

“THE STORY OF PATRICIA AND STEVE”

Excerpted

Hello, my name is Patricia Short Makris. I am no one famous, just someone that has a story to tell. I was born on May 15, 1942, in the maternity ward of Emerald Hodgson Hospital located on the domain of the University of the South in the small town of Sewanee, Tennessee. Dr. Elizabeth “Betty” Kirby-Smith, granddaughter of Confederate General Edmund Kirby-Smith, delivered me. I was delivered free of charge by Dr. Betty, who was a generous and loving person, that really cared about people. However, since my parents were proud people, they wanted to repay her, but all they had to give was garden vegetables and moonshine. My Daddy (Reece) knew that Dr. Betty enjoyed a drink or two of his smooth Tennessee moonshine. So, he gave her a gallon of his finest and that is how he paid for me.

Sewanee, the place where I was born, is one of the most beautiful places in the world. It is located on the Cumberland Plateau in Franklin Country, Tennessee. My ancestors were among the first known settlers. When my ancestors came to the Cumberland Plateau, it was simply known as the “Nation.” Both Creek and Cherokee Indians lived all the way to the Tennessee River.

Before the Civil War, my family was pretty well off. After the war, my family were among the ones who were labeled “barefoot Appalachian poor.” Even Eleanor Roosevelt came to our area to publicize the plight of the Appalachian people. It incensed many local mountaineers to have northern people coming down and taking pictures of barefoot children and toothless men and women to use for advertisements in their newspapers and magazines in order to obtain money from the wealthy. My ancestors said they never saw anything that anyone did to help the mountaineer families with the money they collected from the wealthy.

My family believed that you had to work for what you got and never expected anything from anyone. We enjoyed going barefoot in the spring and summer months. We always got a new pair of shoes before school started. Daddy would have us place our feet on a piece of notebook paper and he would draw a silhouette of each foot on the paper to get the right size for our shoes. He ordered them from Sears and Roebuck. He sent cash in an envelope with the order to pay for the shoes and no one ever stole money out of the envelope. Our shoes had to last a year and that is why we would go barefoot whenever it was warm enough. Mama made most of our clothes from sacks that had contained flour or animal feed. I was proud of my sack dresses. I thought they were rather pretty.

My parents were self-sufficient. They raised livestock, vegetable gardens, and grew fruit trees and grapes. We also picked wild berries and gathered mushrooms. Even

though our two-room house didn't have any running water or inside plumbing, we did have a nearby well for water and an outside toilet called an "outhouse." We had wood stoves in both rooms, one for cooking and one for heat. Most of the time, we couldn't afford to buy coal, so, Daddy cut trees for firewood. Mama washed our clothes in a galvanized tub. She scrubbed the dirt out by using a washboard. Our white clothes, including bed linens, were boiled in a black iron pot that stood high off the ground. She would put logs under the pot and set them on fire to heat the water. We took baths in Mama's galvanized washtub. Sometimes Mama would buy used clothes at a mission room or send me to stay with my Aunt Bug (real name, Trasda Moore) in nearby South Pittsburg, Tennessee. Aunt Bug, a well-known seamstress in the area, made my clothes from store bought material. Mama saved money to pay for the material by selling black berries and vegetables.

A rolling store came around every Monday morning and that is where Mama would buy lard, flour, coffee, sugar, salt, and peppermint candy for us kids. She canned vegetables and fruits throughout the spring and summer months in order to have plenty food for the winter months. Our table was always filled with delicious foods. She even made candy, cookies and homemade ice cream. Sometimes we had a car that ran and sometimes it wouldn't. Most everywhere we went, we had to walk, including to school. I remember walking in the rain and snow. I was thinking that it would be faster if I could get a pair of shoes that had wheels on them, so that, I could get home faster. At times, our neighbor would give me a ride to school, but I always had to walk home. In the cold or extreme heat, my asthma would flare up and it really bothered me. Many times, I was unable to go to school for days and sometimes weeks because of breathing problems caused by asthma.

This hillbilly story probably sounds like we had it hard, but we didn't. It is true that we didn't have much. To the well to do, we probably looked like a pathetic group of people. In fact, we were the opposite. We were a close-knit group of people who cared about each other and helped each other. Yes, some of the mountaineers drank corn whiskey, got drunk, argued, and sometimes had fistfights, but so did people living in the University of the South and other surrounding communities. No one had any reason to fear the mountaineers, since most were law-abiding citizens like everyone else. There were a few bad apples in the bunch, but that is true in all societies. Once a person who was raised in the University of the South, told me his parents would not allow him to go into the neighborhood where I lived because they were afraid that something might happen to him. They were concerned because moonshiners lived there. The moonshiners I knew living in Bob Town were good people, and would not have hurt a fly, unless that fly got into their moonshine.

Mama could neither read nor write, but was one of the most intelligent people I have ever known. She was dyslexic. She attended school, but was unable to learn. I noticed that when we went to the grocery store she would add in her brain the cost of each item that she wanted to purchase. She knew the total cost of her grocery bill before the clerk had a chance to add it up. She kept up with politics and told me to always listen carefully at what politicians were saying and not to vote just for the party, but for the person. She

was a conservative Republican and Daddy was a Democrat, but not a liberal Democrat. However, Daddy would always vote for the party except when Ronald Reagan was running for president and he voted for him.

There is no way Mama would have voted for a Republican that she didn't believe was a conservative. Her meaning of conservative was someone who goes by the rule of law, and will uphold the rule of law no matter what. She believed that liberals skirted the rule of law in exchange for their own policy or belief in "if it feels good do it attitude" no matter the consequences to themselves or our country. She felt that Republicans cared more about doing what was right for our country than Democrats, who she felt spent too much money on non-essentials things and then bragged about it, as if they had done something wonderful.

She told me the story about her Mama, my Grandma, Augusta Passons, the one we call Granny Grunt. Granny Grunt was in love with Grandpa John Sullivan. Great-grandma Margaret forbade Granny Grunt from marrying him. Well, they eloped. Gr-grandma Margaret would not allow her daughter to come back home for five years. The reason was that Grandpa John was a Republican and Granny's Passons family hard-shelled Democrats. She never really forgave her daughter for marrying a Republican. Granny Grunt was not mentioned in her mother's will, but I do know that Granny and Grandpa Sullivan visited Gr-grandma Margaret in Van Buren County. Mama told me about them traveling in a covered wagon to Spencer, Tennessee, to see her. I don't really know why Granny Grunt was left out of the will unless she was given something before Grandma Margaret passed away. It could have been because of politics, but I kinda doubt that she would do such a thing to her daughter.

Before coming to Franklin County, my Short ancestors lived in Chambers County, Alabama, where they owned numerous acres of land. They moved from Chambers and stayed for a short while in Dade County, Georgia, before making it over the Cumberland Mountains to Franklin County, Tennessee between 1851 and 1855. They came to Franklin County to work on the railroad where jobs were available. The 1860 census records show that my great-great-grandparents, Jesse and Mary Evans Short, were living in Franklin County, Tennessee, on a farm.

Three months after Tennessee joined the Confederacy, my great-grandfather, Reuben Short, enlisted in the 17th Tennessee Infantry. I located his Civil War record and it detailed the battles in which he fought. He was wounded three times, once by accident while he was sick in the hospital.

At the Battle of Murfreesboro, Reuben was badly injured. Daddy said his grandfather's thumb was completely shot off. After he recovered from his wounds, he rejoined his unit and was wounded again in the Battle of Hoover Gap and in another smaller battle. The other two wounds were not as serious and therefore, he continued to fight. During the Battle of Chickamauga near Chattanooga, Tennessee, Reuben's unit

record shows them suffering 130 casualties out of 249 soldiers engaged. Union soldiers captured sixty soldiers from his unit. During this time, the barefoot soldiers, numbering 122, were sent to rear and not engaged in the battle. I have a strong feeling that Reuben was probably one of the barefoot soldiers, since there is no record of him being wounded. I make this assumption since Reuben was known to be wounded in most of the battles in which he participated.

Reuben was captured by Union soldiers on his way to Richmond, Virginia, while he was under the command of Colonel Horace Ready. His name appeared on a list of prisoners of war at City Point, Headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, in Washington, D.C.

It seems that Reuben joined the Army of the Potomac after being captured and stayed with them just long enough to escape. Then he was re-captured, and charged as a rebel who deserted the enemy. He took the oath of allegiances and was sent to Nashville, Tennessee on January 18, 1865. His record shows that he was in the Civil War for 4 years. After the war, he became a stonemason and horse trader.

I have checked census and war records for names of our family members who fought in the Civil War. None of them owned any slaves, since they were poor farmers just trying to make a living.

A year after the Civil War ended, great-grandpa Reuben married Julia Ann Austin, daughter of Washington and Mary Gibson Austin. They bought 10 acres of land on the Cumberland Plateau. There is an entry in Reuben's war record showing that he was due a bounty for re-enlisting. I don't know for sure, but I believe that he paid for the 10 acres of land with the money he received from the bounty. My paternal great-great grandparents, Jesse and Mary, who were living in Franklin County, disappeared during the Civil War. No one in the family knows what happened to them and there is no record of them to be found anywhere after the war.

My grandpa, David Washington Short, was the seventh child of Reuben and Julia Ann Austin Short. David married my grandma, Litha Barnes, on February 19, 1903, in Franklin County, Tennessee. Litha was the daughter of George and Nancy McKnight Barnes of Sherwood, Tennessee. My Daddy, Reece Short, was their second child. He was born on December 6, 1905, in a railroad section house on the side of the mountain leading up to Sewanee. Daddy married my Mama, Lou Sullivan, on March 15, 1934. Mama's parents were John and Augusta Passons Sullivan who lived in the small town of Sherwood, Tennessee.

Our Short family was closely associated with the Episcopal nuns that came from New York and Memphis to help people living in and around Sewanee. The nuns established a girl's school. Before the Episcopalians came to the Cumberland Plateau, where Sewanee

is located, there were no schools or churches. Therefore, the early mountaineer settlers could neither read nor write.

Reuben and Julia Ann Short lived near where the nuns established their church and school. In the beginning, the Mountaineers were frightened of the Nuns, since they had never seen women wearing black robes with white collars that covered them from head to toe except for their face. Stories have been handed down that some of the mountaineers thought the Nuns were witches and wouldn't go near them. However, in a short while they learned that the Nuns were there to do good. My Short family helped the nuns get established by showing them how to make gardens. They cut the Nuns fire wood, and did various other chores for them. In return, the nuns hired my family to work in the school and church. My grandmother washed clothes for the nuns, while other members of our family helped with cleaning and yard work.

Sister Hughetta, Mother Superior at St. Mary's Episcopal Church and school, was Daddy's Godmother. When he became old enough, she gave him jobs working around the school. In the summer, he helped her make Apple Cider and Sauer Kraut. When he was around 14, he became her wine maker. The wine he made was used for communion. He loved his Godmother and often spoke of her with great affection. He said that she was good to the bone. I'm wondering if he got the idea of making moonshine whiskey after the Nuns taught him how to make wine.

Daddy went to a school [in Sewanee] called Billy Goat Hill. He was only able to go there 4 or 5 years. He and his older brother, Marvin, had to quit school to go to work. Grandpa Dave took all his savings and bought a team of oxen. At this time, it was more important to have money to buy food than it was for your children to get an education. Daddy told me it was better to eat than to know how to spell the word "eat." So, quitting school was not an issue for him, since most of the mountaineers had to quit school early for the same reason.

Grandpa, Marvin and Daddy went into the timber business, since the railroad was buying wood to be made into cross ties. Daddy enjoyed cutting timber until he lost three of his toes. His axe slipped and he cut through his shoe, cutting his big toe and the two closest to it completely off. People that were with him said blood could be seen through his leather shoes and each step he took would make the blood gush out.

Doctors told him that he would have a limp for the rest of his life, since he cut off his big toe. Daddy told them he wasn't going to have a limp. It took him two years, but he found a way to balance himself without limping. When I was a child, I was scared to look at his feet because of his toes missing.

During World War I, Daddy was 12 years old. Food was scarce everywhere. His family only had biscuits on Sunday. The other days they ate corn bread for every meal. Daddy decided to start hunting wild game to help provide food for his family. He usually killed squirrels, rabbits, wild turkeys, opossums, and other wild animals. In the winter, he trapped animals for food and furs that he sold. He was a great source of help to his

family and became an excellent hunter at a young age. He told me that the food situation was so bad that posters were nailed up in businesses all around the United States telling Americans to conserve food.

After the war, Daddy had visions of finding a good job. But, so did everyone else. After trying to find a job for months, Daddy said to hell with it, and started learning how to make moonshine whiskey. He had to eat and if that was the only way he could pay for food, then he was going to make whiskey and hope he wouldn't be caught.

Making moonshine proved to be quite profitable and at the time, revenue agents never bothered him. He saved as much money as he could from his whiskey sales. He knew that making whiskey would only cause him trouble. So, he decided to go to the oil fields in Oklahoma to find a good job.

He rode the train as a hobo to East St. Louis, Illinois. When he arrived in East St. Louis, he heard that over a thousand men were waiting in line to get jobs in the oil fields of Oklahoma. Someone told him that he should go to Kansas City, Missouri, since they were needing people to work on the railroad. He jumped on the train and arrived there just to learn that all the jobs had already been taken. However, this time the railroad bosses felt sorry for him and gave him a free ticket to St. Louis. This was the first time he had a comfortable seat on the train. The other times he rode in vacant boxcars with other hobos.

The owner of the boarding house where he was staying in East St. Louis, told him to go to the unemployment office. He did pick-up a job here and there, but nothing regular. After all the hassle and with most of his money gone, he decided to go back to Tennessee. At least, he could go back to making moonshine if he couldn't find a regular job.

When he got back to Tennessee, the moonshine business had attracted all kinds of hungry people. Many didn't really know how to make it. He heard stories about moonshiners letting rats, insects, and other animals fall into their brew, which would make people sick when they drank it. Daddy called it rot gut moonshine.

By this time, Revenue Agents were all over the mountains looking for moonshine stills. People even got to the point that they stole moonshine from the stills to sell in order to feed their family. Daddy had second thoughts about getting back in the moonshine business. But, after a while, he ran out of money and couldn't find any work, so, then he started looking for a place to start making moonshine.

The place he chose was Hickson Green Mountain above the town of Cowan, about five miles from Sewanee. He worked there for quite a long time, and then decided to make with other people at Marlow town. He made the whiskey and other members that belonged to the gang of moonshiners sold it for him. It was a good arrangement until he was spotted at the still by the sheriff, who went to court and got a bill against Daddy. I suppose it was an arrest warrant, but Daddy called it a bill.

This is when Daddy took to the mountains for refuge. For four years, he lived in a cave dodging the law. He lived in one cave and made moonshine in another cave. He would slip the moonshine out and have grandpa and Uncle Marvin sell it for him. Some of his customers would come down into the mountain near where he was living in the cave, and buy the moonshine from him. His moonshine was clean and clear and he made sure there were no varmints in it. He had more customers than other moonshiners in the area. All kinds of people living in the University of the South bought moonshine from him. Even some of the most famous Hillbilly singers, now known as Country and Western singers, from Nashville bought moonshine from Daddy.

Daddy said he was scared at first to live in the mountain cave, but after a while, he would lay down anywhere and go to sleep. The animals got use to him being there and would warn him when danger was around. A civet cat lived right in the cave with Daddy and would catch mice and so forth. A wild cat would sleep right in front of the cave but never came in.

Daddy fed the animals and even got the civet cat drunk from the beer. He said it would always come back for more. When it snowed there would be all kinds of animal tracks in front of the cave, but they never bothered him. He was part of their environment and they accepted him.

One bright sunny morning the Federal Revenue agents found Daddy's still. Daddy could see them from a ridge high above the mountain and watched as they disappeared into the woods. He heard a shot so he figured that one of the cats had been shot. He kept watching until the agents left and then he went to see about the cats. The civet cat was lying dead in the cave.

The agents left the still as they found it. Most moon-shiners make their whiskey at night by the light of the moon, so probably the agents were going to come back later in hopes of finding someone at the still. Well, Daddy hurriedly took the still apart and left the mountain cave with his still in tow for the first time in four years.

He moved back to Hickson Green Mountain later known as Carter Mountain. He began making moonshine there with about 15 other men. It was a big operation and over 200 gallons of whiskey was made each night. Hotel operators and businessmen in Nashville purchased the whiskey for a \$1.25 a gallon.

The mountainous part of Franklin County was moonshine country in Tennessee. Federal agents checked all suspicious cars or people leaving or going to the mountains. It was so bad that the businessmen in Nashville hired an ambulance to pick up the whiskey. They weren't going to take any chances of being caught, so, they put a smoke screen on the ambulance just in case they needed it for their get away.

There was a great demand for moonshine whiskey in Nashville during the Christmas season of 1928. At this time, Daddy was 23 years old. Each time the ambulance came to

Hickson Green Mountain, over a thousand gallons of moonshine was transported to hotels and other business places in Nashville.

Daddy decided to get out of the moonshine business and try again to get a regular job. He was getting concerned about being caught at a still and having to go to jail. He got a job building the highway that ran from Sewanee to Cowan. After the highway was completed, he worked for his Uncle Ed Short doing gardening work. That job only lasted during the summer. In the winter he helped his neighbor, Reece Garner, cut cross ties and White Campbell, a well-known Sewanee stonemason, get rock out of the University of the South quarry. When that job was completed, Daddy started working in Hawkins Cove at a sawmill. There seemed to be no permanent jobs left for him to find in Tennessee.

So, Daddy decided to go to Bellefontaine, Ohio, with his friend, Charlie Marlow. They drove a Model T car there. Daddy said if the car was running good they would make ten miles in one day. However, the car broke down numerous times and it took them over two months to make the trip. They got a job un-loading railroad cars filled with sand, coal, and brick. Daddy said that was the worse job that he has ever had in his life. All these jobs were temporary. Afterwards, he was able to get a job at the water works in Bellefontaine. Then the Great Depression occurred and Daddy was forced to go back to Sewanee.

People that lived in the town of Sewanee were having a hard time. A long-time resident of Sewanee, Max Janey, told me that Daddy would cut people's hair and if they had any money, he would charge them a nickel, if they didn't have any money the hair cut was free. Since Daddy was a good hunter, he would go into the mountain and kill squirrels, rabbits, hogs, and share them with the townspeople. I never knew any of this about Daddy until I was collecting information for my family history book in the early 1980's. I also heard he would sit up with sick people so their families could rest.

The warrant that the Sheriff had sworn out on Daddy was still in effect. Daddy was hoping after four years that it might have been thrown out. Anyway, he was wanting to pay a fine and have his record cleared. He didn't want to keep hiding and running from the law. He contacted his neighbor, who was a friend of the sheriff. I know the identity of the neighbor, but I had rather not mention his name. Daddy asked his neighbor to arrange a meeting with the sheriff so that he could clear up the matter.

The sheriff wanted to come to Granny Litha's house to pick Daddy up. However, Daddy didn't really trust his neighbor or the sheriff. Daddy told his neighbor to tell the sheriff to meet him on the first branch. (This was a branch of Lost Cove Creek located on Hat Rock Rd.). They were to meet there the next day at 3 p.m. Daddy went there at 12 O'clock noon to watch the sheriff coming down the branch to see if anyone was with him. Daddy said the sheriff looked really funny when he saw Daddy walking behind him. (The sheriff had contacted the county deputy sheriffs and they were waiting for the sheriff to talk to Daddy and then they were going to take Daddy into custody).

The sheriff told Daddy that he would make sure he could get out of it for the cost of about \$38 if Daddy would say that the sheriff caught him. Daddy asked the sheriff why can't I just go down about court time (to Winchester) and save myself from having to make bond.

The sheriff didn't want any part of it. He told Daddy that he would have the neighbor make the bond for him. He wanted to take credit for catching Daddy after searching for him for 4 years and never being able to find him. The sheriff felt he would get a raise in pay if he took credit for apprehending Daddy. However, Daddy had other ideas. He hired himself a lawyer named Charlie Blevins and gathered a few witnesses together, took the case to court and won. There was a happy ending to this story. Years after the incident, Daddy and the sheriff became friends. I never did learn if the sheriff got a raise or not, but Daddy made sure he didn't take credit for catching him. Daddy had the reputation of being able to out run any lawman, and he wanted to keep it that way.

Mama and Daddy were married on March 15, 1934, by Justice of the Peace G. C. Hugson at the Franklin County Court House in Winchester. Daddy was 29 years old and Mama was 28. They lived with Daddy's parents until they could build a house. Daddy bought a parcel of land from his mother and built our two-room house on it. This was the year after Franklin D. Roosevelt brought his New Deal to the people in an effort to combat the Great Depression, but for Mama and Daddy it wasn't much of a deal. Daddy was unable to find a permanent job and was thinking seriously about going back to making moonshine if conditions didn't improve.

Their first child turned out to be twins. A boy and a girl. They were named Josephine and Joseph Reece. Joseph Reece died when he was 3 weeks old of pneumonia. Daddy got a job cutting timber. He was doing well until he became ill. The water he had been drinking from the mountain spring gave him typhoid fever. He almost died. Ironically, he had been given a typhoid shot six months earlier and still got the dreaded disease.

Since Daddy was too sick to work. Mama became the breadwinner. She washed clothes for people in Sewanee to make a living and never once asked for any help. Mama's sister, Madgie, heard how Mama was struggling to make a living. So, she came to Sewanee from where she was living in Richard City, Tennessee, and had Mama, Daddy, and Josephine, come home with her. She and Mama nursed Daddy back to health.

When Daddy's health improved, his idea about returning to work was hampered. The economy was in bad shape, especially at Sewanee. The odd jobs that he once relied upon were gone. So he went back to making moonshine. The mountain located directly behind our house offered Daddy a great haven for his moonshining. Mama hated the idea of him making whiskey, but knew that it was their only means of support at the time.

Daddy would always leave the house after dark to go put up a batch as he called it. He usually worked all night. Mama was scared many times to be left alone. One night she became frightened when she saw a shadow right outside her window. She thought it was revenue agents waiting for Daddy. As she investigated it, she discovered that it was the moon shining through the blowing leaves on the trees. She said she had a big laugh on herself.

Daddy made the whiskey and his brothers, Marvin and Lawrence, and Grandpa Short would sell it for him. Their main problem was informers. The Revenue Agents would come for a visit regularly and somehow they would know when a sell was about to take place. The one thing that saved Daddy was the people who watched the roads for cars that didn't belong in our neighborhood. These people, mostly family, would let him know in time to get rid of the whiskey.

Things started looking good for Mama and Daddy when he was hired by the Tennessee Valley Authority (T.V.A.). Even though Daddy made moonshine, he kept putting in applications for jobs elsewhere, since moonshining was a dangerous job. Ironically, this is one of the programs created by Roosevelt under his new deal to provide low-cost electrical power. Mama and Daddy were finally getting a part of the New Deal and it thrilled them both.

Daddy's job was to dig pole holes, clean steel, string wire, and help the linemen. Afterwards, they gave him a job surveying the lines. His most important job with the T.V.A. was at Oak Ridge, where they made the atomic bomb that was dropped on Japan. Daddy helped run ground level lines at Oak Ridge. He also worked at the substation in Nashville cutting grass, but he didn't know from one week to the next if he had a job. It was as temporary as the other jobs and he was always away from home.

In the meantime, Mama gave birth to a son that was named Clyde Edward Short on August 21, 1938. He was a beautiful child with blonde curly hair. Unfortunately, the day before his third birthday, he died of polio. Both Mama and Daddy were distraught over his death. For months, Mama mostly stayed in the house grieving.

My half-brother, Allen Jr., came to Sewanee and stayed with Mama and Daddy. I don't know exactly when he came to Sewanee, but he told me the first school he attended was at Sewanee Public School. That must have been shortly after Mama and Daddy got married, since he would have been around seven years old in 1934. He would also go to Granny Grunt's farm at Comfort, Tennessee and work in the fields during the summer months. The place where they lived in Comfort, Tennessee, was called the Gizzard. I always thought that was such an awful name to give such a beautiful place.

When the Americans entered World War II, Daddy was classified as 1-A, so he figured he would be called at any time to serve in the Army. Mama was pregnant at the time with me, so he didn't volunteer. His brother, Marvin, was called up but only served

a short time. It has been said that Granny Short pulled strings and got Uncle Marvin out. When Marvin was drunk, he would claim that he shot Japs as he called them. Everyone would laugh because they knew he only went to Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Booze always made him talk big. It happened that Daddy was never called for military service, but remained 1-A throughout the war.

By the time I was born in 1942, the sheriff that had been chasing Daddy around the mountain all those years to catch him at a moonshine still, amassed numerous acres of land and offered Daddy a job clearing it. Daddy was dissatisfied with his T.V.A. job, since it was temporary and he was never at home. He was also afraid of being caught making whiskey, so he decided to take the job. The sheriff was tired of running Daddy through the mountains to catch him at a still. So, it worked out good for both of them. The pay was terrible and Daddy had to work from dawn to dusk, six days a week for \$25 a week.

Besides clearing land, Daddy cultivated part of the land and built a farmhouse. He also cut out stone from the Sheriff's quarry to be sold to the University. Times were hard at Sewanee due to the war. However, Daddy and Mama could rely on food she canned and were in good shape compared to other people. They were more concerned about the war and how the American troops were doing than anything else. Each night they would be glued to the radio listening to H.V. Kaltenborn or Gabriel Heater to learn if the Allies were winning the war.

The sneak attack on Pearl Harbor stunned most Americans and people were waiting impatiently for the Americans to teach the Japanese a lesson. It was in May of '42 that the Allies sunk a few of the Japanese ships and made their fleet retreat. When people heard about it on the news broadcast, it began to boost their spirits. Daddy said the whole country was together and everyone was plagued with patriotism.

I was born during the time the American forces started winning the war. Mama told me that my diapers were made from white flour sacks and my baby clothes from feed sacks. The only baby picture of me which survives was given to me when I was in my 50's. I was wearing a dress made from a feed sack. (Animal feed came in colorful cloth sacks and people made clothes from them).

Mama refused to celebrate my birthday until I was five years old. The reason was that she made a birthday cake for Clyde who died unexpectedly, the day before he turned three. She had planned a little party for him and he died before his birthday. I suppose she was fearful that something might happen to me. She also had me baptized when I was 2 weeks old. No one knows how bad it is to lose children and what goes on in a mother's mind. She kept me close to her and took me to the doctor whenever I had the least little thing wrong. It freaked her out when I would have an asthma attack.

Most people living in the University of the South were well-to-do. The people living in our neighborhood called Bob Town were poor but proud people. We didn't know we were poor, since everyone living around us were in the same category. We had fun. We would play games such as jump rope, marbles, red light, green light, Annie over, and all kinds of ball games. There were kids at our house from morning until just before dark when they had to go home. The families stuck together and cared about each other.

Daddy told me that some people who lived in the University of the South thought they were better than mountaineer people. He told me how these people treated his grandmother Nancy. When she went to their homes to wash clothes for them, she was told to go to the back door. The first time she went to their home, she went to the front door and was met by their black servant who informed her that she was not suppose to go to the front door. Since then I have heard similar stories from other Sewanee people concerning their parents or grandparents having to go to the back door, too.

I don't know when it happened, but a fence was built that enclosed about 1,000 acres of University land where the campus and homes of people affiliated with the University of the South lived. University people said the fence was built to keep out the wild animals, while mountaineers said it was to keep them out.

Bishop Quintard probably turned over in his grave when that fence was built. The early founders of the University of the South did everything possible to help mountaineer families living around the University of the South and they were treated with respect. He was responsible for bringing the Nuns to the mountain to help mountaineer families. From what I can ascertain, the early University people were very kind to people living in the area surrounding them. I never heard of any incident where the original University people degraded mountaineer families. The ones who came later were the ones who started segregating people.

At Sewanee, you have the uptown and downtown people. It is true that animals were running wild all over the place; however, some older residents of Sewanee said the wild animals gave the uptown people an excuse to separate (segregate) them from the downtown people. Daddy said mountaineer families were called "Depot Trash" and other bad names by some University people, but not all of them.

I was very happy that Ely Green, a Mulatto, told the story of the University of the South in his autobiography. His story verifies the truth of the stories that have been handed down through generations of mountaineer families living around the University of the South. Ely writes, "I was born in 1893 in a small town in Tennessee. Sewanee, location of the University of the South. My father was a white man, my mother a so-called Negress. I was looked on as a half-white bastard, and called that by almost everyone that knew me." Guess what? Ely's father was not a mountaineer. He was a member of a well-to-do family living in the University of the South. Ely referred to people living in the University of the South as "Aristocrats." He called mountaineer people "Sagers." I never learned if Sager was a good or bad name for mountaineers, but I believe that it was probably the latter.

Ely told about University of the South people taking in Negro boys and girls and training them to be efficient help. He said that is how his mother became a victim of misfortune by getting pregnant when she was 17 years old. She was sent away to have Ely. Ely did not have to go to back doors in the University of the South, as the mountaineers were required to do. He was treated with great kindness. Some of the adults would tousle his curly hair and ask if we would like to have some ice cream.

Lillian Smith wrote the introduction to Ely's autobiography. It is interesting to note that Lillian came to the same conclusion as did mountaineer families concerning our town being segregated. She wrote, "Ely's town (Sewanee) as much segregation practiced against the poor whites as against the ordinary Negroes (ordinary Negroes meaning the ones not associated with the University of the South.) The chosen Negroes were treated in a very special way that is difficult, even for one familiar with southern nuances of behavior to categorize. These chosen Negroes were not treated as highly valued and beloved dogs as we sometimes say when outraged by the twist and turns of racism. They were always human beings to the whites who cherished and disesteemed them simultaneously, but being limited subtly in their humanity."

By reading Ely's autobiography, I learned that the blacks who worked for people in the University of the South were as prejudiced as their employers against the poor white mountaineer families. The blacks were happy that the mountaineers were not allowed to knock on the front doors of people living in the University. The University blacks also made fun of the clothes worn by mountaineer women. They called their dresses "Old Mother Hubbard Dresses." They also labeled mountaineers as "poor white depot trash." However, Ely did find a few white mountaineers that he liked, but most mountaineers did not meet his standard for what he liked in a white person.

There were a few mean mountaineers, but for the most part, mountaineers are kind loving people. In the eyes of some, simply being poor was a crime. As a footnote: Ely was not the only illegitimate child whose father was a member of a well to do family living in the University of the South. There were others. Some were children of poor white mountaineer girls who also worked as servants. However, these girls were not accepted or taken in by the so-called aristocrats and treated in the same manner as Ely.

Thank God that I did not live in Sewanee when fences and gates surrounded the University of the South. Daddy and my grandparents did live there. According to Daddy, not all people living in the University made people go to their back door. "It was just the ones who thought they was better than the rest of us." Daddy was never asked to go to the back door. He wouldn't have gone if asked. He told me he knew he was just as good as anybody who lives in the University. He said, "Just because they got more money and better clothes, don't mean they are any better." Daddy told me that we are not suppose to judge all people by the ignorant ones, since they know not what they have said

or done. Not the exact words that Daddy used, but that is the jest of what he was trying to tell me.

Older people who lived at Sewanee said their town was divided near where Otey Episcopal Church is located. Most of the local people were not allowed to go to the University of the South freely. From stories that I have heard over the years, I surmise that the so-called University elite treated local residents of Sewanee as third-class citizens. They considered their black servants as second-class citizens. The so-called aristocrats of the University of the South considered themselves above all the other classes with power to treat people as they pleased without suffering any consequences.

Everyone that I have spoken to that knew anything about the history of the town of Sewanee have told me the same story about the town being segregated in the later part of the 1800's and early part of the 1900's by fences and gates. If a local resident of Sewanee did not have business in the University of the South and wandered through the gates, the authorities would chase them out and accuse them of trespassing. Officials in the University had power over all the people living at Sewanee and could get by with treating them as good or as bad as they chose to do. This was discrimination at its worst and unfortunately, it happened to people that were unable to defend their rights. Who would have ever thought that whites would have been discriminated against simply for being in the wrong social class? They had no one to publicize the discrimination as Martin Luther King did for the blacks. They had to grin and bear it. They were people with no voice. No one wants to hear about white people being discriminated against, but it happened at Sewanee by the elite of a well-known church university.