company for employees when the Palmer mine was opened. Although it has undergone a few changes since then, the core of the house is the same. There were four rooms, all with fireplaces that used the same chimney. In later years a kitchen, dining room, bathroom and back porch were added and the attic was turned into bedrooms as the family grew. This is where my mother, Juanita, was born, the fourth and final daughter of Charles Francis Patrick and Veola Hampton Patrick. In 1949, my mother married my father, Jacob Monroe Bishop, and moved from Palmer to Lake Worth, Florida, (my father's home). The next year, I was born in Chattanooga. My mother went home to have her babies in order to have her mother's help. By the time I was six months old, we were back in Florida, and for the rest of my childhood we made the trip between Lake Worth and Palmer many times.

I spent all my summers and many of my holidays in Palmer with my grandparents. My mother didn't have a job outside the home, so my father would take us to Palmer and then return to work in Florida while my mother, my younger brother and I would spend the summer with my grandparents. I have many fond memories of those summers sitting on the front porch snapping pole beans or husking corn, making ice cream in a hand crank freezer, catching lightning bugs in Mason jars, mowing the lawn with a reel mower and swinging on the porch swing.

When the coal company built my grandfather's house, they also built one for his sister and one for his brother across Hwy. 108. My great-aunt, Josephine "Josie" Patrick, was married to a man who worked for the coal company and my great-uncle, Isham Patrick, also worked for

the company. Uncle Isham died several years before I was born. His wife, Hilda Nunley, died a few months after I was born. Their only child, Lena Grace, married that same year and moved to Chattanooga. I never knew who lived in their house across the street. Aunt "Josie", on the other hand, lived a long life and remained in her company house. Her husband, Clarence Nunley (brother of Hilda), died the year before I was born, so I never knew him. Their only child married years before I was born and also moved to Chattanooga. But Aunt "Josie" was a memorable figure in my life. She had a stern countenance and was not given to having fun as most of us understand it. I can't remember ever being in her house. I'm sure she feared we would make a mess of some kind, upsetting her ordered world.

In those days, the houses in the immediate vicinity shared a water well. It happened to be in front of Aunt "Josie's" house and was protected by a stone structure with a lid. It seemed to be her mission in life to be sure that no one overtaxed the water equipment. When we would arrive for a visit, before 30 minutes was up she would be running across the road to complain about the water usage in my grandfather's house. I think maybe it was an excuse to see what was going on but she really didn't need one. We were family. But then she would have had to admit to curiosity, a sin in her mind. I'm not sure when city water came to Palmer, but I'm sure it made her life a little duller.

Besides my family visiting for the summer, two of my mother's sisters lived in Chattanooga with their families and they often dropped in on weekends for a visit, bringing my cousins with them. These were the fun times for my brother, John Mark "J.M.", and me with our cousins as playmates. Like many people at that time, there was a parlor reserved for visitors. This room was not for children. It was kept orderly and clean at all times and was where Mama and Papa entertained. While the adults carried on their boring conversations we would have adventures. The yard and the back room were our domain. One thing we liked to do was walk to the company store. At that time, it seemed a long way, but in actuality you could see the store from the front yard. Sometimes my grandmother would send us for a grocery item she was missing and sometimes we went to get a few pennies worth of candy or a soda. In order to get there we had to cross the bridge over the creek. It wasn't much of a creek but it was enough to have cut a gully in the land so it required a small bridge. Most of the time we took this trip in our bare feet, which were toughened up from going barefoot all summer. Once we braved the road and the bridge and arrived at the store, there was a line of men, usually miners, sitting on their haunches in front of the store. Many of them chewed tobacco and spit tobacco juice on the sidewalk. It was an exercise in caution to watch where you walked. Since we were not residents of Palmer we were also items of curiosity for the men. We walked a gauntlet of tobacco stains and stares to get our goodies. It was always worth it.

If we could get someone to drive us to the house of my mother's oldest sister, who had remained in Palmer with her family, we could have a lot of fun. It was about half a mile from my grandparents' house and was also built by the coal company, but at a later time. It was a grand

house in comparison. My aunt's husband was the accountant for the mine, and my aunt was the postmaster in Palmer. They had three children and their house was designed with the children's rooms upstairs. The bedrooms were on the exterior walls and in the center was a large play area. In that area was a pool table. I was not good at the game but I enjoyed watching the rest play. The yard of this house was huge and flat. We played croquet there many times. There was also a badminton net which provided loads of fun. I was much better at that game than I was at pool.

The best time of the summer was 4th of July, when everyone came together to celebrate. My aunts from Chattanooga and their families came and my cousins from Palmer often brought friends. By the time I was eight, my older cousins began having families of their own and the next generation became part of the celebration. Each family brought something to contribute to the meal. There was always fried chicken and cold ham and potato salad. Corn, pole beans, tomatoes and cucumbers from my grandmother's garden were always part of the meal also. No one went away hungry on that day. Of course, the best part for us kids was the desserts. That included coconut cake, chocolate pie, strawberry shortcake and the crowning glory, several freezers of homemade ice cream in different flavors. We were all required to take a turn on the hand crank if we wanted to eat any. My favorite was peach, even though the frozen pieces of peach hurt my teeth. It was so delicious.

This celebration was an all-day affair and ended with sparklers for the kids and a competition to see who could catch the most lightning bugs in a jar. It was loud and chaotic, the screen door slamming regularly and the adults telling us not to run in the house. It was usually hot and the adults would sit on the porch with their paper fans waving and fly swatters trying to reduce the fly population. We had no problem sleeping that night.

If we were lucky, some of my cousins would spend the night and the next day we would head out for more adventures. There was the creek, the one we walked over to get to the company store, which provided a lot of cool, wet fun on hot days. Sometimes we walked up to the Goat Rocks and crawled around playing games of hide-and-seek and tag. We could usually find some wild blackberries to eat with the bologna sandwiches we took with us. When I think of these activities, I am amazed that our parents let us walk off into the woods without worry, but we were always safe. The worst thing that ever happened was a bee sting or a scrape that could be covered with a band aid.

Sunday was church day and everyone in the house went. We attended Palmer United Methodist Church which my grandfather helped establish. My grandmother turned on the radio or TV to a station broadcasting gospel music and turned it up to wake us in time for Sunday School. We got dressed in our best clothes, which in my case included patent leather shoes, and walked over the little bridge to the church. If we were running late the church bell reminded us to hurry.

When we got there, the kids went to their Sunday School classes in the back of the church. There was a Bible story and a little craft project for each of us. Then we all went into the sanctuary and tried to be quiet and still for church. This was more of a challenge for some of us than for others. My cousin usually played the organ and the singing was lead by Chief Geary, a man with few teeth but a loud voice. In case his leadership wasn't enough Miss Frances Conry sang out loud and clear as well. I always enjoyed the music part of the service. I still love the old hymns we sang back then. After church we walked back home and changed out of our Sunday clothes and into play clothes so we could have more adventures.

When I decided to leave Florida in the '90s and move to Tennessee, these were the things I remembered that drew me to Palmer where my mother was then living in the old house. I had three sons and wanted them to experience the life I had enjoyed. We lived in the old house for seven years before building our own in Coalmont. My sons had the experience of repeating many of those activities I remember so fondly. Not everything was the same. The Goat Rocks is now private property, and the company store is gone, replaced by Palmer Market, but they could still walk down and get some candy. We went to church on Sundays, but I was the one playing the organ. Miss Frances Conry still sang loud and proud, and my boys still had trouble sitting still. We had several 4th of July celebrations with many of my cousins showing up to reminisce about our childhood days in Palmer and to make ice cream. My sons are in their 30s now but remember those days fondly. It was a beautiful place to grow up.

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## **All Things Monteagle - Part 6**

### **From Moffat's Station Shed to Mont Eagle's Depot to Greyhound Bus Station**

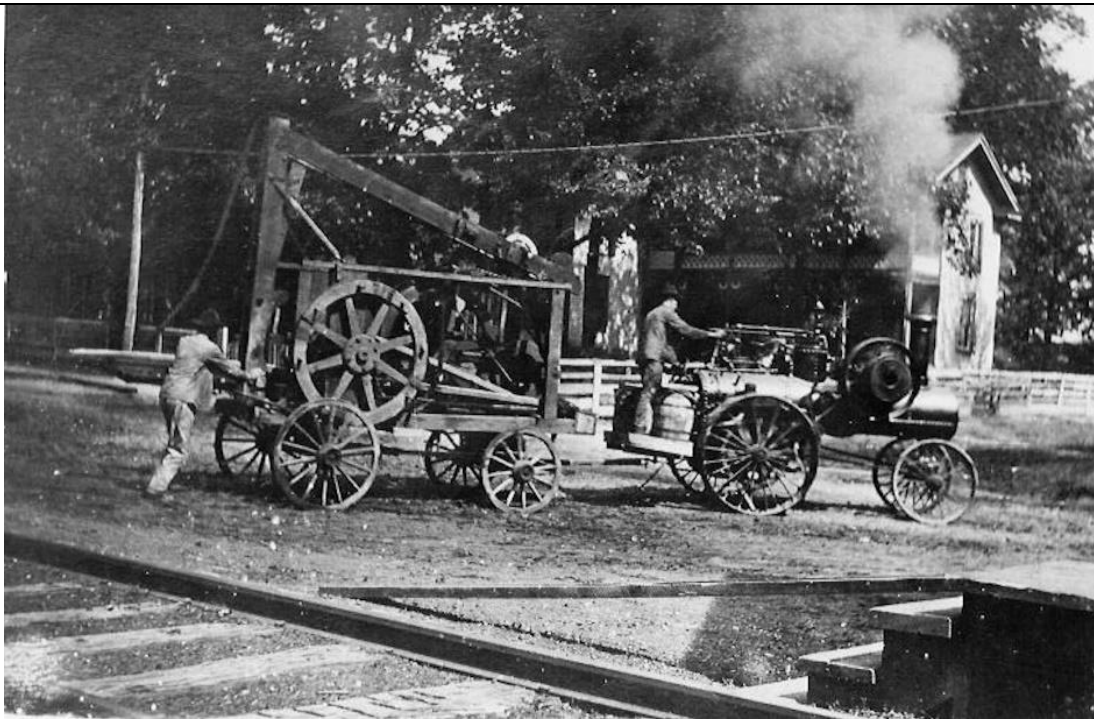
Jackie Layne Partin

As the years passed and the village blossomed, a real, railroad depot, one owned by the railroad company, was needed since the Moffat's Station platform, "*...the small frame one, ... has become too small.*" Initially, the best one could hope for was a seat on a luggage trunk and to stay dry during bad weather. Any lover of western movies has viewed that scene over and over. Then in **1887**, after John Moffat's death, (discussed later in our story), the search for a perfect placement for a depot began. The general manager of the N. & C. railroad, who would make the final decision, traveled up and down the road listing the pros and cons of possible choices. Obvious to us older, lingering Monteagleans, only two choices could have come to the forefront – the first being in front



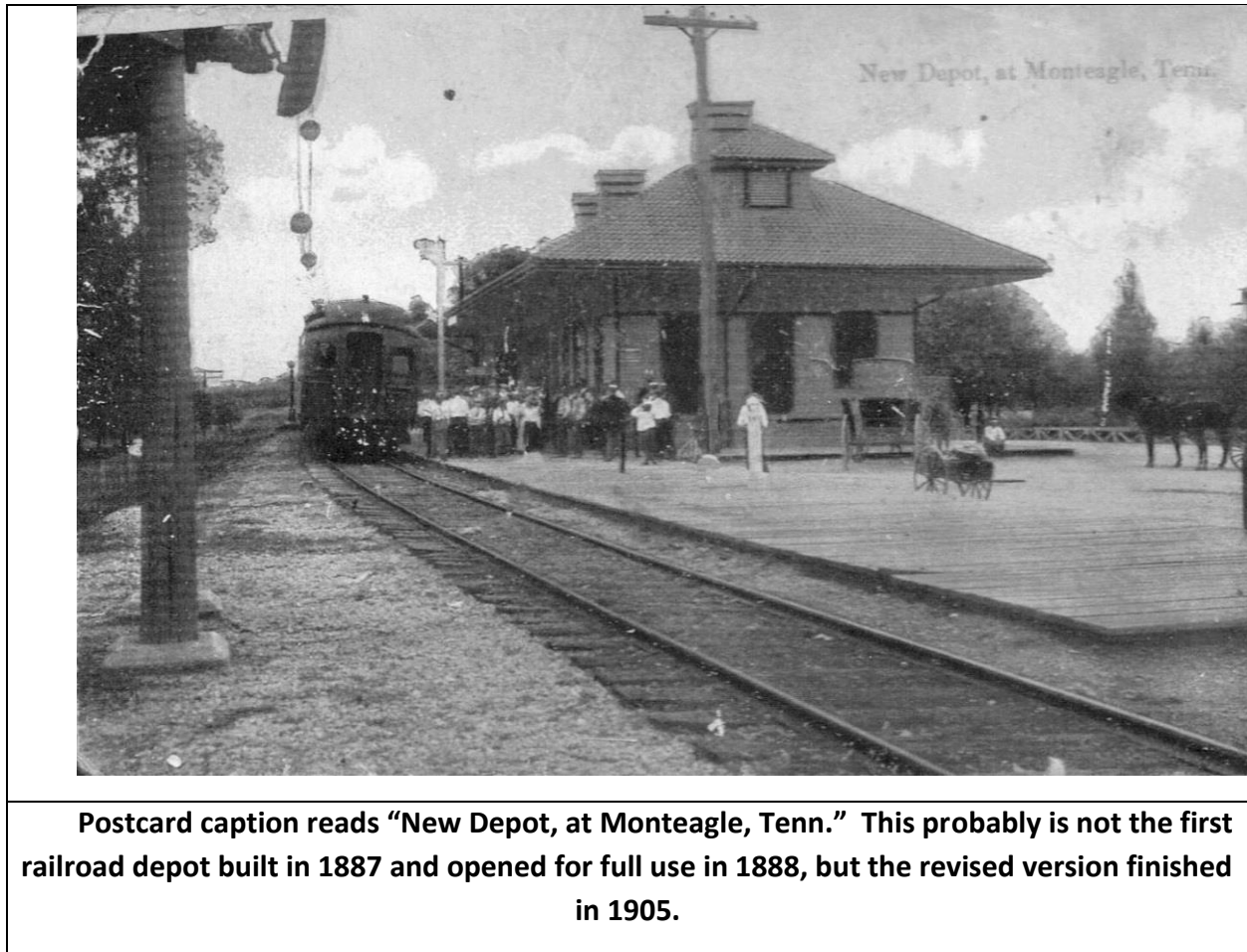
of the fabulous hotel entrance and the second near the entrance to the Monteagle Sunday School Assembly. Weighed in the balance, the Assembly entrance won out. *The Daily American, April 15, 1887*: "...The last and most agreeable of the projected improvements is a proposed new depot and freight shed of proper style and capacity to suit the patrons and patronage of the railroad...It is spoken for immediately in front of the Grand Hotel. If convenience alone were considered, this would perhaps be best, but as freight is not selected by railroads, and there are sometimes delays in claiming unsavory property, it might be unpleasant to have it so near. It would also interfere with free air and a proper view of the hotel front, besides taking something from the already small front grounds. There is a most desirable place a little west of the hotel, and another east. One of these it is hoped will be chosen. The depot is sadly needed here, as the present structure is only a neat **shed**." The official depot was built in the summer of **1887** and the railroad company moved into it in **May 1888**; the Monteagle Springs Hotel didn't miss out, "The old plank platform at the railroad has been removed and President John W. Thomas, of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway, will at once replace it with a gravel walk running nearly the full length of the hotel front."

From the small shed with the sign hanging down with the words, *Moffat's Station*, written on the shingle, to the depot that was dismantled around **1943**, many changes came about. The town needed a depot section for passengers, but it also needed a freight depot section so that residents like Silas Gregory could get his extra huge well-digger delivered by freight and unloaded a safe distance from the passengers.



Silas Gregory taking his new well-digger from the freight depot on the west end of the main depot.

Could the large house seen north of the railroad tracks be that of William and Jane Hands who bought the land from John Moffat and Charles Mabee? The Hands sold all their property to J. W. Thomas, railroad agent, in 1905 keeping a "life estate" for each. We know that Mrs. Hands (66 yrs.) was run over by a train on **Oct 12, 1911** in Monteagle and instantly killed. She was a widow at the time, so William died sometime between 1905 and 1911.



The new Monteagle Depot was a great addition to our town. Travel became much more comfortable with a warm, dry place to unwind or just to visit with locals or other travelers. In the springs and summers, even autumns, visitors to MSSA were plentiful. The depot became a Who's Who center. On the other hand, children or other onlookers could count the car loads of coal going off this plateau by just watching the rails. The Depot was comparable to a wrap-around porch overlooking our village.

In the *Sequachee Valley News* **06 July 1905** we read, "The new passenger depot at Monteagle, Tenn., was completed by the N. C. & St. L. building crew Friday afternoon and early Saturday morning it was placed in commission. The station is one of the handsomest on the line

*of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, and is the finest between Nashville and Chattanooga. It is 103 feet long and 29 feet wide and built on a beautiful architectural plan. The roof is of Spanish tile, and the interior is finished in natural colored yellow pine. It is a substantial structure but built on special resort plan."*



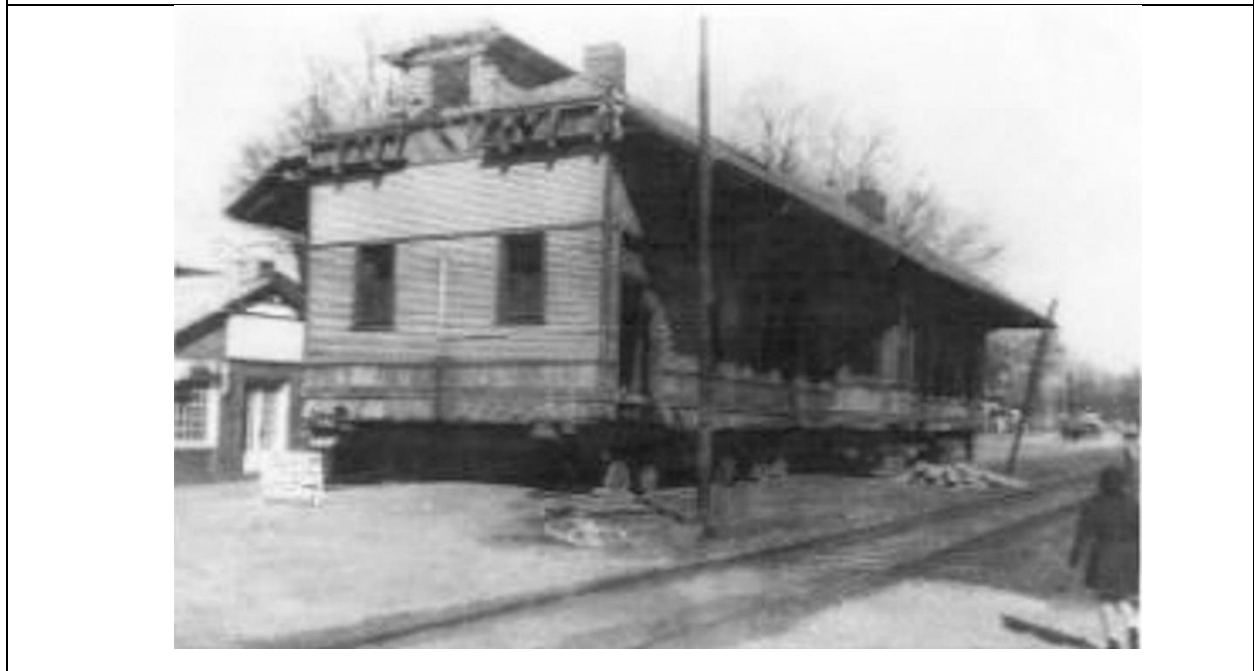
**The passenger depot with its Spanish tile roof finished in 1905.**



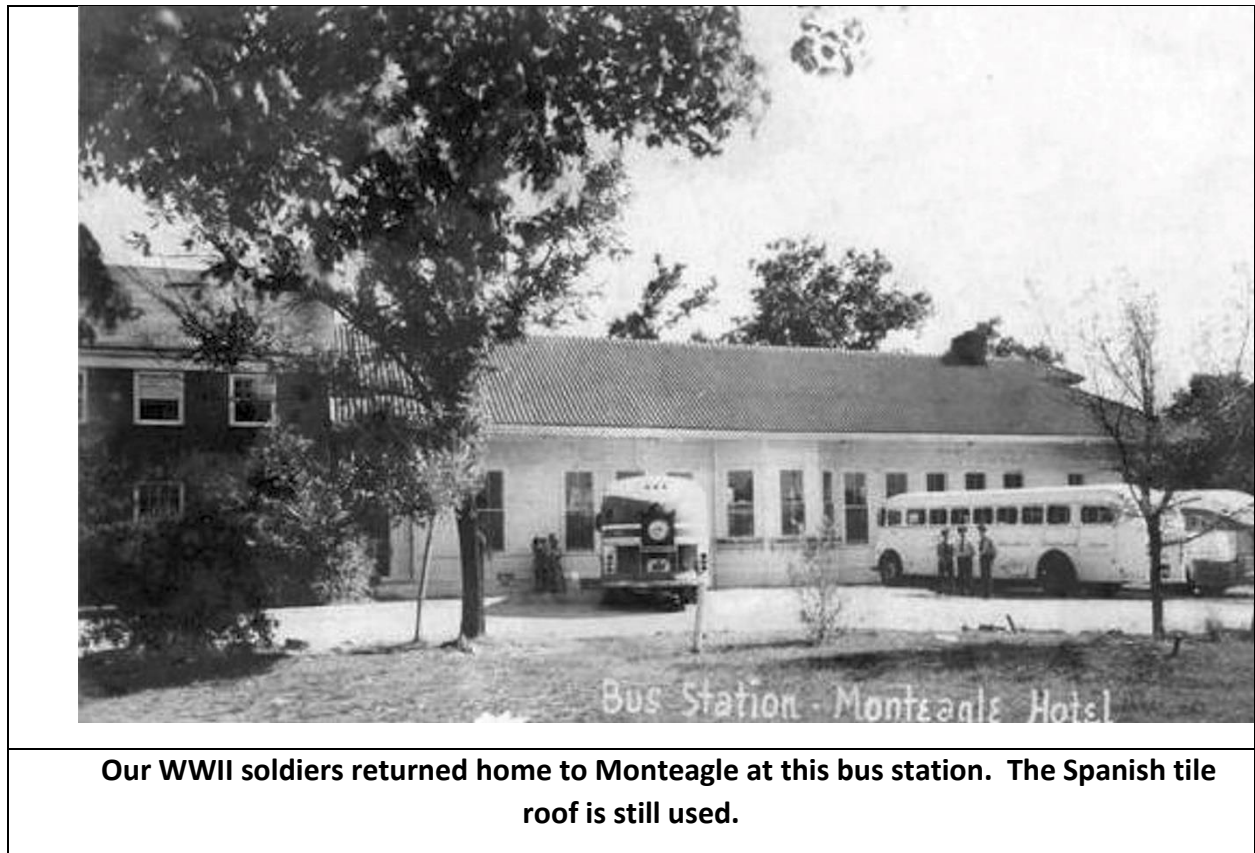
**The hand-written caption gives 1910 as date of photo.**



This photo was taken looking eastward. Most others are taken looking westward. The small shed seen here may have been the original "shed." It does not appear to be part of the original new depot, for there are no windows on the end as shown below.



The last Monteagle Depot moves on down the road to the east end of the Monteagle Hotel to be used as a bus station. Young Martha Alice Wooten looks on. A set of three original photos of this move were given to me by courtesy of the Hughie Wooten family. Soon after Monteagle's depot was marked off the must have list, wise residents of Monteagle found a need for the two sections of the Depot.



**Our WWII soldiers returned home to Monteagle at this bus station. The Spanish tile roof is still used.**

The project of building the official depot may have been hexed from the beginning. In **June of 1887**, lightning struck the telegraph wires near the Fairmount College and traveled west down to the village and found its target when it set the depot office on fire. Luckily, the fire was put out – that time!

However, the official depot burned in a business district fire of **May 10, 1914**: *“Fire at Monteagle – Fire of an unknown origin began burning at Monteagle about 10 o’clock Sunday night, and burned until up to Monday and entailed a complete loss of over \$75,000, and completely destroyed six buildings. The firms suffering from the fire were J. D. Tucker, N., C. & St. L. Railroad depot, Mab Turner’s drug store, Cox’s produce store and E. W. Holcolmbe, the only one covered by insurance. A special train was run from here bearing volunteers and fire fighting apparatus, and did great work in saving property. The Monteagle Hotel was in great danger for some time.” (Mrs. Grundy, May 14, 1914)*

Obviously, the Depot was rebuilt later. However, in **1943** several depots were abandoned, Monteagle being one. As stated, one section went to the Monteagle Hotel to become a bus station and ultimately, met its demise when fire destroyed it and the whole hotel; the other section went **to** the new Monteagle School grounds to be used as a school cafeteria. It was at this hotel and bus station that our WWII soldiers disembarked when they were discharged from the military. On the night of **February 28, 1950**, *"The brick Monteagle hotel and adjoining frame Southeastern Greyhound lines bus station were destroyed by fire last night, with the loss estimated unofficially at \$200,000. The hotel, it was reported, was fairly well filled with guests, but all left the structure without injury. The hotel was owned and operated by the Monteagle Development Co., headed by John Harton of Tullahoma, former state treasurer. Harton came to the scene of the fire from Tullahoma. The flames broke out about 6:30 o'clock in the loft of the bus station and spread rapidly to the hotel."* My friend John Campbell was assigned the job of holding a fire hose in the rain filled cellar of the burned-out shell of the Corner Oaks house, the original home of John Robert and Magdalena (Abplanalp) Kennedy. It was an all hands-on-board effort, but my mother only let us watch from our living room windows. The fire was so huge, and we were so young, she did not want us up on College Street.

To be continued---

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### The Smartt Family

Submitted by Wanda Sue (Smartt) White, daughter of M. Eugene Smartt

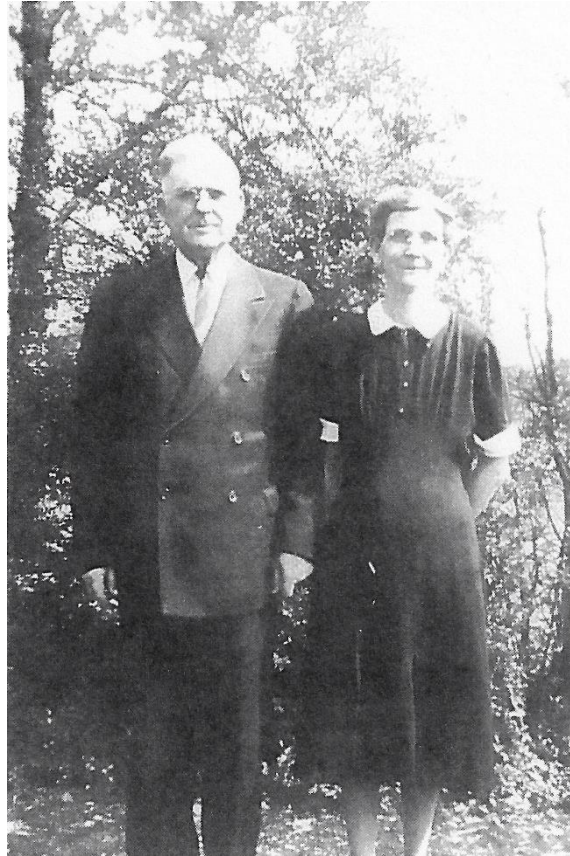
Arnold and Olive Smartt came to Chattanooga, TN, from Taft, TN, in the 1920's, with five children: Lemma, Thurman, Erma, Haskel, and Murphy Eugene. Arnold opened a barber shop in Rossville, GA, and his 3 boys all worked there. The family lived together except Lemma who was married to Jim Eslick. Haskel and Thurman served in WWII, but Eugene could not serve for medical reasons. After the war, they returned to work with Eugene and their father. Thurman never married, Haskel married twice. Erma married Carl A. Levi, and Eugene married Jewel E. Garland. Thurman and Eugene, with his family, lived with Arnold and Olive for many years.



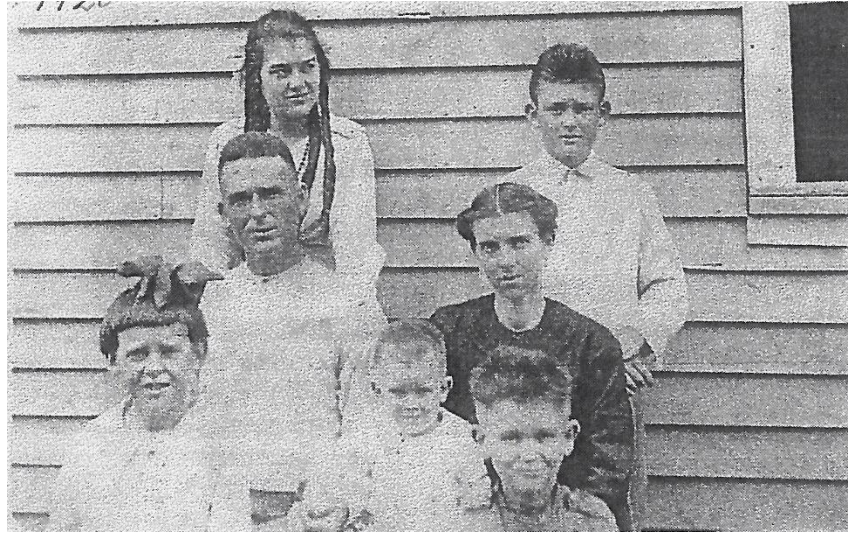
*Arnold (1883-1945) and Olive (1884-1963) Smartt, circa 1902*



*Arnold and Olive Smartt, date unknown*



*Arnold and Olive Smartt, April 1945*



*Family of Arnold and Olive Smartt, circa 1920  
Front row: Erma, Haskell "Hack", Murphy "Gene" Smartt  
Middle row: Arnold and Olive Smartt  
Back row: Lemma and Thurman Smartt*



*Murphy Eugene (1912-1949) and Jewel Ellen (Garland)  
(1909-1985) Smartt, photo taken October 9, 1931*





*E.C. (El Cain) Smartt (1849-1919) and Elizabeth (Rogers) Smartt (1847-1919) who lived in both Grundy and Warren Counties, parents of Arnold O. Smartt. El Cain was the son of John Smartt (1815 - ?) and the grandson of Reuben Smartt.*



*Reuben Smartt (1844-1923) and Sarah Jane (Nunley) Smartt (1852-1932), parents of Olive Smartt. Reuben Smartt was the son of Wm. C. Smartt (1819-1867).*

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## Publications Available For Sale

- Beersheba Springs, a History Vol. I* 2010, \$20.00  
*Beersheba Springs, a History Vol. II Family Homes, Love and More*, \$20.00  
*Beersheba Springs, a History Vol. II Supplement* 2012, \$20.00  
*Beersheba Springs, a History Vol. III Classics*, \$20.00  
*Family History of Flury – Stoker Family* compiled by Catherine Flury, \$20.00  
*Grundy County Family Portraits* by Jackie Partin, \$15.00  
*Grundy County Cemeteries Vol. I*, \$40.00  
*Grundy County Cemeteries Vol. II*, \$40.00  
*The Heritage of Grundy County*, \$50.00  
*John Armfield of Beersheba Springs* by Isabel Howell, \$15.00  
*Morton B. Howell Memoirs*, \$10.00  
*Mountain Voices & Index, The Centennial History of Monteagle Sunday School Assembly*, \$50.00  
*The Swiss Colony at Gruetli* by Frances Helen Jackson, edited by Clopper Almon 2010, \$20.00  
*The Pathfinder* (Quarterly Publication of Grundy Co. Historical Society) back issues, \$12.00  
*Pictures of Our Past Grundy County Tennessee*, collected and edited by Grundy County Historical Society 2008 is out of print.

Book orders costing \$25 or less, include \$7.00 postage. Book orders over \$25, include \$10.00 postage.

Our 175th Anniversary of Grundy County Pictorial History book will be \$49.95 plus \$7.00 if you want it shipped to you. Please send your payment to Grundy County Historical Society; P.O. Box 1422; Tracy City, TN 37387 along with your mailing information. If you have questions, please contact us at [heritagelibrary@blomand.net](mailto:heritagelibrary@blomand.net).

# GRUNDY COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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### SOCIETY MEETINGS

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

### MEMBERSHIP

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

### EDITOR

*The Pathfinder* is published quarterly by the GCHS. The Society welcomes articles submitted for publication. Please submit your typed articles in digital format to [heritagelibrary@blomand.net](mailto:heritagelibrary@blomand.net). If possible, attach a couple of photos that can be used with the article. If you cannot send the article digitally, contact the TCCC Library for instructions at 931 592-6008.

### QUERIES & RESEARCH

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



**Grundy County Historical Society Heritage Center**

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**465 Railroad Avenue  
Phone 931 592-6008**

**Heritage Center**

**heritagecenter@blomand.net**

**Museum & Administration**

**history@blomand.net**

**Tennessee Consolidated Coal Company Library**

**heritagelibrary@blomand.net**

**Website**

**[www.grundycountyhistory.org](http://www.grundycountyhistory.org)**

**Grundy County Historical Society**

**P.O. Box 1422**

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