
IN THAT DAY AND TIME

Philip W. Pettett's Tapes

Barbara Pettett Doody

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This book is lovingly dedicated to

Daniel Frederick “Fred” Reasor, Jr.

Jason, Jessica, Justine Reasor

PREFACE

One day, while visiting my father, Philip Pettett, at his house near Peebles, Ohio, he asked me to take charge of his tapes when something happens to him. So it is out of love and respect for him, that I publish his tapes which he began recording in 1979 until his death in 1985. I have transcribed them with little editing by me.

He was an accomplished man and a member of the Scottish Rite, 32nd degree, Shrine Band, Methodist Church, Gideon, Poet, Firearms, Black Powder Gunsmith, and a member of several brass bands during his lifetime. Although most of his adult years were in Ohio, his heart yearned for the South, and all that was, in that day and time.



My name is Philip Wayne Pettett. I was born in the house of my grandfather, Perry Warren Pettett, on August 19, 1906, in the small mining town of Copperhill, Tennessee, located in the extreme southeastern corner of the state. I shall try to tell you more about this copper mining town, where I was born later on for it is quite unique in every respect, dating from the time when it was first settled. This mining town reminds me very much of the way Mark Twain wrote about some of the towns along the Mississippi River in Huckleberry Finn. It's hard to understand just why there were so many little towns around the edge of Copperhill, they were: Johnstontown, Hensontown, Harpertown, Hawkinstown, and so forth.

My father's name was Levi Jackson Pettett who born June 18, 1882, and died August 18, 1966. My mother's name was Caldonia Jane Stephens. She was born near Dalton, Georgia, in 1884; both have long since been deceased. My grandmother Pettett's maiden name was Billie Louisa Landsdown. She was the daughter of my great, grandfather, David Allen Landsdown. He had three sons, Richard,¹ by his first marriage to Martha, last name unknown, Jackson, and David Allen, Jr., he was killed near Appomattox during the civil war.

It is said that the elder Landsdown, David Allen, was the illegitimate son of a member of William Landsdown's family in Caldwell County, NC.² This was something that was never talked very much among the family, and I learned it from my mother who had a wonderful memory, which she inherited from her father, seems to me like they never forgot anything. My grandfather was James Moses Stephens, which you will hear more about his father and his family going back before the Revolutionary War.

We didn't live with my grandfather very long, just a few weeks, I think, when my father bought a house on the top of a red hill in Johnstontown. He kept this house until after he had built our big

¹ See David Allen Landsdown's will naming all his children

² Most likely, Clary Landsdown's illegitimate son

house, which we liked so well, in town, facing the railroad. After we moved, he rented the house in Johnstown, and one day when he went up to check on it, he found the man had penned up a hog in the downstairs to fatten it up, slop all over the place, too, can you imagine that. This house had two rooms downstairs and three rooms up.

Anyway, within about two or three years, as mentioned before, my father built a very nice house facing the railroad, the early houses were built facing the railroad in that day and time. The railroad was something to see, you could watch the trains in the daytime and hear the whistle at night, it was something when the train passed through it. After my father built this house in downtown, he went out in the country, hired a team to bring in trees and set them out. We'll have to get to that later, he built a real nice picket fence around the house. He was an amateur horse trader, too, and he bought a nice buggy, painted the running gear yellow and the carriage black. He always kept a horse and had a cook, too. And yet, one can't imagine a dirtier town than that, you won't believe it when I tell you that hogs ran loose, and every once in a while a dog would get after a hog, and chase it. Then there were cows running loose and grazing on this and that.

The upstairs wasn't quite completed then, but, later on, it didn't take him long to finish it up, painted it, and it looked the best of any house around, it makes me think of the Thomas Wolfe story, "You Can't Go Home Again," the way his father fixed up their place, something like my dad did, but they never quite finished the upstairs. Well, it was finished all except the railing around the stairwell. My Aunt Louise, who was living with us at that time, kept house upstairs for my grandfather. She was an unmarried lady and died three or four years ago in Ellijay, Georgia.³ Sometimes when they would eat breakfast on a Sunday morning, we would go upstairs because they would let us drink coffee; we didn't get any coffee to drink downstairs. We kept a cow and chickens, and, of course, we let the cow run out. At breakfast we would have biscuits

³ February 1974, buried Macedonia Cemetery, Aska GA

and milk gravy, couldn't get any light bread then. Well, we were not allowed to go upstairs in that house when we were little, and to keep us from going up there my, Aunt Louise took a paper bag, drew a face on it with charcoal, put a hat on it, set it in a closet and called it "The Old Man" and told us it would "get us" if we went upstairs. One time, she called us up, and opened the door of the closet just a little bit so we could see this thing back in a corner so we stayed clear of the place, all except my little sister. Another time when my sister was upstairs, and she had no business being up there, she put on my father's derby hat, and tried to come back down the stairs, but fell, and tumbled all the way down to the foot. She didn't get hurt because the derby protected her head. Something, evidently, happened to the old man in the closet because he disappeared, we didn't see him anymore.

There was a doctor that lived just catty-cornered, below our house, everything was on a hill in that day and time, and I shan't tell you his name but he wasn't a doctor in the modern sense, he never went to medical school but he read about medicine. He had quite a few patients that would come in there. He had a big tank of compressed air or oxygen, whatever you want to call it, and he would spray the patients' throats, and would also prescribe medicine for them. He always wore a beard, and he had a buggy that he used to see his patients in the country. All this waste material from peoples' throats was thrown outside; he didn't burn them or anything. And then the cows that ranged in the neighborhood would come in and eat that paper, my goodness. None of the rest of the doctors in town would have anything to do with him and I think there were four or five of them.

I think it was about 1913 when the town was incorporated, sometime along then, and it began to improve slowly. But the people who came to town were generally from the mountains. This area had been devastated when the armies were there, as all the south had been. There was no industry at all, nothing, except this one place, this town. To give you a bit of history, when the Indians were moved out, the first people in there were prospectors and they found what they

thought was gold, everybody was looking for gold in that day and time; by the way, that general area, North Georgia, was the biggest gold producing area in the whole country until the strike was made in California. Then copper was found in there. That was mined, I suppose, by surface mining, and was shipped by way of mule train to Dalton, Georgia, to the railhead, then down to Savannah, Georgia, where it was loaded on shipboard, and then on up to Boston for the open market. This was about 1830, because before this time, this had been Cherokee territory held by treaty. But when Andrew Jackson put his Indian bill through Congress, the Indians, of course, were removed, and the area opened up for settlement. That was when the copper mining started and the mining was done by whim shaft. Now I shan't try to explain what a whim is but it was very medieval and can only be used down to about eighty feet in the ground.

Now perhaps I better take a little time here and explain just how the copper was treated. In the early days when the ore was taken out of the ground, it was treated and called roast yards or roast piles. Roast pile is made as follows as I have heard from the old folks. The logs were cut down and the roast pile built by laying logs on the ground leaving a space between for a draft, then the ore was placed on these logs, and another crisscrossed layer of logs was laid on top of that, leaving a hole for the draft center. This was continued on up, how high I don't know, and then this was fired. These roast yards, when fired, roasted the sulfur out of its ore and it was taken to Cleveland, Tennessee, to the smelter. This roasting, and the accompanying cutting down of the forest all around this area, destroyed all the vegetation of about one hundred square miles. The scars of this can still be seen today, and I've always wondered why this was never brought to the notice of the naturalists or conservationists. But it may be that this was such an out of the way place that it wasn't brought to their notice. That area of 100 square miles was followed by erosion of nearly all the vegetation on the hillsides and deep gullies. It was a horrible looking place but we never knew anything else. This, of course, was discontinued when the big company began to produce sulfuric acid; the roast yards were out of date by then.

In the old days when the copper production was high, it was a great thing at night to go out to see the convertors tilted over and the slag poured into ladles which were hauled by an electric train out over the slag dump. When this molten slag was dumped, it lit up the whole sky. The people would walk down along railroad tracks and see the slag being dumped out and watched it run like water, all the way down the dump, the great high dumps.

Now if you will excuse me, I think we better digress for just a moment, and go back to Johnstontown again to take up the story when I was pretty young, I guess about two years old. We had a telephone at that time, and my mother used to call up my father at his office. He worked for the Tennessee Copper Company then, and I would talk to him over the phone. Also, he had a 32 Stevens rim fire rifle, and I used to love that gun, even then. My mother would, when I was in bed, take the thumb screw out of the stock, look through the barrel to see that it wasn't loaded, and then she put it together, and lay it on the bed. Later on when I could walk, they had to keep it out of my reach because I would drag it around over the floor. My father had a cheap nickel plated 32 caliber revolver, and when I would be sick, my mother let me play with it. One time when I had croup and my mother called the doctor; she took the pistol from me, and hid it so the doctor wouldn't see me playing with it in the bed. But one time, the doctor saw me with it, and told my mother, "I didn't know whether to come in or not, my patient had a gun in his hand."

When we lived in this house, the first near tragedy in my life occurred, and in that day and time, not only down there but in most all of the towns, a lot of firewood was burned. It was hauled in from the farmers who lived in the country and it was, I think, about a dollar a cord, different from today. Well, we had a wood pile in the backyard, and a chopping block and an axe. I remember going out, and pulling that axe around, trying to lift it, but I must have fallen. Folks tell me that I fell on the axe, and cut a great gash above my upper lip just below my nose. It ran from one side of my nose all the way across the face to the other side. I remember getting up off

the ground and screaming. I can picture my mother in the doorway, not moving, but just standing there. I even remember how she was dressed. But soon, she came out screaming, and grabbed me up running back to the house. I heard the neighbors come into the house, and the only doctor, who was sick in bed, got up, and came to our house. My grandfather and father held me down on the kitchen table, which was brought into the front room. The doctor sewed me up without any kind of anesthetic. I remember the needle pulling when they sewed it up. I remember trying to eat, and with what must have been a plaster over the wound, I got over it all right, but I still have that scar.

There was a great fire that destroyed nearly half the town of Copperhill at that time but spared our house. Afterwards, it changed a lot, was much better, there were much better houses built and the place was much cleaner, in general, all the way around, and it wasn't long after that until the city water was installed, and then the hogs were kept up in pens. Anyway, we walked around to some of the places that had been burned out, and you could see burned out wells, and burned out privies. These things caused some people to come to grief if they didn't watch where they stepped. I don't believe anybody knew how the fire started, but it destroyed almost half the town and burned fiercely in one area, destroyed all the houses and then leaped two or three blocks away to another area and I don't know how it ever was controlled because there was no city water, the only thing to fight it with, in that day and time, was just a bucket brigade so the fire probably burned itself out.

At the time of this fire, we were living in the big house, which was across the street from grandfather Pettett's house, which my father built and it happened late in the evening. My mother tied all our clothes up in sheets and everything else that she could get ahold of that she thought we would need to take with us and they were put out in the front yard ready to be picked up and carried away. Of course, you know there was great excitement there, but it did burn itself out. I remember my grandfather Stephens taking me around by the hand and leading me around

to the ruins in a day or two after the fire. It was still smoking. All you could see, throughout the streets, were just blackened timbers. But it didn't take long for it to be built up, the fire destroyed the Methodist Church, and a better church was built, destroyed the school house, and a better school house was built. My dad was on the school board at that time, where there was only a one room school house before, now there were four classrooms with one large auditorium, all on one floor and, I think, that school was finished in 1911 maybe 1912. Anyway, that was the first school I attended except going to a kindergarten for a little while when I was much younger.

It was while we lived in this house that my father took me, and the little rifle, which I spoke of a while ago, out in one of the red-green washed gullies in which we found a broken up barrel. He took me down to the inside of the gully where he would hold the rifle; I would look over the barrel, and pull the trigger. He later gave that rifle to me. I kept it, and cherished it because I thought it was the greatest gun I ever had. I still love firearms, as far as that goes. But I think we moved off, and left this rifle, it was a 32 caliber Stevens.

Three of my girl cousins lived nearby, and we played together a lot, one of our favorite pastimes was "playing church." Church was a great attraction for everybody in that day and time, there was no amusement, so most everybody attended church. There were two churches in town the Methodist and the Baptist Church. One time when we were playing church out in our front yard, we gathered an audience of men who were walking along the railroad track, following the tracks down to work. The girls were singing, and I was preaching. We moved to the other side of the house as we didn't like the men watching us, well, they moved, too. When the time came to baptize, I got mad at the girls because they wouldn't let me baptize them in the little the branch that ran through our yard, so that broke up the meeting.

Another curious event that happened along about this time, 1912 or 1913, I remember the date because at that time I could read the calendar. We were doing things that children are always

doing, in that day and time, play this and that, take walks together. One time, an older cousin, a beautiful girl, who later died at sixteen years old of tuberculosis, that was a terrible curse everywhere, but at this time, we decided to go up to unkempt cemetery on top of the hill. It just so happened that a boy that lived up the hill from us had died from a brain abscess and was buried in this cemetery. Reaching the cemetery, we walked all around, and a curious thing happened to me then, just when we were leaving. I heard a terrible thump coming from the back of the cemetery, as if somebody had taken a baseball bat and hit a hollow dead stump with it. I can't explain it, but it happened.

One of the things we liked to do, early in the morning, would be to go behind my grandfather's house and watch the traffic at the river bottom. We would see a doctor with his light-footed horse, and we'd say, "Yes, that's doctor so and so's horse." Then there would be a wagon from the country with the yoke of oxen, we called them steers, then there would be the two pintos with the surrey from the Harrison Hotel, next would be a rider on a horse. Sometimes when we were asleep in bed, we would be awakened by a horse trotting and figured that somebody from out in the country was sick, and the rider was coming in for the doctor, no telephones much, very few around.

Something else happened in that day and time, this happened December 24th the day before Christmas in 1913. The town had been incorporated then, and it had a town marshal. My folks had been close neighbors to this town marshal, and he had a very respectable family, I think some of them still live down there. There was another man who had been county sheriff at one time, and for some reason bad blood arose between these two men. I have heard there was a third person who was implicated in this, too. My mother had sent me to the general store along the railroad to get six Christmas postcards; I remembered repeating that before I went out there. When I got into the store, there were a few people in there, this store was like a lot of the rest them, it had a kerosene pump in the back for people to get coal oil for their lamps, and they had

dry goods, hardware, needles, thread, and dyes. So I went in, and there was a young man in there, I guess he was in his teens, I felt he was really a man though, because he was that old. He said, "What do you want Philip, what will you have?" "Well," I said, "My mama sent me out here to get six Christmas postcards." And he said, "Six Christmas postcards." Well about that time, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, and everybody lay down on the floor or ran to the back of the store, and the whole front of the great big window in the front of the store was all shot out. Well, I didn't run, I didn't react that quick, I just turned around, and looked up there, and I saw one man on the ground, the city marshal, and the other man in a sitting position. The marshal had on a dark suit; he had been and was a very brave man, and the other man had on a brown suit, a cap, a gray sweater with a large coat over it with large pearl buttons. The city marshal died, the man who had been county deputy survived. It wasn't until just a few years ago I was down through this little town, and I had been talking to one of the men that I knew, but I only told part of that story because I didn't want to arouse it again. I forgot to mention that this fellow was the son of the county deputy who has been dead for great many years. This deputy happened to be a very close friend of my father. Things got pretty ticklish at times down there because something or some kind of trouble would arise, and you would have to watch just how you talked to everybody, but there was never any trouble like what happened in the coal mines in various places. People were much more peaceful, most of the time, most people.

Now let's talk just a minute about the railroad and the train, I will tell you more about the train but let me tell you this first. You know those trains had news butches on, and these news butches not only sold papers, they would come to the cars every once in a while with a basket full of fruit, and next time they would have a basket full of candy, and one thing that we always noticed, when we were little boys, was that they had glass pistols. Now these pistols were sold at two prices, there was one smaller one, which wasn't made right, we could tell that we didn't like them was because they were made straight, they were cast straight. The bigger pistols were shaped like a gun, like a pistol ought to be. Well, I think they sold for fifteen and twenty-five

cents, now twenty-five cents was a lot of money to pay for something like that, in that day and time, but my grandfather Stephens bought me one of the big ones at twenty-five cents when he had been some place on the train, we used those in our playing. You know, when we were little boys we wanted not a car, but we always wanted a big, fine, prancing horse, like some of the people in town owned. We'd get broomsticks, things like that, and we would tie a twine around the front of them pretending it was a bridle, and we would stride those things and gallop all around saying, pow, pow, pow, at each other, pretending we were somebody else, and we always wanted these glass pistols. I think I broke mine; they were full of little, fine beaded candy. They would certainly be antiques in this day and time. We all wanted a real pistol when we got big enough. Now, why couldn't we have one, why shouldn't we have one, why, we thought, didn't everybody else one, all except women and girls, they didn't count. Let me say, too, that when we played, we usually played war. Most all the boys did as any boy that didn't play war or take part, wasn't thought much of. Incidentally, there weren't many boys like that, and when we played war, believe it or not, we always fought the Spaniards we were always Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and we rode roughshod over the Spaniards. That was before, of course, World War I.

One of the things which we did, which was taboo, but we did it anyway, was to watch for wagons coming along the street, and then we would run, swing on the tailgate, and keep our heads below the tailgate so we couldn't be seen by the driver. Usually, we would get a cut around the ears with a big, long, black snake whip. The wagon had a tongue on it that stuck out beyond the tailgate, and we could sit on that, and ride for a while, we never got too hurt, as I remember.

The town was so quiet, in that day and time; the wagons didn't make much noise, but we could hear them coming from a long way, and we could play out on the street for hours at a time, and no wagon would pass. The only noise we would hear, usually, was the sound from the blacksmith's shop, that sound of the hammer on the anvil, once in a while. Another interesting

custom, which was in vogue in that day and time, was called, “pounding the preacher.” This is not as it might sound, it simply meant the congregation would gather at some house, some evening, at an appointed time, and all would bring something for the preacher. Usually, it was some groceries, maybe some candy, all kinds of things that the preacher might need. This custom, no doubt, harkens back to the time when preachers, especially country preachers, were thought by some people, that they shouldn’t make any money. A preacher should never be paid for preaching, he should make his money farming or by some other method. The people would gather and they would go to the preacher’s house, knock on the door, go in, and present their gifts. I suppose this has something to do with the visit of the Magi. Anyway it didn’t mean that the preacher was beaten, no, he suffered enough.

When we were little boys, one of our major pursuits was digging wells or pretending to dig wells. Nearly every house in town had a well as there was no city water then, those who didn’t have wells had to carry it from the neighbor. We were busy digging wells, and my dad often scolded me in a mild way for digging so many holes in the yard. But I remember, on one occasion, when I had started the well by the back steps, he proceeded to get pieces of wood, and made me a little windless. I had put a bucket on the windless, it was a little frame, and very nicely made. I would let it down into the little hole that I had dug, and I would fill it with dirt, wind it up and dump it, great business. My father had a well drilled near our back porch after we moved in this house. He was a very capable man, he held a good position with the Tennessee Copper Company, and later became general manager of their Middle West division but at this time, not only did he hold his job down, but he traded horses, and he built houses as a sideline. He contracted for these houses, and he built houses for several people around town there, then he organized a brass band later on.

There had been a band in town directed by an old German musician who was an excellent cornet player on the E Flat cornet. My dad got some young men interested in the band, and none of the

young men had much money then, and so he bought the instruments, I don't know, seven or eight of them I think, and these men were supposed to pay him back slowly, and as this is the case, sometimes learning music proved too hard; my dad wound up owning the instruments, which we played with when we were little children. He played a cornet that he had bought from J.W. Pepper & Son, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. I don't think they're in business now, haven't heard of them since I was a kid. Anyway, he got me interested in playing a cornet, and he took a gospel song book, and he took some of the familiar hymns like "Bless Be the Tie That Binds," and "Stand Up for Jesus," and he wrote the fingering above each note. As I knew the tunes, he taught me to play this cornet by looking at the finger on it. Later on, when I got to be a pretty good size kid, he tried to teach me how to read the fingering, but he couldn't teach me, I couldn't learn, tell you why, I was scared of him. He was just a little bit too stern in his teaching. A few years later on when I was in my early teens, I learned to play the cornet pretty good, and as I grew up, and got into high school, I decided to make professional music a career, but several things happened. For one thing, they took the pit orchestras out of the theatres that almost ruined professional music. My father, however, was deeply interested in my ability to play the cornet, as illustrated by the fact that one day, when I visited him in Atlanta after he had been transferred down there from Copperhill, Tennessee, he took me to the music store, Southern Drum Company, and he bought me a new trumpet. Trumpets had come into vogue at that time, and I kept it for a great many years. Now, my only music career, aside from playing in dance orchestras during my high school years, was after my senior year when I joined a circus that had come to town in the spring of the year, that is, to Atlanta, when we lived there. I played there about a week until I was advised by my friends, and my teachers, to drop out of it, so I did. I went back to school where I graduated Tech High in Atlanta. The show which was a combination of carnival and circus went on up to Paducah, Kentucky, and went broke. So I was the only one that got paid.

I remember going with my older girl cousin, who took good care of me then, and she took me to this school where they had a subscription school. I imagine we would call it today, a summer school, because this elderly lady, who wanted the school, would go around and get subscribers from the parents, and she would teach the children and they would pay her and use the regular school building. One thing that I remember so well was how good these older children were to me when I was such a little boy. I was the only pupil in school who was in the primer class, now today we call the primary, and I've been asked if we used the McGuffey's reader but I don't think we did, we had one printed in the South, I don't remember the name of it. When the time came for class, she would call me, "Philip, come up and I'll hear your lesson." Now that's what they called it. So, I would go up, and read out of the primer, then she would assign me a different lesson, and I would go back and sit down.

Later on when I was in the first grade, we had children in there that would study out loud as they used to way, way out in the country at that time. They studied their spelling all in a mumble, and the teacher had to get after them at once or make them shut up. We had to carry water in the school from a spring, oh, it was way off, I guess half a mile anyway, but when the time came to get water, us little boys would fight over who would go get the bucket, and go after the water. We had a regular bucket in the room with a dipper in it. Later on, we got some of these coolers, you know, these small things, and we all were supposed to bring a tin cup or something to drink out of. Well, there were aluminum cups on the market, little holding aluminum cups, I think they are still on a market today, and we were supposed to take these, but they would always come apart. Then we would make paper cups to drink from. If enough children asked for a drink, the teacher would let us all get up, and form a line. If you didn't have a tin cup, you didn't get any water. Some of us could slip up once in a while when she wasn't looking, and get a drink with our paper cups. And we had to go in the winter time too. We had to go carry in coal; the coal was in the basement, and we had great big heating stoves, with a heating chamber on top. It

was about six feet high. When there was too much loose coal put in there, it would blow the door open, and everybody would get up, and start to run.

Now on a Friday, we said speeches, when we were real little in school, and the teacher would have her roll book and she would have each child get up and give their speech. All the little girls always liked “Little Orphan Annie,” and that is what they would repeat. Some of the little boys, who thought they were real smart, would get up and say:

“Ladies and Gentlemen,
Tell you a fact,
I lost my speech,
In a buffalo’s track.”

And then the teacher would get after them and scold them a bit or something like that or they would say something else like:

“That little dog,
His name was Rover,
When he died,
He died allover.”

or

“I had a little mule,
His name was Jack,
I put him in the stable.
And he jumped out the crack.”

I don't know where these old little jingles came from but evidently they were very, very old.

My father was very fond of his parents, and they were likely very fond of him. We spent a lot of time over at my grandmother Pettett's house, when we were small children, my mother didn't like it, she was always calling us home. One time, she came and brought my clothes and said I could stay over there, well, I wanted to go back home then, right away. But on this other occasion, I had slipped off to go over to see Ma, as we called her, and she called me back. She was sewing on her regular sewing machine, an old-fashioned treadle sewing machine, she was quite a seamstress. So, she called me back and she gave me a spanking, I don't know how hard it was, I don't remember anything except how hard my dad used whip me. Then she put me in the closet under the stairway, so I cried my head off, and then she would come out and said, "Here," she said, "Philip that's all right, here, I'll go inside and you can see how it is, and you won't have to cry." She went inside and I slammed the door on her then she begged me to get her out.

In the early 20s, we got streetlights where they were needed most, there were a few hanging downtown in what we called "on the corner." During World War I and even during World War II, the men would gather down on one of the corners, the main corner, they didn't have many corners, and they would discuss everything. There would be groups talking here, and groups talking over there. It was very, very interesting to hear this talk, especially to a little boy like I was, but that's all changed now, there is no more of that, it reminds me now of Oliver Goldsmiths, "The Deserted Village," "the young contending as the old surveyed."

There was one man, especially, when I was growing up, whom I loved very much, and liked to be with. He had been a Peace Officer earlier, was now custodian of the company's property. He was, also, a self-taught veterinarian, and much in demand throughout this area, around this Ducktown basin. He knew the country and the mountains, better than anybody that I ever knew. Something I always wanted to do, when I got a little bigger, was to explore all these mountains.

Horace Kephart lived near Johnson City, North Carolina, and he was already writing about this area, this general area, and if I had only known, maybe I could have gone over there to talk to him. I have read his books, he is the best outdoor writers that I know, but, I'm getting a little bit off the trail here now.

Anyway, this man, mentioned above, was named Joe, and he would always take time to answer the questions. We would talk for a long time whenever we met. He told me, one time in Ducktown, now that's a translated Cherokee name, that's the name of a little town close to Copperhill, about having to shoot a man one time. This man whom he had to kill was a well-known character, and rather much feared, by a lot of people, and the family was well known for its evilness too. A storekeeper had told Joe that this man had bought a box of 3220 cartridges and he was going to kill Joe Wilson, that's the name I'm going to use for my friend. So, he happened to meet him the next day, and this man reached for his gun, and said to Joe Wilson, "By God, I'm going to kill you," he was about half drunk. So Joe grabbed him, tried to hold his pistol hand to get his handcuffs on him, told him he was under arrest, but this man was too strong for him, he couldn't do it. Joe always carried his pistol in his trousers just under his coat on the left side. Well, this man pulled his gun, and Joe got his gun out first and shot him, killed him. Then he saw this man's two boys come running up on different sides of the street. Joe turned the dead man loose, and Joe pointed his gun at one of them. This man stopped, dropped his gun, started begging him not to shoot, fell to his knees. Joe said it seemed it was about the longest time before anybody came outside, as they had all run and hid. Finally, some little drummer, as we called him, a traveling salesman, came out, and then Joe arrested these other two fellows, and put them in the jug. He told me this story the last time I saw him as I made it a special point to go out to see him, and had dinner with him. He took me all around, he was about 80 years old then, we drove all around the little towns down there, little hamlets which were a part Copperhill, and the places that I didn't recognize as they had changed so much. I still think of him every once in

a while, and what a fine man he was, and I think he did just right in what he did, he could have done none other.

Let me say again that I knew, when I was a boy, several of these men who were Peace Officers, and I was always impressed with how quiet spoken, how gentle they seemed, but they had nerves of steel. Another story has come to my mind; we will call him Wilson again. In that day and time when he was still a Deputy Sheriff, there had been a shooting down in this little town, called Turtletown, that's another translated Cherokee name. Joe had to go down, and arrest some man, and he had to hire a buggy and get another man to go with him, I know this other man too, I knew him well, he was another fine man too. They went down to see this man, hitched their horse way up someplace where they couldn't be seen, and they walked down to this man's house. They saw smoke coming out of the chimney, he eased up on the porch, looked in the window and saw this man sitting by the fire with his wife. There was a Winchester rifle lying on the floor between them, and there was a big bulldog in the house, too. Joe told Adam to go around behind the house and watch the back door. So Joe backed off, quietly, tried the door, it was locked, so he backed off and broke the door open. He put his gun on this guy, I forget what his name was, anyway, he arrested him, said the bulldog didn't wake up, he must have been an old one. Then he put the handcuffs on him, took him outside, and called Adam around. Adam came running around the house, and fell over a washtub. I don't know what the outcome of the case was, but Joe would always laugh when he told this story.

Now that's about all of my early childhood, this would take us so far up to about 1915, when my father finally sold this big house that we had, and rented the Barnes House, at that time. This was a nice house, one of the best. We did have a trashy element, but most of the people were pretty good people. They were well dressed, educated their children, dressed their children nicely, and attended church, all that. This house had a bad reputation, and before we moved into it, there was an elderly lady who would come to visit say, "Mrs. Pettett, don't you move into that

house, that's a bad house, there is something the matter with it." She said, "There is something in the dark that never comes out," and she came back two or three times before we moved, trying to get her not to move into the house, but my father, grandfather, and mother never took what she said very seriously, but I'll tell you now, the background of that house. Long about the time I was born, there was a murder committed there. There was a man, his wife and two of his children that lived there. He was an attorney, and the story is that his wife was running around with another man, and her husband was shot, and killed in the backyard. The story is that he lay on the ground, calling for his wife to come out. The way the killers came in was, up an alley, and across a bridge and into the backyard. The wife never came out, but the people across the street, so the story goes, came out, and found him lying there. They took him in the house, called the doctor but, by then, he died. Using bloodhounds, the Sheriff caught the two men that killed him, one of them turned state's evidence and the other one was sent to the penitentiary. Well, that house burned during the big fire and this house into which we moved was built on the same ground. We had a hired girl who moved in with us, and she left the same day. She told my mother that she wouldn't stay there, when we were in this house she never left my mother; she was by her side all the time until her Uncle came and got her. And we did hear strange noises in this house, especially in the downstairs area. This elderly lady said it sounded like pistol snapping, and it did sound odd, but my folks never paid much attention to it. One time, it was in the wintertime, but the weather wasn't cold, and we kept the downstairs, the parlor, as we called it then because it was the kind of as a place that nobody used it except for special visitors; we were sitting upstairs in the bedroom, we used the bedroom for kind of a living room then, we had a Franklin stove in it, with the fire going, and it was quite comfortable. Mother was sewing, my father was sitting in a chair reading a newspaper, my sisters and I were doing some homework, and it was all quiet. It was about eight o'clock at night when we heard, or we thought we heard, the front door open and close. Then the steps started up the stairway, we had the bedroom door closed. And we thought nothing of it; maybe some of our folks from around town were coming to visit as they would just walk in. The steps came up to the door and stopped, my father got up,

and cleared his throat, like he always did, opened the door, and started to say hello, nobody there, now that's a true story. We didn't stay in this house long, and we moved over into another house which was a company house.

Industry was booming pretty much at that time, but that was before we got into the World War I, and we moved into this company house, and the company had built about, oh, I don't know how many houses, it must have been close to a thousand that they had altogether. Anyway, the new school was open, which was a high school and grade school in one building. It had a manual training room, two restrooms, domestic science, grammar school, high school and a large auditorium on top, it was three stories high. In that time, it was considered as good as any in the state, it was the third high school in the whole county. There were no school buses so everybody had to walk. Some of the children walked five miles to school, and they were always the first to get there in the morning. I was in the third grade when we entered this school, and I think there are about five hundred kids in it all together.

In the fourth grade I had a teacher, well, I better not to tell you her name, but she was a small very, what kind of adjective shall I use, skinny teacher, dark complexion and very high strung. She didn't have the personality that a teacher should have, and she kept a buggy whip about three feet long. She said she would buy buggy whips, cut the ends on the lash end to three feet. She said it was against the law in the State of Tennessee to use a whip over three feet long. She made good use of what she had. She had an alarm clock that she carried around with her, and she would go in different rooms to recite. Some of the children, including me, were afraid of her at times. We studied Macy's Elementary History in fourth grade, which was an excellent little history; I wish I had one of them. At the end of each chapter, there were leading facts, and we had to memorize those, and if we didn't memorize them, we got a whipping with that buggy whip. I don't remember if she ever took the butt end of that whip she used, or not, but she sure did use the lash end. I remember getting some whippings from her which I didn't deserve. In

mathematics, especially, I couldn't learn long division, because the first time I tried, I think it was the first time or second time, I went to my father, and he showed me how to do it, but he used a different method. He put the quotient on the right side of the bracket while Miss Kyle wanted to put it on top, I didn't know where to put it on top, and I was afraid to ask her, and when I would demure when we were all at the board figuring long division, she would start screaming at me. When I would try to do it like my father would tell me to do it or showed me to do it, that wouldn't work.

Then again, this was about the time we entered World War I, and, of course, the war fever took a hold of all the boys in school and the first thing you knew, rock fights started, one side would be the Germans and the other side would be the Americans. Now that thing started and grew up into something big. One day we were out playing and got into a big rock fight. Half of the boys from the school were on one side and half on the other side and this woman teacher ran out with a cloth of some kind encouraging us charge, charge, retreat, don't fall back, retreat, and when the bell rang, we still kept fighting, and one side would charge and then retreat and the other side would charge and retreat, nobody got hit by rocks very much, if they did, they didn't tell it. One boy that always cried, got hit, and started yelling. When the bell rang, we didn't pay any attention to it, finally somebody had realized it, I think maybe the woman teacher realized that it was time for books, as we call it, so we all went into school, and when we got into our rooms there were the men teachers, we had five men teachers, and they called all the boys down into the manual training room and then they said, 'How many of you boys were not in that rock fight?' One big boy raised his hand and also some little boys, so they said, "All right boys, go back to your room." Then they gave each one of us a dozen whacks with a pretty heavy paddle. I remember how that hurt, that broke up the rock fight, stopped the war.

We also had a man teacher in that school that also used a buggy whip; I guess he got the idea from the woman teacher. The teacher would sit in a captain's chair, behind the desk and the

children would be in a semicircle in front of him where they would recite their lesson. If some of the children didn't recite, and, some of them did, then they all got a whipping and, this man, he whipped the girls around the legs and whipped the boys across their shoulders. Wonder how that would work now days. But you know something, we learned under these people.

One of the games that we liked to play was Fox and Hounds, but it always seemed like that the bigger boys were always the foxes and we couldn't catch them, we would run ourselves to death and be late for the bell when it rang. Prisoner's Base, which we loved to play, was a very active game and I found out years later that, that game was played among the Roman boys back in the time of the Roman empire, may be in ancient Greece, who knows, but we enjoyed it very, very much.

The woman teacher who took such a big part in their rock fight and who urged us on, when she found out all the boys got whipping she cried for three days. Now, when all this rock fighting, Prisoner's Base, and all the other rough games that the boys played were going on, the little girls were very quiet and lady like. The hill was so bare behind the schoolhouse that they could pick up little rocks or stones and outline a house, that was roughly the floor plan of a house, and they would have big rocks, put them in the corner with another rock and that would be a bed and other rocks they would make through the door and they would visit each other. I don't know why we did this thing, but we got a lot of fun out of running through those houses and knocking everything down and then laughing about it. Well, we did that and the girls tried to throw rocks at us, wishing that they would hit us but it wouldn't hurt but there was one girl in there that could handle a pretty good size rock and she clumped a few of us on the head, yeah that hurt. Then they went and told the teacher, of course, that stopped a lot of monkey business. Evidently, this sort of thing isn't new because it makes me think of a poem that was written a long time ago I just remember few lines of it, it runs like this:

“Why little boys should drive away,
Sweet little maidens from their play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
Something more than I can tell.”

I think that poem was entitled “Billie and Me” by James Hogg. I remember when I was about this age, at a commencement service; we would have to parade around the stage and recite this poem.

Now, I have tried to end this narrative about my childhood but there seems to be so much more coming all the time that I never get through. I have something here though, another little case that I want to tell you and I hope that will be the last and we can go onto some of the stories of my grandfather and father told me and this concerns the people away back when I was a child who were officials in the company, big and little officials. They didn't live in the ordinary company houses; they lived over in what was called, a circle. All the houses were better built and they had running water and they all faced the plant in a big circle. Just above them was another set of houses where the people were a little bit lesser. The action of these people, some of them made me think of the British in India, from books that I have read, the women would visit each other and if one of them wasn't home, the other one would leave a card and that amounted to a visit and if she was home why, they would sit and talk and have their tea. They didn't have much to do with the rest of us; I suppose that may have been because we talked differently than they did. Some of these people, most all them, were from the north and there were a few of them from out west.

And one thing I remember when my father took me to the office one Sunday to do a little work, and what shocked me, as a child, was the profanity that these people used, even yelling at each other, and calling or talking to each other in loud voice. There wasn't much of that in town where

I lived, that if any man then were caught using profanity within the hearing of a lady, some man would call him down right away and sometimes they would demand an apology. There were occasions when men were arrested for cursing in the presence of a woman.

The company had built a huge clubhouse, called Cowanee, for the officials of the company and it is still standing today, so far as I know, and it's a big, beautiful, gray Victorian building, all built of wood. It contained two bowling alleys, a fairly large swimming pool, a nice library, reading room and a ballroom. There was room on the upper floors for some of the officials when they would come to visit. Close by was another hotel where the unmarried men stayed that was called the Blue Goose. Concerning Cowanee Club though, there came a time when they began to admit other people into the club for membership. These people had their own school and for some reason, didn't want to send their children to their big county schoolhouse.

One of the most interesting and attractive features of that area, in that day and time, was the railroad, it was the lifeline of that country, as all railroads were, in that time. Lot of us little boys wanted to grow up and be a railroad man and it was, as you might call it, a career. In 1890, a railroad was completed from Knoxville going down to Atlanta through the mountains; it was called at that time the AK&N Railroad later on it was taken over by the L&N. It was put through that country from Knoxville to Atlanta up to the mountains and it was one of the most scenic areas that one could see. The railroad started out through Atlanta, Georgia, and increased altitude all the way up to what we called the loop, or the Great Smoky Mountain, sometimes, it was seen on postcards which you can't find anymore, at least I can't. Anyway, this railroad bound itself up through Kennesaw Mountain, gradually increasing altitude until it came all the way up through small towns of Marietta, Whitestone, Ball Ground, Nelson, Tate, and on up to Blue Ridge and through Copperhill and then about eighteen miles from Copperhill, it passed over the loop, the Great Smoky Mountain loop. It did it in this way, it mounted the top of a high conical mountain on a high trestle and the railroad wound around that mountain about three or

four times until at the bottom of the loop it reached the level of the Hiwassee River and then it took off toward Knoxville up to northern points like that. One of the things that I remember, specifically, is the fact that when I would have to be taken to Knoxville for an eye examination, this had to go on every year for a few years to have my glasses changed; early in the morning, going around the top of the loop and looking way down and seeing the Hiwassee river, way down in the valley, sometimes there would be a storm thunderstorm down there, and then sometimes there would be cloud covering, you would go through the clouds until you reach the level of the river. That's the way you got over the loop and then you went down to the Hiwassee River and it was a beautiful, large, brawling mountain river and it's not there anymore. They ruined it, for progress sake, they built the Hiwassee dam several years ago and that did away with the river. All that is left of this beautiful river is just a few pools here and there, but it used to be beautiful. There were areas where the river would shrink from maybe three hundred feet wide down to about twenty feet wide and that's the place where my grandfather Pettett used to fish.

Every once in a while, once or twice a year, he and some friends would go down there and they would camp and place trotlines lines, he always brought back huge strings of catfish, great big fellows, some of them. He said he had some that broke a trotline. This is almost as beautiful a scenic country as anyone would ever want to see, this close to the North Carolina line right at the time when the train left the loop and, eventually, got away from the river. The mountains were covered with laurel and heavy forested areas up there. It was my great ambition, when I was little, to grow up and explore this entire wilderness, the whole area back in there. I thought, one time, wouldn't it be a good thing to explore the whole country on horseback. Some of it was too rough for that though.

Passenger trains, of course, ceased running back about the time of the beginning of World War II, but the freight trains still ran. In this time that I'm telling you now, there were two trains out

in the morning, north and south; they came back in the evening, one from Knoxville and one from Atlanta. There was one train south and one train north, these are passenger trains around noon and then in the evening there was a train that we called the Murphy train, now it's bit of been a fact that it pulled about fifteen, I remember counting them, freight cars and one or two passenger cars. The passenger trains that ran on this road pulled three coaches. There was a coach for the men and women, no smoking allowed in that coach, another coach was a smoker and it was partitioned in half, the other end was a coach for the colored people. There was also a mail car and a baggage car combined. Sometimes, even on this short train, going around those curves you could see the engine at the head. When I rode, I always wanted the window open so I could get my head out, like an engineer, but you couldn't do that all the time because you know those engines were steam engines, and they threw a lot of cinders, I remember several times getting cinders in my eye. It was really something when the train would pull in. I always thought that all passenger trains would come through town at noon because ours did. You would hear the whistle way up the river and, finally, you would hear it coming, and here it would come in steaming, whizzing, puffing, and pulling in to stop at the depot. You could hear the grind of the baggage truck as it came out to get the baggage off the car and exchange the mail. Then there would be a crowd of people watching who got off the train and getting on and there were the little children dressed up in their finest with their mothers holding their hands. The conductor would get out and place the little stool on the ground so people could step on it and go on into the coach. They would hear the breathing of the engine, the whizzing, and the clanking of the machinery of the locomotive, and then there would be the conductors cry, of "all aboard," and the engine would start up and whizzing and puffing and away she'd go, way up the river to Knoxville or toward Atlanta.

One interesting thing I remember, when I was very young, was going to Ellijay, Georgia, with my parents for a singing convention. They didn't sing, but lot of people from town went when our church choir from the Baptist Church would attend. It must have been an annual thing with

these various church singing groups. Some of them weren't choirs, they were just singing groups but they sang in the church services. When they would meet at different places, different towns, for the convention, there were judges there, and whichever choir won, would receive a banner. They held that banner until they were defeated. At this time, when we were down there, we were all amazed at the flowers growing in this little town because on the red burned hills of Copperhill there were no flowers. I don't know if flowers grow in Copperhill now or not.

Anyway, I remember standing in the dark at the station, no lights anywhere, and here would come the train and, believe it or not, the train didn't have an electric headlight. It had a great big square headlight and they must have used signal oil for fuel in that lamp because it didn't throw much light at all. You would be surprised, I can't describe it to you, but you could hear the train coming but you couldn't see any rays from the light at all, until it got to the station, that's because it was obscured by trees and bushes, seems to me like. Then we would get on the train and sit down. The lights in the trains were oil lamps. At times when I had been on trips, even, when I was a boy, maybe going from Murphy back home or someplace else, the flagman would come around and have to light these lamps by hand and turn them out when the train was put away.

I have tried to express how different life was for children in those long, long times of sixty five years ago but, in that time, we didn't have to depend on various groups for guidance, amusement, or for counseling, our parents took care of that; however, we created our own amusement. Some of the little boys that I remember back, in that day and time, showed remarkable skill for things mechanical, building things, building wagons, building miniature hoisting engines. Yes, and there was always the mountains to explore one day and I still remember the little boy that look longingly at the mountains from the window of the train. Now I thought that this would be the end of the childhood era but, as I remarked before, so many things keep coming back that I think is really worthwhile to record these also.

Now when we lived in that big house that I spoke of earlier, we called it later, after my father had sold it, the Queen house, because it was bought by a man name Graslin Queen. It was about 1915, I remember the date very well because it was the same time the Germans torpedoed the passenger ship, Lusitania, and sunk it off the Irish coast and when my father ran for Justice of the Peace and was elected, and his office was near our house.

The only law that was in the county was the Justice of the Peace, I don't know how big an area they covered, but they were the only law, and out of each Justice of the Peace office, was a deputy sheriff. I don't remember exactly when the county court met, whether it was twice a year or four times a year, something like that, and sometimes they would come up in and around Ducktown and hold court there. These justices had cases that were carried up to the county court. My father, one time, took me to Benton, Tennessee, that was the county seat of Polk County, when he had to attend court; I was nine years old then. I remember, very distinctly, people from all around the county were there, and when the time came for court to convene, the sheriff went to one of the windows and he "called court," as we said in those days, and this is the way it went: *"Oh! Yes, Oh! Yes, Oh! Yes, come into court, come into court, come into court. You are this day bound to do your duty, you are this day bound to do your duty, you are this day bound to do your duty, Oh! Yes, Oh! Yes, Oh! Yes come into court, come into court, come into court!"* And he did this from three different places in the courtroom, through an open window, very interesting; the custom probably goes back to England. I don't suppose it's done nowadays, but the little county seat town of Benton, Tennessee, doesn't seem much larger now than it was then. This old "block house" formerly stood in a town called Old Fort a few miles below Benton and that was near or in the vicinity of another small place called Pettett's Old Stand. It now stands in the courtyard of the county jail.

Now there is something else that I want to bring up about these courthouses, and that is the existence of certain areas around the country called "*law ground.*" That evidently harkens back to the time when the judge would travel from place to place, probably always with a sheriff and/or a peace officer of some kind, and he would hold court out in the open. Just a short distance over on the Georgia side from Copperhill was a place called the "*Old Flint Hill Law Ground.*" I don't know when they held court there or when they quit but there are other places I remember, one other a little farther down into Georgia in the Cherokee National Forest which was called the "*Old Noontootla Law Ground.*"

There was another character, I knew, although not very well, his name was Sherman Carney, which was his real name, he may have been a descendant of some of the Cornish miners who came over to this country, back before the civil war, their descendants are still living there. Sherman had evidently gotten into trouble with another man's wife and her husband caught him there one time and Sherman was put on a witness stand brought into court, the prosecutor asked him:

"Now, Sherman, how many times did this man shoot at you?"

"Three times."

"Well, how far were you from him when he shot at you the first time?"

"About twenty feet."

"Twenty feet, well how far were you from him when he shot at you the second time?"

"About thirty feet."

"Well, how far the third time?"

"About one hundred fifty yards."

Sherman had a little book which he called "the record" and when he couldn't answer a question put to him in the court, he would say, "Let me see if it's in the record."

One of the elderly men that we all loved very much, when we were little children, was Mr. John Adams. Mr. Adams was born and raised over in the Snowbird Mountain territory over the line, a few miles from the Tennessee line. He had a lot of stories to tell about hunting, fishing and about the Indians, he lived close to or among the eastern band of the Cherokees. Mr. Adams was loved by nearly all the little children, and, I might remark in passing, that it seemed to me like that all the old Army veterans and all the old Confederate veterans were very fond of little children. Mr. Adams was a veteran of Jubal A. Early's Army Headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia and was a veteran of Early's Campaign up through the valley until he besieged Washington and threw a few shells into the city. Probably, this was a diversionary attempt to draw federal soldiers from the Army and down into Virginia, which it did. Early's Army stayed until about two or three Army Corps came to the rescue of Washington. President Lincoln, at that time, stood up on the parapet to watch the Confederates, the soldiers had to make him get down.

Mr. Adams would tell a few stories about the war once in a while. He told one story about on the march up through the valley and they passed a big mansion, and there were carved, stone dogs on either side of this mansion to the entrance. It seemed to me like the Confederate soldiers always had a good time and were always happy. They got one of the soldiers, named Will, to go up there to see if he could get them something to eat. The soldiers saw a hog in a pen in the back of this house, so they told Will to go on up there and ask for it. On the way up, he started hollering, "hello," as was custom then, "hello, hello," and some of the soldiers said, "What's the matter with him, why doesn't he just go up and knock on the door." Mr. Adams said "He's afraid of those dogs." So they all had a good laugh about that and Will had to carry that up until he got wounded. Mr. Adams told about Will being wounded during the war. One of the battles around the valley some place, it may have been Winchester, I don't know. Will must have been a buddy of Mr. Adams because Mr. Adams told about watching the doctors after Will was shot in the ankle. He watched the doctors take veins and tie them up and sew his foot back together. One of

the doctors said to him: “Will, Will, oh boy, I’m afraid you are going to have a stiff ankle.” And Will said, “Well my God, I guess I’m through dancing then.”

I knew a man when we lived in Athens, Tennessee, one summer. Mr. Will Lane, a very kind and gentle old man, and was a veteran of the 14th Tennessee Cavalry, under General Nathan Bedford Forest. Let me say again, that all the old Confederate veterans that I knew, were all kind, gentle, and very fond of children.

Another thing that I want to bring to mind is that most of the men were smaller, shorter in stature than they are today. It must have been about the middle 1920s when I noticed that the boys were growing up faster, growing taller than they used to be. I have an old “Francis Bannerman Catalogue” and they are out of business now, have been for a few years, but the “Francis Bannerman Company,” after the civil war, bought up all the surplus government goods that they could and they carried huge stocks of those things and, up until all in the 1930s, you could still buy new civil war overcoats, artillery jackets, complete uniforms, surplus guns, and almost all kinds of war material. But they stated in their catalogue that all these clothes were too small for the men today. The civil war was fought by young men and the uniforms that they had for sale then would just about fit a boy of fourteen years old in this day and time. But this didn’t keep the men from fighting back during the civil war. I admire, greatly, the Confederate soldiers who were always outnumbered but who had some of the old fighting stock that came to America about three hundred years ago, looks like when I was a boy we had some of it too.

One sport, which we enjoyed very much, although it would be a rather dubious sport, was to fish in the local river, the Ocoee River, which ran through the town. We fished right behind the Standard Oil station, not a filling station but storage tanks I guess you call them, and it was thought for a long time that there was no fish in the river. There was a tannery located up river in Georgia at a little town called Mineral Bluff and it discharged all its waste into the river so, for a

long time, nobody fished in the river. So this was in 1919, I remember but the date because I was working in the local printing office then and making four dollars a week, but we caught a lot of fish there such as red horse, white suckers and another type of fish some of them called stone roller and hog suckers. And, then again, we changed our fishing place to a delta, which was near the depot, there was a branch that came down through that area and emptied into the river and created quite a delta there. Out on that delta the water was very shallow and we could stand over the pool and catch suckers. Lot of fun, I think, we even ate one or two up there. That is until my family found out where I caught them.

My grandfather and one of my Uncles would place a fish trap, which are very interesting. They were about four or five feet long and about two feet square and they were made out of thin material something like lathing or something similar, and the one end was closed and the other one had slits sloped inward, big enough for a fish to get in but not out. There was a dam built in a V-shape, the V pointed downstream, as the dam usually is built out of rocks laid in a V formation and the trap was placed in the middle so the fish migrating south downstream would have to go into the trap. Then, too, I am sorry to say there are a lot of people who lived out in the country, especially in the mountains, when they wanted fish, they would dynamite. That was a terrible thing to do. Certain streams are known not to be any good because the people would dynamite them. One time a man was dynamiting fish, I can't mention his name, but he had lit the fuse of the dynamite and threw it into the water. It didn't go far enough so he waded out to get it, picked it up, and threw it again; it exploded and blew hand off. He picked up the hand, put it under his elbow and walked home.

Every once in a while, I suppose, once or twice a year there, would be a very cheap portable show would come to town with girls, dancing, singing and also comedians, who, usually, were pretty funny. I remember one time when I went to band practice with my father, I have to tell you about this band later, but when we got to practice, my father said, "If you don't need me I

think I've got something I want to do tonight." So, they said, "Alright sure, Jack why go ahead, we'll get along alright." So we went down to see one of these girly shows. The women of the town would talk about these things in a very derisive manner that it was cheap stuff shows and it shouldn't be seen by anybody. But they usually had a good audience of men; I don't remember seeing any women in the show when I went that night.

My father organized another band which was pretty good and I played in it. When the band was going pretty strong, they had a musician named Mr. Belding come down from Knoxville once a week. I think, he'd come down one day and go back the next and he directed the band and gave lessons, I don't know what they had to pay for a lesson, maybe a dollar or less, but he had five or six who took lessons from him and I was one of his pupils. Now, by bragging just a little bit I'll tell you the truth, and say that I was his star pupil. The membership of the band was about fourteen. We played for little parades and gave concerts downtown on the corner, once in a while. It was a Thursday night when we would meet for rehearsal and the personnel of the band were: myself, my father, LJ Pettett (Jack); Elmer McKay, alto; Amos Ballew, alto; Gordon Bell, trombone; Julius Taylor, trombone; Charlie Taylor, clarinet; Deon Taylor, sax; Ray Taylor, trumpet; Ernest Baker, drums; Dawson Payne, manager and Winston Clements. I think Ernest Baker played snare too. After we left, moved away to Atlanta, the band continued but then it eventually broke up.

Let me digress for a moment now and go back several years which I neglected to record. Oh, when I was pretty small, once in a while we would get into trouble, do something maybe break the window, maybe slip off to some place or swing on a tailgate of a wagon and, of course, my mother would correct me and I would be all right for a while. I would be good, then the temptation would be too great, then my friend, Albert Coffman, and I would get into trouble again. When Albert would get too bad, his mother would put a dress on him. She told my mother and I remember one time my mother put a dress on me. That was the most humiliating thing I

ever went through in my life, I never went out any place, I stayed in the house, I wouldn't let anybody see me and I would make promise after promise to be good until she took the dress off on me. I see a great difference in boys during that time and in this present time, now the boys don't seem to mind wearing dresses, in fact, they want to look like girls even dress like them at times and wear long hair.

Now I have a theory which I have never repeated very much because well sometimes people would laugh at me. I wonder if that's not due to the tremendous amount of milk the children receive nowadays, some of them and I know I have known a lot of children who practically lived on milk perhaps that may have been the fault of some of their mothers who wouldn't have to fix much of a meal as long as the children drank milk. There was a saying, back when I was a boy, that any boy who was too much like a girl was called milk-fed boy.

When I was about fourteen years old, and something which I have never mentioned before, a terrible nervous and emotional disease afflicted my mother, and it probably went back to her early childhood. It became unbearable and my father divorced her and took us, myself and my two sisters, Frances and Helen, to Atlanta, where I entered Tech High School and played in a large band there and they put me in first chair in the cornet section. My younger sister, Louise, stayed with my mother. One the most terrible ordeals I went through and which affected me, was the death of my little brother and this occasion which I have just mentioned. After we moved away and after the divorce, my mother straightened out, she married again. This is just a simple truth. Later, we moved to Cincinnati but I enjoyed living in Atlanta very much, and I made great many friends there whom I still remember.

One of the great occasions in my life was one time playing under the baton of John Philip Sousa. When his band, which was still on tour at that time, came to Atlanta, our high school ROTC band was selected to play during the intermission for one of his matinees. I was attending Tech

High School at that time and we practiced two of his marches, “Washington Fort” and “Liberty Bell.” The director of the Atlanta Municipal Band, Mr. Clint Barber, who was a very fine musician, came out and gave us some great pointers on how to play, also on things that related to music that we didn’t know at that time because our band instructor was not a musician, believe it or not. He was a wood shop teacher in the school and he had, evidently, been engaged with that because it would be less expensive, I suppose, but there were several of us in the band who were far better musicians than he was, but he did keep discipline there. He was from up north some place, an old Army man and he was good to us.

When the time came, we dressed in a white uniform, and dark ties and went down to the municipal auditorium in Atlanta. By this time, we had, of course, read all about Sousa; my father had subscribed to one magazine, “Jacobs Band Monthly,” and I read it from beginning to end. When the time came, we went on the stage, and saw all these men, these famous musicians whom we had read about. There was John Berlin, who played cornet solos, then Joseph Deluca, the famous baritone player and all I don’t know great many others and they all had gold plated instruments. And there were several others who started warming up and we heard them run scales. My goodness, how they could run scales on a cornet and how they could play. When the time came they took their seats and then Mr. Sousa entered.

I sat about five feet from the podium when Mr. Sousa was directing. I had played the music so much that I knew them by heart, so I kept looking at Mr. Sousa out of the corner of my eye and I think he noticed because he smiled just a little bit. I was told that was rather a rare thing for Mr. Sousa to do when he was directing, but that was a great thing in my life, I’ll always remember it.

The main part of Atlanta was called Five Points. I’ve never been to Five Points since we moved away, but, from what I hear now, it’s called Atlanta Underground, but it was where Edgewood Avenue, Decatur Street, Whitehorse Street, Peachtree Street, all converged in this area called

Five Points. There was a store, not a deli or confectionary, but a store that sold chocolate floats, which consisted of just chocolate served in a glass with milk poured over it and a hunk of ice cream in it. That's where a lot of the boys from Tech High and Georgia Tech converged to get the chocolate float and pass their time. Atlanta was a friendly town; you would always meet somebody you knew. There was Grant Park in which was the big Cyclorama painting of the Battle of Atlanta. The Union Depot was down on Prior Street and was a beautiful, old time building. I am told that it was an exact replica of the old depot which Sherman burned, brave thing to do. He ran all the people out of Atlanta after the battle then he turned around, burned them and burned the town, then he had no military opposition.

Tech High School, in which I enrolled after we moved there, was out on Lucky Street, it was kind of a shambles of a building. It had outgrown the student population tremendously and was an old building of three stories, very much of a fire trap at that time. It had old fashioned coal heaters in every room; they were supposed to have been taken care of by the colored janitors there, they had several of them, but the place was never very clean. There were annexes which formerly had been residences and were made into classrooms. There was one we called the Uptown Annex and one we called the Simpson Street Annex, aside from the regular buildings. The student body was about two thousand boys, and we had an ROTC unit there. We had three sergeants, a colonel, a major and a captain, I think that's all we had and we were issued regular uniforms. They were World War I uniforms and we had rifles too, the regular Springfield rifle, but I recall the firing pin had been taken out of them.

Now my two sisters and I, Frances and Helen, lived on Villa Street at number 15 Villa Street which was in 1922, just the three of us. My father had been transferred to Ohio, to the Tennessee Corporation plant in Lockland near Cincinnati as assistant general manager and my sisters and I stayed there and kept the house. It was embarrassing at times when some of the neighbor women would see us there and nobody else around, then they would say, "Well where is your father,"

“He is in Ohio,” “Where is your mother,” and being noseey you know, that’s all it was, and then we would have to tell them the story about the divorce and about my father and mother being separated and being in different cities, and then they would look at us real funny, but we got along all right. And my sisters made a lot of friends, too, on that same street, and then a little bit later we boarded with a family on Ponce de Leon Place out near where the Ford plant was. It was while we lived in Atlanta that we began to straighten out and grow up emotionally. Our childhood had become a dreadful and doleful existence while we lived in Copperhill. It was while living on Ponce de Leon Place that we changed our residence and moved out into Decatur with a family who had lived there on Ponce de Leon Place with us. It was there when I received a call from a man who wanted to know if I wanted a job playing with the circus. It was a circus carnival combination, called the T.A. Wolf. I went and tried out with a band. There were about twelve in the band, including me. After I got there, they gave me a red uniform with a warp on the collar and Merrill’s Country Band written on the cap. These boys were nearly all from the little town up in Indiana called Sullivan. The show was a three ring circus and we played two shows, one or two shows in the afternoon and one show at night. I learned what hard work was by having to play three shows at six hours a day.

But to go back a little way now, when I got out to the circus with Mr. Baker, he set the band up and we went over several marches and similar stuff there and I played for him without any trouble at all and was put into first chair of the circus band and I enjoyed it very much. But these boys and the director, Mr. Merle Baker, were little bit different from me and different from the people with whom I grew up. They were not the open friendly type that the rest of us were, and they seemed to me they looked bored or worried about something but that was just their natural habit, their natural inclination. And, in other words, you couldn’t get close to them like I was used to being with my own friends and I noticed that after we moved to Ohio, I noticed all the people were like that and I will get to that later.

It was at this time when we lived in Atlanta that I joined the National Guard and perhaps I'd better explain something about that. This was shortly after the Federal Reserve Banks had been organized all over the country, I don't know how many there were but there was one established in Atlanta and the law was that every city where a Federal Reserve Bank was established had to have a regiment of National Guard. A regiment was organized at that time and, but this was before I was old enough to join, it was organized in Atlanta and they recruited a company out of Tech High School, called, "Technical High School Company." Being a regiment, they had to have a band there too. Some of the boys falsified their ages just to get in the National Guard, but I think my father looked down on that sort of thing. So, since I was only seventeen, I still played in the ROTC band, not the National Guard band but as soon as I was eighteen, I took the examination and joined the National Guard and played in their band. Our high school ROTC band paraded on what we called Defense Day, and of course we had old fashioned campaign hats and in the summer time we had the khaki breeches and a heavy wool shirt. Let me say just two words about the ROTC and Tech High, we weren't the only school in Atlanta that had the ROTC, it was, of course, a boys high school. But there was a high school for girls, a co-educational school called Commercial High, and there was a private school called, University School. Close by was the Georgia Military Academy, and Fulton High School which was a co-educational high school. Our ROTC Company was Company A, later became Company B, the last year I was there. It was the crack routine of the whole city, and they were good, they went through, what we called at that time, the silent manual arms on the march.

One thing that I noticed after we had moved to Ohio was that Tech High was far ahead in band training and marching on the field. I saw a high school outfit that was in Cincinnati, not a high school, but a military outfit, I forget the name of the outfit, but I must say they were pretty sloppy compared to what we wore, but in our National Guard outfit we drilled, once a month and we had to rehearse with the band. Our director, who is a good friend of mine and who I studied under, was John A. Shore. When we moved to Ohio, he told me to hunt up August H. Schafer

who was first trumpet in the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and I studied under Mr. Schafer for a while. He was an excellent and wonderful musician, a trumpet player, a fine man and a very friendly, down to earth fellow. I shall never forget him, but let me say, people in Atlanta, perhaps all over the south, were a lot more military minded than the people in the north, that's one great difference that I saw right away.

I was eighteen years old when we moved to Ohio from Atlanta. My father insisted that I come along with him, but I hoped and wished time and again that I had stayed there. I had not been in Ohio very long in the suburb of Hartwell, and living there until I went to work for the Procter & Gamble Company, a job in the stockroom which I disliked very much. But I got to play in the band there and when the band was disbanded, I quit, but I became friends with some very nice young people there, and one of the boys was a sax player so we got an orchestra together and we played a few dances. On Sunday afternoon we would gather at his house, there I met a beautiful dark eyed girl, and the more I saw her the better I liked her and I think she felt the same way about me, and her name was Virginia Bird Handley, born in West Virginia, that's a good thing about her too, but she became my wife. That's probably the best thing that ever happened to me, and she is still my wife of more than fifty years, mother of our three girls, Janice, Phyllis and Barbara, nine grandchildren and one great-grandchild to date, God bless her. We were married on October 22nd, 1929, and four days later the depression hit, we had no knowledge it was coming 'til it hit, but we struggled through it somehow. I shan't worry you with the details of all that, but I went to work later on for the Tennessee Corporation. I worked twelve years with them at the Lockland plant, then I was transferred to New Albany, Indiana, to their plant down there, as assistant superintendent. We bought a nice house out in the little country town called Galena, nine miles from New Albany.

After leaving Tennessee Corporation, I went to work for the Green Belt Chemical Company as plant manager in Saint Paris, Ohio, and left there after a while and went to work for the State of

Ohio, Division of Safety & Hygiene. In 1967, we bought a place in the country where we are located right now, I am skipping over a lot of things here, a lot of it was just hard work. We are living now about six miles south of Peebles, Ohio, on our little farm of fifty two acres.

Now that I have been unfortunate enough to have had a stroke about four years ago, have health problems now being seventy three years old, let me digress for a moment about something put into this tape, and that is in 1926 after I left Procter & Gamble, I got a job at Worthington Pump & Machinery Corporation in Elmwood. That's an industrial plant where they made compressors. Now this plant was formally called Laidlaw-Dunn-Gordon plant. The greatest industry in Elmwood was gambling and Elmwood was a distinct city from Cincinnati. It was originally established by some Scotsman. I was in charge the stockroom department where we kept compressor parts and I became very friendly with some of the Scots that worked there. We discussed history, but let me say just in passing, that it seems like I knew more about Scottish history and English history than they did, but I became very friendly with them, and I noticed that they were very much like me and like others who had come from the south, because they would sit and talk, be friendly with you, all the other people just didn't seem to care, that just a statement of fact. None of them ever knew the old Scottish ballads; I would sing parts of the ballads to them. Those ballads have lived longer in our own country here than in Scotland.

After moving to southern Indiana, I noticed that the people in the rural parts down there and in New Albany, too, most of them talk like southern people with the same inflections of speech and the same mannerisms of courtesy. That's the same thing I found out later in the rural parts of southern Ohio. Then I learned, by a little study, that these people, by and large, were mostly descendants of the earliest Scot-Irish settlers who left Scotland when they fled the English Episcopal Church or the Church of England because they were Presbyterians. They fled to North Ireland and afterwards over to the colonies. And if I am rightly informed, they came over here at the rate of up to fifty thousand a year, for fifty-nine years, before the revolution, and they settled

in Pennsylvania down the Ohio Valley and down the Piedmont to the Appalachians Mountains. My mother and some of the older people had old expressions that had to come from either North Ireland or England.

Another thing that seemed odd to me was when we first moved to Ohio I was invited to a party almost across the street from where we lived on Oakmont Street in Hartwell. And there were about four or five couples there I guess, and all they did was hug and kiss, lay around on each other. Well I had never seen anything like that before, especially in public, and they used to go outside in couples too, go outside in the dark. Now, that was entirely different from the way that I was brought up. Practically all the parties in the area where I was raised, the parties, children's parties and young people's parties were under the auspices of some church, either in our little town, either the Baptist Church or the Methodist Church. We had a Baptist young people's union in the Baptist Church and the same in the Methodist Church. Of course, there were a few birthday parties now and then, but then they were pretty well supervised. Also another thing that I noticed after we had moved to Saint Paris, Ohio, where I took charge of the new plant up there, we attended the Lutheran Church for a while and they wanted to learn to square dance. I had taught square dancing for about ten years, just as a hobby, but it was little money on the side too, so I suggested to them that they get other people from the Baptist and Methodist Churches. Well, they did, and I taught them how to dance and they had a good time but between sets they had never mixed with each other or talked. Every gang would move into a separate corner of that room and sit there and talk. I had never seen anything like that before. And again when, after they had learned to dance, four couples from the church who were our new friends decided to go to a square dance, which were held in different rural schools around the area. They didn't even invite me to go along at all and then later when we had our own little group there and I furnished the music and bought all the records, I don't think any of them ever offered to buy any records for me or anything. I wouldn't have taken their money if they had offered it but, you can't help but notice those things.

One group of people that really enjoyed themselves at parties, and didn't sit around and look at each other, was the German Catholics. There was a German Catholic Community in Saint Bernard⁴ I used to play dances in a small orchestra for the people in Elmwood but it was sponsored by the Eagles Lodge and they all had a good time, and that was in prohibition times, but there was so much beer that went over the bar that they couldn't make change so they just set it up on the bar to be drunk. I noticed when these Dutch got a few beers they became happier than ever.

Going back into my childhood now before I forget it again some of the boys and girls used their old Blue Back Speller, it wasn't used in school but the Blue Back Speller was such an excellent book for spelling, reading and a lot of morality in it too, that they brought it to school. I think the real name for it was Webster's Blue-Back Speller.

My grandfather Pettett was Perry Warren Pettett. Let me say here, that he always adhered to the old fashioned way of spelling his name Pettett while some of the rest of the family who had grown up and gotten away from home, changed the spelling of their names to Pettitt or Pettit, but my father always adhered to the old fashioned way of spelling and so do we here. Perhaps that name came from England because the Pettetts came from South Carolina and I have never tried to trace the family back any farther other than my great grandfather but they evidentially came from England, we have the Pettett coat of arms and it indicates that they came from Kent in England. They may have been covenanters who fled England to North Ireland because the culture was Scot-Irish all through that part of the country the piedmont and over the mountains in and around Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, all over the south typically mostly Scot-Irish when you get back away from the coast, I can't verify that though but Perry was the son of Elias Pettett and he was one the fifth son, he had a younger brother named John.

⁴ Cincinnati area

Elias Pettett was born in South Carolina in 1818, I believe it was 1818⁵ or 1820, I prefer the former though, and they lived in Dawson County, Georgia, where they moved from Rutherford County, North Carolina. First must have been around Cade's Cove, some place and then down into Dawson County, Georgia, and according to some of the old people who knew them, they were a pioneer family and made almost everything they needed, spun their own cloth, made all their own tools, their chairs, their furniture and everything. Elias Pettett, as I have mentioned, he and four of his sons, Jasper, Christopher, Decatur and Richard were all in the same company, Company I - 52nd Georgia Infantry Confederate Western Army.

I have a copy of the 1860 census of Dawson County, Georgia, which I think I loaned to my daughter, Barbara. Grandfather Perry Warren Pettett had five sons, one of them, Jasper, died in infancy but his other children were Elias Allen, George Lester, Levi Jackson (Jack), John Walter, and Emilie Catherine, the oldest. I've got them backwards in consequent to their ages. Here they are, Emilie was the oldest of the children she was born about sometime long in the 1870s and then there was Allen Elias, George Lester, Levi Jackson that was my father, and I don't know my Uncle Walter's his full name but he shot a man one time down there and he had to leave and go west, people did that to get away from things like that in that day and time. He came back to see us when I was a boy, I don't remember him but I have his picture. He married out there and died out in Oklahoma. I think it was Bartlesville where he lived and he had two or three children. His widow married again to a man named Gilstrap, I think her name must have been Jenny. My father got a letter from her saying that she was going to marry again, this was when I was a child.

Uncle Allen's children are: Claranelle, Don; twins, Harold and Hazel; Billie Rose, and a son named Jack, named for my father. Uncle Lester, born 1877, had one son, Samuel Luke Pettett, who now lives in Cartersville, Georgia.

⁵ Nov 3, 1818-Headstone in Ellis Co., TX

Grandpa Pettett told me a lot of stories that he had been told, when but a boy, about his brothers and their adventures in the war. They lived in Dawsonville, of course, and his father, Elias Pettett, was in the 52nd Regiment Georgia Infantry, as mentioned before.

Old Cap. Carol was a Georgia State Ranger for a great many years in Fannin County, Georgia; he was a great historian, too, poor fellow. When I tried to get in touch with him again he had passed away. This would have been, I don't know, about 1960 when I was talking to him in Blue Ridge, Georgia. He was living at the Mimosa Inn. He told me that this part of Georgia was strongly Union at that time, although Georgia was in the Confederacy. The Home Guard outfits were organized by Jefferson Davis and they became a regular part of the Confederate Army, the Confederate Cavalry, but they were under orders from Jefferson Davis to show no mercy to Union sympathizers but they, eventually, became outlaws and preyed on friend and foe alike.

Now here is a true story, which my grandfather told me, he was an eyewitness to this thing and after I told it to my friend, Lawrence Stanley, of Ellijay, he went out to where this happened, talked to some old people and verified the story. Elias Pettett was seriously wounded in the Battle of Resaca in North Georgia and was taken to Atlanta where the wounded were shipped on the Georgia railroad. Somehow, they got in touch with his family in Dawson or in Pickens County, maybe they had moved by that time, I don't remember, maybe I will find out some day, but they came and got him. He must have been pretty badly wounded because, from what I have read, this Battle of Resaca that the Confederates fought behind breastworks was fierce. Elias got a wound in the upper part of his body. So while he was recovering, out under a tree in the front yard laying on the quilt, and my grandfather Pettett, who was a boy at that time about twelve years old, was taking care of him, bringing him water and such, when a detail of Home Guard rode up under the command of a man named Grogan.⁶ Grandpa told me that his mother's name

⁶ Perry Grogan

was Grogan; she was a sister to this commander of this Confederate detail. My grandfather also told me that this man was very much of a bully type of fellow and a loud mouth bragger. He rode up, dismounted, stood looking down at Elias Pettett, and said, “We got to have that mule you got here. The Army is going to have that mule.” Elias Pettett said, “Now listen, don’t take that mule that’s all we’ve got, you have taken everything else we have got, the Army has been in here several times and we don’t have anything to work the place with and, besides, this boy is all we’ve got here, the rest of them, my boys are in the Army and he is the only one to work that mule beside, you can’t ride that mule, you can work him but he will throw you if you try to ride him.” Grogan told one of the men to go get the mule so they got the mule and put a saddle on him. Grogan got on him and the mule started bucking and threw him. Well, what did he do? He just pulled out his gun and shot the mule, killed it, laying in the yard.

Later on Grandpa said that when he was a little older he hired out to work with this man and this man would brag every once in a while about what he did in the war, how brave he was. Grandfather, one time they were eating dinner at the table, said, “Yes, I know what you did in the war,” he said this to Grogan, “my old daddy laying there shot, couldn’t get up, then you came and got the only mule we had on the place and because you couldn’t ride it, you shot it and killed it in the yard.” He says, “I am going to remember that all my life.” Well I said then, “Grandpa what were you going to do?” He didn’t hesitate, he said, “I was going to beat the holy living hound out of him.” Now my grandfather could have done that, I have no doubt at all that he could have done it because he was an exceptionally strong man. I could remember when he was telling me these stories how big of bone he was. Some of his boys, Harold, Don, took after him in that way. They were much larger bone and much stronger built than I was or that I am.

Elias Pettett was married twice, now these names that I mentioned a while ago were by his first wife.⁷ I don’t know what her first name was but it was Grogan.⁸ Then, right about 1860, he

⁷ Married Mary Jane Grogan (A twin) 03 Oct 1872

married again to a woman named Jenny McNairn,⁹ according to my father and the rest of family. He had two boys by her and their names were Newt and John¹⁰ but sometime, I don't know when, he took his second family and moved up into Kentucky,¹¹ and the family lost track of them.

I think that the family lived some place a long small creek.¹² When I was a child, my father took us down to this little town of Tate; he had a model T Ford. He took us to some of the places where he used to live but they had changed so much, even then, that he could hardly remember.

Getting back to my grandfather Pettett, he married a girl named Billie, now that was the girl's name, her full name was Billie Louisa Landsdown. She was the youngest child of David Allen Landsdown,¹³ I will get to that later, and she inherited a large farm. These Landsdowns were pretty rich in land and she inherited a large farm in Tate. Later, after a tornado hit the area, they moved to Talking Rock, that's another translated Cherokee name. They built a fine house there but some years ago that burned down and I wish it hadn't, I would have liked to have bought that place, it sat right near the road but later on when the roads were improved, they took a large part of the yard but I think the barn is still there. That was one of the best, no doubt, one of the best farms in the county.

My father often told this story. Grandfather Perry owned a fine Morgan horse and often remarked on what a fine looking animal it was, but grandma Pettett was afraid of that horse and every time they would get that horse, she would run in the house and shut the door. By the way, she was a big, strong woman. One time she was out down along the creek doing the family

⁸ Mary Jane Grogan (Polly)

⁹ Martha Jane McNairn

¹⁰ Other children listed also, Pettett & Pettit, p 322

¹¹ Texas, Pettett & Pettit, p 322

¹² Long Swamp Creek near Tate, GA

¹³ This refers to Billie's brother, Jackson; her father, by will, was David Allen Landsdown

washing, you know, the way that washing was done at that time. It was kept for a week and then she would put it in a big kettle, along the creek to make it handy for water and then she would boil these clothes to disinfect them. She boiled them with homemade soap that she made and then she would lay the wash out on a wooden bench by the water where she would beat it with a smooth wooden paddle. The clothes would then be rinsed, beaten again and rinsed. She would also use bluing to make the clothes whiter. Well, she was doing the family wash when grandpa Pettett eased up behind her, she didn't see him, and he stamped his feet, she didn't look back, she just rose up and sailed out into the creek. When she turned around and saw who it was, he was laughing at her; she just raised up and threw the bucket at him. I think she hit him in the head with the bucket, I don't know what the outcome was, but he probably had to live it down.

These people who lived in the country at that time also made their own lye with which to make their soap and this lye was made with a lye hopper. It was a long hopper about four feet long and I guess, from what I have seen, they were about four or five feet high and all the wood ashes were put in this hopper until it was filled up. Underneath the hopper, there was a little trough, sometimes made out of couple of boards, sometimes made out of a hollow log, and then water was poured on top of the ashes and that water would percolate down through the wood ashes and make a solution of lye then it was caught in buckets. The lye water was also used to boil corn and that would loosen the husk off of the corn. I got off the track here but I'll keep going, and then the corn, after it had been boiled in this water was washed. To make soap they used this lye. My mother used to use pigskins to grease the old fashion irons which had to be heated on the fire or stove. I used to see this all the time when my mother would do her ironing. To make the irons slick on the bottom, she would rub it over a meat skin. All meat skins were saved and they were boiled to get the grease out. She would then take the grease and put the lye with it to make the soap, either soft or hard soap. The soft soap was sometimes kept in a board on the back porch where you could just dip out enough to wash your hands. Seemed like things changed all at once around the time of World War 1 because then people started buying cake soap. Then soap

powder came on the market, the first soap powder that I remember was called the Gold Dust Twins, maybe some of you remember that. Now the meat skins that I was talking about a while ago were scraps and they were saved to make soap powder. Just a few of them were kept to grease the iron.

My grandfather told me about how he used to make whiskey, I don't remember all the details of this, but he would make his whiskey, put it in barrels and then the gauger, that is still an old English and Scottish term, would come to inspect the barrels of whiskey, after the inspection, he would put the state seal on it. My grandfather would then haul this whiskey to Atlanta in the wagon. He told me that he had one saloon that took all the whiskey that he made. Later on, he made blockade whiskey because there was a great dislike in that country for the government, the state or anybody to interfere in their business. They were a very determined people and this story makes you think back the time of the whiskey rebellion in Pennsylvania when the people there intensely disliked the tax that the government tried to put on their whiskey. Later on, my grandfather quit making whiskey entirely, quit drinking, never touched a drop and joined the church and was a completely different man. He told me something one time, another very interesting story. In that part of the country, these people were called nightriders, most of them had been Confederate soldiers, and they made themselves up into different troops and one of their purposes was to punish informers who informed on them for making illegal whiskey.¹⁴

My grandfather said they had been camping someplace as they probably had been to Atlanta and were going back home, people then used to camp along the road. Men on horseback would just spread their blankets, build a fire, cook supper, and then they would camp there and resume their journey the next morning. That's what grandpa Pettett had done. He had his wagon and his two mules or horses and he heard the cavalry, and they pulled up by the stock. He later threw up his hand and halted them. The man was masked, and got off his horse and said, "Well, good evening

¹⁴ Honest Man's Friend and Protector, by Robert Davis

grandpa.” He and his buddy were sitting by the fire and Grandpa says, “Well, how do you do sir,” he said, “come around and sit down, get warm.” “No,” he said, “I just wondered, have you got any whiskey, Grandpa.” He said, “Well, yes sir, I have a canteen full.” “Well,” the man said, “you probably will need that.” He said, “Thank you, just the same.” And he went and got on his horse and left. This must have been during reconstruction times.

Uncle Jasper Pettett was the oldest of Elias Pettett sons and he was one of the sons who enlisted in the Army at the beginning of the war, about 1861. They were assigned to the Western Army of the Confederacy and I know that they were in most of the battles that were fought. They marched all over the south and they were probably at Shiloh, and I know they were at Battle of Champion Hill where they surrendered. I don’t know the details of this but they were sent up north some place to camp and then they were exchanged. When they were exchanged they went back into the Army. I know that Uncle Jasper was at the Battle of Chickamauga and probably all the rest too. They were at the Battle of Missionary Ridge and here is what Uncle Jasper said about that Battle of Missionary Ridge, but maybe a little bit of history would be better first.

You know Braxton Bragg is famous for the battles he could have won, and it was his fault and, I think, the fault of Jefferson Davis because Jefferson Davis kept him in command when he should have been removed long before. But the Confederates won the Battle of Chickamauga, a terrific victory there and they drove the Union Army back pell-mell into Chattanooga. But instead of following that battle up, as Nathan Bedford Forest wanted to do, as well as the rest of the generals, Bragg wouldn’t listen to him, he went to bed, he had a headache. Instead of following up his victory, he placed a small holding force on top of Lookout Mountain and a force on top of Missionary Ridge and he sat there and waited until the Union brought two other armies in there, sat still, while they cut a road through the wilderness and brought not only the Army of the Cumberland but brought the Army from the Potomac down there. Uncle Jasper was on the ridge when the battle started and when the Union Army began to advance towards the foot of the

Missionary Ridge. They shot holes through them which you could drive a wagon through. He said they couldn't do much fighting because they were so thinly spread out along the top of the ridge. Most all of the fighting was done by artillery and the Confederate line was finished right in the middle and that's where the breakthrough happened.

Both wings of the Confederate army held on top, but the sentry gave way and that's where Uncle Jasper was when the enemy began to come up to the top of the hill. The breakthrough started right there so he jumped behind the stump to see what was going on, what they were going to do, rally or not. He saw that he wouldn't have a chance to jump down so he started to run with the rest of them, and he said that it looked like the whole Yankee army was shooting at him. He said they knocked twigs on him, threw up dirt on him, shot one of his shoe heels off. He jumped the fence and ran into the woods, laid down and he saw then that they were lapping around ahead so he laid there all night, got up the next morning and decided that he didn't want to go to a northern prison and maybe die there so he walked back to the first command force he could find, and there gave himself unto the Union Army. He told them he wanted a job, that he got separated from his command, so they said, "Yes we will give you the job right away and give us your gun and we'll put you in the army." He says, "No I don't want that, I have carried a gun long enough, I've done enough fighting."

And so they gave him a job as teamster. He drove a wagon until he got down below Dalton, Georgia, and then he left Union army during the night. He traveled across country until he came to his home on Sharp Mountain, which was the same place where he lived when I saw him as a little boy. Well, he had, of course, traveled at night because if they would have caught him they would have shot him. Making it to his home, he crept up to the door, knocked, and told his wife who he was. They had a little baby, too, he told her just to get what things that they needed and to follow him. He would carry these things and meet her at different places. Well, they started out and they would meet at night and he would tell her that night which way he was going. They

had to stay away from anybody or any houses so they wouldn't see any patrols. They walked and he would, according to Lawrence Stanley who ran this story down, cut wood all day for the one meal for himself, his wife and this little baby. Now I should know the name of this little baby, because I knew Aunt Millie, that was his wife's name, and she was an elderly old woman, and she had great, great grandchildren. Uncle Jasper died I think about 1915,¹⁵ anyway, they walked all the way to, I think, Cincinnati, maybe they got a ride when they got up close, into Kentucky or some place, I don't remember him telling that, but when they got to Cincinnati, he said the people were so good to him up there and they brought him all kinds of clothes, found him a place to stay and brought him things for himself, his wife and the little baby. He told them that he had to find a job, "Well," they said, "you don't have to find a job or do any work we will take care of you."

Along the river where they were, there were a lot of logs laying out, he told them if they could loan him an axe he would cut firewood. There was a boy there, too, and this boy and Uncle Jasper would start. I remember Uncle Jasper saying that they each started on the end of the log, with the boy working the smaller end. They cut wood, and cut wood, and cut wood, and just had great pile of firewood stacked up around that place. And I forgot to tell you one thing too, when they had gotten up into Tennessee, it must have been on the Cumberland River, the enemy had started shelling the ferry boat they were on, and they hit the hull of the boat. He and some men grabbed blankets, got down into the hull of the boat and stuffed blankets into the cracks of the boat until they stayed afloat long enough to get to the other shore, then he left and went to Cincinnati.

According to grandfather Pettett, Uncle Jasper said he went back to Sharp Mountain in Georgia, to his farm down there. I think he owned pretty close to 1,000 acres of land, all timberland. He was a young man, too, and grandpa said he often told him that he wished he had stayed in Ohio.

¹⁵ February 6, 1914

Grandfather Pettett oftentimes, when he was in the mood, would talk about his boyhood, that was when his father had remarried and grandpa lived with his stepmother.¹⁶ In the winter time he had to go barefoot, and he said his feet would bleed lots of times when he would step on stones or some frozen part of the ground. At Christmas time, the only thing they had, to make it seem like Christmas, was syrup candy, sometimes not even that, they had to do without it, and food was so scarce that they hunted any kind of wild meat they could get. They killed woodpeckers, I imagine these were the big pileated woodpeckers and they even shot hawks, crows anything they could get for protein. And grandpa said that lots of times he would make a meal of just sweet potatoes and syrup. He also said I could do that once in a while but if I did it too often it would give me a bad case of heartburn. Of course, they had cornbread, but their living was very scanty. Sometimes, they would have to get feed for their livestock, and not having any means or money to pay for it, they would go and work it out. And that was a common thing then during these terribly frightful, lean years of the war.

Now here is another civil war story. I remember, in the what we called the parlor then, sitting by the fire, my grandfather Stephens was listening to the story that was being told by this man, it may have been Uncle Arch Blue, because he came to our house pretty often and he would come up to see his daughter and her people once in a while, and he would tell my father when we would see him, “Jack, I want to come over and put my feet under your table.” He was always welcome, because he, and these old men like him, were always welcome because they could tell so much history, so interesting to talk to, people talked to a lot of them in that day and time. They didn’t have to have a subject, the subject would come up and Uncle Arch would be sitting in the living room with my grandfather Stephens, so when supper time came, they ate and then they would come back and grandfather reminded him where he was, what he was talking about, and, it was, evidently, in the trenches of Pittsburg during that battle, and Uncle Arch said they were in the ditches. They hadn’t had anything to eat in quite a while, maybe parched corn or

¹⁶ Perry Warren Pettett’s mother died about 1857, Elias remarried 08 Aug 1860.

something like that. The Confederates were always on short ration, it seemed to me like, and he said while they were laying in the ditch there, in the heat of the day, a couple of mules broke through from the enemy lines and trotted out into what we would now call a no man's land. He told his buddy lying beside him, he said, "If those mules get down here in the right place, I'm going to shoot one of them." And he had no more said that when a rifle cracked and one of the mules started limping with a broken leg. Someone crawled out of the ditch and killed it. Using the mule as a shield, the men crawled to the dead mule, cut some meat away and took it back to the line where they roasted and ate it. And he said they enjoyed eating it, wasn't too tough, but here is one thing he said, he said it tasted just like an old saddle blanket smelled. I remember those very words that he said.

Now my grandmother Pettett said that one of the first things that grandpa did after they got married was to have a man make him a rifle. Rifles, in that part of the country, were handmade. The man who made this rifle was most likely a man named Nelson, because there was a man named Nelson who was an old time riflesmith in that part of the country, around Tate. Every distinct part of the country had its own riflesmith and usually it was a farmer who would make rifles as a sideline. Those rifles today are of great value, and grandpa Pettett became one of the greatest shots in that part of the country. My father told me that they used to have their shoots on Sunday morning behind a saloon, and grandpa Pettett was such a good rifle shot that they would handicap him and make him stay back a few yards from the firing line. Sometimes he would do that because of the light, he knew how to diverge the light pretty well.

The Nelson rifle was a favorite in that day and time. Grandpa and Uncle Jasper went deer hunting one wintertime when there was snow on the ground, and grandma Pettett and Aunt Millie made them sheets, slip over covers, and made them camouflaged with paint so they could track deer and they killed five deer that afternoon for their meat that winter, this was some place around Sharp Mountain. I remember them talking about how they hunted, and they never wasted

any powder, they never took any shot unless they were sure of killing the animal. Uncle Jasper also used a cow bell to hunt deer, that might seem odd to you, but he would take that cow bell and just ring it once in a while when he was stalking his deer and it was very effective. My grandfather Pettett, as I mentioned, was one of the best shots in the whole community around there but he shot left handed. When he was a boy, I don't know he must have been about ten or twelve years old, he and some of his friends were running in a cornfield in the wintertime and one of the boys picked up a rock and threw it, hitting Grandpa in the eye and it almost destroyed the vision in that eye. Anyway, he trained himself to shoot left handed. My father also shot left handed. He had to train himself to do the same thing because whether he inherited this or not, I don't know, but he had poor vision in his right eye. He said that there was a dark spot in front of his vision.

Grandfather Pettett also told me one time about being bitten by a rattle snake when he must have been about the same age as I just remarked a while ago. He and some of his friends were going through a cornfield, when a snake bit him on the foot. He kicked it loose and then the other boys helped him get home after they had killed the snake, he had a hard time getting over it. What they did to him after he was bitten was to grab chickens, tear them apart, frying sized chickens and placed them on the snake bite and they did that several times. Apparently, that's about all they did. He was in bed for a while and when he got up and tried to walk, he was bothered terribly with rheumatism for a quite a while, I don't know how long but he eventually recovered all right and that is the firsthand account how to get rid of a snake bite. I know, later on when I spent time with my Uncle John Stephens and the area that was called Dial, Georgia, every once in a while we would hear of a snake bite.

And I have often heard stories of people being bitten in the most embarrassing places. Also when my grandfather Pettett was a young man, when times were still hard and lead was so

scarce, he would go to some of the old battlefields and use a knife to scrape the lead off old rocks.

There were a great many stories concerning snakes, some of them quite humorous. Here is one that I heard. There were two men hunting out in the woods and they came to a pond and they thought they would sit down on a log and eat their lunch. So one man took out his knife and peeled an apple, turned around to stick his knife in the log so they would use it again, and the log moved, well they jumped up and looked around and they saw that they were sitting on a huge snake and the snake ran all around this pond and so they jumped, grabbed their guns and shot this snake, and it began to thresh around and tear down bushes, got sick and it threw up twenty-five hawks, eighteen sheep, four yolk of cattle and ten acres of burnt woods.

And then there was another story about a man who was a mail carrier. He was driving along his route in a horse and buggy and saw a log lying across the road, he jumped to get the log out of the way of the way and saw it was a very big snake. So, he got so scared he just turned around and rode back; this story never said anything about the horse getting scared.

Let me tell another true story, yeah this is true this time. When we lived in Blue Ridge, Georgia, my father would go down to the livery stable and hire a couple of horses and a two seated rig, I don't know what it was called, they had names for all those things in that day and time. Anyway we had been out to see my grandfather's cousin Bill Lovingood and Alice, his wife, and on the way back my little sister, Frances, leaned out too far over the side and fell out. The wheel ran over her and my mother started screaming. The mules got scared and started to run. In meantime, my father had jumped out of the carriage and tried to get to Frances, and the mules. What stopped the mules was the fact that the lines got tangled up in the wheel and pulled them around to one side into the nearby fence, that stopped them. Then the doctor came to see my little sister and she was alright.

My grandfather's older brothers, Uncle Jasper and Uncle Fate¹⁷ were the only ones whom I ever saw. Decatur must have died before this. John passed away probably before I was born. Jasper died, of course, as I think I mentioned during about 1915. Another son was Christopher Columbus, according to the census roles of 1860 of Pickens County, Georgia, Now, I don't remember him ever being called Christopher, but there was an Uncle Fate, who died at Fairmont, Georgia, sometime around 1919 or 1920 according to grandfather Pettett. But this man, Uncle Fate, came to see us when we were living in Copperhill and I was ten years old at that time. He, evidently, was in the Army up until the surrender; because he said when he got on the train to come home he left his gun. My mother knew when he was coming to visit and had me wash up and put on a clean shirt. Then when Uncle Fate was talking, I found an opening into the conversation to ask him, "Were you in the civil war?" And he said, "Yes sir, I was." That was the way he talked, and after a while I said, "Where is your gun, have you still got it?" He said, "No, when I got on the train to come home, I left it sitting in the station, I had carried it long enough."

Some of the descendants of grandpa's brothers are still living in different areas of Georgia. Maybe I mentioned some of grandfather's nephews, Luther, John and Taylor whom he went to visit when they lived down in the Sharp Mountain area when I was a boy. After we had moved to Ohio, my grandfather lived and boarded with Mrs. Ally Atkins who ran a boarding house there, and he died there in 1928. I believe, too, from what I heard, that the Pettett family was related to the Darnel¹⁸ family. I know that they used to speak of Uncle Sion Darnel, I saw him one time, he was at grandpa Pettett's funeral. And then the last time I was down to Talking Rock, I went to see Arrington Darnel, and he is still living there. He knows the connection between all these families. Also my grandmother Pettett's mother was a Martin.¹⁹ Now I

¹⁷ Richard Lafayette Pettett

¹⁸ Darnel connection is the Landsdown family.

¹⁹ Juliann Martin

mentioned before about the Landsdown family, and, of course, my grandmother Pettett's maiden name was Landsdown.

Grandma Pettett told about how during the civil war they went out in the smokehouse where meat was salted and hung up to cure, it would drip onto the dirt underneath on the floor of the smokehouse and they would go out and dig up that dirt, wash it and let it settle, then they would decant that water, often they would use that for salt. Also, there was a time when you couldn't even let washing hang out on the line because it would be stolen, usually by the Home Guard.

But I do want to mention again about how good grandma Pettett was to us children. As I mentioned before, there were three of us children, myself and my little sister Francis and later on Helen who was born in 1910. And grandma used to make big jars of pickled beans and jars of kraut, she would also make wine and she would give us a tiny bit of wine in the glass, once in a while. People didn't have any refrigeration, this was before the icebox area, so when a meal was finished and the plates taken up, then usually there was a tablecloth spread over the top of what food was left, unless they wanted to put it in a safe and then that was used at night. It had to be eaten up or thrown out. We used to have one of those old fashion safes, and we still have one that we acquired lately, which I made it into linen closet situated in our bathroom right now.

Grandfather and grandmother Pettett both spoke some old English, used some old English expressions in their speech. They pronounced "with" just as wi, such as "stay all night wi me." Now, that's 100% Scot, and, for help, they would say hope. I imagine today if those old people were still living and talking that it would be hard for a lot of people to understand them. One can still find some of this old-fashioned speech in some of Mark Twain's works and in James Whitcomb Riley's poems.

Now, speaking of the old fashion kitchen safe we had one of those things when I was a boy and I used to get in trouble once in a while by taking all the food out of the bottom compartment and getting into it and closing the doors and pretending we were animals in a cage, where I got the idea of being an animal in a cage, I don't know. But it had screen over small holes in either end where I could look out. And then too we had a great deal of old fashion kitchenware. The old catalogs called it hollowware, such things as old fashion pots and all sorts of things which were given away because they thought they were too old fashioned and no good. Some people didn't want to have anything to do with them because it probably showed too much of their background. Now, these things are very much sought after and a lot of us wish that we had some of those things back again.

When we were small children and playing out in the yard at my grandfather and grandmother Pettett's house, she would often make little hats out of leaves for the little girls. I didn't want one and wouldn't wear one because I was a boy and I sometimes wondered in this day and age what's happening now with the advent of women's lib. I sometimes wonder if Eve is nibbling on the apple again. Grandma Pettett had a great knowledge for homemade remedies then. I remember one time when I had measles, she brought over a concoction that she had made claiming that it would break the measles out and I drank it. I remember how bitter it tasted but it broke the measles out all right. My mother said when she was in labor at the time of my birth, grandma Pettett brought an axe and set it under the bed with the blade upwards, claiming that it would cut the pain.

Now my maternal grandfather, James Moses Stephens was born in 1857.²⁰ I do not yet know the exact date of his birth. But he was born in or near Dalton, Georgia. His father, Anderson Stephens, I think, was living near or in Ellijay. One of the earliest memories that he mentioned to me was the fact that when he and his little brother, John, were playing out in front of the house in

²⁰ 5 Nov 1858

the road one time, two soldiers came along and one of them said, “Here boys, get back in the yard here, get back, close the gate.” And Uncle John got scared and began yelling when one of the soldiers rode up to him and said, “Here son, take my gun and shoot this old fellow,” and then they saw many men on horses, he later learned it was Wheeler’s Cavalry. Joseph Wheeler was probably the greatest Cavalry General of the Civil War and he had made a ridge somewhere in his territory and had captured a Union wagon train of about one thousand wagons and there were one thousand and two hundred mules in it, they killed all these mules and burned all the wagons.

My grandfather Stephens went to school some place around in Ellijay, I think, or maybe it was in Dahlonega. Anyway, he told me afterwards that he attended an “arithmetical academy.” I think that was in Dalton. I’ve never heard that school mentioned anywhere. His mother was Jane Greer, and the Greers came from South Carolina. Grandpa Stephens taught school for a long time and married Telitha McLeod, the daughter of Ebenezer McLeod, who with his two brothers Billie and Sydney came over from Scotland.²¹ By the way, here is an interesting fact, old Ebenezer McLeod, my great grandfather, died, I think, around 1900 at the age of 90. That would place him being born in Scotland, sometime eight or ten years before Georgia III died, imagine it.

It was the custom on Christmas or the last day of school for the teacher to treat the children. That’s what they did when I was a little chap in school. The teacher would bring in little bit of candy and we would get three or four pieces of the chocolate drops or something like that about three or four times a year, didn’t cost much I don’t think. Anyway, here is the story, which happened near Ellijay, the old name is Cherokee Town or East Ellijay. This teacher was going to treat the children and so when he came to school in the morning, the children had already arrived and they had locked the door, keeping him out unless he treated them. Well, he told them they had better unlock the door and let him in. They said, “Are you going to treat us?” He said,

²¹ His Father, William McLeod immigrated to America with them as well as his wife, Catherine McLean McLeod.

“Yes, and if you don’t let me in, I will teach you with a hickory.” He didn’t have much candy, probably was unavailable at that time, so he made up a ginger stew. I’ve tasted ginger stew, my grandmother used to make it out of ginger and water, looked like coffee, but it had whiskey in it.

Some of our family claimed kinship to Alexandra Hamilton Stephens, who was Vice President of the Confederacy. He was a very small man, and was not physically strong at all, almost an introvert I would say, but he was a gigantic intellect. He threw two big boys out of school one time. I don’t think my grandfather ever had such a prevarication or rules when he was teaching, if they had tried to throw him in the creek there probably would have been a few cracked heads, and he wasn’t a big man either. When I was a boy, he said he weighed about 125 or 130 pounds, but I was told that there was no horse anywhere that he couldn’t handle.

It was during 1918, when the flu epidemic was so bad, my mother, father and sister were all sick with it; however, my father kept working. My mother wanted to hire a girl to come help out. My grandfather and I walked about five or six miles away, I don’t know the name of the place, but we had to walk and find a widowed lady who had two girls way out in the country. We went in and talked to her and asked her, if one of the girls would come and stay with us. The girls, I think were willing, but the mother wouldn’t let them go on the account of the flu, wouldn’t let them take a chance. And before we had reached this lady’s house, we had stopped in a place called Frytown, a little country town, and we bought some cheese and crackers and ate the snack there. When we were finished with our errand and on our way back, it started to snow and sleet. I was wearing a corduroy suit with knee pants, a cap, corduroy coat, and by the time we got home, my suit had ice all over it. That’s when I got the flu. I was so weak it was hard to stand.

After grandpa Stephens married, he farmed for a while in Dalton, Georgia. The family consisted of my mother, Caldona Jane Stephens, her little brother, and her sister, Emily Louise Catherine Stephens, The male child, little Willie, died in infancy. My grandfather Stephens was one of the

most fastidious men that I have ever seen, cleanliness was a must with him or shall I say a fetish, yes. Up until I was ten or eleven years old, my grandfather roomed with us. He had his own room upstairs with a little Jackson heater and all of his belongings, his clock, clothes. His hats and clothes were hung on nails and a paper placed thereon. He wore a special kind of a hat, a round hat. He washed up completely before he would ever come home in the afternoon from his work.

There wasn't much industry in that area there to start with and then none after the war for a long time. Let me digress here for just a moment, but it looks to me like, and I will be truthful about this, the northern industrialists in our government kept industry out of the south because they wanted the south to stay unindustrialized so they wouldn't revolt again.

But to get back to my grandfather's life, when he had moved to Dalton, his wife became sick with tuberculosis. Grandma Stephens and her family were cursed with that. My mother said, she heard her parents talking one time when her mother told her husband, "Jim I want to go back home." He said, "Well why can't you stay here with us." "No, Jim I am going to die, it's like when my sisters died, and I want to go back home and die there." So he said, "Well if you want to go back then I will take you there." So she went back to her childhood home, and she died and was buried there, at what I would like to call McLeod Chapel²² in Pickens County, where the McLeods lived at that time. Several of the children of the McLeod family had tuberculosis and four or five of them died with that disease.

My mother and her sister, Louise, lived with their McLeod grandparents but when Anderson Stephens died, grandpa took his mother²³ and his sister, who had an illegitimate child, into his new home and took care of them. Grandpa Stephens was never much of a farmer but he was a highly, well-educated man and well respected. My mother said, when they were little girls,

²² It is now called, Macedonia Church.

²³ Jane Greer Stephens

clothes and shoes were scarce, and there was no Christmas at all. When their clothes would wear out, her grandmother Stephens would take old blankets and make them into dresses. I know if you have ever read James Whitcomb Riley's poem, "The Happy Little Cripple," I think it's in that poem, maybe it's in another one, but it tells about the country people, making little dresses out of old blankets.

From what I have heard there was dissention in this family. Grandmother Stephens, Jane Greer, couldn't stand the poverty as her father had been well off in South Carolina before he moved over into the mountains of Georgia and was a slave owner. The story goes that he got rid of his slaves and moved over into the mountains of Georgia because he saw the civil war coming, now that's quite a story, too, later on.

My mother had very little schooling, but she later educated herself and became quite a scholar, that sort of thing seems to run in the Stephens family. My grandfather had a cousin who lived up in the Dial area of Fannin County, Taylor Stephens, who was a better than average farmer in that time, married Mary Chastain. My folks used to take me to see them once in a while when we lived in Copperhill. Their son, Tom, was shot in a fight and killed in 1917, and he had another son, John, and another one named June. June may have been short for Junior but we used to see June when visiting up on Noontootla Creek. My mother said she remember seeing Anderson Stephens when she was a little girl, also he had a brother, which she remembered seeing, whom she knew as Uncle Andrew. Before they moved to Pickens County, Georgia, the McLeod family lived in Fannin County at a place called Stock Hill, and this was probably the name of the post office. I have seen the old house, which was a nice looking old house but not very well kept, or at least when I saw it. They had moved away probably in the 1890s sometime. And the house was built like a lot of houses at that time, it was better than average. It was a weather boarded structure; the hall ran from front to back. The doors were double doors with a border of stained glass on both front and back.

When my grandfather was a boy they moved to some place near Stock Hill, which was probably the time when he became acquainted with the McLeod family. While on a trip with my folks, going up on Noontootla Creek to a camp which my father had built, we saw the house where my grandfather lived when he was a boy. There were huge walnut stumps along the side of the road. He told me that he and his brother, John, had planted those walnut trees; their father had brought them from Dahlonega and they had grown into huge trees and had been harvested for the wood.

And here is one of the stories that my grandfather told me about a character, a frontier character, Pete Meigs. I don't know whether he ever knew or ever saw Pete Meigs. I talked to Cap Carroll about this man once, and he said that he came into that country about 1830. This probably goes back to the time the Indian trouble started in that part of the country, which was terribly bad at times. One of the churches there or one of the gaps near there is called Doublehead Gap and it's named after the terrible old Cherokee Chief Doublehead.

Here is the story that grandfather told me. Pete Meigs was a boy when his family's cabin was raided by Indians. They were all killed but him, as he managed to get away and hide, there were twelve Indians. They must have been either Cherokees or, possibly, Creeks. They may have known these Indians and may have lived close to an Indian village, that's quite possible but just guess work though. Pete hunted every one of those Indians down and killed them. Word had spread about Pete and so the Indians had become scared of him and tried to stay out of his way. Pete came up on the last of them as they lay by a campfire; the Indians were asleep with their feet to the fire, you know, so he shot one of them on the ground, the other one jumped up to run and he jumped on him, and choked him to death.

And here is another story that told about Pete Meigs. He was a real frontiersman. He was out in the wilds one time when a thunderstorm came up; he found a hollow log, crept into it, headfirst,

and, suddenly, the hole darkened. A bear was backing down into that log, you know bears always back into hole and they never crawl in headfirst, so Meigs drew up his feet and when the bear got down close to him, he started kicking him, over and over. The bear got out and ran but he saw a few days later that this bear had been killed because when he saw the bearskin, it had his muddy footprint on its felt.

Incidentally, let me insert this before I forget it. When my mother was a girl, they had “cold” Saturday. One man, my mother said, threw up boiling water and it come down ice. I asked my cousin, Judd Bailey, about that when attending the funeral of Aunt Louise²⁴ and he said that “cold” Saturday was February 18th and got to down to 35° below zero, that’s pretty chilly.

My mother said that nearly all cooking was done on the fire and harvesting was done by hand. I saw people cradling wheat when I spent time with my Uncle John Stephens and Aunt Martha, people whom I loved very dearly. My mother said that Aunt Martha, who was one of the first people to ever buy a cook stove, most everybody cooked in the fireplace, and some of them thought that she was a little bit too stuck up because she bought a kitchen stove, and used it. Aunt Martha was a little bit older than Uncle John Stephens. I heard her say one time that she was ten years old at the time of the surrender, and most all of the old people dated things by the civil war.

Now the Greer family lived in Ellijay, Georgia, but they originated in South Carolina as I previously mentioned. My grandfather’s father-in-law was Moses Greer. He was born in South Carolina, and, as I said before, he got rid of the slaves, moved over into Georgia but two of the slaves stayed with him, Old Bill and Fan. When the Confederate Home Guard would come through that part of the country, according to the story, Old Bill picked up rocks to try to drive them away. Old Bill and his wife stayed with the Greer family their entire lives.

²⁴ Louise Stephens

Here is an interesting story too. The Home Guard or the Yankees, I don't know which, were in that part of the country, Fan took the chickens, turkeys and ducks, picked out handfuls of feathers all over their bodies and when the Home Guard or soldiers came in there to raid the place and take everything they could find, he said, "What's the matter with these chickens here old woman?" "Oh," she said, "I don't know sir, they's got somethin' thats taken all of their feathers out and they's dying off." So the soldiers didn't take any of the poultry, left them alone.

Another story goes, Old Bill took all of the silverware hid it in the garden. That seemed to be a favorite place to hide silver and valuables out in the garden, and, of course, that's where the enemy always looked and usually found the stuff. Here is a jingle that was current at that time; I used to hear it ever once in a while even when I was a boy. I don't know the origin of it. Now let's see if I can remember it.

"Corn in the barn loft,
Poultry in the yard,
Meat in the smokehouse,
And a barrel full of lard,
Milk in the dairy,
Butter in the bowl,
Coffee in the little bag,
And the sugar in the gourd."

and here is part of another:

Hop up, up Joe now,
Right in the middle,
With the corn stock bowl,
And a grapevine fiddle.

Evidently, that might be a square dance call, I don't know.

People had parties then and when somebody got married they would have an infair.²⁵ Now you heard me speak of Bill Lovingood, he was my grandfather's first cousin. Lovingood's mother was also a Greer, and my mother said, she had heard when Bill Lovingood got married, they had a big infair, lasted a two or three days. I didn't know any other Greer family except the two girls that I mentioned, but the boys were Ben, Carter, John, Christy, and Bud.

Carter Greer moved to Texas, but he came to see us about 1916 in Copperhill. We all got into my dad's great big, long Studebaker, and drove up to spend the day with Bill Lovingood. Now Bill Lovingood lived just about three or four miles out of Blue Ridge, and his farm was later covered up when Blue Ridge Lake was built. That's a shame that some of those things have to be done because of progress, because he had a beautiful apple orchard there and a wonderful old house and they made their own lye, too. That's the place where my mother spent some of her time when she was a little girl. Bill Lovingood's wife was Alice Allred and they had several children, the children were all girls, five or six of them, I think. We used to stop by sometime to see some of them, but I don't know their names and now they would be having grandchildren, and great grandchildren. Oh yes, one of the girls married a Hobby Davenport. I remember she was a nice looking young woman when I saw her and Bill Lovingood's wife was Alice, her maiden name was Alice Allred. One time when we were visiting, Alice showed us how she spun wool on a great big woolen wheel and she could do it beautifully well. Combing, carding, rolling the wool up and putting a shuck on the spindle and drawing out the wool as she turned the wheel, interesting, very much so.

²⁵ Housewarming

I better mention some of the Greer family, too, some of them are still living in Ellijay, Georgia, where the old Greer house was. I have been down there two or three times in recent years and I can't place it anywhere. Of course, everything has changed. John Greer came to see us now and then when we lived in Copperhill.

John Greer served a term in the Georgia Legislature, I don't know how many times, anyway, he always dressed real fine. He also was a singing school teacher; he was the last one that I ever heard of. Grandfather Pettett and I were at a funeral when John Greer said, "I've got a class now over at the Holiness Church." He wasn't Holiness by any means, I don't think, but here is what singing school teachers were. Before a revival, the church(s) would get a singing teacher to teach a class so the church would have a choir ready for the revivals. John Greer would be invited and would board with members of the church while the class was going on, maybe two weeks. He was a pretty good musician.

By the way, when I spent the summer with my Uncle John and Aunt Martha Stephens, one time, there was a revival conducted at Big Creek Church and, of course, we went every night. Some of the elderly people there began asking for the old Christian harmony song books. Several got the books, and the people who knew this Christian harmony singing, sat in the corner of the church and one or two of them would hold coal oil lamps while the others would sing. I didn't recognize any of the songs, but when I was down in Gatlinburg, Tennessee, one time, I was looking through one of the stores where they have, you know, all kinds of stuff in there, and I came upon a camp meeting song book. The book had a history of the old fashion pioneer singing in there, and some of the song books that were listed in there was a Christian Harmony song book. That was written first in Vermont, yes, in Vermont in 1810.

When the converts were baptized, in 1923, they were baptized in the creek, it was cold, too. The congregation would sing it with no accompaniment whatsoever. I didn't know the numbers of

those or any of those tunes either. Let me say, though, a great many of the song books that were used in the country churches and even some of the town churches, too, were shaped note editions. When the church would order books, you could get them with regular notes or with shape notes. Maybe you have not heard of what a shape note edition is, well, that means that all of the notes on the staff were different shapes, some of them were squares, some of them were triangles, and some of them were be circles, and so forth. And you sang those or played them by the shape of the note instead of the position of the note on the staff. I think that nearly all the songs in this little book, that I got in Gatlinburg, were the shape notes editions. Also learning vocal music by the name of the notes on the scale was hard; we had to do some of that in school. But I was playing a cornet by that time when I was a kid and I knew the notes by position on the staff.

Now let me go over the names of the boys in the Greer family, I think I left one out a while ago. There was Ben, Carter, John, Christy, Bud, and Garrett. Anderson Stephens, my great grandfather, who was in the California gold rush in '49, we will get to that tale later. He, evidently, brought back quite a bit of gold. My mother said the Greer family beat him out of it. She told me she remembered her father talking to his mother and asked her to talk to her folks, see if they would pay back some of the money that they owed him, they needed it awful bad, which was virtually true. But they never paid any of it back; the Greer family had the reputation of being rather impecunious. By the way, Bud Greer's daughter, I don't know her name, and I were both born on the same day, Sunday, August 19th, 1906.

During this era, which I referred to a while ago when my Grandfather Stephens had his family that is my mother, my Aunt Louise, his sister and her illegitimate daughter, Lizzie, they lived on Stanley Creek, prior to that Anderson Stephens and his wife lived near them. Judd Bailey and I tried to find out where Anderson Stephens is buried, which we haven't succeeded yet, I suppose that he may be buried in Stanley Creek next to his wife, my great Grandmother. Anyway, they

must have lived near Stanley Creek in what used to be called Aska. It hasn't been in existence for a great many long years but it was during this time that the mines began to develop down at Copperhill and the Tennessee Copper Company had started making sulfuric acid and put up a huge acid plant and that little town began to boom, wasn't much of the town before that, just a crossing and a ferry and so forth across the Toccoa river.

Stanley Creek is not far from the mouth of the creek where it empties into the Toccoa River. This Toccoa and Ocoee are one and the same streams, in Georgia, it's the Toccoa; when it crosses the state line into Tennessee, it's the Ocoee River. So my grandfather took his family, about 1895 according to my mother, and moved to Copperhill. He got a job in the mines there and lived on the Georgia side of the river, the river bisects that little town, wasn't much of a town then, still not much today. I think he made a dollar a day, tipping ore cars. Later, he operated a great big hoisting engine which lifted the cages in and out of the ground, out of the shafts.

This company for which he worked was the DSC&I Company, the Ducktown Sulphur, Copper & Iron Company as distinct from the Tennessee Copper Company. He worked about 35 or 40 years. He was well known all through that area, and he was affectionately called Uncle Jim. My grandfather was rather finicky, let's say, about his eating, the only kind of fish he would eat would be mountain trout and I don't think he ate any meat at all, but he got along all right. He died in Blue Ridge, Georgia, in 1939, and it was from him that I learned a great deal about the history of that country.

Incidentally, before I forget it, as children, we were taught some Indian, I never knew what that meant until one time a few years ago. I was visiting the Cherokee reservation in Cherokee, North Carolina, and I repeated a phrase I had learned, as a child, to the caretaker of the little museum they had there. She said that it was old Cherokee that was spoken in Macon County years ago, and those words meant the numbers.

My grandfather Stephens was one of the most devout Christian men that I have ever known. He went to church services regularly, Sunday school, church in the morning, and church in the evening. He also was a deacon in the Baptist Church, and was a regular attendant at the Masonic lodge. May the Lord bless his memory for we loved him dearly.

Evidently, the Stephens family, and the McLeod family, didn't live too far apart because there was some intermingling between the families as my grandfather Stephens married one of the McLeod girls, Telitha McLeod, more about that later.

John Anderson Stephens was my grandfather Stephens' younger brother. They lived most all their lives in the Dial area, he married Martha Louise Lovingood. They never had any children, they were pretty fond of me, and one of the greatest things in my life was the time I spent a summer with them when they lived in the Dial area. They had a huge fireplace, and Aunt Martha would cover the fire at night. In the morning she would fan the fire into a blaze again and from that she would start her fire in her cook stove.

She also had a mop, most of the stuff they had was homemade, but this was a big block of wood I guess about eight inches by twelve inches, with eight holes in it and in these holes were corn shocks that had been trimmed off at the bottom, then corncobs are put in to hold the shucks in place. She scrubbed the floors with this mop and those floors were scrubbed until they looked almost white. She also made her own lye, well, Uncle John did all of the rough work, she handled a lot of the house work, of course. There was a board sitting atop the bench on the back porch which held the homemade soap. A lot of these things that I am recounting now can be found in the Foxfire books.

Their house was built in an L-shape and the L edition faced the rear which included the kitchen. There were three rooms in the front, the main room, we would call a sitting room but was also a bedroom as it usually was in old fashioned country houses like that. Under the valley in the roof at the apex of the L, there sat a rainwater barrel which caught the water that she would use to scrub with and she made her own lye. Uncle John would cut sage for her about three or four feet long, and she would bind that and that was the broom she used to sweep with. Over the door was always the firearm, whatever kind it was, a great many people down there still used the old fashioned squirrel rifle.

Also, now let me digress for just a moment here and insert something, which I may forget unless I do it now. My grandfather Stephens, Uncle John and my grandfather Pettett used to tell stories about how they would go down on the parade ground and watch the soldiers drill, now this was when they were boys back during the civil war, I suspect about 1861. Grandpa Pettett told this story, he said they would watch the soldiers drill to a fife and drum, and then when the company was dismissed they would stack arms and one man would get out, I say man, we would think they were boys, now most of those soldiers were not more than 15 years old and my Uncle Richard Pettett, the youngest of my great uncles, who were all in company I of the 52nd Georgia Infantry, was only twelve years old when he went to the Army. Anyway, after the drill was over, the arms were stacked, one man would get out there, jerk off his coat and yell, "I'm the best man around here, who wants to take me on?" Then some fellow in the company would challenge him and they would have a big wrestling match, and that's what it was, a friendly wrestling match. I think a great many of our historians in this day and time who write of the pioneer days get that mixed up. A lot of those fights that they write about were merely friendly wrestling matches, fights were something serious; oftentimes only one fellow came out of it.

I'll go back to Uncle John Stephens again and recount his life, he and Aunt Martha. Uncle John owned, as far as I know, four farms in that part of the country. He owned one farm on Stanley

Creek. I was a small boy when I visited him on Noontootla Creek, it was near the post office of Newport where he farmed and operated the grist mill and it is still a beautiful trout stream. This house, which he lived in at that time, was built out of large squared logs and it was near the road, faced a little bit of an angle from the road. Now I wish this house was still in existence I would like to own it. It was built out of huge logs as I said and it had portholes in it. There were three rooms downstairs, and one or two rooms upstairs. There were portholes all around the sides of this old house and the windows in the main room had huge shutters made out of two inch oak, it could completely close the windows up, seal them, and when they were closed they had a big wooden bar that dropped over them. Evidently this house was built during Indian times, it was probably built I would say not later than about 1825 or somewhere along in there. On this farm consisted of maybe eight or ten acres on Noontootla creek, seen behind the house was Buckeye Mountain.

This mill that he owned had an overshot wheel. I will tell you later about a tubmill that was on another place where he lived. After he moved away from this place, the next house was called the old Catherine Hopper place. That was on Big Creek very near the footslog. There is a bridge there now, and it was very near the Big Creek Baptist Church. I think I only visited him and Aunt Martha maybe once, up there with grandpa. This house was not too far from the Gilmer County Line. The next house he lived in was called the old Harry Stanley Place. Now these names were current back in the 1920s. 1923 was when I spent the summer with Uncle John and Aunt Martha; I wouldn't take anything for that experience. To get to this place, you crossed the river, at what we use to call Isle, where the Prescott Davenport store was. Go a country mile, turn right and the road leads up to the woods where Uncle John blazed the trees so you could get up to his house. At first, you pass his log barn and a wagon shed combined with a hay mountain at the top of it, and on out to his house, which was built on kind of a bench affair. When the house was built, they had dug away part of a gently sloping hill and built a rock wall there in front and then leveled it out.

On the front porch of this house, there was a huge spinning wheel that Aunt Martha used to spin wool but Uncle John had not kept any sheep in several years but they still had the wheel. In another little house, catty cornered from the rock wall, other things were kept there, such as a flax wheel, there was a small spinning wheel in there, some tools, a cradle, not a baby's cradle but a harvesting implement. Then back of the house on a level place right adjacent to the back door was their garden. This garden was fenced in with palings or pickets about six feet high and close together to keep in the chickens. I suppose the garden was about seventy-five feet square. Uncle John had built himself a furrowing out tool with which he used to run his furrows in the garden. He did most of his plowing, cultivating, with what we would call today, a bull tongue plow.

Now this furrowing out tool that I mentioned was built like this, if I can describe it. There is a piece of wood about four or five feet long and onto that were fastened wooden shovels and they were about a foot or eighteen inches apart. There were two shafts that were fastened onto this and braced, and to this, he would hitch the steer, put the steer in the shafts and he would run four furrows at one time, they raised everything that they needed. I had been with him at times when he would take eggs to the store to buy a few things like salt, pepper, coffee. They also buried their potatoes and cabbages in the ground over the winter, and it kept. The cultivated land that they had there was not much more than eight acres.

When I stayed with him that summer, one of the little fields that he had was lying fallow and I helped him cultivate it. Out from the house and alongside the garden fence, about fifty or sixty yards, was a spring and we had to carry water up the hill. Also, this spring was where Aunt Martha did her washing as I described a while ago, and she spread her clothes out on the grass around there to dry in summertime, in the wind. Through this little valley ran a pretty good size

branch and the spring flowed into it. After every thunderstorm, summer and winter, he had to go down with a shovel and clean the spring out.

They also had sweet apple trees right outside the garden fence. Woods surrounded this farm and a trail led behind the house, over the mountain, down to the Toccoa River. That was an ideal place where I liked to fish. There were revival meetings at Big Creek Church, Uncle John was clerk of that Baptist Church, and one of the preachers was a man preacher named Cantle, who lived just over in Gilmer County. His name was Reverend Cantle and another one was named Allred, I don't remember his first name but he knew some of my people, he knew the Landsdowns, and I think he knew some of the Pettetts, he was the pastor of the Riverdale Baptist Church in Canton, Georgia.

I don't know how Brother Cantle got to where Uncle John lived but Reverend Cantle had a mule. He rode a mule out there, he also was a fox hunter, and he had the name of the Fox Hunter Preacher. In order to get to their revival meeting at night, Uncle John, Aunt Martha and I, sometimes some other people who happened to be at our house, would have to go near the cove, walk across the mountain, up and down, out into another road past Bob Clarke's farm, on to Big Creek Church and come back the same way.

The preacher spent the whole week staying with Uncle John there and they would discuss the religion after the meeting, and I liked to listen. This "meeting" is where I heard the singing; I mean the songs, from the Christian Harmony Song Book. After the meeting was over, sometimes I would ride the mule back home from church in pitch darkness, it was kind of spooky and the mule would shy off sometimes and I would get a little bit scared, maybe something like a white rock on the edge of the road and other things that you couldn't even see, it made my hair rise up a little bit. Another thing, sometimes some of these boys, about my age I guess, had pistols and they would hide these pistols in the woods on the way to church, then after most people had gone

and the church was closed up, they would waste a lot of ammunition shooting up in the air and on the ground and yelling, whee, pow, pow, pow, that's pioneer stuff, isn't it?

I don't know what time of the year it was when I got to Uncle John's place, it was in June, I think, yeah. His corn was about knee high about that time and I helped him hoe corn. He did his plowing with a bull tongue plow. Some of the men, down there, in that day and time, used double shovel plows and they went thrice in a row, Uncle John went four times in a row. He plowed with a steer; the steers were name Doc and Red. Aunt Martha, myself and her sister, Sis Lovingood, who was living with Uncle John at that time. Sis was one of Bill Lovingood sisters. There was another sister named Anna Virginia, another named Kentucky and another named Missouri. We would follow Uncle John after he had plowed with hoes, and we would do, this must be a Scottish word, skelping which means to hold very shallow, not dig up the ground deep, but skim a hole along under the top of the ground under the top of the ground, I still do that.

Uncle John and Martha also had a telephone, now this was a rural telephone line with only one wire, I don't know how far it ran five or six miles out along the road, every phone was grounded and just one wire carried the signal on it. Every evening, Uncle John would go out and unhook the telephone wire, take it and put it out away from the house some place to prevent lightning. Once in a while lightning did strike those old phones, but I had a lot of fun then because that was a party line and every time you rang one phone it rang all of them. Uncle John's ring was one short, one long and two shorts. The fun at night, I was telling you about, was talking to the young people. Some of them would have just one little ring some of them would have two. There were two girls of the Garland family whom I used to talk to a lot.

Let me go back and tell you just a little more about Uncle John's place on Noontootla Creek. My father and I went up there to take a bird dog; he had always kept a bird dog when I was a boy. He took one of his bird dogs up there to let Uncle John keep in the country and when we

were up there we decided to go for a walk out on Uncle John's place on Buckeye Mountain, I think I was about seven or eight years old at the time. When we got up there, they began talking very low and confidential; I saw containers full of dried ground up apples and I didn't learn until later that Uncle John had a lot of sweet apples and he had a deal with a fellow to make brandy.

Let me say that even back in that day and time, as late as that was, making brandy or whiskey was not regarded as too great a sin. The influence of the Scot-Irish was still there and it still is today. It was regarded by lot of people that making good whiskey was a man's inalienable right, as long as he behaved himself. Later on when we would visit Bill Lovingood, as I remarked a while ago, I noticed that all the men, my father, John Greer, and Bill Lovingood would all repair out behind the barn some place, and they would pass the bottle. I think Bill Lovingood made the whiskey, he was sheriff for Fannin County for one or two terms, and, then, I don't know, he may have decided to moonshine after then.

I want to tell you about this house where Uncle John lived, the one that had the portholes in it. I went back down there four years ago to see my friend and distant cousin, Judd Bailey, that was when my Aunt Louise Stephens died and I didn't recognize the place. That's pretty close to Doublehead Gap, but the old house that Uncle John lived in was gone and the side of Buckeye Mountain was cleared off for pasture, sorrowful site to me. How beautiful it was there in summer, I was there during the late summer time on this one occasion. How beautiful the distant mountains were from his place, you could see over into the North Carolina Mountains. Then the quietness of the whole scenery, wonderfully, beautifully quiet; it makes me think of Benjamin Harrison and how he described the Virginia Colony, "this quiet land."

It was my job then or I usually took the job of going after a cow so Aunt Martha could milk. The women always did the milking that was considered the woman's job, why I don't know probably because their hands were smaller and tenderer. I would go get the cow in the afternoon, just

before milking time, I could hardly find her because she would be way back up in the thicket some place and she wouldn't let on when you were around there, so you would have to go through the briers, on through the patch where a cow could go, but it was hard for a person to go. In the country it was little girls often times who had to go get the cow, barefooted at that, walking through the briers often having to watch for snakes, too.

One morning Uncle John and I were going out, it was early in the morning right after breakfast, we went out to fix part of the fence and he had an axe with him. It was a rail fence, of course, and he was ahead of me, he never said, but I think he put me behind because of this possible danger; we came across a copperhead lying directly in the path so he said, "Get back." He took the axe and chopped it in two. While I was staying with him on this occasion, there was a child bitten close around there and after he was bitten they went out to try to find the snake and they found a copperhead and a rattle snake which they, of course, dispatched.

Aunt Martha churned with a stomp churn, it was a jar with a wooden dasher on it and a handle on that, a cover on top made to fit the jar. Then the milk was poured in. After it churned, the butter would come and to me there is nothing any better than old fashion country buttermilk, what she made was not cultured buttermilk, it was churned buttermilk. Buttermilk was a favorite back in the old days, a doctor told me buttermilk is one of the best stomach medicines there is. There is a story about Andrew Jackson, after he had fought the duel and killed Charles Dickenson, he was wounded pretty badly himself, he started home and he passed a place where a woman was churning and he reigned in his horse and asked her if the butter had come, and she gave him some buttermilk which he drank. As summer time drew to a close and the school days started drawing near, I had to leave Uncle John and Aunt Martha and go back to Atlanta. It took me a long time to get over my visit, I wanted to go back so bad, matter of fact, I didn't want to leave.

Uncle John and Aunt Martha were two wonderful people that had plenty of reason to but they never scolded me, never gave me a crossword. The whole time that I was there with them was just a great bond of love between me and them. They are both gone now, they lie side by side in Big Creek cemetery, but they are always with me in my mind.

Now before we leave Uncle John and grandpa Stephens let me tell you a very interesting and amusing story but first I had better preface this with a little history. You know Horace Kephart in his book, "Our Southern Highlanders," explains this very well. This goes back into the days of the Ulster plantation in North Ireland. The people who settled up this part of the country, about which we are talking, were fiercely independent people. I did not know until years later, when I began doing a little research and reading history just for pleasure, that these people were all descendants of the people who left North Ireland years and years before the Revolutionary war.

The government slapped the excise tax on spirits, alcoholic spirits, and the revenue agents, in different parts of the country, were raiding different stills, because they did not pay their excise tax on the whiskey they made. My grandfather Pettett made it, paid the excise tax for a while then he made a little moonshine after that. But they were by no means the type of people described in the Lil Abner comic strip. I don't think there ever were any people like that, the "dogpatch" variety. Most of these people had a great deal of refinement about them, much more than I found up in some of the cities after I moved north.

This story concerns the time when my grandfather and Uncle John were boys, and the same thing would apply to my Uncle Bud McLeod and my great grandfather Ebenezer McLeod, being from Scotland, made whiskey that they needed for medicinal use and for a beverage once in a while. They were raided by the revenue officers and my great grandfather Ebenezer McLeod had been thrown by a horse sometime earlier and the revenue agents came and tried to put him in a buggy,

take him to Atlanta, to arrest him. He was quite an actor; he was a man who was well known all over the country around there, and back in the time of the civil war, he would hide friend or foe. If the Yankees came through on a patrol why he would hide the rebels and the same thing happened to the other side, too. This time he put on an act and screamed, yelled, kicked and hollered, because he couldn't ride in the buggy, it hurt him so bad. Finally the officer in charge told one of his daughters, "Take your father and do something with him, get him out of the way." They did and the officers took my grandfather, Uncle John and Uncle Bud McLeod, instead, to Atlanta as material witnesses in the making of this whiskey.

So grandpa told me how they would keep him down there in Atlanta and the sheriff's wife did the cooking. She called them her boarders, her big boarders, her old boarders and her younger boarders. They would let him out a couple of times a day to run around the block for exercise; the case was finally dismissed as they couldn't find enough evidence. For years and years, it was a laughing matter how the old man McLeod, as they called him, fooled the revenue agents.

Now let me digress for a moment and tell you another story which is very amusing, you know when something amusing happened during the country then, the story went all around through the neighborhood; I know there was a character down in that part of the country that my mother knew when she was a little girl. He was known by the name of Green Smithy and he may have been the one who concocted the parody to an old song called, "I Am Going Down in Town." Smithy was a logger and he changed the tune to, "Boiling Cabbage Down." During a revival, concerning the minister whose name was Honeycutt, the call would come for mourners and there was a woman who would get up and always go to the mourner's bench. She would shout and then her husband, Caesar, would get up, go to the mourner's bench and hold her to keep her from falling. So on this one occasion, when she was up shouting, her husband ran up to hold her and she cried out:

“Go away from me Caesar,
I don’t want you to hold me,
My hearts full of joy,
And I want Brother Honeycutt to hold me, to hold me,
I want Brother Honeycutt to hold me, to hold me.”

My grandfather’s father, that is my great grandfather, was born in South Carolina in 1820, his name Anderson Stephens. I don’t know his middle name but I mentioned before that he had a brother named Andrew and they were born near the town of Walhalla, South Carolina. My friend, historian Lawrence Stanley, identified the place where they lived and even where their father lived. Anderson Stephens must have moved over into Gilmer County, Georgia, it must have been no later than about 1830 or 1840. He married first to a woman named Lucinda Williams and he had one daughter by her who was my great Aunt Mary Stanley. Mary’s husband was William L. Stanley and they lived near Merry Mine in Copperhill.

Anderson Stephens was a member, according to Cap Carol who was also a great historian who lived in Fannin County, of a party of fifteen who banded together, walked down to Savannah, Georgia, and boarded ship which was in 1849, and whether they sailed around Cape Horn or not or whether they walked across the Isthmus of Panama, I don’t know. But they got to California and worked in the gold fields for a while. Anderson Stephens, according to my grandfather who heard all these things from him, brought back a lot of stories, interesting facts that took place when they were out there. Evidently, some of them or most of them perhaps all stuck together when they were out there for protection and for mutual help.

Now here is one story that Anderson Stephens brought back which was often told. He said that when they were working out there in California they had to watch out for grizzly bears, it was the worst danger in that part of the country, and I have read this elsewhere too. At one time, they

were mining a creek and they heard one of their men yell, so they grabbed their guns and ran toward him. The man ran up one of those small trees, didn't have any big trees, according to what he said, but he got up the tree just before the big grizzly bear got to him, and as the bear opened his mouth, stuck a big, old horse pistol in the bear's mouth, just bang right now, killed the bear, right now.

He also told about Digger Indians, saying they were the poorest, most impoverished of all the Indians in that part of the country. I have often read about those, too. Kit Carson spoke of those Indians. This tribe must have been driven out into the poorest part of the country by other tribes, but he said that he had watched them and they would eat almost anything and everything. When they wanted to cook dinner, they would scrape out a little hole in the ground, line it with clay and when the clay dried, they used that for a kettle. They would then heat the water by dropping hot stones into it. They would eat lizards, rats, and anything else they could get a hold of, he said it in the laughing way, but I don't doubt it and I have heard other people say that it was likely true. He said to get the broth out of the pot, they used a squirrel's tail dipping the squirrel's tail in the broth and then swiping it across their mouth. Wonder how it tasted.

Here is the story of another adventure which Anderson Stephens had, according to my grandfather. This happened during the time when people turned livestock out in the woods to let them forge for themselves. According to my friend, Lawrence Stanley, he is of the opinion that this happened on Will Scott Mountain, this is the first time I ever heard the location specified, but Anderson Stephens, and, two other men with him, had been out hunting horses in the woods. They were way out there some place and it came time to bed down so they ate some of the vittles they had, usually cornbread and meat, and decided to bed down for the evening. They found a great big tree that had blown down so they made their fire, ate, sat down. Grandpa had his dog with him who lay at his feet each night. After they drifted off to sleep, grandpa heard the dog growl and he looked up saw a great big panther sitting on top of the log, watching the dog. The

panther began to creep down and jumped right on the dog. They had a big fight and grandpa kicked them both into the fire. The panther ran but the dog got burned pretty badly. Well, needless to say, there was no more sleep that night so, next morning, they looked around and found part of the carcass of a deer that had been buried and covered in the roots of this old tree.

Now I think somewhere else in this tape that I mentioned the fact that a lot of our authorities and writers have said that panthers would never attack a human being, always stay shy, but I think I also mentioned that in British Columbia in the 1950s there was quite an epidemic of panthers killing Indian children because the natives had killed the deer, taken away the source of food for the panthers. The old timers called these animals “painters” and there are still some down there, I am told, and it’s been proving out to be true, in the hills of southern Ohio.

My grandfather Stephens, that is Anderson’s son, told a story one time of being out hunting livestock with a man who carried a rifle, and had lost a lock screw out of the gun so he carried the lock in his pocket then when he got ready to shoot he held the lock on with his hand and fired. Grandpa said he killed a deer, too, that way.

Before we go farther, I want to insert something here which, so far, I have neglected to do, and that is the description of the type of mill which I saw when I stayed the summer with Uncle John Stephens. This I learned later was referred to as a tub mill. Now, so far as I know, there are three types of these old fashion mills, one was the overshot wheel, undershot wheel and the tub mill. This was the type of mill which I saw and which I examined at that time because I had never seen one like it before. It could best be described as a water turbine, certainly it ran on the water turbine principal, and the mechanics of that were thus, there was a large holding tank in which the race discharged and this was the large tank, just holding water, which discharged that water down into the horizontal wooden wheel and fence on out into the creek again. The wheel was not very big, it couldn’t have been over four feet, I would say just as a guess, it would be about three

and one-half feet and on that there were fins on this wheel which gave it the horizontal motion when the water was discharged into it. This wheel was on a shaft which extended up into the mill and it was regulated by levers so as to stop it and so forth and on top this shaft ran up in and through the millstones.

Now while we were at this place and while Uncle John was talking to the miller, I was inspecting the mill and examining the mechanics of it and it seemed to me that it was not nearly the capacity in grinding of the large overshot wheels. I remember one thing that Horace Kephart in his book, "Our Southern Highlanders," he mentions the fact that small tub mills on the streams back in the mountains, the smaller streams were often utilized by moonshiners, and he had remarked in his book, that a tub mill, a smaller tub mill would only grind about a bushel or a two a day. On this occasion that I mentioned, Uncle John had taken a sack full of corn to be ground, and I was with him, of course, and we walked up to the head of the hollow, way up to the top of the mountain to the gap down on the other side, and to this mill. The man who owned this mill was Mr. Robert Clark, the property was on Big Creek. It required a pretty good size tree, I would see a huge tree in which to carve this, I'll call it an impeller and in which to get the tree big enough to get an impeller out of and it took a long bit of work because the fins had to be all carved out of the tree, and by the way the Foxfire book one of these mills in it.

Since the time that I stayed with Uncle John, I have noticed a likeness in the way people lived back in the time of Chaucer, having read a modern version of his Canterbury Tales, and reading about how the two clerks went to the mill riding a horse, taking a bag of the corn to be ground, staying all night with the miller and so forth. And expressions in Chaucer's book, some of them are pretty much the same too, that is, in the Canterbury Tales.

Now the civil war, in this area of which I have been describing and talking about, was particularly bloody and bitter. Some authorities have claimed that east Tennessee sent fifty

thousand men to the Union Army. This is a fact which our historians ignore or just don't know about. A great many men also went to the Union Army from the northern counties in Georgia and three counties in Alabama and some in South Carolina. There were comparatively few slaves anywhere in the mountains. At the outset of the war, the Richmond government was, in all likelihood, aware of this situation and Home Guard units were organized, or as they were more literally called, conscript officers, who were given certain division and a certain amount of men, these were the Home Guards. Some of the old timers which I knew referred to them as gorillas, because toward the end of the war they preyed on both friend and foe alike. I am informed that they were made up of men too old or too young for the Army, but they were authorized Confederate cavalry. They patrolled all this country, the north and the south and rounding up men for the Army. These men were sent to conscript camps, conscripts camps were the worst kind to go to, that's the reason my ancestors decided to volunteer. Now the conscript officer, for our part of the country down there was, I forget his name maybe it will come to me later, but it was a Huguenot name.

One story concerns a man and this is his real name, R. Chastain, a member of the prominent Chastain family in northern Georgia, and he, I think, was a Lieutenant, perhaps in the Home Guard, but he was captured one time and put in a farmhouse with two guards. When they searched him, they failed to find a pistol that he was carrying stuck in back of his trousers, between his suspenders. They had him, so the story goes, straddling the chair with his head resting on the back. He managed to squirm around in the chair, get a hold of the pistol and uncrossing his legs, he cocked the pistol, and killed both guards, then got away. The old feeling existed even up until the time when I was a boy, in that part of the country; there was always trouble at election times between the two factions.

Another story concerns a man name Ray, he was an officer, too. I don't know where this occurred, I thought it was at a place called Shallowford, but it may not have been. What

happened was, Ray was the leader of this Home Guard outfit and they came on to a boy, and this boy they thought was old enough for the Army, but he wasn't, so they shot and left him lying on the road. Some women found him, took him in the house and nourished him. Ray heard that he was recovering so he went back into this house, shot this boy lying in the bed, and killed him. Then I heard, too, that Ray was sent into the frontlines of the fighting for what he had done, terrible punishment in our area.

There is a mountain down there named Brawley Mountain. When I was a boy and we lived in Blue Ridge, Georgia, that was in 1912, Bob Brawley used to drive cattle, they didn't haul cattle then, they had to drive them along the roads, and at times, spend the night on the roads. I have seen these drives, and he would drive them into Blue Ridge, Georgia, and into the pens there where they were loaded on cattle cars and then shipped out. I've never seen any hog drives, although I have talked to people who have seen them and also turkey drives too. I saw a big cattle drive come through the town of Copperhill when I was a boy, it was very interesting.

Now it seems from what I've heard that Ebenezer McLeod was more advanced in his farming than most of the people down there, because he had ways of doing things that were a little bit ahead of the rest of them. Another man like this was Taylor Stephens, my grandfather's cousin. When my Aunt Louise Stephens passed away about four years ago,²⁶ we attended the funeral and buried her in what I call the McLeod Cemetery, but the name of it is Macedonia. It's a nice little chapel set on the top of a high ridge just a few hundred yards from the old McLeod homestead. I don't know how much land Ebenezer McLeod owned at that time, but he had quite a bit there. My grandfather Stephens is buried in the same place. He wanted to be buried there next to his wife, Telitha McLeod. It's a small country cemetery but very quiet and very beautiful. All that country now is owned by the Meade Paper Company, there are the signs of a few old houses, some old clay chimneys down in this general area. The road isn't used anymore, it looks pretty

²⁶ Feb. 1974

snaky too, and it's all grown up around there. But I am going back sometime, and I am going to go over this whole place just to see what it looked like, but McLeod died in 1919, I think. The McLeod family was cursed by tuberculosis. Uncle Bud had it, went west and was cured. But Howard McLeod, his younger brother, died with it. The disease was called galloping consumption then, and it was greatly feared, and you can see how it would be, for it took these four McLeod girls in less than a year. It was referred to sometimes as the white plague. For treatment, a great many people went to Ashville, North Carolina.

One of the McLeod girls was named Rosetta and she married a Roper. My mother called her Aunt Rosa. We went to visit them one time in Chattanooga from Copperhill and we drove there in a Maxwell. My father had a 1916 Maxwell, and we drove over the mountains, way up over the mountains and way up and down, I don't remember now, but way down finally into Chattanooga, we stayed with them, went to see Barnum & Bailey circus too.

I remember hearing this story one time. One of the McLeod girls was on a visit a few miles away when a storm came up and the creek began to rise. The old man got worried about the girl, how would she get across the creek if it got too high, so he began stumping up and down, using his cane, stumping up and down the porch and he said, "Where is she now, where is she, damnit." The girl got home all right, without any trouble. The McLeod family used to hold a reunion some place in Alabama and the last one I talked to was Grady McLeod, he lived in Birmingham, but whether he is still alive or not, I don't know.

The father of Anderson Stephens was old Jimmie Stephens. I never heard any other name applied to him except that one. My grandfather often told the story which I am going to tell you which he got from his father. I doubt whether he ever knew his grandfather, old Jimmie, but perhaps he had seen him when he was a child. Sometime before the Revolutionary War, the Stephens family, who had lived in Pennsylvania, followed the trend of immigration south, down

through the Piedmont Country, and they settled in the extreme northwestern part of South Carolina, just off the mountains. According to my grandfather, more than one family came down and some of them decided to go back into Pennsylvania.

Old Jimmy Stephens was born about 1765 or 1766, sometime along in there. Whether he was the only child or not I don't know, but he and his family were living in South Carolina at the time of the Revolutionary War. South Carolina, Georgia and North Carolina were pretty strongly Tory during the Revolutionary War and the Stephens family was pretty strongly Whig, which is anti-King. One day, a band of Tories stopped by the Stephens house and demanded the mother cook dinner. I suppose there must have been about twelve in this detail, all mounted, of course, and the mother started in and cooked a big dinner for these Tories. After they had eaten and satisfied themselves, they decided to leave, one of them said, "Let's take this boy with us," and that was my great, great, grandfather Jimmy Stephens, he was about twelve years old. Well, they grabbed him to take him along. His mother then grabbed him and begged them not to take the boy away. One of the men picked up a rolling pin and knocked her down with it. Then, to intimidate the boy, they punched him in the breast with a horse pistol. The barrel of an old horse pistol like that was pretty thin around the muzzle due to the wear of the ramrod. Anyway, these Tories cut his breast up and he carried these scars to his grave. The Tories took him with them and he, being a pretty smart boy, decided to get into the good graces of these Tories and watch for his chance to get away. To that end, he picked out the best and the fastest horse in the whole group. They made him feed, curry, water the horses, carry wood, etc., and finally they took him for granted. They never paid much attention to him, and one evening, after the men had a hard march and were just a little bit drunk, he left the watering of the horses until the last thing. When the time came, he mounted the fastest horse, drove all the rest of them away, and left this Tory band afoot. He made his way back to his home and they weren't bothered anymore by the Tories. I have often wondered if his father or any other men folks, his older brothers, were away at the Battle of Kings Mountain at this time, it would be interesting to find out.

Now some four years ago when we were coming back home from a visit with our daughter, Phyllis, living in Miami, Florida, we stopped in Walhalla, South Carolina. I inquired in the courthouse where I might find the source of this story if anybody had heard it. They referred me to the where the librarian showed me the book of the 1790 census, the first one ever taken. I looked in the book and there was his name. The census didn't indicate it, but my grandfather said that he became a Baptist preacher in his old age.

When the Stephens family was still living in South Carolina, it's unclear whether the person was Jimmy Stephens or not but they were working at the edge of a clearing and heard their mother scream. The man looked around and saw an Indian up at the house, all he had was his axe, he let out and ran for the house. When he got up there, the Indian never moved, just looked at him and held out a bucket and pointed to the cow, so they gave him some milk and he left.

The sites of several old Cherokee towns can still be seen down around Ellijay, Georgia, on the creek bottom, and there is one old Cherokee townhouse there, though the timbers have fallen in. My friend, Lawrence Stanley, told me that the Indians would build a town and they would live in it until it got so dirty they couldn't stand it, and then they would move on.

My grandfather Pettett told me that they started fires with flint and steel, he showed me one time how to do this. He took his pocket knife and with an arrowhead that I had given him, struck fire with it. He told me when he was a boy, he used a flintlock rifle and about going barefoot in the winter time, and about not having any kind of a Christmas. Now all this was during the civil war when people almost starved to death in that part of the country.

Also my father used to dance. Now I don't know, I can't identify a book on wing dance, but this was what he called a double shuffle. I supposed you could call this a clog that he used to do, some of the older men used to do it. He used to stand up in the floor and just do a dance like that.

Horace Kephart describes a lamp which was merely a bowl or a saucer with a wick made out of twisted rag, greased with lard, then it was lighted, and the wick would hang over the edge of the bowl and was extremely smoky. One time when I was a boy, that's when we had electricity and the electric power went off one evening, early, I supposed about 8 o'clock in the evening, we had nothing else for a lamp, didn't have any kerosene lamps, so my mother made a light just like the one just described.

Also, I want to insert something else, my grandfather Pettett used to tell about having to go out in the woods, chop down trees, cut up the wood, and chop the knots out of the planks. They had a box that they set by the fireplace, and when they wanted more light from the fireplace, they would throw a pine knot in. I suppose the same thing was done at my grandfather's Stephens house, and all the other people, in that day and time.

Descendants of Elias Pettett

Generation 1

1. **ELIAS¹ PETTETT** was born on 03 Nov 1818 in Spartanburg SC. He died on 23 Oct 1898 in Ellis Co., TX. He married (1) **MARY JANE GROGAN** on 26 Dec 1839, daughter of Richard Grogan and Edith Edna Williams. She was born on 02 Jun 1822 in Rutherford Co. NC. She died about 1857 in GA. He married (2) **MARTHA JANE MCNAIRN** on 08 Aug 1860.

Elias Pettett and Mary Jane Grogan had the following children:

2. i. **JASPER MARION² PETTETT** was born on 02 Jan 1841 in Rutherford Co. NC. He died on 06 Feb 1914 in Pickens Co GA. He married **AMELIA PADGETT** on 23 Dec 1860 in Dawson Co., GA, daughter of Asa Padgett and Mary. She was born on 10 Feb 1837 in GA. She died on 08 Nov 1921 in Pickens Co., GA, Salem Baptist Ch. Cemetery.
3. ii. **DECATUR PETTETT** was born on 23 Nov 1842 in Rutherford Co. NC. He died on 04 Oct 1890. He married **LUCINDA CAROLINE DENSMORE** on 01 Sep 1861. She was born on 18 Apr 1843. She died on 13 Mar 1928 in Pleasant Union, Dawson Co., GA.
4. iii. **RICHARD LAFAYETTE PETTETT** was born in 1844 in Rutherford Co. NC. He married **HARRIETT PADGETT** on 16 Dec 1866, daughter of Asa Padgett and Mary Vilyard. She was born about 1848 in Dawson Co., GA.
- iv. **SARAH E. PETTETT** was born in 1846 in Gilmer Co., GA. She married **WILLIAM L. FIELDS**.
5. v. **CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS PETTETT** was born on 30 Nov 1848 in GA. He died on 08 Feb 1916 in Picken, Co., GA, Jerusalem Bapt. Ch. Cemet.. He married **MISSOURI EVELINE FIELDS** on 22 Nov 1868. She was born on 01 Feb 1850 in GA. She died on 18 Nov 1936 in GA.
6. vi. **JOHN ELIAS PETTETT** was born on 14 Feb 1851. He died on 17 Dec 1908. He married (1) **NANCY LODEON SANDLIN** on 23 Dec 1869. He married (2) **NANCY CAROLINE MOSELEY** on 20 Mar 1873. She was born in 1853.
7. vii. **PERRY WARREN PETTETT** was born in Jun 1853 in Dawson County GA. He died in 1928 in Tate GA. He married **BILLIE LOUISA LANDSDOWN** on 03 Oct 1872 in Pickens Co GA, daughter of David Allen Landsdown and Julia Ann Martin. She was born on 24 Dec 1856 in Tate GA. She died on 28 Jan 1916 in Copperhill TN, buried Tate GA.
8. viii. **ELIZABETH PETTETT** was born in 1855. She married **JAY LOVELESS** on 01 Jan 1877, son of Abner Loveless and Nancy Townsend. He was born in 1856 in Pickens Co., GA.
- ix. **TABITHA PETTETT** was born in 1857.

Elias Pettett and Martha Jane McNairn had the following children:

- x. **MARY J. PETTETT** was born on 24 Oct 1866.
- xi. **MALVINA PETTETT** was born on 20 Jun 1869.

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9. xii. WILEY NEWTON PETTETT was born on 10 Oct 1872. He died on 07 Nov 1911 in Chieldress, TX.
He married LENA LEONARD on 01 May 1898. She was born on 15 Aug 1880 in GA. She died on 13 Jan 1953 in Blount Co., AL.
- xiii. CICERO PETTETT was born on 17 Jun 1874.
- xiv. JOHN PETTETT was born in 1876.

Generation 2

2. **JASPER MARION² PETTETT** (Elias¹) was born on 02 Jan 1841 in Rutherford Co. NC. He died on 06 Feb 1914 in Pickens Co GA. He married **AMELIA PADGETT** on 23 Dec 1860 in Dawson Co., GA, daughter of Asa Padgett and Mary. She was born on 10 Feb 1837 in GA. She died on 08 Nov 1921 in Pickens Co., GA, Salem Baptist Ch. Cemetery.

Jasper Marion Pettett and Amelia Padgett had the following children: **Generation 2 (con't)**

- i. BENJAMIN MATTHEW³ PETTETT was born in Dec 1861 in Dawson Co., GA. He married THEODOSIA WEST on 17 Dec 1878 in Pickens Co., Thaddeus Pickett.
- ii. MARY E . PETTETT was born on 13 Nov 1865 in Ohio. She died on 31 Dec 1952 in Picken, Co., GA, Salem Bapt. Ch. Cemet.. She married STEPHEN RUDELL on 09 Nov 1882.
10. iii. CHARLES GRANT PETTETT was born on 03 Mar 1869 in Tunnel Hill, GA. He died on 3 Sep 1932 in Crestlawn Cemetery, Atlanta, GA. He married ALICE BUENA VISTA MOSS on 01 Dec 1887. She was born on 04 Dec 1867 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 06 May 1917 in Crestlawn Cemetery, Atlanta, GA.
- v. MARION A. PETTETT was born on 22 Apr 1871 in Pickens, Co., GA. She died on 07 Dec 1923 in Pickens Co., GA, Salem Baptist Ch. Cemetery. She married (1) GILLIE COOK on 09 Oct 1890. He was born in Sep 1875 in GA. She married (2) DELLA PAYNE.
- vi. ROBERT LUTHER PETTETT was born in Feb 1875 in GA. He married MARY L. COOK. She was born in Nov 1880.
- vii. JOHN E. PETTETT was born on 13 Feb 1875 in Pickens, Co., GA. He died on 30 May 1958 in Pickens Co., GA, Salem Baptist Ch. Cemetery. He married JANIE M. PETTIGREW on 18 Dec 1923.
- viii. TAYLOR W. PETTETT was born on 01 Nov 1876 in GA. He died on 21 Apr 1950 in Pickens, Co., GA, Salem Bapt. Church Cemetery. He married CLARA PETTIGREW on 16 Dec 1918.
3. **DECATUR² PETTETT** (Elias¹) was born on 23 Nov 1842 in Rutherford Co. NC. He died on 04 Oct 1890. He married **LUCINDA CAROLINE DENSMORE** on 01 Sep 1861. She was born on 18 Apr 1843. She died on 13 Mar 1928 in Pleasant Union, Dawson Co., GA.

Decatur Pettett and Lucinda Caroline Densmore had the following children:

- i. JAMES³ PETTETT was born in Jul 1862 in GA. He married LUCINDA PADGETT. She was born in Dec 1867.
- ii. RODA MARY PETTETT was born in Jul 1863.
- iii. SARAH PETTETT was born in Feb 1868 in GA. She married JOSIAH JOHNSON.
- iv. DAVID W. PETTETT was born in Dec 1870 in GA. He married LISSIE DISHAROON on 20

Dec 1896.

- v. ELIAS P. PETTETT was born in Nov 1872 in GA. He married ELLA TURNER on 07 Oct 1903.
- vi. DECATUR PETTETT was born in 1874 in GA. He married MARGARET DISHAROON on 11 Dec 1894.
- vii. MARTHA E. PETTETT was born in May 1877 in GA. She married GEORGE TURNER.
- viii. SAMUEL PETTETT was born in 1879.
- ix. JOHN R. PETTETT was born in Apr 1879 in GA. He married MAGGIE CHAMBERS on 15 Mar 1904.
- x. TABITHA PETTETT was born in May 1881.
- xi. MARION BRANTLEY PETTETT was born in Mar 1883 in GA. He married FANNIE POOL on 13 Jan 1909.

4. **RICHARD LAFAYETTE² PETTETT** (Elias¹) was born in 1844 in Rutherford Co. NC. He married **HARRIETT PADGETT** on 16 Dec 1866, daughter of Asa Padgett and Mary Vilyard. She was born about 1848 in Dawson Co., GA.

Richard Lafayette Pettett and Harriett Padgett had the following children:

- i. MARY³ PETTETT was born in 1868. She married JIM CROWDER.
- ii. ASA PETTETT was born on 31 Oct 1870 in GA. He died on 27 Aug 1941. He married AUSTRALIA ANDERSON in Oct 1890.
- iii. NANCY P. PETTETT was born in 1875.

5. **CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS² PETTETT** (Elias¹) was born on 30 Nov 1848 in GA. He died on 08 Feb 1916 in Picken, Co., GA, Jerusalem Bapt. Ch. Cemet.. He married **MISSOURI EVELINE FIELDS** on 22 Nov 1868. She was born on 01 Feb 1850 in GA. She died on 18 Nov 1936 in GA.

Christopher Columbus Pettett and Missouri Eveline Fields had the following children:

- i. CHARLIE THOMAS³ PETTETT was born on 23 Apr 1871 in GA. He died on 04 Aug 1922 in Jerusalem, GA. He married RODA ELIZABETH CRIDER. She was born on 08 May 1867 in GA. She died in Feb 1952.
- ii. ELIAS WILLIAM PETTETT was born on 08 Jun 1872 in GA. He married SARAH.
- iii. MILLIE LOUISA SUSAN PETTETT was born on 09 Oct 1874 in GA. She died on 28 Dec 1962.
- iv. BARNABAS LEVI PETTETT was born on 01 Feb 1877 in GA.
- v. JOHN PERRY PETTETT was born on 25 Nov 1879 in GA. He died on 27 Aug 1944 in GA. He married CANZODA PENZODA in 1900. She was born in Sep 1878 in GA.
- vi. MARY ELIZABETH PETTETT was born on 15 Apr 1887 in GA. She died on 19 Jan 1957 in Cartersville GA. She married WILLIAM ELMER HIGHTOWER. He was born on 15 Jun 1884 in Pickens Co., GA. He died on 12 Mar 1969.
- vii. MARTHA PETTETT was born in 1870.

- viii. MELVIN DECATUR PETTETT was born on 12 Mar 1882.
- ix. HENRY LAWSON PETTETT was born on 20 Aug 1884.
- x. DANIEL WALKER PETTETT was born on 07 Jan 1890 in GA. He died on 01 Aug 1928. He married MINNIE TEAGUE. She was born in 1890. She died in 1961.
- xi. AUGUSTA ROBERTA PETTETT was born on 24 Nov 1891 in GA. She died on 28 Aug 1968 in GA. She married RASMUS HILLARD DARNELL on 14 Feb 1909. He was born on 02 Apr 1887. He died on 17 Jul 1960.
- xii. COLUMBUS MCKINLEY PETTETT was born on 07 Feb 1896. He died on 26 Oct 1918.

6. **JOHN ELIAS² PETTETT** (Elias¹) was born on 14 Feb 1851. He died on 17 Dec 1908. He married (1) **NANCY LODEON SANDLIN** on 23 Dec 1869. He married (2) **NANCY CAROLINE MOSELEY** on 20 Mar 1873. She was born in 1853.

John Elias Pettett and Nancy Lodeon Sandlin had the following child:

- i. JAMES J.³ PETTETT was born on 25 Sep 1870 in GA. He died on 21 Jul 1901. He married HATTIE BEARDEN on 09 Aug 1891.

John Elias Pettett and Nancy Caroline Moseley had the following children:

- ii. SAMUEL MARION PETTETT was born on 15 Jun 1874 in GA. He died in 1943. He married ELECTA STANCIL on 17 Apr 1892.
- iii. ELIAS M. PETTETT was born on 26 Oct 1877 in GA. He died on 23 Aug 1879.
- iv. RICHARD LEVI W. PETTETT was born on 17 Jun 1880 in GA. He died on 01 Oct 1888.
- v. COLUMBUS WORTH PETTETT was born on 16 Jun 1882. He died in 1934. He married OPHELIA ADAMS on 06 Sep 1904.
- vi. MARTHA ELIZABETH PETTETT was born on 07 Aug 1884 in GA. She died on 14 Feb 1968. She married (1) NEWTON SHIRLOEY. She married (2) JOHN COLEMAN NICHOLSON on 14 Jun 1908. He was born on 06 Jan 1882. He died in Sep 1962.
- vii. ROSA BELLE PETTETT was born on 07 Aug 1886 in GA. She died on 02 Apr 1979. She married WILLIAM CICERO ALLRED on 04 Jul 1908.

7. **PERRY WARREN² PETTETT** (Elias¹) was born in Jun 1853 in Dawson County GA. He died in 1928 in **Generation 2 (con't)**

Tate GA. He married **BILLIE LOUISA LANDSDOWN** on 03 Oct 1872 in Pickens Co GA, daughter of David Allen Landsdown and Julia Ann Martin. She was born on 24 Dec 1856 in Tate GA. She died on 28 Jan 1916 in Copperhill TN, buried Tate GA.

Perry Warren Pettett and Billie Louisa Landsdown had the following children:

- 11. i. EMILIE CATHERINE³ PETTETT was born in Jul 1874 in GA. She died before 1920 in GA. She married JOHN HOVART.
- 12. ii. ELIAS ALLEN PETTETT was born in Sep 1876 in GA.
- 13. iii. GEORGE LESTER PETTETT was born about 1877 in GA. He died in 1932.
- iv. JASPER H. PETTETT was born on 26 Jan 1880. He died on 19 Feb 1884.
- 14. v. LEVI JACKSON PETTETT was born on 18 Jun 1882 in Tate GA. He died on 18 Aug 1966 in

Cincinnati, Oh. He married (1) CALDONA JANE STEPHENS on 22 Oct 1905 in Morganton GA, daughter of James Moses Stephens and Telitha Catherine McLeod. She was born on 02 Nov 1884 in Talking Rock GA. She died on 04 Aug 1972 in Cincinnati, Oh. He married (2) LERA ELSWICK about 1928, daughter of Lawrence Basil Elswick and Winnifred Sutherland. She was born in 1901. She died on 22 Nov 1971 in Hamilton Co., OH.

15. vi. JOHN WALTER PETTETT was born in Mar 1884 in Tate, GA. He died in 1909 in Dewey, OK. He married LILLIAN JANE FEEBACK on 07 Jun 1907 in Oklahoma, daughter of Issac Feeback and Katera Ann Williams. She was born on 12 Sep 1889 in Arkansas. She died on 03 Mar 1925 in Wichita, KS.

8. **ELIZABETH² PETTETT** (Elias¹) was born in 1855. She married **JAY LOVELESS** on 01 Jan 1877, son of Abner Loveless and Nancy Townsend. He was born in 1856 in Pickens Co., GA.

Jay Loveless and Elizabeth Pettett had the following children:

- i. JASPER³ LOVELESS.
- ii. ANNA MODENA LOVELESS.
- iii. CALLIE F. LOVELESS.
- iv. BENJAMIN LOVELESS.
- v. LESTER LOVELESS.
- vi. ASBURY LOVELESS.
- vii. DOLLIE LOVELESS.
- viii. JOHN M. LOVELESS.

9. **WILEY NEWTON² PETTETT** (Elias¹) was born on 10 Oct 1872. He died on 07 Nov 1911 in Childress, TX. He married **LENA LEONARD** on 01 May 1898. She was born on 15 Aug 1880 in GA. She died on 13 Jan 1953 in Blount Co., AL.

Wiley Newton Pettett and Lena Leonard had the following children:

- i. HERMAN³ PETTETT was born on 20 Nov 1900. He died in Mt. Tabor, Blount Co., AL. He married IDA ROVAL. She was born in GA.
- ii. BEN PETTETT was born on 03 May 1902. He married HATTIE DUNN. She was born on 03 Nov 1906 in Blount Co., AL.
- iii. GLADYS PETTETT was born on 20 Mar 1904. She married JOHN LEATHERWOOD. He died in Jul 1978.
- iv. AUBRY PETTETT was born on 26 Jun 1906. She married ODER BYRUM. He was born on 27 Mar 1908 in Blount Co., AL.
- v. GENERAL CUSTIS PETTETT was born on 13 Apr 1908. He died on 21 Nov 1978 in Blount Co., AL. He married FLORA GRAVES. She was born on 12 Mar 1911 in Blount Co., AL.

Generation 2 (con't)

- vi. ELIAS PETTETT was born on 09 Jan 1910. He died on 09 Jan 1914 in Friendship Cem., Polk Co., GA.

Generation 3

10. **CHARLES GRANT³ PETTETT** (Jasper Marion², Elias¹) was born on 03 Mar 1869 in Tunnel Hill, GA. He died on 03 Sep 1932 in Crestlawn Cemetery, Atlanta, GA. He married **ALICE BUENA VISTA Moss** on 01 Dec 1887. She was born on 04 Dec 1867 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 06 May 1917 in Crestlawn Cemetery, Atlanta, GA.

Charles Grant Pettett and Alice Buena Vista Moss had the following child:

- i. **JASPER NELSON⁴ PETTETT** was born on 24 Sep 1888 in Pickens Co., GA. He died on 07 Dec 1963 in Cobb Co., GA, Wesley Chapel Meth. Church Ceme.. He married **GEORGIA AMANDA CRAWFORD** on 06 Apr 1912 in Atlanta, GA. She was born on 30 Jan 1889 in Cobb Co., GA. She died on 30 Apr 1942 in Cobb Co., GA, Wesley Chapel Meth. Church Ceme..
11. **EMILIE CATHERINE³ PETTETT** (Perry Warren², Elias¹) was born in Jul 1874 in GA. She died before 1920 in GA. She married **JOHN HOVART**.

John Hovart and Emilie Catherine Pettett had the following children:

- i. **RUTH⁴ HOVART** was born in 1904. She died in 1921.
 - ii. **BILLIE LOU HOVART** was born in 1908.
 - iii. **MARY HOVART** was born in 1912.
12. **ELIAS ALLEN³ PETTETT** (Perry Warren², Elias¹) was born in Sep 1876 in GA.

Elias Allen Pettett had the following children:

- i. **CLARA NELL⁴ PETTETT**.
 - ii. **DONALD PETTETT**.
 - iii. **HAZEL PETTETT**.
 - iv. **HAROLD PETTETT**.
 - v. **BILLIE ROSE PETTETT**.
13. **GEORGE LESTER³ PETTETT** (Perry Warren², Elias¹) was born about 1877 in GA. He died in 1932.

George Lester Pettett had the following child:

- i. **SAMUEL LUKE⁴ PETTETT**. He married **MARGUERITE**.
14. **LEVI JACKSON³ PETTETT** (Perry Warren², Elias¹) was born on 18 Jun 1882 in Tate GA. He died on 18 Aug 1966 in Cincinnati, Oh. He married (1) **CALDONA JANE STEPHENS** on 22 Oct 1905 in Morganton GA, daughter of James Moses Stephens and Telitha Catherine McLeod. She was born on 02 Nov 1884 in Talking Rock GA. She died on 04 Aug 1972 in Cincinnati, Oh. He married (2) **LERA ELSWICK** about 1928, daughter of Lawrence Basil Elswick and Winnifred Sutherland. She was born in 1901. She died on 22 Nov 1971 in Hamilton Co., OH.

Levi Jackson Pettett and Caldona Jane Stephens had the following children:

- i. **PHILIP WAYNE⁴ PETTETT** was born on 19 Aug 1906 in Copperhill TN. He died on 28 Jun 1985 in Peebles, Oh. He married **VIRGINIA BIRD HANDLEY** on 22 Oct 1929 in Cincinnati, Oh, daughter of Julius Ceaser Handley and Lillian Elsie Adams. She was born on 03 Mar 1910 in Pliny WV. She died on 20 Jul 1992 in Peebles, Oh.
- ii. **FRANCES TELITHA PETTETT** was born on 05 Aug 1908 in Copperhill TN. She died on 15

Apr 1976 in Cincinnati OH. She married WILLIAM A. HAAS. He was born on 30 Jul 1896. He died on 27 Dec 1984 in Hamilton Co., OH.

- iii. HELEN KATE PETTETT was born on 28 Apr 1911 in Copperhill TN. She died on 28 Jun 1982 in Cincinnati OH. She married OWEN REVILLE HOGUE in 1931. He was born on 06 Nov 1911 in Lee Co., KY. He died on 31 Oct 1962 in Cincinnati OH.

Generation 3 (con't)

- iv. LEVI JACKSON PETTETT JR. was born about 1914 in Copperhill TN. He died about 1916 in McCaysville GA.
- v. EMILY LOUISE PETTETT was born on 04 Apr 1916 in Copperhill TN. She died on 04 Nov 2002 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married HOUGHTON R. ROUFF. He was born in 1916 in OH. He died on 03 Oct 1961 in Cincinnati, Oh.

Levi Jackson Pettett and Lera Elswick had the following child:

- vi. LAWRENCE WARREN PETTETT was born on 15 Jan 1929. He married (1) ANNE MARIE MYERS on 16 Mar 1952. He married (2) MARILYN IWALANI on 26 May 1984.

- 15. **JOHN WALTER³ PETTETT** (Perry Warren², Elias¹) was born in Mar 1884 in Tate, GA. He died in 1909 in Dewey, OK. He married **LILLIAN JANE FEEBACK** on 07 Jun 1907 in Oklahoma, daughter of Issac Feeback and Katera Ann Williams. She was born on 12 Sep 1889 in Arkansas. She died on 03 Mar 1925 in Wichita, KS.

John Walter Pettett and Lillian Jane Feeback had the following children:

- i. LILLIAN RUTH⁴ PETTETT was born about 1906.
- ii. WALTER ISSAC PETTETT was born on 09 Jun 1909 in Dewey, OK. He died in 1982. He married GERTIE I. TRUMAN. She was born on 06 Sep 1910 in Cato OK.

Descendants of James Stephens

Generation 1

2. **JAMES¹ STEPHENS** was born about 1766 in Pendleton Co., SC. He died after 1850 in GA. He married **DRUSCILLA ANDERSON** about 1805. She was born about 1791 in SC. She died about Jul 1862 in Buried Ebenezer Bapt. Church Cem. Gilmer Co GA.

James Stephens and Druscilla Anderson had the following children:

2. i. **MARY² STEPHENS** was born on 22 Jan 1806. She died on 24 Oct 1861. She married **OZIAS HOLDEN** on 03 Aug 1828. He was born on 08 Jan 1793. He died on 06 Apr 1869.
3. ii. **JOHN T. STEPHENS** was born in Feb 1808. He married **FRANCES R. GRIFFITH**, daughter of Benjamin Griffith and Mary "Polly" Reed. She was born in 1815.
- iv. **LEVADA STEPHENS** was born on 04 Feb 1810.
- v. **TELPHA MATHANA STEPHENS** was born on 24 Apr 1812.
- vi. **SALLY STEPHENS** was born on 10 Oct 1814.
- vii. **JAMES STEPHENS** was born on 24 Jan 1816.
- viii. **DRUCILLA STEPHENS** was born on 17 Oct 1819.
4. viii. **ANDERSON STEPHENS** was born on 14 Jan 1821 in Laurens Co., SC. He died between 1868-1913 in Ellijay, Gilmer Co., GA. He married (1) **JANE M. GREER** about 1854, daughter of Moses Greer and Frances Reed. She was born on 17 Sep 1823 in Laurens Co., SC. He married (2) **LUCINDA WILLIAMS** on 01 Aug 1847 in Gilmer Co, GA. She was born between 1807-1831. She died about 1850.
- ix. **ELIZABETH STEPHENS** was born on 18 Oct 1823.
- x. **NANCY STEPHENS** was born on 24 Jan 1826.

Generation 2

2. **MARY² STEPHENS** (James¹) was born on 22 Jan 1806. She died on 24 Oct 1861. She married **OZIAS HOLDEN** on 03 Aug 1828. He was born on 08 Jan 1793. He died on 06 Apr 1869.

Ozias Holden and Mary Stephens had the following child:

5. i. **JAMES LEONARD³ HOLDEN** was born on 14 Jul 1837. He died on 22 Jul 1911. He married **ANN PETTIT** on 18 Nov 1860, daughter of Henry Pettit and Anna E. Mooney. She was born on 29 Jan 1839. She died on 19 Jun 1923.
3. **JOHN T.² STEPHENS** (James¹) was born in Feb 1808. He married **FRANCES R. GRIFFITH**, daughter of Benjamin Griffith and Mary "Polly" Reed. She was born in 1815.
John T. Stephens and Frances R. Griffith had the following child:
 6. i. **JAMES ANDERSON³ STEPHENS** was born between 1833-1856.
4. **ANDERSON² STEPHENS** (James¹) was born on 14 Jan 1821 in Laurens Co., SC. He died between 1868-1913 in Ellijay, Gilmer Co., GA. He married (1) **JANE M. GREER** about 1854, daughter of Moses Greer

and Frances Reed. She was born on 17 Sep 1823 in Laurens Co., SC. He married
(2) **LUCINDA WILLIAMS** on 01 Aug 1847 in Gilmer Co, GA. She was born between 1807-1831. She died about 1850.

Anderson Stephens and Jane M. Greer had the following children:

- i. **SUSAN LEVADY³ STEPHENS** was born on 26 Apr 1855 in Ellijay, GA. She died on 03 Apr 1858 in Ellijay, GA.
8. ii. **JAMES MOSES STEPHENS** was born on 05 Nov 1858 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 18 Oct 1939 in Aska, GA, Buried Macedonia Cemetery GA. He married **TELITHA CATHERINE MCLEOD** on 17 Jan 1884 in Pickens Co., GA by Abraham Chadwick, daughter of Ebenezer McLeod and Elizabeth Jane Brawley. She was born about 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 07 Jan 1891 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery.

Generation 2 (con't)

- iii. **JOHN ANDERSON STEPHENS** was born on 06 Jan 1860 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 22 Oct 1938 in Ellijay, GA. He married **MARTHA LOVINGOOD**.
- iv. **FRANCIS D. STEPHENS** was born on 13 Oct 1861 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 19 Sep 1863 in Ellijay, GA.
- v. **SARAH JANE STEPHENS** was born on 23 Mar 1864 in Ellijay, GA.
- vi. **ALICE L. STEPHENS** was born on 26 Dec 1866 in Ellijay, GA.

Anderson Stephens and Lucinda Williams had the following child:

8. vii. **MARY ANN ELIZABETH STEPHENS** was born on 23 Jun 1849 in GA. She died on 01 Jul 1930 in Copperhill, TN. She married **WILLIAM S. STANLEY** on 04 Apr 1869 in Shalliford, GA, son of Rickles Stanley and Jane Hughes.

Generation 3

5. **JAMES LEONARD³ HOLDEN** (Mary² Stephens, James¹ Stephens) was born on 14 Jul 1837. He died on 22 Jul 1911. He married **ANN PETTIT** on 18 Nov 1860, daughter of Henry Pettit and Anna E. Mooney. She was born on 29 Jan 1839. She died on 19 Jun 1923.

James Leonard Holden and Ann Pettit had the following child:

9. i. **CARRIE MAY⁴ HOLDEN** was born on 04 Jan 1879. She died on 04 Sep 1971. She married **WILLIAM BALIS JAMES** on 10 May 1908. He was born on 13 May 1877. He died on 16 Nov 1959.
6. **JAMES ANDERSON³ STEPHENS** (John T.², James¹) was born between 1833-1856.
James Anderson Stephens had the following child:
 - i. **IDA SARAH⁴ STEPHENS** was born between 1858-1897. She married **CHELSEY BOSTIC VINCENT**.
7. **JAMES MOSES³ STEPHENS** (Anderson², James¹) was born on 05 Nov 1858 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 18 Oct 1939 in Aska, GA, Buried Macedonia Cemetery GA. He married **TELITHA CATHERINE MCLEOD** on 17 Jan 1884 in Pickens Co., GA by Abraham Chadwick, daughter of Ebenezer McLeod and Elizabeth Jane Brawley. She was born about 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 07 Jan 1891 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery.

James Moses Stephens and Telitha Catherine McLeod had the following children:

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- i. LOUISE CATHERINE⁴ STEPHENS was born on 09 Mar 1887 in Talking Rock GA. She died in Feb 1974 in Aska, GA Macedonia cemetery.
- 2 ii. CALDONA JANE STEPHENS was born on 02 Nov 1884 in Talking Rock GA. She died on 04 Aug 1972 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married (1) LEVI JACKSON PETTETT on 22 Oct 1905 in Morganton GA, son of Perry Warren Pettett and Billie Louisa Landsdown. He was born on 18 Jun 1882 in Tate GA. He died on 18 Aug 1966 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married (2) EDWIN H. READ about 1925, son of Read and Sophia. He was born on 26 Feb 1893 in Gwithian, Cornwall, England. He died on 06 Aug 1967 in Cincinnati, Hamilton CO., OH.
8. **MARY ANN ELIZABETH³ STEPHENS** (Anderson², James¹) was born on 23 Jun 1849 in GA. She died on 01 Jul 1930 in Copperhill, TN. She married **WILLIAM S. STANLEY** on 04 Apr 1869 in Shalliford, GA, son of Rickles Stanley and Jane Hughes.

William S. Stanley and Mary Ann Elizabeth Stephens had the following children:

- i. OLLIE JANE⁴ STANLEY was born on 24 Jan 1870.
- ii. JOHN W. STANLEY was born on 19 Aug 1874.
12. iii. LOUISE STANLEY was born on 11 May 1877 in Blue Ridge, GA. She died on 08 Jan 1924 in Cleveland, TN. She married JOHN ELROD on 20 May 1893 in Copperhill, TN. He was born on 23 Aug 1867 in Fannin Co., GA. He died on 28 Oct 1939 in Cleveland, TN.

NAOMI STANLEY was born on 28 May 1880.

Generation 3 (con't)

- v. JAMES M. STANLEY was born on 10 Mar 1883.
12. vi. BEUNA V. STANLEY was born on 20 Jan 1886 in Blue Ridge, GA. She married H.A. HUDSON on 16 Feb 1902 in Copperhill, TN. He was born about 1885.
- vii. W. FRANK STANLEY was born on 08 Feb 1889.
- viii. MAGNOLA STANLEY was born on 21 Oct 1891 in Blue Ridge, GA. She died on 24 May 1983 in Copperhill, TN. She married WILLIAM FLOYD HARDIN on 20 May 1906 in Shalliford, GA, son of John Hardin and Lucille Offord. He was born on 22 May 1884 in Ellijay, GA. He died in Copperhill, TN.

Generation 4

9. **CARRIE MAY⁴ HOLDEN** (James Leonard³, Mary² Stephens, James¹ Stephens) was born on 04 Jan 1879. She died on 04 Sep 1971. She married **WILLIAM BALIS JAMES** on 10 May 1908. He was born on 13 May 1877. He died on 16 Nov 1959.
- William Balis James and Carrie May Holden had the following child:
- i. WILLIAM HOLDEN⁵ JAMES was born in 1909. He married KATHARINE BARNARD FRANKLIN. She was born on 04 Jul 1901.
10. **CALDONA JANE⁴ STEPHENS** (James Moses³, Anderson², James¹) was born on 02 Nov 1884 in Talking Rock GA. She died on 04 Aug 1972 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married (1) **LEVI JACKSON PETTETT** on 22 Oct 1905 in Morganton GA, son of Perry Warren Pettett and Billie Louisa Landsdown. He was born on 18 Jun 1882 in Tate GA. He died on 18 Aug 1966 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married (2) **EDWIN H. READ**

about 1925, son of Read and Sophia. He was born on 26 Feb 1893 in Gwithian, Cornwall, England. He died on 06 Aug 1967 in Cincinnati, Hamilton CO., OH.

Levi Jackson Pettett and Caldona Jane Stephens had the following children:

- i. PHILIP WAYNE⁵ PETTETT was born on 19 Aug 1906 in Copperhill TN. He died on 28 Jun 1985 in Peebles, Oh. He married VIRGINIA BIRD HANDLEY on 22 Oct 1929 in Cincinnati, Oh, daughter of Julius Ceaser Handley and Lillian Elsie Adams. She was born on 03 Mar 1910 in Pliny WV. She died on 20 Jul 1992 in Peebles, Oh.
 - ii. FRANCES TELITHA PETTETT was born on 05 Aug 1908 in Copperhill TN. She died on 15 Apr 1976 in Cincinnati OH. She married WILLIAM A. HAAS. He was born on 30 Jul 1896. He died on 27 Dec 1984 in Hamilton Co., OH.
 - iii. HELEN KATE PETTETT was born on 28 Apr 1911 in Copperhill TN. She died on 28 Jun 1982 in Cincinnati OH. She married OWEN REVILLE HOGUE in 1931. He was born on 06 Nov 1911 in Lee Co., KY. He died on 31 Oct 1962 in Cincinnati OH.
 - iv. LEVI JACKSON PETTETT JR. was born about 1914 in Copperhill TN. He died about 1916 in McCaysville GA.
 - v. EMILY LOUISE PETTETT was born on 04 Apr 1916 in Copperhill TN. She died on 04 Nov 2002 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married HOUGHTON R. ROUFF. He was born in 1916 in OH. He died on 03 Oct 1961 in Cincinnati, Oh.
11. **LOUISE⁴ STANLEY** (Mary Ann Elizabeth³ Stephens, Anderson² Stephens, James¹ Stephens) was born on 11 May 1877 in Blue Ridge, GA. She died on 08 Jan 1924 in Cleveland, TN. She married **JOHN ELROD** on 20 May 1893 in Copperhill, TN. He was born on 23 Aug 1867 in Fannin Co., GA. He died on 28 Oct 1939 in Cleveland, TN.

John Elrod and Louise Stanley had the following children:

- i. LESTER⁵ ELROD.
- ii. HENRY ELROD.
- iii. ELLEN ELROD was born about 1896.
- iv. ARLIE W. ELROD was born on 11 Mar 1906.
- v. LETHA K. ELROD was born on 23 Oct 1912.

Generation 4 (con't)

12. **BEUNA V.⁴ STANLEY** (Mary Ann Elizabeth³ Stephens, Anderson² Stephens, James¹ Stephens) was born on 20 Jan 1886 in Blue Ridge, GA. She married **H.A. HUDSON** on 16 Feb 1902 in Copperhill, TN. He was born about 1885.

H.A. Hudson and Beuna V. Stanley had the following child:

- i. EARL⁵ HUDSON.

Descendants of David Allen Landsdown

Generation 1

3. **DAVID ALLEN¹ LANDSDOWN** was born about 1802 in NC. He died in 1861 in Pickens Co GA. He married (1) **JULIA ANN MARTIN** on 07 Feb 1839 in Forsythe Co., GA. She was born in 1819 in GA. She died in GA. He married (2) ? **MARTHA** about 1822.

Notes for David Allen Landsdown:

"Allen" Landsdown was a member of the Georgia Legislature in 1837. He was also an Ensign in the Georgia Militia,

Will:

State of Georgia, Pickens County

In the name of God Amen. I David A Landsdown Sen. of said state of county being of advanced age but of sound and disposing mind and memory, knowing I must shortly depart this life deem it right and proper both as respects my family and myself that I should make a disposition of the property with which a kind Providence has blessed me. I do therefore make this my last will and testament hereby revoking and annulling all others by me heretofore made.

First Item: I desire and direct that my body be buried in a decent Christian like manner suitable to my circumstances and condition in life. My soul I trust shall return to rest with God who gave it.

Second Item: I desire and direct that all my just debts be paid without delay by my executor herein after named and appointed.

Third Item: I give and bequeath and devise to Jackson A. Landsdown and David A. Landsdown, my sons, that portion of lots of land number eighty two and seventy one in the Fourth District and second section of Pickens County lying on the east side of the ridge commencing near the fork of the creek running nearly a north course to the line of said lots.

Fourth Item: I give bequeath and devise to my young daughter Billy Louisa Landsdown that portion of said lots of land number eighty two and seventy one lying west of the ridge mentioned in Item Third being the balance of said lots and not conveyed in said Third Item.

Fifth Item: I give and bequeath and devise to Richard E. Landsdown, my son, the sum of five Dollars having given him his portion in my lifetime.

Sixth Item: I desire that my executor herein after named and appointed proceed to see the following property on such terms as he shall think befits the best interest of the estate lots of land (No. 137) number one hundred and thrity seven in the fifth district and second section (No. 44) number forty four in the fourth district and second section of Pickens County number three hundred and eleven in the seventh district of Carrol number fifty in the fifth district of Muscogee number four hundred and thirty six in the fifth district and first section of Lumpkin or Dawson County together with all the personal property of every description that I may die possessed of to sell all the above lands and all other lands that I may acquire that I do not dispose of in my lifetime. And divide the next amount arising from the sale thereof equally between Martha G.A. Fowler (wife of W.H. Fowler) Emily A.

Darnel (wife of Sion A. Darnel, Sr.) Mary Mariah Darnel (wife of Joshua Darnel, Jr.) Elizabeth S. Swofford (Wife of W.H. Swofford) and my wife Juliann Landsdown, my wife Juliann's portion to be limited to her during her natural life or widowhood, her portion mentioned in this Item at her death or marriage to be equally divided among the heirs or children in this Item named together with all the money notes and accounts I die possessed of.

Seventh Item: I desire bequeath and devise the portion named in the above sixth Item to Martha G.A. Flower (wife of W.H. Fowler) Emily A. Darnel (wife of Sion A. Darnel, Sr.) Mary Mariah Darnel (wife of Joshua Darnel, Jr.) Elizabeth S. Swofford (Wife of W.H. Swofford) to them and their children free from the control, debts, liabilities of their present or any future husband or husbands, but to their sole use during their lives.

Eighth Item: I desire and direct that my executor herein named and appointed hold that portion willed and named in Items Third and Fourth to Jackson A., David A. and Billy Louisa Landsdown until Billy Louisa arrives at the full age of twenty one or marrys and that he further act as trustee for Martha G. Fowler, Emily A. Darnell, Mary Mariah Darnel, Elizabeth S. Swofford until another be appointed in his stead it being the meaning and intention of the testator in the first clause of this item that Jackson A. & David A. shall not sell their lands until they and Billy Louisa obtains their majority or Louisa marrys.

Ninth Item: I desire and direct and do hereby constitute and appoint my trustworthy friend, William Tate my executor of this my last will and testament.

This 12th day of March 1861. David A. Landsdown, signed, sealed declared and published by David A. Landsdown Sen. as his last will and testament in the presence of us the undersigned who subscribed our names hereto in the presence of said testator at his special instance and request and in the presence of each other.

William H. Simmons
Baylis Bruce
James Newman

David Allen Landsdown and Julia Ann Martin had the following children:

2. i. JACKSON A.² LANDSDOWN was born about 1841 in Pickens Co., GA. He died on 21 Jun 1891 in Dade Co, GA. He married EMILY C. SWOFFORD on 28 Jul 1861. She was born about 1844.
 - ii. DAVID ALLEN LANDSDOWN was born about 1844.
3. iii. BILLIE LOUISA LANDSDOWN was born on 24 Dec 1856 in Tate GA. She died on 28 Jan 1916 in Copperhill TN, buried Tate GA. She married PERRY WARREN PETTETT on 03 Oct 1872 in Pickens Co GA, son of Elias Pettett and Mary Jane Grogan. He was born in Jun 1853 in Dawson County GA. He died in 1928 in Tate GA.

David Allen Landsdown and ? Martha had the following children:

4. iv. MARTHA JANE ADELIN LANDSDOWN was born on 10 Oct 1824. She died on 21 Jan 1898 in Buried, Fidelle Cem. Gordon Co., GA. She married WILLIAM HENRY FOWLER about 1846. He was born on 04 Oct 1822. He died on 06 Oct 1909.

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5. v. EMILY A. LANDSDOWN was born on 08 Aug 1831 in GA. She died on 19 Oct 1906. She married SION ARRINGTON DARNEL on 04 Mar 1851 in Cherokee Co., GA. He was born in GA.
- vi. RICHARD E. LANDSDOWN was born about 1833. He married ELIZABETH BARRY on 21 May 1866 in Polk Co, MO. She was born in Missouri.
- Notes for Richard E. Landsdown:
He served in the Union Army from the state of Kansas
- vii. MARY MARIAH LANDSDOWN was born on 22 Feb 1836 in Forsyth Co., GA. She died on 07 Jul 1871. She married JOSHUA DARNELL JR. on 21 Feb 1854 in Cherokee Co., GA. He was born in SC. He died in Dec 1871 in Pickens Co., GA.
- viii. ELIZABETH SOPHRONA LANDSDOWN was born on 29 Jan 1837 in Forsyth Co., GA. She died on 01 Aug 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She married WILLIAM M. SWOFFORD on 11 Oct 1855.

Generation 2

2. **JACKSON A.² LANDSDOWN** (David Allen¹) was born about 1841 in Pickens Co., GA. He died on 21 Jun 1891 in Dade Co, GA. He married **EMILY C. SWOFFORD** on 28 Jul 1861. She was born about 1844.

Notes for Jackson A. Landsdown:

"Jack" Landsdown was leader of the "Honest Men's Protector and Defender" in Pickens County Georgia See articles by Robert S. Davis.

Jackson A. Landsdown and Emily C. Swofford had the following children:

- i. SEBORN ALLAN³ LANDSDOWN was born about 1862 in Pickens, Co., GA. He married AUGUSTIE GODFREY about 1883, daughter of Thomas Godfrey and Gilly Ann James. She was born in 1863 in GA.
- ii. MALINDA LANDSDOWN was born about 1864. She married JAMES J. KIMMONS on 05 Nov 1885 in Pickens Co., GA by John M. Gaddis, JP.
- iii. MALISSA LANDSDOWN was born about 1866. She married JAMES M. WIGINGTON on 02 Dec 1883 in Pickens Co., GA by J.C. Newberry.
- iv. ANDREW JACKSON LANDSDOWN was born about 1868.
- v. EMILY L. LANDSDOWN was born about 1871.
- vi. JAMES HILL LANDSDOWN was born about 1876.
2. **BILLIE LOUISA² LANDSDOWN** (David Allen¹) was born on 24 Dec 1856 in Tate GA. She died on 28 Jan 1916 in Copperhill TN, buried Tate GA. She married **PERRY WARREN PETTETT** on 03 Oct 1872 in Pickens Co GA, son of Elias Pettett and Mary Jane Grogan. He was born in Jun 1853 in Dawson County GA. He died in 1928 in Tate GA.

Notes for Perry Warren Pettett:

Listed living with John Hovart in 1920 Polk Co., TN census. Hovart was son in law.

Perry Warren Pettett and Billie Louisa Landsdown had the following children:

- x. EMILIE CATHERINE³ PETTETT was born in Jul 1874 in GA. She died before 1920 in GA.

She married JOHN HOVART.

- xi. ELIAS ALLEN PETTETT was born in Sep 1876 in GA.
- xii. GEORGE LESTER PETTETT was born about 1877 in GA. He died in 1932.
- xiii. JASPER H. PETTETT was born on 26 Jan 1880. He died on 19 Feb 1884.
- xiv. LEVI JACKSON PETTETT was born on 18 Jun 1882 in Tate GA. He died on 18 Aug 1966 in Cincinnati, Oh. He married (1) CALDONA JANE STEPHENS on 22 Oct 1905 in Morganton GA, daughter of James Moses Stephens and Telitha Catherine McLeod. She was born on 02 Nov 1884 in Talking Rock GA. She died on 04 Aug 1972 in Cincinnati, Oh. He married (2) LERA ELSWICK about 1928, daughter of Lawrence Basil Elswick and Winnifred Sutherland. She was born in 1901. She died on 22 Nov 1971 in Hamilton Co., OH.
- xv. JOHN WALTER PETTETT was born in Mar 1884 in Tate, GA. He died in 1909 in Dewey, OK. He married LILLIAN JANE FEEBACK on 07 Jun 1907 in Oklahoma, daughter of Issac Feeback and Katera Ann Williams. She was born on 12 Sep 1889 in Arkansas. She died on 03 Mar 1925 in Wichita, KS.

- 3 **MARTHA JANE ADELINE² LANDSDOWN** (David Allen¹) was born on 10 Oct 1824. She died on 21 Jan 1898 in Buried, Fidelle Cem. Gordon Co., GA. She married **WILLIAM HENRY FOWLER** about 1846. He was born on 04 Oct 1822. He died on 06 Oct 1909.

William Henry Fowler and Martha Jane Adeline Landsdown had the following children:

- x. AMANDA³ FOWLER.
- xi. RICHARD FOWLER.
- xii. LOUVINA G.V. FOWLER was born about 1848. She married SILOAM GOODE. He was

Generation 2 (con't)

- born about 1843.
- xv. WILLIAM ALLEN FOWLER was born on 08 Nov 1849. He died on 30 Dec 1930 in East Point, GA. He married LEILA M. RAINWATER. She was born on 12 Nov 1856. She died on 29 Aug 1923 in Atlanta, GA.
- xvi. JAMES M.B. FOWLER was born about 1852.
- xvii. NARCISUS A.M. FOWLER was born on 27 Feb 1854. She married TAYLOR COWART. He was born about 1848.
- xviii. JOSEPH SION HENRY FOWLER was born on 29 Sep 1860. He died on 14 Mar 1933. He married (1) THEODOSIA FOOTE, daughter of John Foote and Nancy McGimsey. She was born on 16 Jun 1861. She died on 15 Jan 1899 in Gordon Co., GA. He married (2) MARTHA MELINDA TATUM. She was born on 13 Jul 1877. She died on 13 Jun 1964 in Surrency GA.
- xix. JOHN LAWSON B. FOWLER was born on 29 Sep 1860. He died on 10 Jul 1921 in Gordon Co., GA. He married VICTORIA TURNER. She was born on 05 May 1864. She died on 28 Jan 1918 in Gordon Co., GA.
- xx. FRANCIS MARION FOWLER was born on 14 Jan 1864. He died on 10 Oct 1939. He married (1) MARY LOU SPEERS. She was born on 29 Oct 1868. He married (2) RUTH ?.

3. **EMILY A.**² **LANDSDOWN** (David Allen¹) was born on 08 Aug 1831 in GA. She died on 19 Oct 1906. She married **SION ARRINGTON DARNEL** on 04 Mar 1851 in Cherokee Co., GA. He was born in GA.

Sion Arrington Darnel and Emily A. Landsdown had the following children:

ROXANNA³ **DARNEL** was born about 1853. She married **HARVEY TOMBERLIN** on 09 Feb 1871 in Pickens Co., by John Darnell, Jr..

LEVI G. DARNEL was born about 1855. He married **MARY E. BARTON** on 06 Jun 1880 in Pickens Co., by George T. King.

MARY G. DARNEL was born about 1857.

CICERO F. DARNEL was born about 1859.

MARTHA DARNEL was born about 1862.

JOHN S. DARNEL was born about 1865.

SION P. DARNEL was born about 1867.

Descendants of William McLeod

Generation 1

4. **WILLIAM¹ MCLEOD** was born in Aug 1761 in Scotland. He died on 03 Jan 1856 in Sugar Hill Cemetery, Dial, Fannin Co., GA. He married (1) ??? about 1796. She died before 1820. He married (2) **CATHARINE MCLEAN**. She was born in 1763 in Scotland. She died in 1855 in Sugar Hill Cemetery, Dial GA.

William McLeod and ??? had the following children:

- iv. ROSA² MCLEOD.
- 3. ii. EBENEZER MCLEOD was born about 1797 in NC. He died in Pickens, Co., GA, Macedonia Ch. Cemet.. He married ELIZABETH JANE BRAWLEY on 26 Aug 1846, daughter of Daniel Brawley and Sophia McLeod. She was born about 1827 in Iredell Co., NC. She died in Pickens, Co., GA Macedonia Ch. Cemetery.
- xi. CAMILA MCLEOD.
- xii. JENNIE MCLEOD.
- xiii. WILLIAM MCLEOD.

William McLeod and Catharine McLean had the following children:

- v. WILLIAM MCLEOD.
- 5. CAMILA MCLEOD.
- 6. JENNIE MCLEOD.
- 2 ii. EBENEZER MCLEOD was born about 1797 in NC. He died in Pickens, Co., GA, Macedonia Ch. Cemet.. He married ELIZABETH JANE BRAWLEY on 26 Aug 1846, daughter of Daniel Brawley and Sophia McLeod. She was born about 1827 in Iredell Co., NC. She died in Pickens, Co., GA Macedonia Ch. Cemetery.
- 4 x. SOPHIA MCLEOD was born on 10 Nov 1802 in Ireland. She died on 07 Jun 1873 in Fannin Co., Sugar Hill Cemetery. She married DANIEL BRAWLEY about 1819 in Iredell Co., NC, son of William Brawley and Mary. He was born in 1795 in Ireland. He died about 1844 in Gwinnett, Georgia, USA (Date on headstone for Catherine McLeod).

Generation 2

2. **EBENEZER² MCLEOD** (William¹) was born about 1797 in NC. He died in Pickens, Co., GA, Macedonia Ch. Cemet.. He married **ELIZABETH JANE BRAWLEY** on 26 Aug 1846, daughter of Daniel Brawley and Sophia McLeod. She was born about 1827 in Iredell Co., NC. She died in Pickens, Co., GA Macedonia Ch. Cemetery.

Ebenezer McLeod and Elizabeth Jane Brawley had the following children:

- i. ELIZABETH JANE³ MCLEOD was born on 22 Mar 1847. She died on 19 Mar 1893. She married A. CRAYTON CLEMENTS.
- ii. MARY LOUISE MCLEOD was born about 1851. She died on 13 Sep 1892.
- iii. NANCY MCLEOD was born about 1853. She married G.A. JONES JACKSON on 02 Feb

-
- 1879 in Pickens Co., by Thos A. McDaniel.
6. iv. WILLIAM MCLEOD was born on 05 Jan 1854 in Fannin Co., GA (Union). He died on 15 Jul 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL. He married ROXANNE PACK on 31 Jan 1876 in Pickens Co., by Thos A. McDaniel, daughter of George Marion Pack and Elizabeth Jackson. She was born on 10 Apr 1857 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 17 Mar 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL.
 - v. AMANDA JANE MCLEOD was born about 1858. She married WILLIAM MARTIN LANCE on 18 Dec 1872.
 - vi. MARTHA MCLEOD was born about 1861. She married JAMES PACK.
 - vii. MALISSA MCLEOD was born about 1863.

Generation 2 (con't)

6. viii. TELITHA CATHERINE MCLEOD was born about 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 7 Jan 1891 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married JAMES MOSES STEPHENS on 17 Jan 1884 in Pickens Co., GA by Abraham Chadwick, son of Anderson Stephens and Jane M. Greer. He was born on 05 Nov 1858 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 18 Oct 1939 in Aska, GA, Buried Macedonia Cemetery GA.
 - x. JAMES H. MCLEOD was born about 1868.
 - xi. ROSETTA MCLEOD was born about 1860. She married J.W. ROPER on 28 Dec 1883 in Pickens Co., by Abraham Chadwick.
3. **EBENEZER² MCLEOD** (William¹) was born about 1797 in NC. He died in Pickens, Co., GA, Macedonia Ch. Cemet.. He married **ELIZABETH JANE BRAWLEY** on 26 Aug 1846, daughter of Daniel Brawley and Sophia McLeod. She was born about 1827 in Iredell Co., NC. She died in Pickens, Co., GA Macedonia Ch. Cemetery.

Ebenezer McLeod and Elizabeth Jane Brawley had the following children:

- i. ELIZABETH JANE³ MCLEOD was born on 22 Mar 1847. She died on 19 Mar 1893. She married A. CRAYTON CLEMENTS.
 - ii. MARY LOUISE MCLEOD was born about 1851. She died on 13 Sep 1892.
 - iii. NANCY MCLEOD was born about 1853. She married G.A. JONES JACKSON on 02 Feb 1879 in Pickens Co., by Thos A. McDaniel.
6. iv. WILLIAM MCLEOD was born on 05 Jan 1854 in Fannin Co., GA (Union). He died on 15 Jul 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL. He married ROXANNE PACK on 31 Jan 1876 in Pickens Co., by Thos A. McDaniel, daughter of George Marion Pack and Elizabeth Jackson. She was born on 10 Apr 1857 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on Mar 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL.
 - v. AMANDA JANE MCLEOD was born about 1858. She married WILLIAM MARTIN LANCE on 18 Dec 1872.
 - vi. MARTHA MCLEOD was born about 1861. She married JAMES PACK.
 - vii. MALISSA MCLEOD was born about 1863.
2. viii. TELITHA CATHERINE MCLEOD was born about 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on iv. Jan 1891 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married JAMES

MOSES STEPHENS on 17 Jan 1884 in Pickens Co., GA by Abraham Chadwick, son of Anderson Stephens and Jane M. Greer. He was born on 05 Nov 1858 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 18 Oct 1939 in Aska, GA, Buried Macedonia Cemetery GA.

12. JAMES H. MCLEOD was born about 1868.
13. ROSETTA MCLEOD was born about 1860. She married J.W. ROPER on 28 Dec 1883 in Pickens Co., by Abraham Chadwick.
10. **SOPHIA² MCLEOD** (William¹) was born on 10 Nov 1802 in Ireland. She died on 07 Jun 1873 in Fannin Co., Sugar Hill Cemetery. She married **DANIEL BRAWLEY** about 1819 in Iredell Co., NC, son of William Brawley and Mary. He was born in 1795 in Ireland. He died about 1844 in Gwinnett, Georgia, USA (Date on headstone for Catherine McLeod).

Daniel Brawley and Sophia McLeod had the following children:

- 1 HENRIETTA³ BRAWLEY.
- 2 MARY ANN BRAWLEY.
- 3 NANCY C. BRAWLEY. She married ANDREW HAYS.
- 4 WILLIAM HIRAM BRAWLEY.
- 5 ELIZABETH JANE BRAWLEY was born about 1827 in Iredell Co., NC. She died in Pickens, Co., GA Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married EBENEZER MCLEOD on 26 Aug 1846, son of William McLeod and Catharine McLean. He was born about 1797 in NC. He died in Pickens, Co., GA, Macedonia Ch. Cemet..

Generation 2 (con't)

vi. vi. MARTHA ANN BRAWLEY was born on 24 Nov 1833. She died on 07 Sep 1899 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married JOHN ANDREW PUCKETT on 29 Aug 1852 in GA. He was born on 01 Oct 1830 in Hall Co., GA. He died on 05 Feb 1893 in Pickens Co., GA.

ROSANNA BRAWLEY was born on 13 Dec 1835 in Madison Co., GA. She died on 07 Jul 1873 in Fannin Co., GA. She married ALFRED WHITE on 14 Nov 1855.

DANIEL HARRISON BRAWLEY was born on 13 Sep 1841. He died on 25 Mar 1917 in Fannin Co., Brawley Cemetery. He married SARAH CHASTAIN about 1868. She died in Fannin Co., Brawley Cemetery.

MINERVA BRAWLEY was born on 08 Mar 1844. She died on 30 Nov 1919 in Fannin Co., GA. She married JOHN WOODY.

Generation 3

5. **WILLIAM³ MCLEOD** (Ebenezer², William¹) was born on 05 Jan 1854 in Fannin Co., GA (Union). He died on 15 Jul 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL. He married **ROXANNE PACK** on 31 Jan 1876 in Pickens Co., by Thos A. McDaniel, daughter of George Marion Pack and Elizabeth Jackson. She was born on 10 Apr 1857 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 17 Mar 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL.

William McLeod and Roxanne Pack had the following child:

- i. CICERO⁴ MCLEOD was born on 24 Aug 1882 in Pickens Co., GA. He died on 27 Feb 1963

in Summerville, GA. He married ELIZABETH REBECCA COCHRAN on 25 Nov 1909 in Pickens Co., GA, daughter of William M. Cochran and Lucenda Wade Shellhorse. She was born on 05 Feb 1887 in Gordon Co., GA. She died on 03 Jun 1966 in Trion GA.

6. **TELITHA CATHERINE³ MCLEOD** (Ebenezer², William¹) was born about 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 07 Jan 1891 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married **JAMES MOSES STEPHENS** on 17 Jan 1884 in Pickens Co., GA by Abraham Chadwick, son of Anderson Stephens and Jane M. Greer. He was born on 05 Nov 1858 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 18 Oct 1939 in Aska, GA, Buried Macedonia Cemetery GA.

James Moses Stephens and Telitha Catherine McLeod had the following children:

- i. LOUISE CATHERINE⁴ STEPHENS was born on 09 Mar 1887 in Talking Rock GA. She died in Feb 1974 in Aska, GA Macedonia cemetery.
 - ii. CALDONA JANE STEPHENS was born on 02 Nov 1884 in Talking Rock GA. She died on 04 Aug 1972 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married (1) LEVI JACKSON PETTETT on 22 Oct 1905 in Morganton GA, son of Perry Warren Pettett and Billie Louisa Landsdown. He was born on 18 Jun 1882 in Tate GA. He died on 18 Aug 1966 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married (2) EDWIN H. READ about 1925, son of Read and Sophia. He was born on 26 Feb 1893 in Gwithian, Cornwall, England. He died on 06 Aug 1967 in Cincinnati, Hamilton CO., OH.
7. **WILLIAM³ MCLEOD** (Ebenezer², William¹) was born on 05 Jan 1854 in Fannin Co., GA (Union). He died on 15 Jul 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL. He married **ROXANNE PACK** on 31 Jan 1876 in Pickens Co., by Thos A. McDaniel, daughter of George Marion Pack and Elizabeth Jackson. She was born on 10 Apr 1857 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 17 Mar 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL.

William McLeod and Roxanne Pack had the following child:

- i. CICERO⁴ MCLEOD was born on 24 Aug 1882 in Pickens Co., GA. He died on 27 Feb 1963 in Summerville, GA. He married ELIZABETH REBECCA COCHRAN on 25 Nov 1909 in Pickens Co., GA, daughter of William M. Cochran and Lucenda Wade Shellhorse. She was born on 05 Feb 1887 in Gordon Co., GA. She died on 03 Jun 1966 in Trion GA.
8. **TELITHA CATHERINE³ MCLEOD** (Ebenezer², William¹) was born about 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 07 Jan 1891 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married **JAMES MOSES STEPHENS** on 17 Jan 1884 in Pickens Co., GA by Abraham Chadwick, son of Anderson Stephens

Generation 3 (con't)

and Jane M. Greer. He was born on 05 Nov 1858 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 18 Oct 1939 in Aska, GA, Buried Macedonia Cemetery GA.

James Moses Stephens and Telitha Catherine McLeod had the following children:

- i. LOUISE CATHERINE⁴ STEPHENS was born on 09 Mar 1887 in Talking Rock GA. She died in Feb 1974 in Aska, GA Macedonia cemetery.
- ii. CALDONA JANE STEPHENS was born on 02 Nov 1884 in Talking Rock GA. She died on 04 Aug 1972 in Cincinnati, Oh. She married (1) LEVI JACKSON PETTETT on 22 Oct 1905 in Morganton GA, son of Perry Warren Pettett and Billie Louisa Landsdown. He was born on 18 Jun 1882 in Tate GA. He died on 18 Aug 1966 in Cincinnati, Oh. She

married (2) EDWIN H. READ about 1925, son of Read and Sophia. He was born on 26 Feb 1893 in Gwithian, Cornwall, England. He died on 06 Aug 1967 in Cincinnati, Hamilton CO., OH.

9. **ELIZABETH JANE BRAWLEY** (Sophia² McLeod, William¹ McLeod) was born about 1827 in Iredell Co., NC. She died in Pickens, Co., GA Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married **EBENEZER MCLEOD** on 26 Aug 1846, son of William McLeod and Catharine McLean. He was born about 1797 in NC. He died in Pickens, Co., GA, Macedonia Ch. Cemet..

Ebenezer McLeod and Elizabeth Jane Brawley had the following children:

- i. ELIZABETH JANE³ MCLEOD was born on 22 Mar 1847. She died on 19 Mar 1893. She married A. CRAYTON CLEMENTS.
 - ii. MARY LOUISE MCLEOD was born about 1851. She died on 13 Sep 1892.
 - iii. NANCY MCLEOD was born about 1853. She married G.A. /JONES JACKSON on 02 Feb 1879 in Pickens Co., by Thos A. McDaniel.
 5. iv. WILLIAM MCLEOD was born on 05 Jan 1854 in Fannin Co., GA (Union). He died on 15 Jul 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL. He married ROXANNE PACK on 31 Jan 1876 in Pickens Co., by Thos A. McDaniel, daughter of George Marion Pack and Elizabeth Jackson. She was born on 10 Apr 1857 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 17 Mar 1919 in Henagar, Dekalb Co., AL.
 - v. AMANDA JANE MCLEOD was born about 1858. She married WILLIAM MARTIN LANCE on 18 Dec 1872.
 - vi. MARTHA MCLEOD was born about 1861. She married JAMES PACK.
 - vii. MALISSA MCLEOD was born about 1863.
 6. viii. TELITHA CATHERINE MCLEOD was born about 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 7 Jan 1891 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married JAMES MOSES STEPHENS on 17 Jan 1884 in Pickens Co., GA by Abraham Chadwick, son of Anderson Stephens and Jane M. Greer. He was born on 05 Nov 1858 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 18 Oct 1939 in Aska, GA, Buried Macedonia Cemetery GA.
 - x. JAMES H. MCLEOD was born about 1868.
 - xi. ROSETTA MCLEOD was born about 1860. She married J.W. ROPER on 28 Dec 1883 in Pickens Co., by Abraham Chadwick.
10. **MARTHA ANN³ BRAWLEY** (Sophia² McLeod, William¹ McLeod) was born on 24 Nov 1833. She died on 07 Sep 1899 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married **JOHN ANDREW PUCKETT** on 29 Aug 1852 in GA. He was born on 01 Oct 1830 in Hall Co., GA. He died on 05 Feb 1893 in Pickens Co., GA.

John Andrew Puckett and Martha Ann Brawley had the following children:

- i. WILLIAM MCLEOD⁴ PUCKETT was born on 30 Aug 1853 in Fannin Co., GA. He married NANCY C. MAULDIN.
- ii. NEVADA JOSEPHINE PUCKETT was born on 22 Jan 1856 in Fannin Co., GA. She died in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery. She married E.N. CARTER.
- iii. MARY JANE PUCKETT was born on 17 Dec 1858 in Fannin Co., GA. She married

iv. **Generation 3 (con't)**

HOLMES.

- iv. DANIEL HARRISON PUCKETT was born on 10 May 1861 in Fannin Co., GA. He married LILLIE RALSTON.
- v. JOHN ANDREW JARRED PUCKETT was born on 21 Oct 1866 in Fannin Co., GA. He died on 05 Nov 1934 in Gordon Co., GA. He married MARTHA PAKER on 11 Mar 1888.
- vi. NANCY CAROLINE PUCKETT was born on 03 Nov 1870 in Pickens Co., GA. She married CLARK SILVERS.
- vii. JAMES MANUEL PUCKETT was born on 27 Jul 1872 in Pickens Co., GA. He died on 12 Apr 1938 in Gordon Co., GA. He married ALMA WILKE on 24 Aug 1897.
- viii. ALFORD CRAYTON PUCKETT was born on 22 Oct 1875 in Pickens Co., GA. He died on 21 Oct 1919 in Boothe, Scott Co., AR. He married (1) ANNIE TEETERS in Marion, TN, daughter of William Teeters and Ellen Eads. She was born on 23 Jul 1889 in Marion Co., TN. She died on 13 Jun 1924 in Boothe, Scott Co., AR. He married (2) UNK.
- ix. SOPHIA ROSEANN PUCKETT was born on 14 Aug 1878 in Pickens Co., GA. She married JOSEPH OSCAR WILKE.

Descendants of Bartholomew Grogan

Generation 1

5. **BARTHOLOMEW¹ GROGAN** was born in 1750. He died in 1820 in Spartanburg, SC. He married **MARY SHAVER**.

Bartholomew Grogan and Mary Shaver had the following children:

2. i. **JOHN² GROGAN** was born about 1775 in Henry Co., VA. He died about 1851 in Lumpkin Co., VA. He married **MOURNING** in 1798.
3. ii. **HENRY GROGAN** was born in 1784. He married **ALICE KELLY**.
- iv. **THOMAS GROGAN** was born in 1788.
- v. **JAMES G ROGAN** was born in 1792. He died in 1866 in TN. He married **MATILDA STOKES**.

Generation 2

- 2 **JOHN² GROGAN** (Bartholomew¹) was born about 1775 in Henry Co., VA. He died about 1851 in Lumpkin Co., VA. He married **MOURNING** in 1798.

John Grogan and Mourning had the following children:

1. i. **RICHARD³ GROGAN** was born on 17 Oct 1800 in SC. He died on 18 Jun 1865 in Dawson Co., GA. He married **EDITH EDNA WILLIAMS** on 06 Jan 1820. She was born about 1801 in NC. She died about 1871 in Dawson Co., GA.
2. ii. **JOHN WASHINGTON GROGAN** was born about 1804. He died about 1864. He married **LUCY HOLCOMB**.
- ix. **WILLIAM GROGAN** was born on 20 Oct 1807. He died on 04 Jan 1882 in Pickens Co GA. He married **HATTIE**. She was born on 13 May 1811. She died on 28 Jun 1883 in Pickens Co GA.
3. iv. **CLARISSA GROGAN** was born about 1812. She married **PETER HOWARD**.
4. v. **JOSEPH GROGAN** was born on 07 Mar 1812 in SC. He died on 08 Jun 1889. He married **MATILDA DILBECK** on 20 Jan 1830.

- 3 **HENRY² GROGAN** (Bartholomew¹) was born in 1784. He married **ALICE KELLY**.

Henry Grogan and Alice Kelly had the following children:

7. i. **BARTHOLOMEW³ GROGAN** was born in 1812. He died in 1887. He married (1) **MARY POLLY NIX**. He married (2) **ANNIE BEACO**.
- i. **MARY ANNE GROGAN** was born in 1830.
- ii. **WILLIAM MANLEY GROGAN** was born in 1807.
- iii. **ISABELLE GROGAN** was born in 1809.
- iv. **DANIEL GROGAN** was born in 1814.
- v. **BETSEY GROGAN**.

-
- vi MARILDA GROGAN was born in 1818.
 - vii JANE GROGAN.
 - viii HENRY GROGAN was born in 1823.

Generation 3

- 2 **RICHARD³ GROGAN** (John², Bartholomew¹) was born on 17 Oct 1800 in SC. He died on 18 Jun 1865 in Dawson Co., GA. He married **EDITH EDNA WILLIAMS** on 06 Jan 1820. She was born about 1801 in NC. She died about 1871 in Dawson Co., GA.

Richard Grogan and Edith Edna Williams had the following children:

- 6. THOMAS W.⁴ GROGAN was born on 31 Oct 1820. He married CATHERINE PADGETT.
-
- 9. ii. MARY JANE GROGAN was born on 02 Jun 1822 in Rutherford Co. NC. She died about 1857 in GA. She married ELIAS PETTETT on 26 Dec 1839, son of Elijah Pettett and Tabitha Brashear. He was born on 03 Nov 1818 in Spartanburg SC. He died on 23 Oct 1898 in Ellis Co., TX.
 - iii. SALLY GROGAN was born on 02 Jun 1822. She married ZACHARIAH COX.
 - 10. iv. PERRY W. GROGAN was born on 15 Sep 1824. He married TABITHA LANGSTON.
 - v. WILLIAM GROGAN was born on 29 Oct 1826.
 - vi. JOHN LEWIS GROGAN was born on 13 Jul 1828. He died on 29 Jul 1885 in Dawson Co., GA. He married MARY E. DILBECK.
 - vii. ELIZABETH MATILDA GROGAN was born on 18 Sep 1832. She married HENRY DILBECK.
 - viii. RICHARD GREENBERRY GROGAN was born on 11 Mar 1835. He died on 01 Feb 1897 in Dawson Co., GA. He married EMILY GROSS on 02 Dec 1855.
 - ix. HARRIET CATHERINE GROGAN was born on 11 Mar 1837. She married (1) JAMES N. RUDDELL. She married (2) HAROLD PADGETT.
 - x. JOSEPH GROGAN was born on 13 Feb 1841.
 - xi. ALFRED C. GROGAN was born on 26 Dec 1844. He died on 18 Jan 1917 in Dawson Co., GA. He married (1) MALINDA HARBEN TURNER. He married (2) LOUCINDA E. HARBEN.
- 2 **JOHN WASHINGTON³ GROGAN** (John², Bartholomew¹) was born about 1804. He died about 1864. He married **LUCY HOLCOMB**.

John Washington Grogan and Lucy Holcomb had the following children:

- iv. FRANCES MARIA⁴ GROGAN.
- v. GREENBERRY GROGAN.
- vi. MARY JULIE GROGAN.
- vii. MARTHA PUERINA GROGAN.

-
- viii. GEORGE WASHINGTON GROGAN.
 - ix. SUSANNAH MISSOURI GROGAN.
 - x. RICHARD WELBORN GROGAN.
 - xi. THOMAS JEFFERSON GROGAN.
 - xii. SMATHA JANE GROGAN.

- 3 **CLARISSA³ GROGAN** (John², Bartholomew¹) was born about 1812. She married **PETER HOWARD**.

Peter Howard and Clarissa Grogan had the following children:

- iv. WILLIAM⁴ HOWARD.
- v. MALINDA HOWARD.
- vi. CATHERINE HOWARD.
- vii. EMELINE HOWARD.
- viii. CINDY HOWARD.
- ix. MARTHA J. HOWARD.
- x. PERRY HOWARD was born about 1831.
- xi. SUSAN ELIZABETH HOWARD was born about 1836.
- xii. MARY ANN HOWARD was born about 1837.

Generation 3 (con't)

- x. JOHN S. HOWARD was born about 1846.

- 2 **JOSEPH³ GROGAN** (John², Bartholomew¹) was born on 07 Mar 1812 in SC. He died on 08 Jun 1889. He married **MATILDA DILBECK** on 20 Jan 1830.

Joseph Grogan and Matilda Dilbeck had the following child:

- ix. J. WILSON⁴ GROGAN.

- 3 **BARTHOLOMEW³ GROGAN** (Henry², Bartholomew¹) was born in 1812. He died in 1887. He married 6. **MARY POLLY NIX**. He married (2) **ANNIE BEACO**.

Bartholomew Grogan and Mary Polly Nix had the following children:

- i. SARA JANE⁴ GROGAN was born on 15 Oct 1836 in Greenville Co., SC. She died on 18 May 1866 in Shockley Famil Cemetery, Greenville Co., SC. She married PLEASANT MAYFIELD on 28 May 1857 in Greenville Co., SC. He was born on 16 Jan 1819 in Greenville Co., SC. He died on 22 Nov 1907 in Clear Springs Baptist Church, Greenville Co., SC.
- ii. JOHN W. GROGAN was born on 17 Nov 1833 in Union Co., SC. He died on 12 Jul 1899 in Mountain Creek Baptist Church, Greenville Co., SC. He married NANCY GALBREATH.
- iii. MARY SELENA GROGAN was born on 01 Nov 1836. She married (1) JAMES M. ROBERTS. She married (2) JOHN MARION NEALY.
- iv. MERZY PERINE GROGAN was born on 16 Aug 1838 in Greenville Co., SC. She died on 13

Feb 1926 in Mountain Creek Baptist Church, Greenville Co., SC. She married ALFRED PRESTON BROWN. He was born on 06 May 1834 in Greenville Co., SC. He died on 13 Mar 1909 in Mountain Creek Baptist Church, Greenville Co., SC.

- v. RUFUS GROGAN was born on 17 Mar 1840.
- vi. JAMES HENRY GROGAN was born on 29 Apr 1843.

Bartholemew Grogan and Annie Beaco had the following children:

- 2 ADDIE THERESA GROGAN was born on 14 Nov 1880.
- 3 JAMES MADISON GROGAN.
- 4 LILLIAN AMERICAN GROGAN was born on 01 Mar 1885.

Generation 4

9. **MARY JANE⁴ GROGAN** (Richard³, John², Bartholomew¹) was born on 02 Jun 1822 in Rutherford Co. NC. She died about 1857 in GA. She married **ELIAS PETTETT** on 26 Dec 1839, son of Elijah Pettett and Tabitha Brashear. He was born on 03 Nov 1818 in Spartanburg SC. He died on 23 Oct 1898 in Ellis Co., TX.

Elias Pettett and Mary Jane Grogan had the following children:

- i. JASPER MARION⁵ PETTETT was born on 02 Jan 1841 in Rutherford Co. NC. He died on 06 Feb 1914 in Pickens Co GA. He married AMELIA PADGETT on 23 Dec 1860 in Dawson Co., GA, daughter of Asa Padgett and Mary. She was born on 10 Feb 1837 in GA. She died on 08 Nov 1921 in Pickens Co., GA, Salem Baptist Ch. Cemetery.
- ii. DECATUR PETTETT was born on 23 Nov 1842 in Rutherford Co. NC. He died on 04 Oct 1890. He married LUCINDA CAROLINE DENSMORE on 01 Sep 1861. She was born on 18 Apr 1843. She died on 13 Mar 1928 in Pleasant Union, Dawson Co., GA.
- iii. RICHARD LAFAYETTE PETTETT was born in 1844 in Rutherford Co. NC. He married HARRIETT PADGETT on 16 Dec 1866, daughter of Asa Padgett and Mary Vilyard. She was born about 1848 in Dawson Co., GA.
- iv. SARAH E. PETTETT was born in 1846 in Gilmer Co., GA. She married WILLIAM L. FIELDS.
- v. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS PETTETT was born on 30 Nov 1848 in GA. He died on 08

Generation 4 (con't)

Feb 1916 in Picken, Co., GA, Jerusalem Bapt. Ch. Cemet.. He married MISSOURI EVELINE FIELDS on 22 Nov 1868. She was born on 01 Feb 1850 in GA. She died on 18 Nov 1936 in GA.

- vi. JOHN ELIAS PETTETT was born on 14 Feb 1851. He died on 17 Dec 1908. He married (1) NANCY LODEON SANDLIN on 23 Dec 1869. He married (2) NANCY CAROLINE MOSELEY on 20 Mar 1873. She was born in 1853.
- vii. PERRY WARREN PETTETT was born in Jun 1853 in Dawson County GA. He died in 1928 in Tate GA. He married BILLIE LOUISA LANDSDOWN on 03 Oct 1872 in Pickens Co GA, daughter of David Allen Landsdown and Julia Ann Martin. She was born on 24 Dec 1856 in Tate GA. She died on 28 Jan 1916 in Copperhill TN, buried Tate GA.
- viii. ELIZABETH PETTETT was born in 1855. She married JAY LOVELESS on 01 Jan 1877,

son of Abner Loveless and Nancy Townsend. He was born in 1856 in Pickens Co., GA.

ix. TABITHA PETTETT was born in 1857.

10. **PERRY W.⁴ GROGAN** (Richard³, John², Bartholomew¹) was born on 15 Sep 1824. He married **TABITHA LANGSTON**.

Perry W. Grogan and Tabitha Langston had the following children:

- i. ALFRED L.⁵ GROGAN.
- ii. WILLIAM GROGAN.
- iii. LUCINDA GROGAN.
- iv. SARAH GROGAN.
- v. CLARISSA GROGAN.
- vi. MARY GROGAN.
- vii. MOSES PERRY GROGAN.
- viii. EDY GROGAN.
- ix. JOHN L. GROGAN.

Descendants of John Greer

Generation 1

6. **JOHN¹ GREER** was born about 1762 in Laurens Co. SC. He died about 1836 in Greenville Co. SC. He married **JANE MCCREARY** about 1789 in Laurens Co., SC, daughter of Thomas McCreary and Letitia Brandon. She was born about 1765 in Laurens Co., SC. She died about 1825 in Greenville Co. SC.

John Greer and Jane McCreary had the following children:

2. **JESSE² GREER**.
2. ii. **JOSIAH GREER** was born on 11 Oct 1793. He died on 02 Feb 1866. He married **AMELIA GOLDSMITH** on 10 Sep 1818. She was born on 08 Sep 1800 in Greenville Co. SC. She died on 24 Jul 1863 in Cobb Co., GA.
 - iii. **CATHERINE GREER** was born on 04 Mar 1795. She died on 09 Oct 1873. She married **MOSES MCCRARY**.
 - iv. **ELIZABETH GREER** was born on 23 Oct 1796. She died on 11 Jun 1862 in Greenville Co. SC. She married **JOHN DAWSON SMITH**.
3. v. **MOSES GREER** was born on 19 Feb 1799 in Greenville Co. SC. He died on 20 Jul 1864 in Ellijay, Gilmer Co., GA. He married **FRANCES REED** on 21 Nov 1822, daughter of William Reed and Frances Rebecca Robbins. She was born on 06 Feb 1801 in Greenville Co., SC. She died on 07 Mar 1872 in Ellijay, Gilmer Co., GA.
 - vi. **JOHN GREER** was born about 1801. He married **DELANEY GARRETT**.
 - vii. **CHRISTOPHER GREER** was born about 1805 in Greenville Co. SC. He died about 1871. He married **ELIZABETH SMITH** on 12 Nov 1869.
 - viii. **ISAAC GREER** was born about 1807 in Greenville Co. SC. He married **MARY SNOW**.
 - ix. **KEZIAH GREER** was born about 1808. She married **WILLIAM A. WARD**.

Generation 2

2. **JOSIAH² GREER** (John¹) was born on 11 Oct 1793. He died on 02 Feb 1866. He married **AMELIA GOLDSMITH** on 10 Sep 1818. She was born on 08 Sep 1800 in Greenville Co. SC. She died on 24 Jul 1863 in Cobb Co., GA.

Josiah Greer and Amelia Goldsmith had the following child:

8. **TURNER GOLDSMITH³ GREER**.
3. **MOSES² GREER** (John¹) was born on 19 Feb 1799 in Greenville Co. SC. He died on 20 Jul 1864 in Ellijay, Gilmer Co., GA. He married **FRANCES REED** on 21 Nov 1822, daughter of William Reed and Frances Rebecca Robbins. She was born on 06 Feb 1801 in Greenville Co., SC. She died on 07 Mar 1872 in Ellijay, Gilmer Co., GA.

Moses Greer and Frances Reed had the following children:

4. i. **JANE M.³ GREER** was born on 17 Sep 1823 in Laurens Co., SC. She married **ANDERSON STEPHENS** about 1854, son of James Stephens and Druscilla Anderson. He was born on 14 Jan 1821 in Laurens Co., SC. He died between 1868-1913 in Ellijay, Gilmer Co., GA.

ii. SUSANNA GREER was born in 1825.

5. iii. LEVI MANNING GREER was born on 23 Dec 1827 in Gilmer Co., GA. He died on 29 Mar 1896 in Ellijay GA. He married PRISCILLA JANE ELLINGTON on 06 Jan 1856. She was born on 02 Sep 1834 in Gilmer Co., GA. She died on 13 Sep 1885 in Ellijay GA.

7. FRANCES ROBBINS GREER was born on 23 Dec 1830.

8. JOHN WILLIAM GREER was born in 1831.

9. ELIZABETH KAZIAH GREER was born in 1832.

10. MARY CATHERINE GREER was born on 20 Aug 1838. **Generation 2**
(con't)

viii. MOSES BENTON GREER was born on 23 Jan 1842.

Generation 3

2 **JANE M.³ GREER** (Moses², John¹) was born on 17 Sep 1823 in Laurens Co., SC. She married **ANDERSON STEPHENS** about 1854, son of James Stephens and Druscilla Anderson. He was born on 14 Jan 1821 in Laurens Co., SC. He died between 1868-1913 in Ellijay, Gilmer Co., GA.

Anderson Stephens and Jane M. Greer had the following children:

v. SUSAN LEVADY⁴ STEPHENS was born on 26 Apr 1855 in Ellijay, GA. She died on 03 Apr 1858 in Ellijay, GA.

vi. JAMES MOSES STEPHENS was born on 05 Nov 1858 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 18 Oct 1939 in Aska, GA, Buried Macedonia Cemetery GA. He married TELITHA CATHERINE MCLEOD on 17 Jan 1884 in Pickens Co., GA by Abraham Chadwick, daughter of Ebenezer McLeod and Elizabeth Jane Brawley. She was born about 1862 in Pickens Co., GA. She died on 07 Jan 1891 in Pickens Co., GA, bur Macedonia Ch. Cemetery.

vii. JOHN ANDERSON STEPHENS was born on 06 Jan 1860 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 22 Oct 1938 in Ellijay, GA. He married MARTHA LOVINGOOD.

viii. FRANCIS D. STEPHENS was born on 13 Oct 1861 in Ellijay, GA. He died on 19 Sep 1863 in Ellijay, GA.

ix. SARAH JANE STEPHENS was born on 23 Mar 1864 in Ellijay, GA.

x. ALICE L. STEPHENS was born on 26 Dec 1866 in Ellijay, GA.

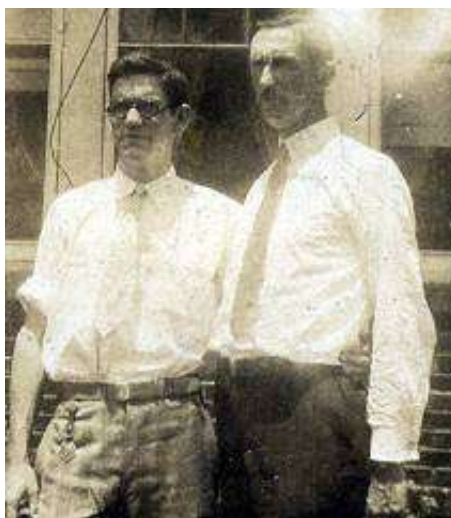
3 **LEVI MANNING³ GREER** (Moses², John¹) was born on 23 Dec 1827 in Gilmer Co., GA. He died on 29 Mar 1896 in Ellijay GA. He married **PRISCILLA JANE ELLINGTON** on 06 Jan 1856. She was born on 1 Sep 1834 in Gilmer Co., GA. She died on 13 Sep 1885 in Ellijay GA.

Levi Manning Greer and Priscilla Jane Ellington had the following child:

i. SARAH PRISCILLA (SALLIE)⁴ GREER was born on 04 Dec 1878 in Ellijay GA. She died in Jan 1957 in Ellijay GA. She married E MERSON FRANKLIN WATERS on 25 Feb 1898. He was born on 13 May 1867 in Murray Co., GA. He died in Aug 1950 in Ellijay GA.



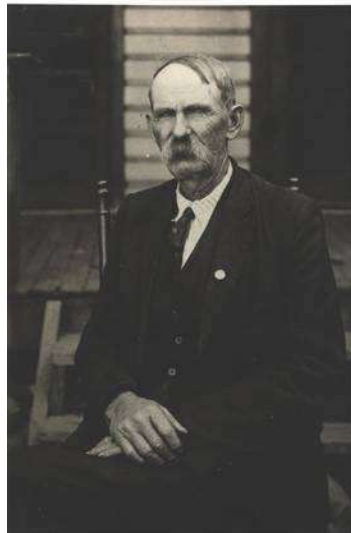
Philip W. Pettett – ROTC
Tech High, Atlanta



Philip and his father, Jack (L.J.) Pettett



James Moses Stephens



Perry Warren Pettett



Pettett house in Talking Rock, Georgia



L.J. "Jack" Pettett



