

**THE
LANNINGS
OF
TURNIPTOWN
ROAD**

BY

MARGIE LANNING DUNN

Compiled by:
Lou Lanning Holcombe
And
Francis William Griffin

**This book is dedicated to the loving memory of
Margie Lanning Dunn
September 20, 1928 - February 13, 1998.**

I hope these pages are put together in the manner Margie intended but I am not sure I succeeded. If she ever had this book published, there is no record and I can find no one who knows. I didn't try to prove or disprove any documents nor have I tried to add or take away from her writings. For any mistakes that have been made, I apologize.

All credit belongs to Margie for her years of diligently pursuing any and all leads to information pertaining to the Lanning Family, both in Georgia and elsewhere.

There are a few things under miscellaneous that I filled in and not being absolutely sure which ones she intended and unable to put them all in this book, I picked the ones I thought would be best.

I think when you read this history of the Lannings of Turniptown Road you can say:

**Those were the best of times
Those were the worst of times**

And you can choose for yourself which one you think they were.

As part of this book, I have included some of the poems Margie wrote and I hope you will feel the love she had for Turniptown and her people.

Margie, may your flame never be extinguished.

Though I May Never See

Though I may never see the flame
Of this small light,
I'll keep it burning just the same
For someone might.

Then if by chance you feel the glow
I think that I,
Somewhere, beyond this life shall know
It did not die.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We would like to thank those who have contributed in any way to the making of this book. Some of these contributors have been gone from us a long time: Others only recently. We have given credit to these and others in certain instances throughout the book. At times, because of repetition, names have been omitted.

We thank first, and foremost, Nathaniel Painter of Ellijay. Nathaniel was called upon often to correct and or verify many things about which we were uncertain. He filled in missing pieces and answered many questions not once, but more often, twice! He remembered where and how the "old folks" lived, and helped us draw a crude map of early Turniptown road. Nathaniel put up with us and must have grown weary at our demands. But, he is a rare product of the road, and had lived there for many years. Nathaniel perhaps knows more about the "old days" on Turniptown than anyone living today.

A special thanks go to Wilma Lanning Flowers of Dalton, Ga., who introduced us to the North Carolina Lannings. Together, we spent many hours writing letters, visiting old cemeteries, tracking descendants of Pioneer John Lanning, and searching government records. Regardless of time and expense, Wilma shared her findings willingly.

We are grateful for the help of the late Lillie Lanning Morgan of Fletcher, N.C. Lillie was a descendant of John Lanning, Jr., son of Pioneer John. She spent time with us, guiding us on a tour of Buncombe and Henderson Counties. We visited the old mill site on Lanning Mill Road where Pioneer John had a grist mill. This site may have been where our John J. was working prior to his coming to Turniptown. We toured old cemeteries where early Lannings are buried. There is a beautiful church near Hendersonville, Emma's Grove Baptist, named in honor of Emma Lanning who gave the land on which it was built. Lillie also shared her researched material on the Lanning family which she had collected over many years.

We owe a special thanks to Mary Lou Nabell who furnished us with Aunt Becky's treasured collection of old, and rare, family photographs.

To all who answered our request in the search for the descendants of John J. and Annie, please accept our thanks. Not everyone answered this request and some families are incomplete. We are sorry for these omissions, but please know, we tried.

FOREWORD

An art instructor looked at a pitiful painting of a barn I was working on in class once and offered me this advice: "You should study barns!" Little did he know that the anti-godlin barns I painted didn't need to be studied. The mountain man who had built the barn had not studied construction, why should I? Mountain men were farmers, and if his barn listed to the right or left, depending on which side rotted out the quickest, or if the side boards were nailed on a little haphazardly, not precise and measured accurately one against the other, so be it. It sheltered the family cow from the weather and that was all that mattered. So, in truth, if the barns which I painted leaned a bit lazily ground ward, it was by design, and not a mistake. And so it is with this book.

This book is about, and related to our family and a road. Nothing was "prettied up" for the purpose of recording, and it is exactly as I know it to have been and includes only our family. As an example, in the section on the old songs, I wanted to add a beautiful ballad, Barbara Allen, which I had learned when I was a child. But, I couldn't remember who had taught me the song: was it Ma Lanning, my parents, or a mountain woman who kept house for us one time? To be on the safe side, I left it out.

In compiling this brief history, I have leaned heavily on notes collected over the years from older family members now gone. Many of the notes were jotted down as the words were spoken on scraps of any kind of paper that was handy at the time. Some notes are yellowed with age. At the time I was collecting the notes I had no intention of ever using them as grist for a book. I simply enjoyed hearing the old songs and tales. Our people were great story tellers. They knew when and how to throw a punchline with just the right expression. They could have stood against any modern day pro.

Going through the notes I find many interesting tidbits Aunt Vida gave. She would come to spend the night and would talk half of it away. I remember her voice as soft and compelling. There are other notes to remind me of Aunt Sally who would make me wait until her favorite T V program was over before she'd tell me anything. I was patient, and waited. I'm glad I did.

There were many notes collected while daddy talked about Turniptown and the family. There's a handful of paper scraps hastily scribbled on while daddy explained a cock fight to me. There were breed names such as Gin Gray, War Hawk, Allen Roundhead and Muff, a big balloon buff colored rooster with an under-jaw of red and a black breast. Uncle Lester raised these beautiful birds and there was one he prized highly over the others. It was a Lanning Blue and was his own registered breed. An old mountain man favored this rooster in a fight once. According to daddy the man rushed up at the last minute to place his bet hollering "Put it ALL on Lanning Blue!" Daddy said "his all" was

a dime, rolled and tied in a corner of his handkerchief. There was one kind of rooster called a Henny that some men were reluctant to pit their game cocks against. The Henny looked like a hen and the other roosters wouldn't want to challenge it. The Henny would pounce on the opponent, often killing it before it knew what had happened. Cock fighting was illegal then, as it is now but there was always a fight to be found if one wanted to look for it.

There were also the tapes we recorded while family members sang old ballads that had crossed the waters from England. One that Gusta sang was an old Civil War song copied on a piece of paper dated 1870. The song tells of a Gilmer County soldier boy dying far from home and family. The music is haunting and beautiful, and only a voice such as Gusta's can do it justice. And there were the delightful times spent with Vernie and hearing his hearty ringing laughter. Nobody ever laughed exactly like him and it somehow made up for the sad and broken notes that crept in his voice when he sang the story of 'The Lost Child'.

There are other notes that tell us different kinds of stories. These stories have been left out of this collection. It was our intent to neither embarrass the living nor cast shadows on the memory of those gone. Although these stories too, are part of our family history, someone else will have to tell them because I have elected not to. There are other people who actually lived on the Road who know more about it than I do. That is their story, not mine.

If there is a purpose for this book, it is so that a younger generation will know a little more about their mountain ancestors and a lifestyle that passed away along with the older folks. The past contributes to the future and there is an importance in preserving the old ways. An old saying asks the question: "How do you know where you're going, if you don't know where you've been?" The present generations of young people no longer sit with the family around the fireside at night listening to the old songs and folktales common with their ancestors. Neither, do they know, or hear, about the old ways and customs of a few years ago. Chances are, that you who happen to be reading these pages, will bother to find someone to sing the lyrics of the old songs written herein. Failing to do so the old songs will be lost and die and with them, a part of our inheritance handed down over the years by way of Turniptown Road.

There was another purpose and reason for this book. It is best said in another old saying:

*"It is better to be whittlin something
Than just to be whittlin whittlin's".*

This book is the results of my whittlin's.

Margie Lanning Dunn, 1980 Rt. 6 Sunset Drive Canton, Ga. 30114
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COAT OF ARMS

A SILVER CASTLE STANDING ON THE WAVES ON A BLACK
BACKGROUND WITH A HOVERING FALCON WITH GOLDEN
BELLS

The name Lanning is of English origin. This appears to be a Germanic name derived from the Old High German word Lant meaning "earth, territory." This word formed the old German names Lando, Lands, and Lanto, and the English names Land, Landy and Lant. The addition of the German Saxon sense "son of" thus the old German name Landing, and the English name, Lanning.

Lanning's came to Long Island, New York, from Wales in the early 1600's, thence to New Jersey. Of these we find a Robert Lanning who appears among the grantees of land on which it was proposed to build a church at Maidenhead, now Lawrenceville, in 1699. It is believed our ancestor, Joseph Lanning, was the son of John Lanning, and was active in Jersey Baptist Church, and later helped establish Reed's Baptist Church.

There were numerous Lannings that were military men in New Jersey between the years 1775 and 1815. Records show they served during the Pennsylvania Insurrection War with Great Britain, and the Revolutionary War.

From Saffell's Revolutionary Records, we find a Lanning in the Continental Army for "7 long years of hardships" with General George Washington.

One Richard Lanning, who came to America from England, was a son of Lord Lanning.

Lannings In North Carolina

Joseph Lanning came to North Carolina from New Jersey in the 1700's. The earliest record we have found is where he paid taxes in Rowan County in 1760. The following is taken from the book 'THE LANNING History' compiled and published in 1971 by the North Carolina descendants.

Joseph Lanning was born Nov. 16, 1731 (this date is in a Bible which belonged to his son, Enos). He married Marcy Lounsberry Dec. 7, 1756. They came to North Carolina from New Jersey, and on October 10, 1778 he was given a land grant of 294 acres on Indian Grave Branch, Salisbury, N.C., in Rowan County. Joseph was a carpenter and it is said he built a large home importing bricks for it.

Joseph and Marcy had 6 children: Enos, John [our ancestor], Aeshea, and three other daughters of which there are no known records.

John Lanning, [our ancestor] was born Feb. 27, 1757 in Bordentown, Burlington, N.J. and married Sarah Whitaker, born Dec. 7, 1767. John died Aug. 10, 1839, and Sarah died May 26, 1848. Both are buried in Cane Creek Cemetery, Fairview, N.C. in Buncombe County. Sarah was the daughter of Joshua and Mary Whitaker. Joshua Whitaker was also a Revolutionary War Veteran.

Enos Lanning was born April 27, 1770 in N.C. and married Sarah Warner, born Jan. 21, 1757. Both are buried in Reed's Cemetery, Davidson, N.C.

Children were: John, William, Joseph, Thomas, and Elizabeth.

Aeshea Lanning was born May 4, 1766 and died May 8, 1845. She married Eldad Reed. Both are buried in Cane Creek Cemetery, Fairview, N.C.

Pioneer John Lanning

John Lanning served as a private in the Revolutionary War. After the war was over he married Sarah Whitaker and later moved to Buncombe County. He was a farmer, and accumulated a vast amount of property including a farm in Henderson County. He also owned, and operated a grist mill on Clear Creek. The mill was located on Lanning Mill Road.



John and Sarah owned slaves, and census records give several black families with the surname Lanning.

In 1937 the Edward Buncombe Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution placed a bronze tablet on a large native stone at the head of his grave. It is inscribed as follows:

JOHN LANNING
FEB.27, 1757 - AUG.10, 1839
PRIVATE AMERICAN REVOLUTION
SERVED IN RUTHERFORD'S EXPEDITION AGAINST THE CHEROKEE INDIANS IN
LINCOLN'S CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE BRITISH IN SOUTH CAROLINA IN THE BATTLE
OF STONO AND FREQUENT SKIRMISHES OF THE CAMPAIGN. MARCH 4, 1831
ALLOWED AN ANNUAL PENSION OF \$31.33.

SARAH WHITAKER
DEC.7, 1767 - MAY 26, 1848
WIFE OF JOHN LANNING MOTHER OF 14 CHILDREN
12 REARED FAMILIES.
MARCH 4, 1843 ALLOWED AN ANNUAL PENSION OF \$31.33

The following is his service record as obtained from the Veterans Administration in Washington, D.C. While residing in Rowan Co. N.C., John served as a private with the North Carolina troops, as follows:

"In 1776, twenty-eight days, as substitute for his father, in Capt. Robert Moore's Company, Colonel Alexander Martin's Regiment; three months in Captain Moore's company, Colonel Locke's regiment; was in an expedition against the Cherokee Indians, dates of this service not given. From March 20, 1779, in Captain Armstrong's Company, was in the battle of Stono, and in frequent skirmishes. He was discharged July 2, 1779; two months in Captain Lopp's Company of Calvary, no dates for this service given".

Children [14] of John and Sarah were: Enos, Amos, Joseph, Mary, Sarah, John, Nancy, William, Joshua, Amy, James, Rachel, Elizabeth and Jesse.

ENOS Lanning

Enos Lanning, the first and oldest child of John and Sarah, is our ancestor. He was born October 8, 1784 in Rowan Co. N.C., and died June 13, 1865 in Henderson County. He married Margaret Barnhill, born 1790. Both are believed to be buried in one of three small cemeteries on Clear Creek near Hendersonville, N.C. We have searched for their graves but because so many older sites have no markers, we were unable to determine which Cemetery. Enos and Margaret lived in Buncombe Co. until sometime between 1850 -1860 when they moved to Henderson, Co.

The children of Enos and Margaret were: David, William, John J., Joseph, and Susannah.

David Lanning was born in 1809 and first married Nancy Osborne with whom he had two children, Francis Alexander (Fidelio) in 1834 and Margaret in 1838. A second marriage to Letitia Rachel who was born in 1813 produced children: Lucy, Columbus, Joseph Cephus, Emily, and John.

Fidelio (Francis Alexander Fidelio), born 1834 married Mary Catherine Davenport, born 1837. Their children were: George Washington Alexander, and John Enos Fidelio.

Margaret, born 1838 never married.

Complications arose soon after the birth of Margaret and the following year, Nancy died. The census for 1840 shows David and the two small children living with his parents, Enos and Margaret. David remarried but these two children continued to live with their grandparents.

Fidel and Margaret are listed in the household of Enos in the 1850 census.

William Lanning was born Aug.18, 1810 and died Sept.17, 1892. His first marriage was to Elizabeth. His second marriage was to Mary Surratt who was born in 1835, and died in 1906. William is buried at Waynesville, N.C. William's children are: Elizabeth, Govan, Martha, Andrew Jackson, Asbury Washington, Columbus, Arsula, Eller, Esther, Wesley, John, Rebecca, Francis G., and Chevannah.

Susannah Lanning was born in 1820 and never married.

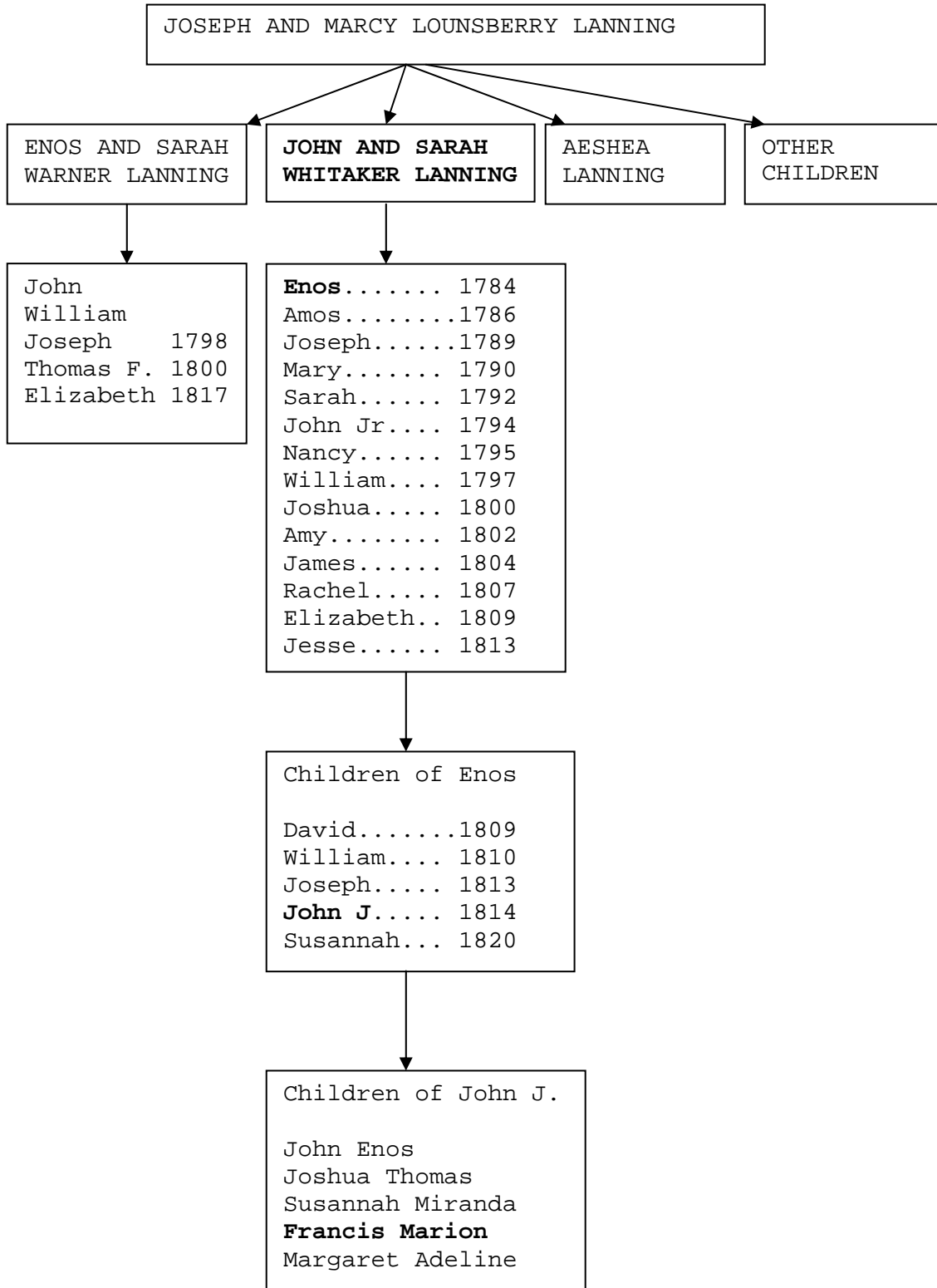
John J. Lanning, born 1814, married Annie Finney, born 1825.

John J. Lanning

John J. [our ancestor], born in 1814 married Annie Finney. Their children were: John Enos, Joshua Thomas, Susannah Miranda, Francis Marion, and Margaret Adeline.

That John J., our ancestor, was the son of Enos, is based on a preponderance of evidence found. We have found nothing to disprove this evidence, and are satisfied with what we have recorded herein. However we do not have absolute proof, i.e. ... wills, Bible records, etc.

Linage



"Cousin" George Lanning

George Lanning was the only relative of John J. we ever heard any of our kinfolk mention. George lived in Copperhill, Tennessee and was a visitor to the Ellijay cousins fairly often.

Cousin George had a brother Fidelio called Feedel. Feedel had long white hair and a long flowing white beard to match. He also visited the Turniptown cousins and we think he may be the person visiting the day Fronie made the remark told elsewhere in this book.

George and Fidel were the sons of Francis Alexander Lanning [Fidelio], the son of David, brother to John J. Francis A.'s untimely death in 1863 during the Civil War limits our information but for the sake of posterity we have included what we have found along with his military records.

Francis Alexander Fidelio Lanning

Francis A. was born in 1834 in Buncombe County, N.C. In the 1850 census we found him listed as Fidelio, age 15, in the household of Enos Lanning. Ten years later, 1860, he was in Polk County, Tennessee and listed as Alex Lanning, age 25. He was living in a boarding house operated by James Quancy.

Shortly after the above record was taken, Francis A. married Mary Catherine Davenport. Mary was the daughter of John and Elizabeth Davenport who resided a few houses distant from the Quancy Boarding House.

The following year, 1861, while living in Isabella, Tennessee, F.A. and Mary had a son, George Washington Alexander. Soon after his birth, F.A. and Mary moved to Gilmer County, Georgia. Mary's parents, the Davenports, moved from Tennessee to Georgia about the same time.

The Civil War was a year old when, in May 1862 a new regiment was being organized for service out of Gilmer and Pickens Counties. On the 15th of May, Francis A. went to Ellijay and volunteered for service. With him that day, and also enlisting, was his father-in-law, John Davenport. Two days later his brother-in-law, 19 year old Drury Davenport, also enlisted.

Seven months after F.A. enlisted, on Dec. 27, 1862, Mary gave birth to a second son, John Enos Fidelio. After his birth, Mary moved with the two children to Fannin Co. to be near her parents who were living there.

The three men who had enlisted earlier helped to form Company A, 65th Regiment, a Georgia Volunteer Infantry in the Army of Tennessee.

The company chose the name "Gilmer Light Guards". This was later Company B, Summer Smith's Legion Georgia Partisan Rangers.

Francis A. served as a medic under Captain Samuel F. Williams who was also a Gilmer County boy. During his first winter in Tennessee, Francis A. no doubt suffered many hardships alongside his comrades. Exposure to the harsh elements, lying in frozen trenches, pelted with freezing rain and snow, may have attributed to his being in the hospital seriously ill in January of 1863. Pneumonia was rampant throughout both armies at the time, and it was later written that fever took more lives than were lost on the battlefields.

It is doubtful that Francis A. was ever completely well again enough to leave the confines of the hospital. Later on May 3, he died while a patient in the Frank Ramsey Hospital at Ft. Loudon. The cause of his death was listed as fever. It is doubtful he ever saw his second son, 5 month old John Enos Fidelio. Francis A. had been in service less than a year.

The following letter was written to Mary Catherine Lanning after the death of Francis Alexander. It was written by 1st Lt. Benjamin F. Steele. It is copied from records as written.

Loudon May 29, 1863

I was off 8 miles from here getting timber and got here the same day he died but I learned from the boys that was with him that he was not conscious of his approaching destiny the last 4 or 5 days of his life he said nothing about dying but was always talking of wanting to go home. He died without a struggle died easy just like he was falling asleep and I hope he has gon to a better place than this troublesom earth and as he was not conscious of his approaching death he said nothing about what he wished for you to do I went to the Col. to have him sent home but could not get it done and as to his things a watch and clothes and other things is taken charge by the hospital and his money that is coming to him you must present a proper claim before you can get all of it and if you do know the proper you get counsel from Capt. Williams.

Yours respectfully
B.F. Steele

Claims for his watch, \$18.25, and other sundries, were made by his wife Mary Catherine. She also received his medical kit. It is in the possession of a descendant. A daguerreotype exists of F.A., however, we were unable to obtain a copy for this record.

In a follow-up on the "Gilmer Light Guards", it is interesting to note what seems to have been a decline in morale of most all of the men in Company A. Captain Samuel F. Williams resigned (he had just been elected as Clerk of Superior Court in Gilmer County). Benjamin Steele resigned (having been elected as Clerk of Superior Court in Pickens County), and whether it was poor leadership, disillusionment of war, or hardships of a soldier's life, we can only guess, but out of one hundred and twenty four men, seventy seven deserted from this one Company.

In April, 1863, J.W. Bramblett and John Gartrell were sent on a detail and became deserters themselves! The death of Francis A. Lanning may have been the cause to prompt his father-in-law and brother-in-law, John and Drury Davenport, to also desert. Shortly after Francis A. died the two men, while together on detail in Knoxville, simply walked away from the army and went home to Fannin County Georgia.

F.A. is buried in the Knoxville Confederate Cemetery, Tennessee.

Family Line For Francis Alexander

Francis Alexander Fidelio Lanning,

Born: 1834 in Buncombe Co., N.C.

Died: May 3, 1863 at age 29 at Loudon, Tenn.

Married: Sept. 1860 to Mary Catherine Davenport born 1841 in N.C.

Children:

1 - George Washington Alexander,

Born: 1861 in Isabella, Tenn.

Married: Mattie Elizabeth Foster.

George was a gunsmith and jeweler.

Died: March 7, 1959 at age 97.

Buried: Mobile Cemetery, Fannin County, Georgia.

Children: Laura, Minnie, Ella, Effie, Vernie, Nell, and Etta.

2 - John Enos Fidelio,

Born: Dec. 27, 1862 in Gilmer Co. Ga.

Fidelio was a DVM

Died: June 6, 1936

Buried: Lebanon Baptist Church Cemetery

Children: William Cleveland, Elvie, Dora, Maggie, Rebecca, Clarence, and George.

John J. and Annie Finney Lanning

John J. Lanning was born Feb. 5, 1814 in Buncombe County, N.C. He was the son of Enos and Margaret Barnhill Lanning, and the grandson of Patriot John Lanning born 1757 in Bordentown, N.J.

John's name first appears in the 1840 census records in Henderson County, N.C. He was 26 years old and living with his wife, Annie Finney Lanning, age 15. Apparently the couple was newly-wed since there were no children in the household.

Next door to John J. and Annie in Henderson County were Ann Finney, age 63, and 13 year old John Finney. These two persons are believed to be Annie's grandmother, and younger brother, John.

Handed down in our family is the story that Annie Finney came to America from Ireland on the ship "The Little Mary". Records inform us she was born in N.C. as were her parents. The above Ann Finney, age 63, who we believe to be Annie's grandmother, was born, or came to N.C. prior to 1840 from South Carolina. If the legendary story is true, then she is the Ann who crossed the ocean on this ship. There was a ship, "The Mary Ann" that sailed from Dublin, Ireland to New York in 1716. In 1811 a Matthew and Patrick Finney came to America from Wexford, Ireland on the "Ann & Margaret". In 1737 James Finney was captain of the "Snow Charming Molly". This ship arrived in the Port of Boston with 62 passengers. In the census records of Buncombe County, N.C. in the early 1800's, there were two families of Finney's; a Joshua Finney and a Thomas Finney. Because John J. and Annie named their second son, Joshua Thomas, we believe one of these two to be her family. (Neither family has been found in later N.C. records searched).

Sometime between the years 1840 and 1843, John J. and Annie moved from Henderson County into Buncombe County. It was here in 1843 their first child, John Enos, was born.

Annie's relatives, Ann and John Finney may have moved into Buncombe about the same time for in the 1850 census records we find these two living in this area.

John J. supported his family as a laborer at a grist mill. There were three mills in the area owned and operated by Lannings. No doubt, John J. was employed at one of these mills. His father, Enos Lanning, supposedly ran two of these mills; One, "on one side of the mountain" and one, on the other side. The other grist mill was owned by his grandfather, Pioneer John. This mill was located on Lanning Mill Road in the Clear Creek District, Henderson County. It employed several workers, including family owned slaves, and was kept in operation by the widow, Sarah, and daughters Elizabeth and Rachel, long after Pioneer John Lanning's death.

Former slaves remained loyal to the family after the Civil War. They were employed at the mill, on the farm and as servants to the household. Early census records list several of these families with the surname Lanning.

Sometime in early 1847, John J. got into trouble of some kind one day while working at the mill. The story handed down in the family is: In a dispute with another worker, John J. hit the man over the head with a shovel. Thinking he had mortally wounded him, John J. quickly loaded his family and fled the state, coming to Gilmer County. According to this story, the man John J. struck did not die and John J. was cleared of any charges brought about by the incident.

When John J., Annie, and John Enos arrived on Turniptown, they found the road sprinkled with deserted Indian cabins. Remnants of once cultivated corn and bean patches were still visible along the creek. Formerly the road was an Indian trail that connected Turniptown Village with the Indian Villages of White Path and Ellijoi (Ellijay). Prior to removal of the Indians in 1838, Turniptown was the home of Chief Little Turkey, a lesser chief, and the Indian families of Sakena, Hemp, Judah, and Sam Hatchett, among other families.

The name Turniptown is the white man's corruption of the Indian word, UNLUYI, meaning "Tuber Place". Chief White Path, a great orator, and the spokesman for the North Georgia Indians in their fight to remain on their homeland, ruled over a large area, among which was Turniptown Village. White Path did not live on the road. He lived across the mountain in the area still known as White Path today. His house was standing a few years ago.

Earlier white settlers were already living on Turniptown Road when John J. arrived. Several of these families had also come down from North Carolina. It is almost certain John J. knew one or more of these families before he came to Gilmer. Turniptown Road snakes its way up a narrow valley. It follows a bold stream, Big Turniptown Creek, for about seven miles to near the junction of Stover Branch and Turniptown Creek. Rimmed on either side by dense mountains it is highly unlikely that John J. "just found" this remote area.

How he came, or for what reason he came, we are not certain. However, we are inclined to think the story of his exodus from North Carolina handed down generation after generation by family members is true for the following simple reason: Annie left behind, in North Carolina, the only relatives she is known to have at the time; an aged grandmother, Ann, and a young brother, John. Something drastic must have happened to cause her to do this. Did she leave in such haste she didn't tell them if, and where (if she herself knew) she was going? And, we wonder why these two never came to Turniptown to be near Annie. Did they ever know where Annie went or what happened to her? Or, did they know and keep the whereabouts secret out of fear for John J.'s safety? In 1850, four years after John J. and Annie left North Carolina, Ann Finney, 73 years old at the time, and John Finney age 23, were living together in

Buncombe County. There is no known trace of either of them after this year. The aged, Ann, probably died in Buncombe and is buried in a small cemetery there (in an unmarked grave?), and John may have left the state, his whereabouts unknown.

There is another story handed down in the family that is somewhat vague yet research has given a certain amount of credence to it. It seems John J. had a brother who came to Turniptown with his family at the time he and Annie did. It was said this brother didn't like the area and moved his family west. Records show John J.'s brother, Joseph, did leave North Carolina about the same time he did. Joseph went first to Missouri, then on to settle in Arkansas. To further substantiate this story is this: the only known physical description we have of John J. is that he was "sickly", and at one time went to Hot Springs, Arkansas to bathe in the medicinal springs for health purposes. No doubt he combined his trip with a visit to the home of his brother. NOTE! This story may be confused in that it was a brother who came to Turniptown. Instead it may have been Francis A. who we know came to Gilmer.

Squatters Rights

When John J. arrived on Turniptown in 1847, he settled across the creek from the present day Morrow's place. Later, this became the Lloyd and Millie Henson property, and is known as the Old Henson Place today. According to cousin Vernie, there was a little 'shanty' standing alongside the creek when John J. and Annie got there, and they conveniently moved into it. This shanty may have been the deserted home of an Indian family.

Then in July of the year they came to Turniptown, Annie gave birth to their second child, Joshua Thomas.

Annie was a tall, thin woman who wore a long dress covered with a white apron. She smoked a pipe and when she wasn't smoking she carried the pipe in an apron pocket. The late Byrd Smith described Annie as he remembered seeing her walking up and down Turniptown Road alone many times when he was a young boy around 1900.

Cousin Vernie gave us another description of Annie. He told us her nose was scarred and explained how it happened.

There came a terrible thunder storm one day and great grandma was racing toward the safety of 'tater hill'. A bolt of lightning struck her in the face, splitting her nose. Afterwards she would explain the scar saying, "That ole HARRYCANE did it!" [NOTE] Tater Hill is a small mountain that rises in back of Francis Marion's old house place. It was given the name because potatoes were grown in abundance on its summit. A storage cellar for foodstuffs had been dug into the base. It also served as a storm shelter.

Some folks claim this small mountain is an Indian Mound however there is no evidence that it is anything other than a natural formation.

Sometime after Joshua Thomas was born, John J. acquired land and moved his family further up the creek. It is not known when, or how, John became the owner of this first property. Aunt Becky was adamant that he drew this land 'out of a hat'. We know this is incorrect. Only Georgians were eligible to draw in the 1832 Land Lottery, and John J. was in North Carolina at that time. We do believe there is a connection to the lottery somehow or Aunt Becky would not have been so familiar with it. It could have been thusly: Lots drawn, but not taken up, or sold, by the drawer, reverted to wild lands. This land was later offered by the state of Georgia to those willing to move onto it, clear it, cultivate it, and pay the taxes. The term given for land acquired this way was "Squatter's Rights".

There were many early settlers in Gilmer County as well as other counties in the state, who got their land this way. However, there are historians who would have us believe this was a dishonorable way in which to obtain land. This is simply not so! This land was paid for with lots of years of hard and honest work, coupled with many trials and hardships. Those who tend to think otherwise are not very well learned in the history of Georgia, nor, the important part these early settlers played in developing it.

John J. Lanning owned lot #4 in the 6th District, and lot #320 in the 7th District. In 1861 Mary L. Mathis owned lot #4 and sold it to William Pritchett for \$25. Twelve years later, in 1873, Will Pritchett sold it to John J. Lanning for \$50. We have been unable to find records showing possession, or disposal, of lot #320 in the 6th District.

There is confusion concerning lot #320 in the 6th District that John J. owned. According to the district map of Gilmer County, this lot is up the Cartecay River and near the Pickens County line. No one seems to know anything about John J. owning any property outside the Turniptown area. There could be a clerical error involved as to the numbers of the lot and district, but we have failed to find it. It is on record as stated and we have recorded it herein.

In 1869 John J. owned 440 acres. Four years later, he bought 160 acres from William Pritchett bringing the total to 600 acres. Two old deed copies in the possession of the Painter family, shows where he purchased only 280 of the 600 acres recorded to him. How he acquired the remaining 320 acres is unclear but, we personally lean toward a family member's version that coincides with Aunt Becky's somewhat veiled story. Cousin Vernie said; "He squatted on it!"

John's First House

The site on which John J. chose to build a house was on a small rise that sloped rather sharply on three sides. Foresight in doing so placed the house above the flood plain of Turniptown Creek. On the backside the land leveled off several hundred feet to a free flowing spring. Instead of facing the creek and road, a door made of broad hand hewn boards opened in this direction. The door swung on leather straps and was held closed with a wooden latch attached to the inside of the house. A latch string permitted the door to be opened from the outside.

The house was built typical of the times: One room built of logs, about 20 X 22 feet in size. A chimney of native stone was built in the center of one end of the room. [Remains of this chimney are visible today]. Windows were covered with wooden shutters that were opened during the day and closed at night. Glass paned windows may have replaced the shutters at a later time. The floor of the house was of the earth itself, smoothed and packed to a hard shine. It remained unfloored for as long as the house stood. There was no porch, just a large high rock at the door used as a stepping stone.

On one wall inside the house was a narrow shelf. On this shelf was a small metal box with a domed lid. There are those who remember seeing this box, always in the same place on the shelf. The box was important. It held the family papers, and a tiny Bible published in 1830 that may have been given to John J., or Annie, when they were children. Nathaniel Painter has this deed box in his possession today. It no doubt contains the same things that were kept in it almost 150 years ago: Deed copies, tax receipts, an obligatory note on a debt to a neighbor, the tiny Bible, a pair of small scissors, and John J.'s pocket knife. The latter was probably added to the contents of the box after John J. died since the knife blade is worn in a curve showing it had been in constant use.

Apparently the cracks between the logs were not chinked with mud as some log houses were, and it wasn't very substantial. Andy and Violet Painter lived in the house in the early 1900's and Nathaniel remembers there came a blowing snow storm once that blew snow across the floor of the house. He said you could, "track yourself", in this fine layer of snow. Surprisingly though, he said the house was warm.

During the day, winter and summer, the door was often left open to admit light. At night with the door closed, the only light came from the fireplace. Fire was kept constantly. If it accidentally went out, you had to go to the nearest neighbor and borrow a hot coal from their fire to rekindle it. Thus the old saying "borrying a chunk of fire" was born.

The family ate, slept, and lived in the one room. As the children grew larger, the loft of the house became their bedroom. A ladder placed

against one wall gave access to the sleeping area. Quilts, straw ticks, or feather ticks, were spread on the floor, or on a frame laced with cords. Drying medicinal roots, and sometimes foodstuff, often snared this small space.

Annie cooked for her family of six (Margaret wasn't born until after Enos was killed) in the open fireplace. (Years later a lean-to was added to the house and used as a kitchen). Iron pots suspended over the fire were used to cook meats and vegetables. Bread was baked in an iron oven with a heavy lid. This oven was set on a bed of hot coals, with more hot coals piled on top. Annie sometimes baked potatoes and apples in this oven, or, roasted them with a direct cover of hot ashes.

There were few pioneer families fortunate enough to own a clock. To tell the time of day John and Annie used a "marker". This marker was some designated place outside in the yard, or, most often a marked place on the doorsill. When the mark wore dim, or was scrubbed off, it was immediately replaced with another mark. Since the sun was the "hands" on cloudy days the markers were useless, and the family just guessed at the time. Pioneer families had no schedules to meet other than seasonal, so time was of little importance.

A War Called Civil

In the 1860's life on Turniptown Road was disrupted by a war called "Civil". Men on the road left their families and friends to serve in this war that was little understood by them or those left behind. They owned no slaves, and had no just reason to be called upon to sacrifice their lives for those who enjoyed this privilege. They only knew it was a "call for help", and true to their nature, mountain men were among the first to volunteer to defend this threat against the people of the south. John and Annie watched 18 year old John Enos walk down the road leaving the security of the mountains, to join the army. At 14, too young to join his brother, Thomas joined the Home Guards.

The war years were difficult times for the south, but the people on Turniptown Road were accustomed to living off the land. No doubt there were fewer discomforts for them than there were for many whose city life styles were different. Money had always been scarce, but not a chief concern. For their clothing, John sheared his sheep in the spring and fall. Annie spun the wool, carded it, and wove it into cloth. They had cows, hogs, chickens, and corn and vegetables that grew in patches on the sides of the mountains and creeks. They salted down wild turkeys, coons, and other animals as long as salt was available. When it went to \$80 a pound during wartimes, they scraped the smokehouse floor for spilled grains. When this was exhausted they did without. Without salt there was no way to preserve meat, so they ate small animals as they were killed.

Turniptown School was closed during the war years. Mountain people did not place great emphasis on an education for their children so this posed no hardship. Life for John and Annie went on pretty much as usual except for a constant dread, and fear, for loved ones on some far away battlefield. This wasn't exactly true for others on the road.

There was a family by the name of Hatley living down the road from John and Annie. John Hatley left his wife with several small children to take sides with the north against the south. While he was away this family suffered untold hardships including starvation. John and Annie, along with other neighbors on the road, kept this family in what corn and other provisions they could spare. Sometime during the war, Hatley and a band of Yankee foragers terrorized many families throughout Gilmer County. During the war both armies sent men out into the countryside to forage for food to feed the starving soldiers. These men were called foragers and no cornfield, barn, or orchard was spared when they arrived on the scene. Even though his family lived on the road and was at the mercy of his neighbors, Hatley didn't spare Turniptown from his band of plundering thieves. Aunt Sally remembered hearing the older generation talking about this man. "Mr. Hatley's family would have starved", she said, "If Pap hadn't helped feed them. For all the good Pap did he was repaid in just the opposite. Mr. Hatley and his gang stole Pap's bee gums and threatened his life!" Aunt Sally said John Hatley was in the Home Guards. In truth he was a Yankee forager - a turncoat. George Ward in his 'Annals of Upper Gilmer' has written more about this man.

Another neighbor of John and Annie at this time was the Henson family. Lloyd had also joined the army leaving his wife, Millie, at home with their small children. At one time, Millie heard the Yankees were nearby and stealing every thing that was loose. She quickly caught what chickens she could find, cooped them, and had them hidden underneath the bed when the foragers arrived at her home. Melissa (Ma) was three years old at the time and didn't understand the reason her mother had hidden the chickens under the bed. When the Yankees came inside the house to commence their plundering, the three year old proudly showed them where the chickens were!

On one occasion, (it may have been at the same time) the Yankees paid John and Annie a visit. Francis was 12 years old and small for his years. Knowing boys his age were fighting and being killed every day, Annie was frightened. She had given one son (John Enos), and she was determined the Yankees would not "capture" Francis if she could prevent it. She was wearing a dress typical for the era - long and billowing. While the riders were getting off their horses, and before they had time to get to the front door, Annie quickly hid Francis under her skirts!

Sometime during the war, John Enos had his picture made. It was a daguerreotype that shows him in parade dress of the Confederate Army. (This daguerreotype is in the possession of Nora Lee Garner). After the picture was made, Enos may have come home on furlough bringing the

picture to John and Annie. It was probably at this time when he started to leave again, Annie followed him down the road crying and pleading with him not to go. They said, "You could hear her screams a mile away". Enos told her, "I'd rather die than have the Negroes freed amongst us". Annie's fears had been intensified by a vision she had of Enos. He appeared to her in this vision standing in the doorway of their home exactly as he was when he was two years old, wearing a little white dress. Annie said she knew she'd never see Enos alive again. These fears were realized when, on May 6, 1864, Enos was killed in action in a far distant place in Virginia known as the Wilderness. (See story elsewhere in this book).

The following year Annie gave birth to a daughter, Margaret Adeline. With an age span of 14 years between her last child, Francis, and Margaret, the new addition to the family may have softened the tragedy of Enos' death.

Death Comes To Turniptown Road

In 1850 John J. listed his occupation as 'wheelwright', one who makes and repairs wheels. In 1855 he listed his assets: 8 sheep, 1 dog, and 4 children.

In 1858 he served as a juror during both the March and December terms of court. Serving in March in addition to John J. were: James Head, H.I. Jones, L.P. Smith, Absolem Wheeler, George Kell, and Samuel Thompson. The December jurors were: John Lannon, John H. Parks, John Griffith, L.E. Wisenent, Samuel Stancil, W. Williams, and John M. Parks.

On July 7, 1879, John J. Lanning died of dropsy at the age of 65. The attending physician was J.W. Smith. Dr. Smith was County Coroner and probably did not see John J. until he was called to pronounce him dead.



Handed down in the family is the following story of how John J. selected his burial place. One morning he left the house and went up on the mountain that rose near the back of his home place. There are two reasons given for his going that morning. One - that he often went up on this mountain to pray. The other reason, he had gone squirrel hunting. For whichever reason, we can be assured he did go. Later, when he returned home, he told Annie he had carved his name, or initials, on a rock, or tree on the mountain top, and that he wanted to be buried there, where "the deer can run over my grave". His

request was granted, and thus began the family cemetery that is located on an isolated mountaintop off Turniptown Road.

After John J.'s death, Annie was left with three children: Francis, Miranda, and Margaret. Thomas had married and lived up the road with his wife, Mary, and four children. Thomas' fifth child, Lula, was born 13 days after John J.'s death.

After Francis and Margaret were married, Annie and Miranda lived in several different houses on Turniptown. The exact date of Annie's death is unknown, but she was still living on June 30, 1906 at age 82. On this day she sold 31 acres of land to John W. Henson, brother-in-law to Francis, and the father of Violet Painter, John and Margaret Painter's daughter-in-law. Annie did not sign this deed. Instead, it was signed by daughter-in-law, Melissa. Below is the description of this transaction.

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Annie Lanning to John W. Henson

31 Acres for the sum of \$31

Part of lot #4 commencing at original line at rock corner on the south corner ... thence north course to Finney Branch ... thence to said Branch on S E corner to original line ... thence to original line to starting point.

In presence of

W. C. Ashford

Mrs. S.M. Lanning
L.S.

John S. Rogers

Chronicle Of The Years 1860 - 1879

John J. Lanning

- 1860 Agriculture Census Aug. 14 Subdivision 33
160 acres, 14 improved, 146 unimproved.
Value of farm, \$75. Tools and machinery \$5.
1 horse, 1 mule, 2 cows, 1 ox, 3 other
heads of cattle, 5 sheep, 40 hogs. Value of
livestock \$120.
3 bushels of wheat, 175 bushels of Indian
Corn, 75 lbs tobacco.
- Jan. 9, 1864 Bought 120 acres from William Pritchett for
\$150 - Lot #320 Dis. 7 2nd Sec
- 1864 Tax Digest 9 sheep, 1 dog, 3 children ages 6-18. 120
acres 6th dis. 2nd Sec.
- 1866 Tax Digest 8 sheep, 1 dog, 3 children 6-18. 120 acres
6th Dis. 2nd Sec.
- 1870 Agriculture Census Sub. #55 25 acres improved, 295 unimproved.
Farm value \$75. Tools \$10. 1 cow, 2 oxen, 2
other heads of cattle, 11 sheep, 18 hogs.
- 1872 Promissory Note "I promise to pay Mary Dunn \$38 in pork or
beef cattle Nov. 1, 1872." This note was
hand written in pencil on a scrap of paper,
and signed by John J. Lanning^{*}. On the back
side, it shows where he had paid her \$32.
- 1873 Deed Sept. 25, 1873, John J. bought 160 acres
for \$50 from William Pritchett. Lot #4 6th
Dis. 2nd Sec.
- 1879 What the mountains and mountain life could
not do, sickness finally did on July 7,
1879 at the age of 65. John J. Lanning died
of Dropsy, a build up of fluid in the
cavities of the body. John had been a
resident of Gilmer County for 32 years.

^{*} In all legal transactions we have seen, John J. always signed his name using the initial J. We believe the J was for Jackson and was his middle name. We base this on an age-old practice of naming children for parents, grandparents, etc. Thomas named his first born son, the first grandchild, John Jackson.

Mountain Life

Growing Crops

The mountains provided food, medicine, and timber for fuel to a primitive people who depended on nature to supply its simple everyday needs. Toil was the price they paid for their share of Turniptown Road. Lannings were farmers. They cleared and planted patches on the mountain tops, and mountain sides, along with the sparse and rich creek bottom land. The ground was soft and the loam was often cultivated with nothing more than a hoe. Pa Lanning had a simple, yet practical and easy way to plant seeds. He would fill a pocket that had a hole in it with seeds. As he walked along plowing, the seeds dropped out of the pocket and "planted themselves". Oxen, or mules, were used to pull plows, and unlike horses, they were slow and sure-footed, adapting themselves much better over rough terrain.

Fall crops of cabbage, turnips, and potatoes were "hilled in" during the fall for winter eating. The hills were made by covering the vegetables with straw. Boards were placed upright over the straw forming a tent. Dirt was thrown over all, leaving a hand sized opening to allow access to the vegetables inside. Beans were shelled and dried. They were often strung whole on strings and dried for "leather britches". Picked green, they could be pickled, as was cabbage, in crocks and placed in the spring house where they kept from freezing.

In the spring, after a long winter of a bland diet, a fresh and green vegetable was a welcome sight on the pioneer's table. Wild greens were gathered almost as soon as they appeared above the ground. Sometimes for want of something green, Ma would gather and cook mullein, a tough fibrous plant that wasn't relished by many, but eaten anyhow to stave off hunger.

Cornbread For Breakfast

Corn was by far the most important crop of the farmer and the sole means of survival. In the early 1900's the people suffered from a disease known as Pellagra caused by a diet consisting of eating too much corn. Aunt Vida suffered from this malady once, and remembers it was called "cornbread fever".

There were three grist mills at one time on the road to serve the people. One was run by Rens Rogers. Ruby Henson said the mill would freeze in the winter and often couldn't operate.

Not only did corn supply feed for the family and stock, it often provided a needed cash to pay taxes, buy shoes, and clothe the family. Hauled up some dark cove, it was secretly converted into liquid form. A good "run" put instant money into the pockets of many mountain men, and Turniptown Road had its "stillers". It was said: "It's a poor home

that doesn't have a Bible and a few drams of corn liquor". "Revenoors" were a plague, and constant threat to this illegal business. Other important grain crops were wheat and rye. Rye was hardy and wouldn't freeze. It stayed green and provided good grazing for cattle during winter. Wheat was unpredictable, however. Sometimes the crop was lean and the flour barrel ran dangerously low, or empty, before another crop could be harvested. When this happened the family ate cornbread for breakfast. Mary Lou Nabell recalls the time Clarence Lanning and his wife came to spend the night with them. There wasn't any flour and her mother-in-law, Aunt Becky, gave her enough flour to cook biscuits for their company the following morning. Instead of waiting until morning to use the flour, Mary Lou made biscuits for the supper meal. She figured: "They can eat cornbread for breakfast just like we do!"

Livestock

Before fence laws were enacted, hogs and cattle roamed freely throughout the mountains. Hogs fattened themselves on fallen chestnuts and mast. Sometimes they grew so fat their backs would break under their heavy weight. One known kind of hog that ran wild, was a razorback, known for its high, bony backbone. These hogs emitted a strange, high and shrilling sound and were often referred to as "whistle pigs". They were the butt of many jokes. Daddy said whenever a razorback ran into a root he couldn't root out of the ground, he'd just roll over and saw it in two with his backbone. He said, "We called 'em wheeling saws."

Snuff Was A Luxury

In the early 1900's Turniptown was a thriving self contained community. There was a small grocery along with a grist mill owned by John Clontz. There was also a small store over the mountain at Northcutt that the families on Turniptown sometimes patronized. It would take all day to go there and back by foot. There was a big rock about halfway where the travelers would stop to rest. Ma Lanning and Aunt Sally would often eat their noonday meal with the "kind Smiths" who owned the store. Store purchases included only necessities such as salt, coffee, thread, and snuff. Snuff was a luxury for most, and was used sparingly. When a woman visitor asked Aunt Minnie for a dip one day, she was told to "tetch it light".

Women Played Many Roles

Women were thrifty by necessity and a list of their daily duties would put to shame this modern day generation. Women played many roles: Mothers, wives, spinners, cooks, gardeners, shoppers, doctors and nurses. They were seldom seen resting. Ma had a spinning wheel and daddy said one of his earliest memories is hearing the "whirr" of its wheel late at night as she spun thread. Other women like Emma and

Kansas Henson, also carded and spun wool to weave into socks and other wearing apparel. Aunt Becky would gather sweet-smelling swamp grass and dry it for stuffing her mattresses. Geese were plucked and the feathers used to stuff pillows. Long pine needles were woven into useful and decorative baskets which found their way into family portraits.

No matter how busy, women took time from their daily chores to plant flowers which brightened their yards and doorways. Remains of these are seen today along the road: yellow forsythia where Aunt Becky lived, and baby breath blooms up the road at Ma's old place. Women carried their laundry to the spring in winter and in summer, hanging the wet clothes on limbs, fence rails, or anything handy. Those women who survived grew old before their time. Old photographs show clearly the effects only a few short years of toil had etched on their faces and sagging shoulders.

Mountain Furniture

Few homes had furniture other than the necessary beds, a table with side benches, and two or three chairs to "draw up" to the fireplace in winter. Ma had an organ in her three roomed house. With ten children the house was crowded beyond belief and the only space she had for it was in the kitchen. It was perhaps the only luxury she ever allowed herself. This was not the case when Aunt Becky married and moved into a house down the road. Uncle Will Nabell was wealthy by mountain standards, and their home reflected this wealth. They had a dining room, separate from the kitchen, filled with store bought furniture. There was a large glass front cabinet that held beautiful glass dishes. These dishes found their way to the table only when company came. One particular set had a large bowl with six smaller matching bowls. Uncle Will called it "Backy's birry bowls". They also had a phonograph with a large morning glory horn crowning its top. There were curtains at the windows that brought a simple elegance to their mountain home.

Earning Extra Cash

There were several ways the people on Turniptown Road earned needed cash. Wild herbs like ginseng were gathered and sold, as were chestnuts that literally blackened the ground in the fall. Men cut white oaks and stripped the bark, hauling it to a nearby tannery on the Cartecay River. The bark was high in tannic acid useful in tanning animal hides, which were equally as marketable. Jobs off the road were few. There was a gold mining company in operation at White Path in 1910 where Pa Lanning worked for a while. He walked over the mountain leaving home before day and returning after dark. He earned \$1 a day. He also drove cattle to an Atlanta market with Rens Rogers and Byrd Smith. Goats, sheep, hogs and wild turkeys brought fair prices despite the long hard trip. There was a stock yard at Buckhead where they would stay until they sold their cattle. On one such trip with Rens and Byrd one time, Pa, who was elected cook, got tired of his duties.

One morning before he cooked breakfast he asked the men how they preferred their meat, cooked or raw. They, of course, said cooked. Pa, now disgruntled said, "By gad, I think I'll eat mine raw!" And he proceeded to do just that!

Land was rarely sold, but sometimes had to be if there was no other way to get extra money. Even then, only a few acres were sold at a time, and usually a member of the family was the buyer. One of the first purchases a young married couple made was enough land to be independently on their own. This land was usually cut off from family property, and allowed them to remain near their parents. Thomas and Pa's land joined John J., and remained in their families for many years after they died. In 1929, Uncle Lester owned a portion of this property that was located up behind Will Nabell's place. He sold 16,000 feet of pine, poplar and oak timber off this property to a saw mill. He also sold to the owner of the mill, Ed Watkins, a 7 year old red, white-faced, cow. The total for all was a modest \$27.50 and then it took Uncle Lester nine months and a court settlement before he got his money.

Sharing Chores

People on Turniptown Road worked hard to survive. To help make their work more enjoyable they often shared chores with their neighbors. If someone needed a barn, or house built, the men would gather and have a log rolling, and house raising. All together they could build a barn, or house, in a single day. Women would also help. They would gather and cook all morning to feed the hungry men. Winifred Painter said she remembers hearing how they would cook the large amounts of food needed to feed the crowd. In addition to the food cooked inside, there would be two big iron pots suspended outside. One pot would be filled with pork, the other with wild turkey.

In the fall there would be corn shuckings. These were rotated from house to house and in this way every man on the road got help with an otherwise dull and dreaded chore. There was always fun at these gatherings. The man whose corn they were shucking always provided an extra bonus to the workers. He would hide a jug of whiskey somewhere in the mountain of corn. When the jug was found, the finder got the first drink. According to Nathaniel it didn't take the pile of corn long to reduce in size.

Church Socials

Another way families got together to have fun on a social level was the Box Supper. These were held at Turniptown Church, and looked forward to by both young and old alike. The boxes were auctioned off and the proceeds went to needed church or community projects. No doubt these suppers were the ground floor for many romances that led to marriage for some young boys and girls. It most definitely let the boy know how well the girl could cook. These boxes consisted of the best

and most fancy foods the girl could afford. And, if there was a little help from an anxious mother, it was kept secret.

Children and Toys

Children, for the most were left to amuse themselves. Store-bought toys were rare so the children created their own. Pop guns were made out of hollowed corn stalks. Balls were made from old rags and strings. Dolls were also made from rags and scraps of cloth. Francis Nabell built himself a wagon one time when he was just a small boy. He used pieces of old lumber, and odds and ends. He christened it the "Gully Jumper" for its ability to do just that.

Christmas came to Turniptown the same as elsewhere. Daddy said they usually got an orange, and a stick of peppermint candy. One Christmas Uncle Andrew got a pocket knife. He dubbed it "Little Jack". It saved him from a whipping one day when Ma got after him. Uncle Andrew took refuge under the house. Ma, in hot pursuit, started under after him. Desperate, Uncle Andrew opened his knife and thrust the blade toward her. "Come another step," he said, "and I'll sock Little Jack in you, plumb up to the handle!" Ma always believed he meant exactly what he said.

Time Runs Out On Turniptown

There eventually came a time when "room" on the road gave out. There was no place for the young people to live and make a living. Some moved into Ellijay and found work; others were forced to move elsewhere. Cotton mills in Cherokee and surrounding counties offered jobs for mountain people. This was before child labor laws, and families with several children were given preference over smaller families. Both Thomas, and Pa, left Turniptown Road, and their children went to work at early ages. Uncle Andrew got a job as a sweeper. He was paid 10¢ a day: he was nine years old. For several years, Pa moved back and forth between the mountains and cities. In the spring he would take the smaller children back to Turniptown and make a crop, leaving the older children to board with relatives in the mill town. In the winter he would move back to the mill village.

The Last To Leave

After the death of her husband, John Painter, Margaret moved into the home of her son Andy in East Ellijay. She was the surviving child of John J. and Annie, and the last one to leave the road.

**Time Passes
But
Memories Live On**

As the older generation died, and the younger ones moved away, population on Turniptown decreased. Houses were left to tumble down, and were quickly swallowed by a dense growth of weeds and tangled vines. Trees and bushes sprang up to cover the scars left by plows in old abandoned fields. And the road itself changed. The old familiar bumps and rises have been smoothed and paved. Bridges span the creek fords in most places, and foot-logs that washed away long ago were never replaced.

Today, there are new homes, and new faces: intruders, strange and somehow out of place. Only one of John J.'s descendants, Fred Painter, is living on the road today. But, there are many reminders of a long ago time; the church with the cemetery sloping upward behind it, the homes where Enos Lanning and George Henson lived have survived almost unscathed. The creek still follows the same path, flows over the same rocks, pouring forth the same sounds and shadowed by the same everlasting mountains that sheltered John J. and Annie Lanning when they came to Turniptown 145 years ago.

Turniptown Baptist Church

Early Beginnings

The first church on Turniptown Road was a log building which set back in the woods just above the Lloyd Henson place. For many years this building served both Methodists and Baptists, and did triple duty as a school. In early 1900 J.T. Dewesse was the school teacher. Early baptisms of the church were held in two different places at different times. One baptizing place was on Stover Branch near John J. Lanning's place; the other was on Turniptown Creek a short distance from the present day church. The latter place was used until a few years ago when it was inundated by the entrance to a resort community, Walnut Mountain.

The early baptizings were not held the following Sunday of the week of revival as is done at the present time. Instead, they were held a month later following revival services. No reason is given for this delay in time except, "that's just the way they did it back then".

In 1851 Turniptown Church was organized. A man by the name of Dicks Hardin gave the land; five acres more or less, provided it be used for a church and cemetery. It was his request to be buried on the property, and is supposed to be the first person buried in the cemetery.

A few years ago the resort community that sprang up on the adjoining property, overstepped boundary lines and cleared an acre or so belonging to the church. Maggie Smith, a church member of long standing, knew where the property lines were and quickly let it be known. She stood firm against the invasion and a settlement was quickly reached. This settlement allows the new resort owners to maintain and keep cleared a portion of road frontage belonging to the church that joins the entrance to their property.

Revivals

Revivals at Turniptown were looked forward to with great concern and anticipation. It was time for renewals, and rebirths of the souls of Christians, backsliders and sinners. Crops were laid by, leaving the people on the road to go about the business of salvation. They met together joining hands in harmony and fellowship. Old wounds and grudges were soon forgiven; old sins washed away.

Church members prepared themselves to battle against the Devil. Before church services men and women would gather separately somewhere and have special prayer for a bountiful, and good, revival. A group of men, including Dolph Allred, got together in a good deacon's corn field on Turniptown one afternoon to have a special prayer before the

evening services. When they had finished praying they saw where their fervent zeal had "ruined that good man's corn patch!"

During revival time, early morning and evening, Turniptown Road would be filled with people on foot, and mules pulling wagons carrying families on their way to church. The mules would be tied to a tree in the church yard and given a bundle of fodder to eat while they waited for services to be over. At night, a lantern guided them along the dark mountain road home. Women folks would take a quilt to spread under a church bench for little children to lie down on when they got tired. Sometimes two or three children from the same family would be stretched out underneath a bench fast asleep. If the children cried a cold biscuit was a good, and effective, pacifier.

Larger children, who were too big for the quilt, got tired too; especially during a long nighttime service. They would find a vacant bench in the rear of the church and sleep fitfully with sounds of hellfire and brimstone, ringing in their ears. They stayed out of the way as much as they could during a "shouting meeting". Adults paid no mind to anyone, or anything, when they commenced shouting. One such person was Uncle Will Nabell. Mae Ghorley said, "When he got happy everybody got out of his way and whoever he hit, he might nigh paralyzed them."

An incident happened during a revival one time that will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. This incident caused much concern, and literally shook the souls of saint and sinner. It happened like this: The revival wasn't going very well at all. Nobody had joined the church, and nobody had been saved. The meetings were dead, spiritually cold. The pastor suggested a special prayer, and the congregation rose to the occasion. During the prayer, the pastor was heard above the other voices. He was praying, "Lord, if there is anyone ... anyone here in this congregation, that is a hindrance to this revival, we ask you to manifest it in some way!" At the exact moment he was praying these words, an oil lamp hanging from the rafters lost its moorings and fell. It fell on the head of a woman who was sitting underneath it. As the lamp fell, the flame ignited the oil, and the lamp exploded, burning the woman's face severely. For the rest of her life the woman wore scars from the burns. Although no one else was injured in the mishap, the experience left the people awed and frightened that this could have been an act of God, and not a coincidence to be taken lightly.

Another time during a revival service, a simple prayer taken from the Bible, showed what power it could do when given from the heart. Ma Lanning was a praying woman, but she was never known to pray aloud in public. One morning there was only a handful of people left after service to pray for the remaining sinners in need of prayer. None of these people were anymore experienced in praying aloud than, Ma. But, prayer was needed and, Ma was called upon to fill this need. She sat silent for a few seconds, not knowing how to begin. Finally she bowed her head, and in all humbleness and willingness, commenced to pray

"The Lord's Prayer". The impact of this age old prayer, and the sincerity in which it was offered, brought about the conversion of souls that morning.

The Devil Gets His Due

The devil sometimes walked among the people of Turniptown. This particular one lived on the road. He had a personal dislike for the church, and he also enjoyed playing with matches. So, he set the church building on fire and burned it to the ground. When the church was rebuilt again on the same spot, he simply burned that building down also. But, that wasn't enough that time. He went further, and walked across the church yard to the school house and burned that building down too.

Usually, when something happened out of the ordinary, a local poet would compose a song about it. This kept the event new and alive for many years. Ren Chastain wrote a song about the burning of the church and school. The second line in the first verse gives a strong clue to the identity of the culprit. It goes like this:

THERE WAS A MAN IN GILMER
WHOSE NAME IT WAS NOT SHORT.
HE BURNED THE CHURCH AND SCHOOLHOUSE
'CAUSE SATAN SAID HE "ORT".

Each time after the building was burned; another was rebuilt as quickly as possible. Bluford and Sarah Smith, the backbone of the church for many years, took the task of furnishing the last new building themselves. They worked hard and single-handed. They bought the lumber to build church furniture and paid for it themselves. When they needed a carpenter they sought the help of a good one, Tom Henson. Tom was indisposed at the time, but when the sheriff was informed he gave Tom permission to build the pulpit stand while he was a visitor of the county for a few days.

Backsliding

Tom was a good and dedicated church member, but sometimes he grew thirsty and couldn't help back-sliding. Prior to a revival once, Tom's sister, Maggie, got him to promise her faithfully he would stay "clean" while services were in progress. Tom promised. One night during a testimonial meeting Tom got up and testified. He made a good talk. When he sat down, Maggie was proud how he had not broken his promise. A few minutes passed, and Tom stood up again. Maggie began to get suspicious, and she held her breath. But, Tom gave another good talk, and sat down. Maggie thought maybe everything was all right. It was when Tom rose for the third time Maggie said she knew "he had fell by the wayside!"

Turniptown Church frowned on drinking, among other things, and publicly withdrew fellowship with an offender. To be reinstated, and

remain in good standing with the church, the guilty had to stand and publicly make acknowledgements before God, and fellow members. Old church records reveal many names of those who did this penance: Members of our family included.

Sometimes church members were hasty in pressing charges against a neighbor. In 1912 a few members of the church filed complaints against a relative. It was taken to county court where our relative was found "being of good repute", and the action dismissed.

Two Special Days

Two special days were, and still are, observed by the church. One is Communion Day. This day is set aside once a year to commemorate The Lord's Supper. It is an all day program with preaching in the morning followed by dinner on the grounds. In the afternoon the Lord's upper is held. Church members, who feel worthy to participate in this serious, and solemn, occasion, partake of unleavened bread and wine. Usually a deacon of the church and his wife provided both the bread, baked in a flat wafer from flour and water, and the wine. Store-bought crackers and grape juice were never substituted as a representation of the body and blood of Christ. The bread must be unleavened, and the wine fermented. If at all possible, the deacon made the wine himself, especially for the occasion. If not, then he usually knew someone who obliged.

After the bread and wine were blessed, those participating, washed the feet of a chosen member. This was done to show humbleness to Christ who himself had once stooped to wash the feet of His disciples. There was a time when, if a church member who ordinarily participated in Communion, refused to do so, it caused wonder and talk among church goers. Maybe a husband and wife had quarreled, or there were ill feelings against a neighbor, any number of things could be a reason for refusal. To take the bread and wine, and wash your neighbor's feet in a state of unworthiness, was sinful and an act of mockery.

Sometimes even an occasion such as this, would be marred by pathetic humor. As was the case of a preacher, whose sons on the morning of foot washing day at Turniptown, filled the proud old man's socks with soot from the fireplace chimney. Witnesses said, when he pulled off his socks to wash the feet of a neighbor, and saw what had happened, "he just hung his head".

The most anticipated day by the people on the road was Decoration Day. Relatives who had moved away from the road to the cities during the 1930's came "home" to be with kin and friends. Everyone brought flowers to decorate the graves of departed loved ones. Some of the flowers were store-bought, but many were made out of colored crepe paper. Some were more artistic than others; some flopped and fell apart at the touch of a gentle wind. But, they all served the same purpose; a show of love and respect for the dead.

After a short memorial service in the cemetery, and all graves were decorated, services resumed in the church. There would be singing, and preaching, until the noon hour when the services were interrupted for dinner on the grounds. Women would unload heavy boxes filled to the top with all kinds of home cooked foods. There were buckets of green beans, pones of cornbread, and biscuits filled with fried ham. Rough fare compared t the delicious cakes, puddings, and all kinds of delicious fruit pies. This was not a time for "pore do". And "pore do" was anything in the eyes of children besides something sweet and sandwiches. Small tow-head boys and girls advertently headed for the mountains of sandwiches and would almost inhale them. (It was undisputed that Nora Lanning always had the best banana sandwiches. She made them with plenty of banana!). The good women would have planned, and then cooked for two or three days in preparation for this all important day. They took great pride in their fancy cakes, platters of meat and beans swimming in pools of grease. They noticed if their food was eaten by the hungry crowd. To carry home an empty box, or basket, was a good sign their toil and trouble had not gone unnoticed.

After dinner was over, the folks would gather back inside the church and sing for a while. Those who didn't join in the singing stayed outside and visited with family and friends. Late in the afternoon when it came time to leave, there was always a touch of sadness that permeated the partings of loved ones. They knew, unless there was a death in the family, it would be another long year before they saw each other again. There would be hugs and kisses mingled with tears and goodbyes were said. As the cars rolled back down the valley road toward Ellijay, and home, the people on the road walked up the winding paths toward their homes filled with joy. They, like those who had just departed, would remember this day for a long time. And always, they began thinking and planning, "Come next year I'll"

Once Mae Ghorley told Daddy she would go to the reunion but she was sick and if they started that business about the 'parting hand' she was going to say; "We all know we must take the parting hand, but lets do not take it til we have to!"

Ministers In Service

The following are those connected to our family who at one time or another, served as pastor of Turniptown Church.

Rev. John Painter	Other ministers in our family:
Rev. Sam Allred	Rev. Lester Lanning
Rev. Edd Frady	Rev. V. M. Lanning, Sr.
Rev. Ralph Smith (Henson line)	Rev. Henry Edward Lanning
Rev. John Lloyd Smith (Henson line)	Rev. Frank Felton Lanning
Rev. Herbert Ashe	Rev. Edd Painter
Rev. Bluford Smith (Henson line)	Rev. Gaythor Painter
Rev. W. Luther Rackley	Rev. Hal Painter
	Rev. Tommy Davis
	Rev. Earl Weaver

Death And Burial Customs

Preparing The Body

For many years there was no funeral home in Ellijay. The nearest was in Blue Ridge, and to import an embalmer was costly. Few families could afford this service and it was seldom considered as a choice. When a funeral home eventually did open in Ellijay some families refused the art of body preservation on religious grounds. It was Ma Lanning's wish that she not be embalmed. Her reason: She wanted her body left in its natural state to return to dust as quickly as possible. This was in keeping with the Bible reference of "dust thou are, to dust thou shall return".

The task of preparing the dead fell to neighbors and kin. They went as soon as they got word, and they stayed until the body was buried. They sat up at night with the family so they were not alone in their grief. They assisted them in many ways; comforted them, grieved with them, furnished food, and did the household chores. These acts of kindness left the stricken family free to mourn their loss.

The first step in preparing the dead for burial was to bathe the body. If it was a female, or child, the women did this. If it was a male, the neighborhood men did it. After the body was bathed, it was placed on a board, or some hard surface, to help keep the body straight as rigor mortis began. These boards were called cooling boards. If a good wide board was not handy sometimes a door was taken off its hinges and used.

Coins were placed over the eyes to keep the lids closed. Nickels were most commonly used being the best size and weight. Some families in early times kept these coins in reserve. Chins were strapped to keep the jaw from slacking, and then a face cloth was cut. This cloth was dampened with camphor, and placed over the face.

Death Masks

Face clothes, sometimes called death masks, were small circles of white cloth. Aunt Vida said Aunt Becky was often called upon to cut these cloths on Turniptown Road. If it was a woman, Becky would cut the cloth fancy. If it was a man, then she would cut the cloth plain.

These circles of cloth were kept dampened with camphor to help keep the flesh from turning dark. Camphor also kept down the strong odor of decaying flesh. Later, a brand of perfume, Hoyt's, was used to help dispel odors.

Another use for these cloths, equally as important was, when the grave was being filled they offered protection for the face from dirt that sifted between the cracks in the loosely constructed coffin.

Coffins

After the body was measured, a coffin was built. A general store in Ellijay sold coffins, usually one size, out of a back room, but most of the time a family provided their own, especially in early years. Any good carpenter could build a coffin. In 1850, a carpenter by the name of Jones Smith, lived on Turniptown Road, and may have rendered this service to his neighbors.

Coffins were made from walnut, oak, or pine. Costs varied from \$25 - \$50 depending on size and workmanship. A description of an early coffin comes from Aunt Vida:

"These coffins were just plain boxes, and lined with black sateen" she said. "Sometimes, to pretty one up, the outside of the box would be covered with the same material. The lid was made from two wide boards. It was unHINGED and put aside until time came to take the body to the cemetery. Then the lid was put on and fastened down: It took eight screws."

Burial Clothes

Burial clothes were made at home. Older women sometimes made both her and her husband's burying clothes and had them ready when needed. Occasionally these outfits would be taken outside to be aired and sunned, then carefully packed away again. Having the clothes ready was some sort of consolation the person would be dressed properly. It also relieved kin and neighbors of this added burden. In very early deaths, the dead were wrapped in a shroud, or winding sheet.

Burial And Services

Burials usually did not take place for several days after a death. However, weather conditions, and how long it would take a distant relative to get word and come, had to be considered. On the morning of the funeral, neighborhood men would bring shovels and picks, and dig the grave. No grave was dug and left open overnight. To do so was considered bad luck. However, this seems to be an age-old superstition, still adhered to, by many in certain areas. It probably came about because the family cow, or some wild animal, might stumble into the grave during the night, thereby adding extra distress to the grief stricken family.

Funeral services were sometimes held in the home of the deceased, especially if the weather was rough, and the church some distance away. There were times when the pastor of the church lived in a distant town and couldn't come.

Even if the departed was not a church goer, he got the same respect as any member of the church. For a minister to conduct the service of a "lost sheep", or backsliding Christian, it both saddened and put a strain on the Good Shepherd. This man, who made a living by "the sweat

of his brow", tended his flock without pay, often sacrificing himself and his family, did what he could to render words of comfort to the bereaved. And he never complained.

Flowers

If flowers were in season they were used to decorate a new grave. Aunt Becky was artistic and made beautiful and fancy flowers out of colored crepe paper.

"But", Aunt Vida said, "These flowers were never used to decorate a new grave. They were saved and used only on Decoration Day at the church. Instead, if flowers were in season we would gather these and make bouquets. In winter when there were no flowers blooming, the women would gather branches of the green spruce and make wreaths."

Graves And Headstones

Graves were always dug east to west, and the corpse was buried to face the east. This was done, and still is in most cemeteries (Memorial Parks do not practice this custom), in accordance with the belief that on Resurrection Day the dead would be facing the direction in which the Lord would make his final appearance. After the grave was filled with dirt, stones were placed at the head and foot. Sometimes, though not always, the name of the deceased, and death date, was chiseled on the rough stone. Later, when money became more readily available, a store-bought stone of marble might replace the crude one.

Usually the deceased was buried in the church cemetery if there was one nearby. This was not always the case, however. Some early churches had no burying ground. Even so, some families chose to be buried on their own property. There may not have been a graveyard at Turniptown Church when John J. Lanning died in 1879. (Gravestones that are marked appear to be later than this year). George Henson buried two of his children on Elliot Branch, quite a distance off Turniptown Road. A neighbor, Bart Stewart, also buried one of his children at this place (see map). The property was probably owned by one of the two men.

The Family Cemetery

The area John J. Lanning chose for his burying place apparently was not the choice of but a few of the family. There are only nine graves on the mountain top, and the plot seems to have been abandoned after Miranda was buried there around 1929. The area is isolated and difficult to get to, and this may have been the reason it was rejected in favor of the church cemetery.

Following is a list of those buried in the Lanning Family cemetery.

John J. Lanning.....	born Feb. 5, 1814....	died July 7, 1879
Annie Finney Lanning.....	born Jan. 1825.....	died 1906-07
Susan Miranda Lanning.....	born Feb. 1850.....	died Dec 31, 1929
Joshua Thomas Lanning.....	born July 25, 1847...	died Mar. 12, 1918
Mary C. Stewart Lanning...	born Jan. 30, 1852...	died Oct 28,
Marion Thomas Lanning.....	born Sept.18, 1890...	died July 22, 1891
Painter Infant		
Painter Infant		
Johnny Painter.....	born 1908.....	died 1908

Marion Thomas was the son of Thomas and Mary. The two Painter infants were the children of John and Margaret Lanning Painter. Johnny Painter was the son of Andy and Violet Painter.

For several years the family cemetery was on property that had been sold to outsiders. Recently the grounds were deeded to, and are now the property of, the Lanning heirs. This generous gift was through the kind and courteous, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Pinson of Ellijay. The deed is recorded in the Gilmer County Courthouse.

Recent contributions have allowed stone markers to be placed at the graves of John J., Annie, and Miranda Lanning. Ray Ashe, great grandson of John J. incised the stones, and Bill Flowers and Tommy Dunn Placed them at the cemetery earlier this year (1980). Excess funds also enabled the purchase of additional markers for the two infants of Margaret Lanning Painter. The balance of the contributions has been deposited in the Bank of Ellijay to be used as upkeep on the cemetery.

Homecoming, and a Memorial Service, is held each year on the second Sunday in September at the family cemetery. All descendants of John J. and Annie Lanning are invited to attend.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE CEMETERY PROJECT

Frances Lanning Hardin	Imogene Nabell Brackett
Nora Lee Garner (d)	Tarleton Frady
Inez Lanning Griffin (d)	Annie Tatum
Harvey Lanning	Sarah Rogers Smith
Nathaniel Painter (d)	Minnie Hagin
Willa Mae Parks	Winfred Bradley
Maggie Teague	James Bradley
Brenda L. Cochran	Mae Frady Ghorley (d)
Betty Ruth Cook	Bobbie Jean Carroll
Mary Goble	Leon Lanning
Frankie Williams	Clarence Lanning (d)
Mrs. Noah Lanning (d)	Grady Lanning
Virginia Lanning Smith	Reba Lanning Cox
Mr. & Mrs. John Lanning, Jr.	V. M. Lanning, Jr.
Willard Lanning	Mrs. V. M. Lanning
Thelma Brackett	Augusta Lanning (d)
Lois Teems	Betty Messer Galloway
Ben Painter	William (Bill) Lanning (d)
Ruth DeFoor	Hazel Garner Dougherty
Rosa Lee Castleberry	

NOTE:

I am sure there are some left out or missed but I typed the list just as Margie had it in 1980. For those on this list, and for others who may have been missed or contributed later, the Lanning Family truly appreciates your generosity and kindness in the respect and honor of our ancestors.

[F. W. Griffin]

Mountain Medicine - Home Remedies

Medicinal Values

Long before the white settlers came to Turniptown, the Cherokee Indians were using the wild plants for medicinal purposes. Contact with the Indians gave early settlers knowledge of these plants and how to use them in treating different ailments. The mountain men and women learned to identify and use these plants in their daily lives. On the mountain sides and in the coves, mayapple, ginseng, yellowroot, mullien, and numerous other plants grew in abundance. Bark from certain trees was also used for medicinal purposes.

Ma Lanning learned to identify these wild plants and how to use them from her elders. On a brisk fall morning she would pick up a short handled hoe, and leave the house. She would be gone all day searching for roots, leaves, and certain kinds of bark. As she dug and collected she would fill her large apron. When the apron was filled she would return home, not before. The things she had gathered would be used for medicine to doctor her family during the cold winter days ahead. This home-made medicine was all she had, and it often spelled the difference between life and death.

Recipes from the roots, leaves, berries, and bark were mostly concocted as needed. Some were steeped in whiskey for several days. The whiskey was a preservative, and no mountain home was without a jug for medicinal purposes. It set in plain view in the home of the good preacher, and deacon, of the church. It was used for everything from snakebite to stomach trouble. Many children got their first taste of whiskey from the hands of their parents. Sweetened and watered down it probably saved the lives of many little ones who developed the dreaded child killer, pneumonia. One time when John Henson was bitten on the hand by a poisonous snake, whiskey was attributed to saving his life. No one could, or did, dispute the value of its usage as an important medicine.

Nature's Provision

Nature provides for her own, and one way to tell if a plant was poisonous or not was to see if an animal ever ate it. If the plant didn't harm the animal then it was assumed safe for human consumption.

Wounded and sick animals doctored themselves. Animals seem to possess a keen sense when it comes to survival, and early settlers learned much from their actions. Daddy remembered a pitiful scene he happened upon once that remained vivid in his memory until the day he died. One day while he was walking down Turniptown Road, he heard gun shots coming from up on the mountain above the road. Shortly, he heard the noise of an animal loping down the mountain side. When the animal reached the creek he heard it stop. When he got close enough to see what it was, he saw a black bear standing on the edge of the creek

bank. It was wounded and bleeding. In a life saving attempt to stop the flow of blood the bear was pulling fronds from green fern, and pressing them tight against its wounded breast.

Doctors

The people on Turniptown Road relied on the medicinal value of wild plants to cure their ills. Doctors were scarce and called only in severe and persistent cases. In the early 1900's Doctor Tankersly of Ellijay ministered to the people on the Road. He drove a buggy, and sometimes it took a long time for him to reach a patient. Sometimes the patient would be recovered, or dead, before he could get to them. There were no hospitals nearby, and no life saving techniques or miracle drugs as known today; had there been many lives could have been saved.

One time Ben Henson, who was working in a distant town, went home to visit his folks. Upon his arrival in Turniptown he complained of a pain in his side. In a short time the pain worsened and Doc. Tankersly was called. He diagnosed appendicitis, and advised Uncle Andrew Henson to take Ben to the Davis and Fincher Hospital (now Crawford W. Long) in Atlanta as quickly as possible. Ben was placed in a wagon and driven across the mountain to Northcutt and put on the morning train. By the time the train reached Atlanta, and Ben got to the hospital, it was too late. His appendix had ruptured and he died that night, a victim of the times. Ben was twenty one years old.

Daddy was with Uncle Andrew in the town of Ellijay at the only available phone that morning. Uncle Andrew had given enough time for the party to reach Atlanta and the hospital when he called to inquire. Whoever answered, bluntly informed him, "The undertaker is taking charge right now".

In the early 1900's residents of Turniptown Road use the services of a Gilmer County doctor quite freely. In an old doctor's ledger, dated 1910, we find where he administered to several of our relatives and their neighbors. The name of the doctor is unknown, but probably was Dr. Tankersly.

Oct. 10	Delivered a baby at the home of Asberry and Margaret Henson Charge \$10. Paid \$2. Bal. \$8. (A return visit from the doctor two days later cost Asbury \$5.
Oct. 11	Bail Rackley bought medicine for wife. Cost \$1.25
Oct. 12	Bill Rackley had the doctor make a house call for his wife and son. Visit \$5. Castor oil 10¢. (This sickness must have been pretty severe, for we find the doctor returning to the home on the 14 th , 16 th , 20 th , and again on Nov. 4 th and 6 th . Charge for each visit was \$5. In Nov., Bill himself was the patient. Charge for this visit, \$2.50.

Nov. 19	Andrew Henson got medicine for his wife, Candance. Cost 50¢.
Nov. 9, 1911	Lester Lanning purchased medicine for his wife. Cost \$1.00. The following day the doctor was called to the home when the patient showed no improvement. House visit, \$3.00.
Aug. 18, 1911	Asbury Henson paid \$4.75 on his bill with corn @ \$1.00 a bushel
1911	Pulled tooth for Bill Painter. Charge, 50¢.
July 1912	Sherman Henson's son was a patient. Over a period of nine days, the doctor visited the child four times. Total costs for medicine and visits, \$10.

Midwives

Children were born into the world assisted by the skilled hands of a midwife. Ma Lanning, and later Aunt Becky, administered to the needs of neighbor women on Turniptown. Their tools were a pair of sterilized scissors, a length of string, and a pair of kind and gentle hands. When a woman's time neared, they would go and stay as long as needed.

Sometimes a baby would come into the world without the assistance of a midwife, especially if there was little warning beforehand. When Uncle Asbury's daughter, Vida Coffey, gave birth one time, she was alone except for her small son. It was two miles over the mountain to where her husband was working, and she had no one to help her. The baby was born without complications, and Vida covered it up with a sheet so the little boy wouldn't see it. Then she called him to go for a neighbor. He said, "Mama, I heard a baby crying!" She pacified him by telling him hogs had gotten in the house, and were squealing.

Toughing It Out

Many pains and aches were simply ignored, or "toughed out". To grunt and complain showed a sign of weakness unbecoming to a tough and seasoned people. On one occasion, Uncle Andrew Lanning had a tooth that was killing him. He had tried all the old remedies he knew and none worked. He finally decided there was only one thing left to do: the tooth had to come out. Whether there was a dentist in Ellijay at the time, or, whether he simply did not want to walk the seven mile distance to town, is unknown. Anyway, Uncle Andrew felt like he could do what anybody else could, and he wasn't going to suffer a long walk to town. To stop the pain, Uncle Andrew took a fork and gouged out the troublesome tooth himself.

Medicinal Plants

Listed here are a limited number of the many well known plants that grew on Turniptown that were widely used to treat many maladies common to our forbearers. Some of these plants are still collected today and sold to out-of-state dealers. Dealers buy, trade, and sell these plants to pharmaceutical houses where they eventually wind up on the shelves of modern day drug stores in less recognizable forms. Some plants are now scarce and command high prices on today's market. Ginseng, the most sought after, brings from \$125.00 and up per pound. This plant, along with lady slipper, is now protected by law in National Forests. Both are almost extinct, and ruthless collectors have played a tremendous part in their destruction. Certain parts of the plants we have listed are POISONIOUS. An older generation knew the ones that were safe, and used them without fear. Without a thorough knowledge of any of them, we caution anyone against their usage.

For the bulk of this list we are indebted to Nathaniel Painter. Nathaniel spent much of his free time roaming the mountains and collecting plants. He is considered an authority when it comes to their identification and usage.

PLANT or ITEM	USAGE
GINSENG	The roots were boiled in water and given to babies for colic. Also, steeped in whiskey for a tonic.
PEACHTREE BARK	Used to stop vomiting. Scrape the inner bark in a downward motion. Make a tea and drink.
MULLEIN	For swelling. Bathe the swollen area with an infusion made from the leaves. Also used in cough medicine.
ELDER ROOT	For swelling in feet and legs. Boil the roots in water and bathe the swollen area. (Real good remedy)
CHESTNUT LEAVES	And roots. For making cough syrup. (Real Good)
BLACK GUNPOWDER & SWEET MILK	For poison ivy. Mix together.
RED PEPPER	Worn in shoes to keep feet warm.
JERUSALEM OAK SEED	For worms. An infusion, taken internally. [This compiler can testify to this - my mother Inez used it on her children religiously]
WILD GINGER	Roots steeped in whiskey for rheumatism.
JEWEL WEED	For poison oak. Bathe in an infusion made from the leaves
WITCH HAZEL	For sore mouth and stomach trouble. Chew the roots. Also steeped in whiskey and taken internally.
PINK ROOT	For worms in children. Boil roots in water and make a tea.
RATSBANE	For colds. Tea made from the roots.
BLACK HAW	Kidney and female disorders.
QUEEN OF THE MEADOW	For kidney and back trouble.

SISSY (Blue Grass)	A laxative
FEVER WEED	For poison oak and poison ivy. Bath afflicted area in an infusion made from the leaves.
BLACK SNAKE ROOT	For colds. Boil roots in water and make tea.
YELLOW ROOT	For sore mouth and stomach trouble. Chew roots. Also steep roots in whiskey and drink.
CATNIP	For babies. A tea to induce sleeping. Also, crush leaves and extract juice for a laxative.
POKEBERRY	For rheumatism. Make wine from the berries. Also, a salve made from the roots is good to heal certain skin disorders.
FAT SALT MEAT, or, SALT & MEAL	Make a poultice for risings.(Boils)
GREEN MOSS	For toothache.
BULL NETTLE	Make beads from the roots and worn by teething babies. Used also for toothache. Boil roots and make a tea to kill nerve in an aching tooth.
LOBELIA	Induce vomiting.
ROCK CANDY & WHISKEY	Steeped together for cough. (Real old remedy)
RED ALDER & WILD CHERRY BARK	Blood builder.
COLTSFOOT	For coughs.
LADY SLIPPER	For nerves. Also good for flu. Boil roots and make a tea to drink. (Real good)
SASSAFRAS	Tonic. Also good for fever.
HORNET NEST	For whooping cough. Make a tea.
MAYAPPLE	Laxative. Tea made from the roots.
COCKLE BURR	Tea for whooping cough. Also used to break out measles.
BURNT WHISKEY & BROWN SUGAR	For cough.
CORN BREAD CRUST	Burned black & soaked in water - to stop vomiting.
TOBACCO	Dampened and placed on an insect sting. Also, blow smoke in ear for earache.
BUTTERFLY WEED	For pleurisy.
MUTTON TALLOW	For chapped hands and lips.
COW MANURE	As a poultice for infection, especially from a rusty nail puncture in the foot.
RAMPS & GARLIC	Eaten to dispel worms.
BUCKEYE	Carried in pocket for rheumatism.
RED MUD	For sprains. Moisten red clay with vinegar and apply.
SHEEP or MUTTON TALLOW	For burns and scalds.
PENNYROYAL	For colic. Make a tea.
BLACKBERRY ROOTS	Drink the tea for diarrhea.
GROUND IVY	Make a tea for kidneys and bladder.

SNAKE OIL	Aunt Vida said snake oil would cure blindness. She told the story of how Ma Lanning had managed to put away some (obtained by rendering the fat down along the back). She had hid it in the crack of the house to keep the cat from getting it. One night she was trying to read the Bible and could not see. She tried to spin and couldn't see to do that either. Remembering the snake oil, she turned it up and put a drap in one of her eyes. She thought it would surely burn it out. Thinking one eye would be no good without the other one; she put a drap in too, and could see from that day on.
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Dye

Barks and parts of wild plants were used for dying homespun cloth - blankets, socks, clothing, etc. The following is a list of some of these plants and the colors they produced. To keep the colors colorfast a mordant of copperas was used during the dying process. (Copperas was the liquid obtained by soaking rusty scraps of iron in a tub of water for several days).

PLANT	COLOR
MAPLE BARK	Purple
HICKORY BARK	Yellow
DYE FLOWER	Yellow
HEMLOCK	Blue
BROOM STRAW	Dried, bright yellow
YELLOWROOT or YELLOWDOCK	Yellow
BLACK OAK BARK	Yellow
INDIGO	Blue
POKE BERRIES	Wine
ELDER BERRIES	Dull red
WALNUT HULLS	Brown (Ma Lanning used walnut hulls for a hair dye)

Songs Of A Mountain People

Music And Musicians

The emigration of young folks from the mountains of Turniptown to the city may have changed their lives but not their music. Old archaic words have been retained in their old songs with the same charm and beauty of the ancient Georgian mode that was handed down by their ancestors. Many of the old songs were homemade hand-me-downs that found their way down through mountain passes from early American stock of Irish, English, and Scotch.

Mountain mothers and fathers kept the old songs alive. Songs of love, faith, tragedy and scandal, were new each time they were sung. Each singer had his own way of injecting little twists and quivers into a note that would send chills running through you. Often there would be tears in the eyes of the singer when he finished an old ballad that told of some tragedy.

Mountain people needed these songs to match their emotions brought on by deaths and hardships. It is said, in song "they wore out their grief". They were a religious people and sang in the tradition of their ancestors. It is not uncommon for a religious song to bring church folks to their feet shouting. Not all songs were full of sadness and woe. Many were funny and ribald. Children sang the latter out of the ears of their elders.

Several descendants of John J. and Annie found pleasure, and profit, in singing. Tarlton Frady, grandson of Francis, sang bass with a male quartet, THE GOODYEAR FIVE, for several years. This group made many public appearances and had a radio program sponsored out of Atlanta. Tarlton said he began his singing career at an early age on coon hunts with daddy and Avery Henson. These hunts were an excuse, he said, to see who could sing the loudest. With wild beast for an audience Tarleton developed a high soprano. A voice change however, was death to the high notes, and Tarlton slid down the scale to become a deep bass.

Henry Edward Lanning, a grandson of Thomas, was a minister and began his singing career with his wife, Winnie Carswell Lanning. When daughters Wilma and Shirley were old enough to join them, they became a family quartet. They had a radio program on a local Dalton, Ga. Station. An old photograph of this family shows a professional and impressive looking family group.

Daddy followed singing all his life. He sang bass with several different groups. When the NORTH CANTON QUARTET was formed in the twenties, he was a charter member. This group recorded for Columbia Records. One recording of their most popular song, I WANT TO LIVE BEYOND THE GRAVE, has been revived in recent years. When this group disbanded he formed a family quartet. For many years, as children and

teenagers, we sang at public gatherings, singing conventions and funerals.

David Dougherty, a great grandson of Francis, played background music with the well known Stonemans for quite some time. He has made a career of music and at present is pursuing this interest.

There are others in the family who sang though not professionally. All of Uncle Lester's children were blessed with clear and beautiful voices. Once we were missing a member of our group for a funeral service and Pauline came to our rescue and blended so well no one noticed the difference. And, in a lighter vein, who can forget five-year-old Robert Frady's rendition of I LIKE MOUNTAIN MU IK! For five cents he would sing his heart out!

Space doesn't permit but a few songs handed down from Turniptown Road. Those included have been grouped into three sections, ballads, religious, and children-type that were often called "foolish" songs. We have chosen those we are more familiar with and heard most often. It is our hope that you will be interested enough to seek out someone who knows the beautiful and haunting music of these lyrics and have them sing the songs for you. We believe you will be rewarded.

WILL A MOTHER KNOW HER CHILDREN?

I HAVE A MOTHER UP IN Heaven
Tell on, tell me if you know
Will our mother know her children
When to glory they shall go?

Is she looking for those windows
While they roam from a far off shore
Will she know when they are going
Will she meet them at the door?

Is it wrong to hope to meet them
In that land so bright and fair
In that home way up in glory
Will our mother know us there?

Source: Essie Lanning Allred
 Recorded on tape in the early 1960's.

MOSE BANKS

My lovely son so dear to me, whose words were always kind:
A soldier was compelled to be, and leave us all behind.
His country called he did obey, but home was his delight,
With us no longer he could stay, which grieved me day and night.

Then Moses bid us all adieu, which filled my heart with pain,
A soldier's course he did pursue, he went with a campaign.
His cheeks with health did richly bloom, when sickness seized him fast
To drag his body to the tomb, where war and fighting past.

No mother there to raise his head, no father near his side,
No sisters round the dying bed, when lovely Moses died.
But thank the Lord he had a friend, in whom he could confide,
The blessed Saviour did descend, to be his Heavenly Guide.

In death he called his comrades near, and this he calmly said,
"The pains of death I do not fear, now all the terror fled.
Please tell my weeping parents dear, how calmly Christians die,
And for their son shed not one tear, for I' in Paradise."

"Tell them all things look so bright, no gloom hangs o're my head,
My heavenly Home is in my sight, here on my dying bed."
While he crossed cold Jordan's stream, the Saviour cleared the way,
Bright rays of light from Heaven did beam, to laminate the Day.

There among the silent dead, so calmly in his tomb,
The birds sing sweetly o're his head, and flowers round him bloom.
The wars may rage and death destroy, and nations all may die,
This can't molest my lonely boy, nor mar his home on high.

No volunteers are needed there, the battlefield to stain,
O, no it is the country where, eternal peace shall reign.
Sleep on dear Moses in the clay, til Christ shall bid you rise,
I'll meet you in the Judgment Day, and hail you in the skies.

Source: Gusta Lanning

The origin of this song is unknown. It is written on a piece of paper yellowed with age and dated, April 18, 1875. Research through old songs of Civil War vintage has failed to bring any light to this one. Gusta got her copy from Avery Henson.

NOTE -

Mose Banks lived in Gilmer County. His father Mose Banks, Sr., was a school teacher. Someone, perhaps the father who was talented enough, and as the first line of the song is addressed to "My lovely son" wrote this ballad himself.

MARY DOW

"Come in little stranger", I said,
As she knocked at my half open door
She said, "I have matches to sell
And sure I will do you no harm.

I asked, "What's your name, little girl?"
"It's Mary", she said, "Mary Dow."
And gently she tossed at a curl,
That played on her delicate brow.

"My father got lost on a ship.
A ship that never reached shore,
And mother is sad, and does weep,
To hear the wind blow and sea roar.

She sits there at home, without food,
Beside poor Willy's sick bed.
She paid all her money for wood,
And now I sell matches for bread.

I go to the yard to pick up chips.
It makes me feel sad
To hear the men building on ships,
And think they had made one so bad.

A penny a bunch is the price,
I think you'll not find it too much
They're tied up so even and nice,
And ready to light at a touch.

So if I can only sell
The matches I brought out today,
I think I shall do very well
And we shall rejoice at the pay."

Source: Noah Lanning

Daddy sang this song many times to us when we were children. It is one of the sad songs that have a woeful sound that often brought tears. The only printed version I have been able to find is in an old McGuffey reader. Evidently it originated as a poem and was later set to music.

LITTLE LOST CHILD

Come (at)tention people for a while,
And hear the story of this child
It has been gone for several days,
But since we heard it has been found.

Some person found some of its clothes,
That it had lost they did suppose.
Way down in yonder swamp you see
Yes, there the little infant lay.

They first beheld its little head,
And the beheld its dying bed.
"Have mercy, Lord!" Its mother cried.
"The buzzards have pecked out its eyes!"

Its little lips were eaten off.
Its little teeth were white as chalk.
Its little tender breast was torn.
Its little soul to Christ has gone.

According to the legend of this story, a small child followed its mother, unknowingly, across a mountain where she had gone to wash clothes. It got lost and for several days the search was widely spread throughout the tangled wilds of the mountains. People came for miles to aid in the search. Daddy heard the song from his mother who said her father, Lloyd Henson loaned his horse to help in the search. After a three day search the child was found dead, its little body mangled by wild beasts and birds. Over the years parts of the song were forgotten. A few years ago I happened to ask Vernie if he remembered it. He did and sang it the way it is written here. The second word in the song is sung minus the first two letters.

**LORD THOMAS AND FAIR ELLEANOR
(THE BROWN GIRL)**

"Oh, mother, oh mother, oh mother," said he
What will you advise me to do?
Would you advise me to marry Fair Elleanor
Or bring the Brown girl home?"

"The brown girl she has house and lands,
Fair Elleanor she has none
Therefore my son I will advise
Bring the brown girl home."

He rode up to Fair Elleanor's gate
And knocked the bell it rang,
No one so ready as Elleanor herself
Fair Elleanor herself did come.

"What news, what news, what news," she said.
"What news you brought to me?"
I've come to invite you to my wedding
For tomorrow it shall be.

"Bad news, bad news," she said.
"Bad news you brought to me
For I intended for to be the bride
And you to be the groom."

"Oh, mother, oh mother, oh mother," she said.
"What will you advise me do?
Will you advise me to go to his wedding
Or tarry all day at home?"

"Ten thousands of his friends will be there
Ten thousand of his foes,
Therefore my daughter I will advise
You to tarry all day at home."

But she dressed herself in silks and satins
And in a veil of green
And in every city that she passed through
Was taken to be a queen.

She rode up to Lord Thomas' gate
She knocked the bell it rang
No one so ready as Thomas himself
Lord Thomas himself did come.

He took her by the lily white hand
And led her through the hall
He set her down by the bride's left side
Among the ladies all.

"Oh, Thomas, oh Thomas, oh Thomas," she said.
"Your bride looks wonderfully brown.
When you once could marry as fair a girl
As ever the sun shined on."

"I know myself." Lord Thomas he said.
"That she is wonderfully brown.
And I have more love for your little finger
Than the brown girl's house and land."

The brown girl she had a little pen knife
Was most keen and sharp,
She turned around to fair Elleanor
And pierced it into her heart.

"What's matter, what's matter, what's matter," said he.
"What makes you look so pale?
When you once did look of a rosy red
But now your color's pale."

"Are you blind, are you blind, are you blind?" said she.
"Or don't you very well tell?
Or can't you see my own heart's blood
A-trinkling down from me?"

He took the brown girl by the hand
And he led her through the hall
He cut her head off neat and short
And kicked it against the wall.

"Oh, boys, oh boys, go dig my grave
And dig it wide and deep.
Place Fair Elleanor in my arms
And the brown girl at my feet.

"Oh, boys, oh boys go dig my grave
And paint my coffin black.
Place Fair Elleanor in my arms
And the brown girl at my back."

Source: Dora Pendly Henson
This song was recorded on tape in the early 1960's.

LITTLE MATTHEY GROVE

(1)

Little Pacy Foot was standing by
And he took to his heels and he run
He run till he came to the broad waters side
And he bowed his breast and he swum, swum,
He bowed his breast and he swum.

He run til he came to King Henry's gate
He rung the bell and it rung
He run till he came to King Henry's gate
He rattled the bell and it rung, rung
He rattled the bell and it rung.

"Little Pacy Foot what is the news,
What is the news to me?"
"I've come to tell you Little Matthey Grove's
In bed with your lady, in bed with your lady."

"If this be the truth you've told to me,
If this be the truth you see,
I have but one daughter in this wide world
And your wedded wife she'll be, be
Your wedded wife she'll be."

"But if this be a lie you've told to me
As I suppose it might be
You see that gallows on yonder tree
And hang-ed you will be, be
And hang-ed you will be."

There was a man in his company
Who knew Little Matthey well
He placed his bugle to his mouth
And blowed it loud and shrill, shrill
He blowed it loud and shrill.

Get up, get up Little Daily Gaye,
Get up get on your clothes,
I know by the sound of the trumpet
Old Dan'll's coming home, home
Old Dan'll's coming home!

"Lie still, lie still Little Matthey Grove
And keep me from the cold.
That's only my father's shepherd boy
A-blowing the sheep from the fold, fold
A-blowing the sheep from the fold."

First he fell to hugging her up
And then he fell to sleep
The next time Little Matthey work
Old Dan'll was at his feet, feet
Old Dan'll was at his feet.

"Get up, get up Little Matthey Grove
Get up put on your clothes
I never want it told in Old England
That a naked man I slew, slew
That a naked man I slew."

"I can't get up, I can't get up
I can't get up for my life,
I see that you've got two bright swords
And I ain't got nary knife, knife
I ain't got nary knife."

"If you see I've got two bright swords
You may have the best,
You may strike the very first lick
And I will strike the next, next
I will strike the next."

The very first lick Little Matthey struck
He wounded Old Dan'll sore
But the very first lick Old Dan'll struck
Little Matthey couldn't strike no more, no more
Little Matthey couldn't strike no more.

"Get up, get up Little Daily Gaye
Come set upon my knee
Tell me which you love the best
Little Matthey Grove or me, me
Little Matthey Grove or me."

"Very well, I like your head," she said.
"Very well I like your chin.
But it's much better I like Little Matthey Grove
Than you and all your kin, kin
Than you and all your kin."

Then he took her by her lily white hand
And led her down the hall.
And with his sword he cut off her head
And kicked it against the wall, wall
He kicked it against the wall.

Source: When I was a child I heard only portions of this song. It was only after I was "grown up" that daddy sang it in its entirety. And he only sang it once!

LITTLE FAIR MISS

Little Fair Miss all in the garden
A strange young man came riding by
He quickly stopped; it was for to view her,
Saying, "Kind Miss, won't you marry me?"

"I have a true love out on the ocean
He has been gone for seven years long
And seven years make a moderation
And seven more makes none to me."

"Perhaps your true love has got drown-ded
Perhaps he's on some battlefield slain
Perhaps he found some fair girl and married
His face you'll never see again."

"If he's drown-ded I hope he's happy
Or if he's on some battlefield slain
Or if he's found some fair girl and married
I love the girl that married him."

He run his hand all in his pocket
His fingers being neat and small
He pulled out the ring for her finger
Straight down before him she did fall.

He picked her up all in his ar-rams
He gave her kisses two by three
Saying, "here's your poor single soldier
Returning home to marry thee."

Sung by Ruby Henson who learned it from her grandfather Lloyd Henson.
It tells the story of a boy coming home from a long trip of wandering.
His sweetheart, forever given up the hope of seeing him again, failed
to recognize him.

THE MERRY GOLDEN TREE

There was a little boy all around with the rest
Saying, "Captain, oh Captain, what will you give to me
If I sink her in the low, the lonesome low,
If I sink her in the lonesome sea?"

"I'll give you money I'll give you a fee
And my oldest daughter I shall marry unto thee
If you'll sink her in the low, the lonesome low,
If you'll sink her in the lonesome sea."

He had a little tool just made for the use
And he popped nine holes in her hull all at once
And he sunk her in the low, the lonesome low
He sunk her in the lonesome sea.

He bowed his breast and down went he
And he bid farewell to the Merry Golden Tree
And he sunk her in the low, the lonesome low
And he sunk her in the lonesome sea.

This is a story of a little boy who asked his captain to let him try to sink the enemy's ship. The captain said he could try, and if he was successful he would reward him with riches including his daughter in marriage. After the little boy had sunk the ship the captain refused to let him back on board and the boy drowned. There are several verses to this song, but these are the only ones daddy ever sang. Usually he would explain parts of the song orally.

THREE LITTLE BABES

There was a lady, a lady gay
Three fine sons had she
She sent them away to a north country
To gain some high degree.

They'd only been gone but a very short time
About a year and a day
When death, swift death, came a hastening along
And took her sons away.

It was about Old Christmas Time (1)
The nights were cold and clear
She looked and saw her three young babes
Come walking home to her.

She spread them a table with a clean white cloth
On it she placed bread and wine,
Come eat, come drink, by three little babes.
Come eat and drink of mine.

She made them a bed in their own back room
On it she spread clean white sheets
She covered them up with a cloth of gold
That they might go to sleep.

Wake up, wake up! Cried the oldest one
The birds are singing for day
Our Saviour dear, is a-calling loud
And we must go away.

Cold clay, cold clay, lies o'er our heads
Green grass grows at our feet
Mother dear, the tears you shed
Will wet our winding sheet.

(1) Old Christmas comes on January 6. It is believed it took the three wise men from December 25 to this time to reach the birth place of Jesus. Many homes still celebrate this day although not as common as at one time.

Source: Gusta furnished portions of this ballad.

THE BLIND MAN'S SONG

Dear friends I'm blind have been so long,
My life is very sad.
If I could only see once more
My life would be so glad.

But friends, alas, this cannot be
On earth I'll never see light.
But feel my way from place to place
To me it's always night.

There is a time so I've been told
The blind shall see their way
The lame shall walk, the deaf shall hear
On that great Rising Day.

Now when you've heard my song sung through
Before you turn to leave.
Remember that it's more bless-ed
To give than receive.

Daddy heard a blind man singing this song on the streets of
Chattanooga in 1914. Note the appeal in the last verse of a blind man
who had turned his misfortune to his own gain.

BRIGHT MORNING STARS ARE RISING

Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
Bright morning stars are rising
There is a breaking in my soul.

Oh, where is my dear mother?
Oh, where is my dear mother?
Oh, where is my dear mother?
There is a breaking in my soul.

She's gone to meet the Saviour
She's gone to meet the Saviour
She's gone to meet the Saviour
There is a breaking in my soul.

She's gone to Heaven shouting
She's gone to Heaven shouting
She's gone to Heaven shouting
There is a breaking in my soul.

This is an old continuing-type song. After mother, came father, then children, etc. It was often sung in Turniptown Church revivals unaccompanied.

WAY OVER IN THAT NEW BRIGHT WORLD

I have a mother who is gone, is gone
I have a mother who is gone, is gone
And I hope some day we'll all get there
Way over in that new bright world.

The heavenly light is shining on me, on me
The heavenly light is shining on me, on me
The heavenly light is shining on me, on me
Way over in that new bright world.

Turniptown Church Congregation song - This is another continuing song, substituting father, sister, brother, etc. for mother. The following is another example:

Father's got a home, home, home
Father's got a home, sweet home
Father's got a home sweet home, Lord
I want to join the angels beautiful home.

POOR LITTLE ESSIE

Poor little Essie was a going a-long
A-singing her pretty little song.
She looked upon a hill so high
And there she seen that beg bear's eyes.

Poor little Essie began to think
And that big eye began to wink.
Poor little Essie started to run
And after her that beg bear come ... SCRUNCH! ...SCRUNCH!

An original song made up by Lester Lanning for his daughter, Essie
(Allred) when she was a child.

LORD, LORD, LITTLE BETTY ANN

Lord, Lord, little Betty Ann
Lord, Lord, I say
Lord, Lord, little Betty Ann
One more night and day.

Wish I was an apple a hanging on a tree
Every time a pretty girl passed
She'd take a bite of me.

Wish I had a needle as fine as I could sew
I'd sew that pretty girl to my side
And down the road we'd go.

Lord, Lord, little Betty Ann
Lord, Lord, I say
Lord, Lord, little Betty Ann
One more night and day.

Source: Vernie Lanning
Daddy said this was one song Pa Lanning forbid them to sing
in his presence, and daddy wouldn't sing it for me. Vernie obliged.

WHO KILLED TOMMY ROBIN

Who killed Tommy Robin? Who killed Tommy Robin?
Me, said the sparrow with my little bow and arrow
It was I, it was I oh, it was I.

Who saw him die? Who saw him die?
Me, said the fly with my little sticking eye
It was I, it was I oh, it was I.

Who caught his blood? Who caught his blood?
Me, said the fish in a little silver dish
It was I, it was I oh, it was I.

Who dug his grave? Who dug his grave?
Me, said the crow with my little grubbing hoe
It was I, it was I oh, it was I.

Who hauled him there? Who hauled him there?
Me, said the lark with my little horse and cart
It was I, it was I oh, it was I.

Who let him down? Who let him down?
Me, said the crane with my little golden chain
It was I, it was I oh, it was I.

Who covered him up? Who covered him up?
Me, said the duck with my little paddle foot
It was I, it was I oh, it was I.

Source: Ma Lanning

GROUND HOG

Two in the rocks, one in the log
Two in the rocks, one in the log
Heard him whistle and I know it's a hog
Ground Hog

Took him home, tanned his hide
Took him home tanned his hide
Made the best shoe strings ever was tied
Ground Hog

Whatcha gonna do with the old sow's ear
Whatcha gonna do with the old sow's ear
Make the best jews harp you ever did hear
Ground Hog

Whatcha gonna do with the old sow's jaw
Whatcha gonna do with the old sow's jaw
Make the best crosscut that ever did saw
Ground Hog

Whatcha gonna do with the old sow's tail
Whatcha gonna do with the old sow's tail
Make the best sail boat that ever did sail
Ground Hog

Come here Sal, come here quick
Come here Sal, come here quick
Believe this whistle pig's making me sick
Ground Hog

Little piece of cornbread lying on the shelf
Little piece of cornbread lying on the shelf
If you want any more you can sing it yourself
Ground Hog

Here comes Sal, snigger and a grin
Here comes Sal, snigger and a grin
Ground hog gravy all over her chin
Ground Hog

Source: Daddy (Noah Richard Lanning)

FROGGY WENT A COURTIN

Froggy went a courting he did ride, uh hum
Froggy went a courting he did ride
Sword and pistol by his side, uh hum.

He rode up to Miss Mousie's door, uh hum
He rode up to Miss Mousie's door
Hit it so hard he made it roar, uh hum.

He took Miss Mousie on his knee, uh hum
He took Miss Mousie on his knee
Said, "Miss Mousie won't you marry me? Uh hum.

She said before she could answer that, uh hum
She said before she could answer that
She'd have to ask her uncle Rat, uh hum.

Where will the wedding supper be? Uh hum
Where will the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder in a hollow tree, uh hum.

Froggy came swimming across the lake, uh hum
Froggy came swimming across the lake
He was swallowed by a big black snake! Uh hum.

Source: Ma Lanning

Stories And Tales From The Mountains

The stories contained here are written as they were told, using the language of the mountain people.

WHEN I AM ABSENT FROM THIS PLACE

AND NUMBERED WITH THE DEAD

REMEMBER YOU HAVE SEEN MY FACE

AND HEARD THE WORDS I'VE SAID.

Signed,

N.R. Lanning

Copied from the flyleaf of an old book, WAR ON WHITE SLAVERY, (a story of wayward girls) that Essie Lanning gave to Nora Lee Lanning in 1916.

A Man Called Fate

Fate was crippled, and didn't have too much sense along with it. One time, there was this revival meeting going on at the church. Now, everybody was getting up to testify, it was a good meeting, too. Then, all at once, Fate hopped up and asked folks to "Pray for JESUS!"

Another time, when folks were giving testimonials ... telling what the Lord had done for them ... Fate rose, all humped up - he was crippled you know - and said, "You can very well see what He's done for me!"

Uncle Will Nabell & The Rattlesnake

Uncle Will was bitten by a rattle snake one time and nearly died. From then on he was deathly afraid of even the harmless kind. One night when he was going up the hollow toward home he saw a snake, coiled and ready to strike. He quickly cut a long stick to kill it with. He started thrashing it, and had beat it all to giblets before he found out the "snake" wasn't nothing more than a big cowpile!

The Blind Man & The Mourners

There was a man that lived near us who had the biggest feet anybody ever had. During revival service one summer he went up for prayer. He was down in the floor praying when this blind man got down on his knees beside him to help pray for him and the others gathered there.

Now the blind man couldn't see, and he kept stroking this man's big feet. He was praying, and begging the Lord to "save these two little boys!"

The Man Who Liked Butter

One time these folks had company for supper ... a man. Butter was scarce, and it was so high you could hardly afford it. But, the woman of the house wanted to "put on the dog" a little in front of this visitor. So, that night at the supper table, she put a whole pound of butter on the table. She told the kids, before they sat down, to take just a little butter, and "the man will, too."

When the butter was passed the visitor helped himself to half of the pound. This made the woman mad! But, she didn't say anything.

They watched him while he ate ... the woman got madder and more aggravated. Finally, she couldn't stand it any longer, so she started complaining ... how expensive butter was, etc. She said to the man, "Why, do you know butter is a dollar a pound?"

"Yes, mam!" he said; "And worth every dime of it, too!" Then he reached over and forked up the other half!

The Woman Who Prayed For Peace

One time when revival was going on at Turniptown there was a bunch of boys fighting and carrying on down at the spring below the church. A woman who had started to meeting had to go some distance around the boys because she was scared to go up the trail past them.

When the woman finally got to the meeting house folks were already having a testimonial meeting ... you know, asking Jesus for things. As the woman stepped through the door, she threw up both hands and hollered, "Peace! Peace! That's what I pray for! I'd rather have PEACE than all the fusion in the world!"

Source:

Ruby Henson

Bank Robbery In Ellijay

Source: Andy Painter (1950's)

"Back when I was little, just a growing up, robbers robbed the Ellijay Bank. The law got after them so fast and so bad, they buried the money one mile east of town, and lit out."

The law kept looking for them for a long time, but couldn't catch them. When finally the search was given up the robbers couldn't remember exactly where they had buried the money. "One of the robbers died, and the other one went crazy looking for the money," Andy said. "They never did find it. I reckon it's still where they buried it; One mile east of Ellijay."

An eye witness to this bank robbery was Grandma Painter. She said on the morning it took place, the robbers came into the boarding house on the street in Ellijay, sat down at a table and ordered their breakfast. They put their saddle bags containing the money down on the floor at their feet. They ate their breakfast calmly, and then left.

A mile east of Ellijay, with the law hot on their trail by this time, they quickly buried the money. They selected a spot above high water marks. Underneath a flat rock they swiftly dug a hole. They spread a flannel shirt down on the ground and piled the gold and silver coins on it. Another flannel shirt was spread over the stolen loot, dirt was then thrown over it all and the big rock put back in place.

People have searched for this stolen money for many years. If it was ever recovered, no one knows about it.

Mr. Gunter & Brother Wilson

Mr. Gunter and Brother Wilson were old men. They were both hard of hearing.

One time at church, it hadn't been built long, there was a Conference meeting. Everything suddenly got quiet ... you could hear a pin drop. It was right then that Brother Wilson turned to Mr. Gunter and said ... out loud, "Brother Gunter, lets me and you go out the door and -----!"

Source:

Aunt Vida, who was at the church and heard Brother Wilson's invitation.

Sleeping In Church

Sometimes church services grew long and tiresome to the elderly. Whether this was the reason or not, one day an old man fell asleep during a morning service. When he awoke suddenly, he turned to the neighbor sitting beside him, and greeted him with a loud, "Good morning John!"

The Whitaker Baby

Their name was Whitaker ... a man, his wife, and two children. They had a big fat hog. They farmed, and Mrs. Whitaker had to go to the field, too. One of the children was little, and Mrs. Whitaker would take a quilt to the field with her to lay the baby on while she worked.

One day, when Mrs. Whitaker had hoed a way off down in the field, she heard the baby cry ... it was laying on the quilt. She looked, and saw it was the big fat hog ... it had the baby by its back and it was doing something to it ... it was eating it. Well, before her, or Mr. Whitaker, could get to where the baby was the hog ran off. It had might nigh eaten all of the baby.

Mr. Whitaker went to the house and got his gun. He killed the hog. Then he took the hog and buried it ... I reckon he had to bury it ... it eating the baby and all.

Source:

Aunt Vida told this as a true story that happened on Turniptown Road. She said she knew the family.

A Ghost And Uncle Lester

"When I was eight years old, Uncle Lester lived up on Turniptown Road. As you know, it was dark in the mountains at night ... no lights on the road ... the houses far apart.

One evening Uncle Lester went to town to buy outing to make underclothes for the children. When he started home, he put the bolt of cloth up on the horse behind him. It was getting late and going up the dark mountain road, the horse began acting frightened. Uncle Lester looked back to see what was the matter, and saw something white following him! He prodded the horse to go faster. In a few minutes he looked back again. The white thing was still following him, only this time it was larger! Uncle Lester forced the horse to go still faster. Finally he got home and when he got off the horse he saw what the "ghost" was. It was the bolt of white outing, now completely unrolled, strung all down the road behind him!"

Source:

Rosa Lee Castleberry

A Mysterious Death

Ust to, folks here in the North Georgia Mountains, let their cattle roam ... cows, sheep, hogs, ... and they had a certain place in the woods where they'd go call em up to feed em. They'd feed em along about sundown or dark ... every day.

One day, this woman ... she lived on across the mountains ... went to call up their stock and she carried some corn with her.

It got dark and she didn't come home. Her folks got worried ... the woman was bigged (1) ... and they went to see about her. They soon found where she had fed the stock ... cobs were laying all around where the hogs had eat the corn ... but, the woman was gone. They started searching ... called in the neighbors to help.

Sometime that night they found her ... way off in the woods. She had been ripped all to pieces by something with sharp claws. Some thought a wildcat killed her ... others thought it was a painter."

(1) pregnant

Source:

Aunt Vida

Andrew Henson & The Little White Lamb

"Somebody had burned our church ... twice. So, the deacons started taking it night about guarding ... seeing if they could catch whoever it was that was setting it on fire.

This particular night, grandpa had watched, and when it got just about daylight he started home. He lived about three miles from the church. As he was walking along down the road, he heard something following him. He turned around to look, and there ... across the road from him was a little white lamb ... trotting along with its feet just above the ground ... never touching the ground. Grandpa said he knew then the church would never burn again ... that the lamb was a sign of this."

Source:

Geneva Henson Dupree, grand daughter of Andrew. (Uncle Andrew was a deacon of Mt. Calvary Church). After this incident happened, somebody did try to burn the church again. They poured kerosene in the A-women's corner then set it afire. The fire charred the floor, then went out.

The Traveler And The Sweet Potato

A traveling man stopped at a farmhouse to spend the night. It had been raining.

For supper that night, the family didn't have a thing to eat on the table except baked sweet potatoes. Now, you know how hard they are to swallow. Well, the traveling man was from the city, and he didn't know they ain't but one safe way to eat baked potatoes ... that's SLOW!

Well, he was hungry, and he commenced eating one potato right after another ... wolfing them down ... like he had never had any before. Then, all at once, he got choked. He began gapeing for breath and begging for water. There wasn't any water ... the kids had forgot to bring any from the spring, and the water bucket was empty!

When the man saw there wasn't any water, he begged and cried: "Then gimme a little of that MUD at the door!"

Uncle Will's Vision

Prior to the death of his first child, Uncle Will Nabell had never united with a church. One night, a short while after the baby died, and after the family had moved to Canton, revival services were going on at Riverdale Church. Aunt Becky begged, but failed in her efforts to get Uncle Will to go to church with her. He always had an excuse; "I'm too tired", or "I don't feel good." Aunt Becky would go on alone, leaving him at home by himself.

The house they lived in was so near the church Uncle Will could hear the congregation singing. One night he sat on the front porch, smoking his pipe, and listening to the singing for awhile. Finally, he got up, went inside and went to bed. While lying in bed "looking through the dark", he thought about Aunt Becky going to church, "and me not going with her", when a small form floated through the open window of the room. The form was in the appearance of his dead baby. Uncle Will said, "The form floated around, circling the room, then went back out the window".

Uncle Will was at church the next night, and from then on. He made a shouting Christian. He always felt and believed, the Lord took his baby as a punishment to him.

Source:

Mae Frady Ghorley

The Shadow Dog

The shadow dog story was given to Lawrence Stanley by Ralph Painter before his death. Other members of the Painter family have verified the story.

It seems this "ghost" dog has been seen on Turniptown Road by many people over a period of several years. Ralph, himself, saw it at three different times. On one occasion Ralph and his brother had started down the Road before good day light. They were driving a horse drawn buggy. When they reached the Old Bart Stewart Bridge they saw the shadow of a dog coming up the hill. Thinking it was their dog following them, one of the brothers threw a stick of wood at it. The stick just went through the dog and it kept on going!

Another time the dog was seen, Ralph and his brother, Bob, were walking along the road one night when the shadow dog appeared. It ran right between the two men.

It is said the dog was never seen beyond "Tater Hill". Some think there may be a connection between the dog and this hill, if perhaps it is an Indian Mound as some people believe.

Mr. Stanley found many witnesses who saw this shadow dog although he seems to be skeptical that it is a ghost dog. He tends to think it was a rare grey, almost white, wolf, that once inhabited the mountains of Gilmer. If this animal were of flesh and blood it raises a couple of questions. How did a stick pass through the body and why were there never any tracks or other signs of the animal?

An Old Folktale

Three men were going on a journey. They were on horseback. The weather was bad and they began looking for a place to spend the night. They came to a house and asked for lodging. The man said there wasn't any room in the house, but he had an old building where they could sleep.

It was storming; the wind was blowing, so they built a fire. Soon, a black cat came down the chimney. It pawed at the men, and then ran back up the chimney. It did this two or three times, and finally one of the men grabbed the cat and cut off three of its toes with his pocket knife. The cat didn't bother them anymore that night.

The next morning when they got ready to leave, they went to the man's house to thank him for letting them spend the night. They noticed one of his wife's hands was all bandaged up. So, they asked the man what happened. He told them, "Ah, she had a little accident last night ... lost three of her fingers." The men knew then who the cat was. The woman was a witch.

Source: Geneva Henson Dupree who heard her grandfather, Andrew Henson, tell the story many times.

Aunt Miranda And The Painter (1)

"This is sure enough so", Aunt Sally said.

"One day Aunt Miranda had been to a neighbors across the mountain to help them kill hogs. She stayed all day and it was getting dusky dark when she started home. She was riding a horse. When she got about halfway home a painter started following her.

The neighbors had given Aunt Miranda a mess of fresh meat and she figured that was what the painter was after. So, she threw down a piece of the meat. The painter stopped to eat the meat ... then it started after her again. Aunt Miranda threw down another piece of meat ... then some more until there wasn't any more meat left. The painter kept following, so she finally threw down her bloody apron ... that's what she had wrapped the meat in. The painter tore that apron all to pieces! It still came on!

Aunt Miranda still wasn't near home, and she didn't have anything left to throw to the painter except her clothes. So, she pulled off her dress ... the painter tore it up. She pulled off something else. She kept pulling off her clothes until she finally reached the gate to the yard in front of her house. By this time Aunt Miranda didn't have nothing on but her drawers!"

(1) Painter ... a member of the cat family - usually black.

Source:

Aunt Sally Frady, who said this happened, and we believe it!

A Painter Story

This family lived up on the mountain. There was a man, and a woman, and several small children. One day the man went off for something. When it got dark he hadn't come home. When he still hadn't come home at bedtime, the woman hung a quilt over the door opening ... they didn't have a door to close ... and pushed the sewing machine against the quilt ... this was to keep out dogs and such.

They went to bed. Way long after a while, the woman heard something holler. She thought it was her man coming home, so she got up and answered.

It called again ... this time a little nearer. It didn't sound much like her husbands voice; it sounded more like a woman. But, she answered it anyway. The voice answered her back ... this time still closer ... just down in the corn patch. She got scared and didn't answer it that time. She sat up all night.

The next morning when her husband got home she asked, "Did you call me last night?"

He said, "No."

She said, "Yes, you did! I heard you!"

He said he didn't either.

They went down to the corn patch and there in the soft ground were the tracks of a big painter. The woman said if she had kept answering it, it would have done she didn't know what!

Early Land Transactions On Turniptown Road

Original land lots contained 160 acres. Most of the following sales and purchases were for portions cut off the original lot.

YEAR	TRANSACTION
	Alston and Phoebe Painter owned at one time lots # 17, # 20, # 53, and # 62 in the 11 th Dist.
	Bail Rackley lived on lot # 303 7 th Dist.
	George Henson lived on lot # 1 6 th Dist.
	Richard Rackley lived on lot # 63 6 th Dist.
1854	Alston Painter sold to William McMilton lot # 62 11 th Dist. 4763 sq. ft. on Turn Pike Road of # 5 in Ellijay town. \$100
1864	John J. Lanning bought 120 acres from William Pritchett for \$150. Land lot 320 7 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1868	James Dunn sold 30 acres off # 39 and 40 acres off # 40 to John Elliot for \$200. 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.

1869	William Pritchett sold to Lloyd Henson lot # 34 containing 160 acres for \$120.
1873	John J. Lanning bought 160 acres lot # 4 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec. from William Pritchett for \$50.
1878	Lloyd Henson bought lot # 38 160 acres for \$40. 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1880	Lloyd Henson sold to John E.P. Smith # 38 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec. 160 acres for \$65 with right of way across Turniptown Creek.
1902	Enos Lanning sold John A. Henson # 3 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1904	Georgia Lanning sold Geo. L. Carnes # 248 and # 249 (30 acres more or less) in the 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec. Note: We have been unable to find just who this person was.
1907	J.B. Painter sold to C.B. Painter # 25 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec. He also sold the same year # 24 to James Painter.
1909	Margaret Painter bought from John Northcutt 33 acres off lot # 20 1 st Dist. 2 nd Sec. This property was bounded by Shippen Lumber Co.
1909	W.A. Painter bought from Ida Painter portions of lot # 53 11 th Dist.
1911	Sarah Melissa Lanning & Francis Marion sold to Joshua Thomas lot # 320 7 th Dist. 2 nd Sec. 2/3 of 160 acres for \$400. 20 acres previously sold to A.B. Rackley.
1911	Francis Marion and Joshua Thomas Lanning sold to Sarah Melissa Lanning lot # 4 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec. 2/3 of 50 acres for \$400.
1911	Joshua Thomas and Sarah Melissa Lanning sold to Francis Marion lot # 321 7 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1914	Enos Lanning sold J.T. Dewesse lot # 2 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1916	Andrew Henson sold A.W. Weeks 40 acres off lot # 3 6 th Dist. For \$200. This property was bounded by Altha Rackley, G.W. Henson, and A.J. Henson.
1917	John Western Lanning sold to Ed Watkins lot # 51 11 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1919	Joshua Thomas sold to J.W. Bailey lot # 51 11 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1919	Margaret Painter bought from J.B. Taylor a portion of lot # 2 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec. for \$121. In 1928 Margaret bought 20 additional acres off this same lot from R.C. Taylor.
1920	A.B. Rackley sold to W.M. Nabell 77 acres off # 4 6 th Dist. Except about 3 acres sold to Thomas Price; also 3 acres off # 33 - beginning at top of hill to locust post, thence to John Henson line. \$500.
1922	Francis Lanning sold to Minnie Lanning portions of # 321 7 th Dist.
1927	Minnie Lanning sold to R.C. Stover # 48 & # 49 11 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1939	Hix Painter bought lot # 84 11 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1939	Josephine Painter bought from G.W. Henson lot # 36 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.
1939	Mrs. Enos Lanning sold to G.W. Henson # 34 6 th Dist. 2 nd Sec.

John Enos Lanning 1843 - 1864

Born in 1843 in Buncombe County, N.C., Enos was about three or four years old when John and Annie came to Turniptown. Little is known about his childhood years, except he went to school at Upper Turniptown and helped on the family farm.



John Enos Lanning, Confederate soldier, killed in the Battle of the Wilderness in Virginia, during the Civil War. Born in North Carolina, he came to Turniptown at the age of one year in 1840.

When the Civil War began in April, 1861, Enos was eighteen years old. Three months later on July 3, Enos went to Atlanta and enlisted for the duration of the war. Another young Turniptown man enlisting the same day was Seaborn Plemmons, a neighbor to Enos. One month later, Seaborn's brother, Levi, joined also. These two men were the sons of William Plemmons, of Turniptown.

Shortly after his enlistment, Enos was put on a troop train bound for Virginia. He was inducted as a private in the 11th Regiment, Company D, of the Georgia Volunteers. This Regiment was made up of Gilmer County men, and was known as the "Gilmer Boys".

The 11th Regiment, along with the 7th, 8th, 9th and 59th Ga., was in Brigadier General George T.

Anderson's Brigade, which served at different times in Jones's, then later Field's and Hood's Division, Lt. General James Longstreet's First Army Corp of the Army of Northern Virginia under General Robert E. Lee.

Shortly after organization, the 11th Regiment was ordered to Center Hill, Virginia, where the men went into winter quarters. Most of the days were spent drilling. The following spring and summer the "Gilmer Boys" saw action in several battles and skirmishes: 2nd Manassas, Shenandoah, Fredricksburg, and Chancellorsville among others.

On October 7, 1862, Enos was camped near Winchester, Virginia. Military records describe him as age 19, blue eyes, dark hair, and dark complexion. He was a small young man, standing only 5 feet and 8 inches tall. While camped in Winchester, Company D elected Enos to the rank of 4th Corporal. This action tells us that Enos was popular and well liked by the men in his Regiment. (Field officers were the only

ones appointed during the Civil War. All other officers were elected by their companies).

Religion played an important part in the activities of Anderson's Brigade. In the Brigade there were three Chaplains, and Sunday School was held every Sunday morning. Chaplain for the "Gilmer Boys" was Rev. W.A. Simmons. We don't know if he was the Chaplain that showed a bit of yellow when actual fighting began or not, but one of the Chaplains in the Division did. One morning before a battle the preacher went among the troops encouraging them. "Remember, boys! Those who fall in battle shall sup tonight in Paradise!" One soldier, knowing the Chaplain would retreat to the rear as soon as the shells started raining down on them, called out: "Then Reverend, how about coming along and having supper with us tonight!"

In 1863 a great revival swept Longstreet's Army. Services were held morning and night in Anderson's Brigade. A Rev. Gwin of Rome, Ga. was in charge of services in the 11th Regiment and 80 souls were saved.

In the fall of 1863, Longstreet was ordered to Chickamauga, Ga., to reinforce Bragg's Army of the Tennessee. The 11th Regiment was left in Charlestown, S.C. until the siege of Knoxville began. Then it was called to Tennessee to join their Brigade there. Once again on a train, Enos, with his company were routed through Augusta, Atlanta, and Dalton. (Yankees were in possession of the railroad from Richmond to Tennessee). Throughout the winter, the 11th was quartered in Morristown, Tennessee. The soldiers were ragged, half-starved, and while there they endured every form of hardship and exposure that can be imagined.

NOTE: (Soldiers were allowed furloughs if at all possible whenever they were near their homes. We wonder if Enos was allowed this privilege, or, was there time under the circumstances?)

Fighting that winter in freezing rain and in slippery mud so deep horses mired to their knees, the barefoot soldiers left bloody stains on the frozen ground as they marched. They lived off the countryside, foraging the rugged mountains for food. For their daily rations, details were sent to raid orchards, old fields, and farmhouses for any scant offering they might provide. It was later written, of these soldiers, "They took their privations cheerfully, and complaints were seldom heard."

In April, 1864, Lee ordered Longstreet back to Virginia to help in the conflict there. The "Gilmer Boys", along with the other Regiments, moved forward confidently to the grim death-grapple awaiting them in the Wilderness. At Gordonsville, Virginia, the Army halted, waiting orders from General Lee.

Battle Of The Wilderness

On the morning of May 4th, 1864, two divisions of Longstreet's Corps encamped at Gordonsville, were ordered to move rapidly toward the Wilderness, thirty miles away. In one of these divisions was the 11th Regiment, the "Gilmer Boys".

Fighting commenced in the Wilderness on May 5th. That evening, Longstreet, some distance from the scene of battle, received orders to make a night march so as to arrive upon the field at daylight the next morning. On Friday, the morning of the 6th, at one a.m. they started to move. At daybreak they were within three miles of the rear of the battlefield.

At five a.m. on the morning of the 6th, the battle was renewed with unabated fury. The Wilderness was a tangled thicket of pine, sweet-gum, and scrub oaks. Opposing lines could only be discerned by the noise of their treading the underbrush and the flashing of their guns. Fires broke out in the dense undergrowth, and smoke was so thick comrades shot comrades, mistaking them for the enemy. Dead and wounded were consumed by the raging fire that shortly engulfed the entire battlefield.

General Lee sent a messenger to hasten Longstreet just about the time his corps, in double column, came swinging down the Orange Plank Road at a trot. The soldiers were tired, having just marched thirty miles in one day; yet, the corps was described by eyewitnesses as splendid, in perfect order, ranks well closed, and no stragglers. The "Gilmer Boys" took the right of the road, coming into line under heavy fire, separated from the combatants by a wall of fire and smoke.

Company H was in charge of the flag in the 11th Regiment that morning in the Wilderness. The flag was proudly carried in front of the army by sturdy standard-bearers. When one of these soldiers fell in battle, the emblem was snatched up immediately by another, and borne on. This honored position was the most dangerous, and most important, in any battle. To plant the Colors on enemy lines was a victory, and those carrying the flag were the most sought after target on the field. These men were called the bravest heroes during the war, and those killed while bearing the Colors paid for the privilege with their lives.

In front of Anderson's Brigade, the Texas Brigade, with 15 - 20 paces separating them from the enemy, were firing hot and heavy. For twenty five minutes the Texans held steady until half of the men were dead or wounded. Then they were ordered to fall back. This was what Anderson's Brigade was waiting for.

Just then, a deafening yell, the all-frightening Rebel Yell the enemy had come to fear, was borne upon the air as Anderson's 11th Georgia Regiment, the "Gilmer Boys", along with their brigade charged, and with a valor that stands unrivaled swept everything in front of them for three long miles.

It was sometime during that morning's battle, when John Enos Lanning, fighting on the front line, saw the flag bearer of the moment, fall mortally wounded and the flag going down. Throwing his musket to the ground, Enos dashed quickly to raise the South's Colors. Instantly, Enos became the most prized target on the battlefield. It was in this position, as he held the banner proudly aloft, a Yankee sharp shooter across the battle line took aim, fired, and Enos fell, holding the emblem he had faithfully defended for three long and hard years. Enos was twenty one years old, and had been killed in action.

...ness as it looked in 1864—the
... in the thickets, with the forest
... and scarred and hacked and
... by the galling musketry fire,
... the dead still outnumbered the liv-
... here the woods bordering the Orange
... road were thickly strewn with the
... of Hancock's men who had so
...ly assailed Hill and Longstreet on
... line. The underbrush, withered
...ddened by the summer's sun, lay
...angles as the bullets had cut it
... as if someone had gone over the
... with a machete and given each
... bush or sapling a stroke. In all



...logs, that anything that might
... to stop a bullet. But nearly half a cen-
... tury later, a visitor could find here the
... deep significance of peace; as Captain
... Redwood records in his accompanying
... reminiscence: "The bark has closed over
... the bullet scars on the trees; a new
... growth has sprung up to replace that
... leveled by the musketry; goodly trees,
... even, are standing upon the diminished
... earthworks. The others have long since
... rotted into mould. The traveler might
... easily pass along that quaint road, so
... hotly contested, with never a suspicion
... of what befell there—"grim-visaged war
... has smoothed his wrinkled front' indeed."

THE ORANGE PLANK ROAD
AS IT LOOKED IN 1864



use with John E. Page

use page 126

"THE GRIM HARVEST" OF THE WILDERNESS—SOLDIERS' GRAVES

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Reports that later came home to John J. and Annie on Turniptown told how Enos had gripped the flag so tightly in death it had to be pried out of his hands.

The Wilderness dead were buried on the battlefield in a common grave with their caps covering their faces. If anything was found on the dead to identify the person the name and regiment would be written in pencil on little pieces of board, usually cracker boxes, and placed at the head of the makeshift grave. Rain and snow quickly obliterated the writing, or the board would tumble down, and those lying on the battlefield became numbered with the "unknown". Later the dead were removed from the battlefield to Fredricksburg, Virginia. [Of the 15,273 men of the Blue and Grey interred in the National Cemetery at Fredricksburg, 12,785 are unknown.] Our request for the grave number of Enos Lanning has brought no response from the National Park's Supt., therefore it is almost certain Enos lies in one of the many graves "Unknown but to God".

NOTE: Many references were cited for the all too brief accounts of the 11th Regiment we have recorded here. For those who wish to follow up on Enos and the "Gilmer Boys", more details follow.

1. There were two distinct battles fought on the Wilderness site. The first, the Battle of Chancellorsville, took place in May, 1863. The second, the Battle of the Wilderness in which Enos was killed, was on the same ground the following year. Both battles were fought during the month of May and it is easy to confuse one with the other.

2. Enos was in G.T. Anderson's Brigade, not R.H. Anderson's Division. History overlaps these two names and the researcher has difficulty at times separating these two commanding officers.

3. When Enos enlisted in 1861, Johnston was the Commander-in-Chief, of the Army of Northern Virginia, and Enos was in Jones Division under John Magruder. This division was reorganized when Longstreet became Commander of the Army, and became the division of Field's - Hood. The 11th Regiment remained in G.T. Anderson's Brigade throughout the war years, and was at Appomattox when General Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia.

DIXIE CALENDAR

Confederate Photos Come To Museum

By B. C. YATES
Superintendent
Kennesaw M'tn. Park

Photographs continue to come in. The latest is that of a member of the "Gilmer Boys" from Gilmer County; John Enos Lanning who served in Company D of the Eleventh Georgia Infantry.

Enlisting July 3, 1861, at the ripe age of seventeen, on November 10, 1862 he was elected (yes, in the Confederate Army, men elected their officers) Fourth Corporal.

Then, fighting at the Wilderness in Virginia, he was the fourth man to pick up his regimental colors. Three other flag bearers had already fallen. Through the thick underbrush he moved forward, while bullets whined and pattered against trees. One bullet found its mark. Enos Lanning had fought his last battle.

Fortunate we are to have his photograph in battle dress, white gloves and cap marking him as the well-dressed soldier. Steady blue eyes look into the camera, the eyes of a man who would not fail his trust. We are indebted to Mrs. R. L. Garner of Acworth for this photograph. Enos Lanning was her uncle.

Another photograph is on the way—that of Mr. Green who operated the Wood and Water Station on the railroad at the foot of Kennesaw Mountain. It comes from his son, and the Park's good friend, Homer Green, of Cartersville.

Few people are better versed in Cobb County history than Mr. Green. En route from Cartersville to Lost Mountain, he often stops for a visit at the Park Museum.

Confederate belt buckles are varied and interesting. One featured a lion's head, raised high in relief. Made in England for the South, some doubted that any got through the blockade during the War.

Several weeks ago I borrowed a photograph from Mrs. Tom Hamby. It was a photograph of her mother and aunt, Roswell belles during the War. They were dressed in homespun, tediously woven and spun at home.

Joshua Thomas Lanning 1847 - 1918

Joshua Thomas was born July 25, 1847, the year his parents came to Turniptown Road. His young years were spent much like that of other children, going to school and working on the family farm. At the outbreak of the Civil War, he was 14 years old. Too young to follow his brother off to war without his parents' permission, Thomas joined the Home Guards.

For his service in the Home Guards during the Civil War, Thomas drew three pension checks before he died.

In 1869, at the age of 22, he married 17 year old Mary Stewart. Mary was the daughter of Edward and Lucretia Stewart who lived in the Turniptown area.

Thomas and Mary built a house up the road from John J. and Annie, alongside Stover Branch. The house was an impressive double-pen log. It had two large rooms with a dog-trot in between. (The term dog-trot has succumbed to a fancier word that is used today ... breezeway). There was a wide porch that ran the length of the front of the house.

Thomas was a successful farmer and prospered well above the average mountain family. One of his main sources of income was honey. He had a large number of bee gums (hives) in what came to be called "The Bee Cove". Thomas made his gums from thick sections of hollowed logs.

In 1879, Thomas bought 20 acres of land from his mother-in-law, Lucretia Stewart. This land adjoined the John J. Lanning property. Thomas paid Lucretia \$10 for the 20 acres.

Thomas and Mary had a large family. On September 18, 1890, Mary gave birth to their eighth child, Marion Thomas. Complications from childbirth may have attributed to her death, because within five weeks of the baby's birth, Mary died. She was 38 years old.

Following the mother's death, young Marion had little chance to survive. Nine months later he also died.

Cotton Picking

Times were not always good for Thomas. Once, when there was no money to be made on Turniptown, Thomas and three or four men decided they would go across Cohutta Mountain and make them some needed, but easy money picking cotton. Thomas tried this adventure a few days, and found he didn't enjoy it one bit. Fifty cents a hundred pounds for picking cotton weren't enough for his hard labor. He told his companions they could stay if they wanted to, but he was leaving. The men didn't want to leave, so Thomas left them and started back home. At a nearby store he stopped to buy him something to eat.

All he could afford was a peck of meal, and a plug of tobacco for his pipe.

When Thomas got to the top of Fort Mountain, he decided to stop for a while and hunt ginseng ... a sure money crop. He stayed on the mountain for a week searching and gathering the plant. For food, he baked his corn meal, bran and all, with water, on the top of a heated flat rock. One day he ran out of tobacco for his pipe. After searching the area he found where someone had raised a patch. He gathered him a good store of the leaves.

After a few days Thomas grew tired of eating corn meal cakes. He wanted something to go along with them. So, he left off hunting for ginseng to search for food. On Sunday morning he stopped to rest on a big mossy log when he spotted a big ground hog. It was down in the cove below where he was sitting. Thomas was very fond of the meat of this animal, and decided to catch it. He lay still, and quiet, letting the hog get as close as it would. When it got near enough he thought he could catch it, he made a grab for the animal's tail. He missed! The hog fell down in a well between two big rocks out of Thomas' reach.

When his corn meal supply ran out, Thomas gathered what ginseng he had and headed for home. Later, when he sold the roots, he found he had made double the amount he would have made picking cotton, and he had enjoyed the work a lot more.

From Cotton Picking To Cotton Mills

After the death of Mary, Thomas never remarried. He continued to live on Turniptown with his seven children until sometime around 1900. Then Thomas closed the doors of his house on Stover Branch, and packed his family off to Rome, Georgia. At that time Cotton Mills were drawing mountain people to the cities to work in their factories. The company would move the families; all expenses paid, and furnish them with houses to live in. Other families on the road also left to work in the mills. They simply closed the front door of the house and rode away with their few belongings in a wagon. When they got ready to return to the mountains, their homes were still there waiting for them. After a few years in Rome, Thomas moved back to Turniptown. He was living there when he died March 12, 1918 at age 71. He was buried on top of the mountain in the family cemetery, across and above his final home site.

Beloved Uncle Thomas

Thomas was well known for his kindness. If he ever bore ill feelings toward anyone, nobody knew it. He was so well loved, that after his death, a nephew, Andrew Lanning, bought and carried a double monument up the steep mountain by himself and placed it as a marker at the graves of Thomas and Mary. This show of love stands out because Andrew

bypassed the rocks marking the graves of his grandparents, to put a "store-bought" monument at the grave of his beloved Uncle Thomas. Young teen age boys enjoyed visiting Thomas. Bluford Smith recalls: "Back then there was no place for young people to go, so for entertainment we would go and spend the night with relatives. We enjoyed going to Uncle Thomas's. We always had a good time there. When he got sick we would go sit with him at night. The night he died, Noah, Tom Henson, and me were sitting up with him. We were boys then, but we sat up all night. It was the first time I ever saw anybody die".

After the death of Thomas, Caroline, Laurie, and Fronie lived on at the old home-place. They sold milk, butter, and honey and always seemed to have anything they needed. They raised hogs and kept the smoke house filled with meat. One day before Thomas died, Caroline or Laurie one, went to the meat box in the smoke house to get some meat to cook. When she lifted the lid of the box there was a rattlesnake inside. She had to get Thomas to come and get it out. Grady Lanning remembers hearing Caroline say that at night they would cover the chimney to keep out wild cats and painters (panthers).

Fronie

Fronie, the youngest of the girls, was retarded and was a constant source of worry to Caroline and Laurie. Fronie smoked and loved an open fire. They had to watch her continually in the winter when a fire in the fireplace at all times was a necessity. At night the two sisters alternated sleeping in front of the fire. With two chairs pushed together for a bed they slept as best they could in order to keep Fronie out of the fire. They never knew what to expect from her. One day she was found wandering up the road from the house by a neighbor. She didn't have on a stitch of clothing. Startled, the man didn't know whether to run or what. What won, and he guided the naked Fronie home.

Fronie was a great lover of coffee. She performed the art of delicately balancing a steaming saucer on three fingers. She would walk around holding the saucer aloft, and folks marveled at how she would never spill a drop. Daddy remembered an old man with white hair, and a long white moustache visiting the family one day. Fronie, with no mincing of words, took a long look at the man, and replied, "I thought Jesus was dead!"

Caroline, Laurie and Fronie, lived together again in Rome during the latter part of their lives. As each one died, they were brought back to Turniptown and buried in the Church cemetery.

Grady's Visit From Alabama

Grady Lanning, grandson of Thomas, recalls a visit to Turniptown in the early 1900's. He lived in Alabama and had just married. He was introducing his new wife, Ocie, to the mountains for the first time.

"I stopped in Ellijay and bought a watermelon. My wife asked, 'When are we going to eat the melon?' I told her we would eat it when we got to Turniptown. When we passed Turniptown Church, I pulled off the road, got the melon, and cut it. My wife said, 'Hon, you said we would cut that melon when we got to Turniptown.' I laughed, and told her she was in the heart of Turniptown! The next morning Ocie woke me up crying, and wanting to go home to Alabama. But, after Emma served a good old country breakfast, with a good cup of coffee (Emma was a good cook, Ocie was feeling better. We spent a week with Uncle Enos, and when it came time to leave, Ocie was having a ball. Now, when I say something about going to Turniptown, she is always ready."

Source: Nathaniel Painter, Daddy, Bluford Smith, Uncle Andrew, and Grady Lanning

See Appendix B for Joshua Thomas Lanning Family Tree

Susannah Miranda Lanning 1850 - 1929

The Early Years



Miss Maranda Lanning, daughter
of John Lanning, lived and died in
upper Turniptown.

Miranda was born on a cold winter day in February, 1850. She was the first daughter, and third child of John J. and Annie. As a young child she went to school with her older brothers Thomas and Enos. The name of the school they attended was called 'Upper Turniptown'. This school was located in a log building just up the road from where the family lived, and just across Stover Branch.

In the early 1850's, there were three schools on Turniptown. One was Upper Turniptown that served the children at the end of the road: One was Turniptown that was about middle ways between the other two schools and near the Lloyd Henson place. The other was Lower Turniptown located near the Cartecay River road that led to the town of Ellijay.

In 1856 James Smart taught the children of John J. and Annie on Upper Turniptown. In 1879 Miss Hattie Smith was teaching. Her salary in 1882 for 1 month was \$32.50 and

there were 49 children enrolled in the Upper Turniptown School. In 1885, A.L. Pinson was the teacher.

Down at Turniptown in 1879 John Perry taught and was paid \$31.61 per month. In 1885 the teacher there was Alice Redman. John S. Everett taught the third school further down on Lower Turniptown. Two text books used in these schools during the early years were: Baldwin Reader and Harvey's Speller.

In 1850, John J. Lanning paid \$1 to the poor school fund.

After John's Death

Miranda never married. When she was 29 years old, John J. died. After his death she and Annie lived for several years on the homeplace. In the early 1900's the two moved into a small house down, and off, the main road. This move was probably made so they would be nearer Margaret who had earlier married John Painter and was living nearby. The two women lived here until the death of Annie.

At the time of Annie's death, Miranda and Margaret were her only children living on Turniptown. Francis and Thomas had moved to Rome, Georgia with their families and were working in the cotton mills there. Miranda sent them a telegram notifying them of their mother's death.

After Annie died, Miranda moved into a small one room house in an isolated hollow on Stillhouse Branch. She kept a large flock of laying hens and sold the eggs as a source of income. In the 1920's daddy bought eggs from her. He paid her 10¢ a dozen. With her meager income she managed to keep the taxes paid on the homeplace.

Miranda's Trumpet

During the years Miranda lived by herself, she kept a trumpet for a very special reason. She was to blow it as a signal to her neighbors if she ever needed help of any kind. No one remembers her ever having to use the trumpet for this purpose.

Estelle Henson remembers: "When I was a little girl and would go visit Aunt Miranda, childlike, I wanted to blow that trumpet so bad I didn't know what to do! But, I was never allowed to."

Miranda's trumpet is in the possession of Margaret's descendants. It is in excellent condition with the exception of the small mouth piece which is missing. Her oak mantel clock has also survived and it too, is the possession of one of Margaret's descendants.

Sweetbread

Children enjoyed visiting Miranda. She would bake them large pones of sweetbread in a covered oven over an open fire. Miranda never owned a stove in her lifetime, but did all her cooking in the fireplace. She had two large iron frying pans. She would fill both at the same time with thick slices of ham. She would fry the ham and serve it to the children with the sweetbread.

Nathaniel In The Tater Patch

Below Miranda's house was a large spring called Eagle Springs. Directly above the spring Miranda planted her Irish potatoes. The seeds were those of White Star, a potato known for its giant tubers. One day her great nephew, Nathaniel Painter happened upon the potato patch. "There they were", Nathaniel said, "Potatoes so huge they were coming out of the ground by themselves! They were just bursting open. And, there was the spring right at the edge of the patch! Well, I just started throwing the big potatoes off down into the spring, listening to the big splash they made when they hit the water. After a few minutes I heard Aunt Miranda calling out from the house above me, scaring me half to death."

"Don't throw em in the spring!" she called, "Bring em to the house!"

Attending Church

On Sunday mornings, Miranda would get dressed and go to church. When she left her house she would take a short cut down Stillhouse Branch to the main road as she walked the distance to Turniptown Church and back again. Occasionally, during the week, she would be seen walking up and down Turniptown Road. Rarely, did she stop and visit with a neighbor. They said she would speak to them in passing, but if invited to stop she would most often decline. They said, "Miranda, always seemed in a hurry to get somewhere. Like, she didn't have time to visit."

One bright sunny day, Miranda borrowed her niece, Becky's fancy fur-trimmed coat, and someone snapped her picture. It shows a gentle person with just a hint of a smile on her face. It also shows a fragile look that somewhat belies the strong woman she most certainly had to be.

Miranda's Last Ride

Time came when Miranda could no longer live alone, and she moved into the home of a nephew, Andy Painter. It was there on December 31, 1929, at the age of 79, she died. Becky Nabell and Delia Henson Davis, kinfolks, went to assist Andy's wife, Violet, in preparing Miranda's body for burial. The three women sat up all that night making the burial clothes, sewing them with their fingers by lamplight.

Funeral services for Miranda were held the following day in the Painter home. It was New Year's, snowing, and bitter cold. Reverend Carter Burrell was pastor of Turniptown Church at the time. He did not live in Turniptown, but by some coincidence happened to be in the area, and conducted the service.

Following the service, Miranda's coffin was carried from the house and placed in the bed of a horse drawn wagon. The wagon was driven up the rocky road to the cemetery on top of the mountain. The family followed on foot. There were just enough men that went that morning to dig Miranda's grave, and the only women outside the Painter family were a niece, Becky Nabell, and her daughter, Ruby. As the small procession passed the home of Andrew Lanning, one of his daughters, Mary (Goble) recalls: "I was a child at the time, and I remember standing, looking out the window, watching as the wagon passed our house on the way to the cemetery. It was cold; too cold for us to go to the funeral."

Miranda was buried beside her mother, Annie. Fieldstones were stood upright at the head and foot of her grave. The stones were unmarked.

Moments And Memories

On a recent visit to Miranda's old house site where she had spent her last years alone, we found the tumbled stones of the chimney, the only remains of the small one room house. Scattered about the yard were the broken neck of a medicine bottle, the rim of a brown pottery churn, and the bottom of a three legged pot. We also found a pitted hammer stone once used by a Cherokee Indian. No doubt Miranda's house site had been previously occupied by an Indian family.

Below the house site, we stood where Miranda's potato patch had once been, and looked over into the clear and cold water of the big spring, now clogged with leaves and years of neglect. We could easily imagine what fun a small boy must have had throwing Miranda's big "taters" over into the water.

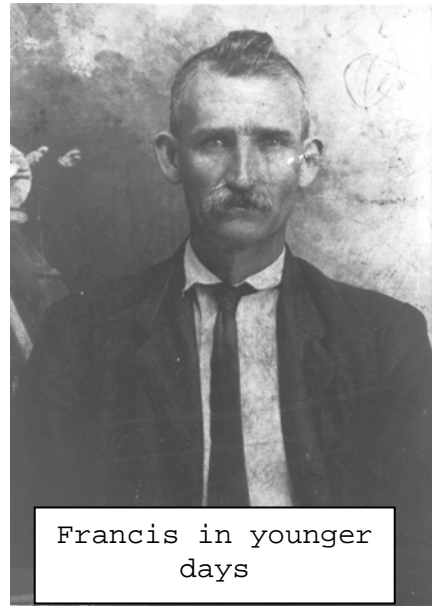
Walking down along the edge of the yard, Wilma Flowers stumbled upon the partially buried skeletal remains of what once had been a fancy buggy. We wondered how many years it had served Miranda, and perhaps, Annie. We learned later however, that the buggy had been a "plaything" for Uncle Andrew's children, Bill, Homer, and Harvey. They probably spent many happy hour pulling, and racing the buggy up and down the rough Turniptown mountain roads. One day, probably after growing tired of the game, they simply abandoned the buggy in Miranda's yard. It lies there today, a gaunt reminder of a long ago woman, and a long ago time.

Francis Marion Lanning 1851 -1929

Francis Marion was born September 8, 1851. He was named for the legendary Revolutionary War figure, Francis Marion, the "Swamp Fox" according to Aunt Becky.

On May 38, 1880, he went down to the courthouse in Ellijay for a marriage license. After a required two day wait, he married Sarah Melissa Henson, daughter of neighbors Lloyd and Millie Henson. The wedding ceremony was performed by W.J. Tillerman, Minister of the Gospel. Francis was 29 years old; Melissa, 19.

Francis and Melissa set up housekeeping down the road, and across the creek from Annie, Miranda, and Margaret (Margaret married later that year). The two room house was built of clapboard, and had a front porch that faced Turniptown Creek. A lean-to on the back served as a kitchen. Francis farmed and raised a number of hogs. He let these animals roam the mountains to fatten on chestnuts and other mast. Once a year, he would round up the hogs and drive them [on foot] to the stock yards in Atlanta to be sold.



Francis in younger days

Keeping To Himself

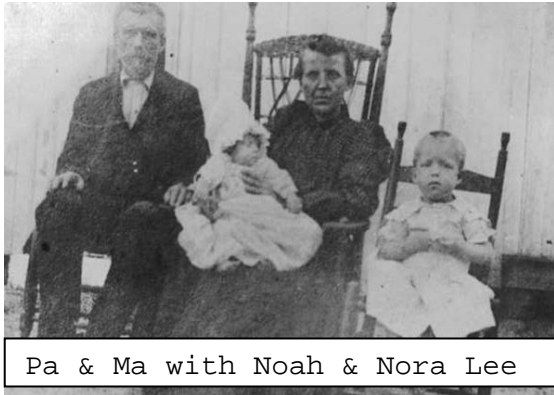
Francis was not known as an out-going person. He kept pretty much to himself, not wanting to bother anyone and not wanting to be bothered. One person who knew him well had this to say, "I never heard Francis say a harm word about anyone. In fact, I never heard him say anything good either!" the meaning, quite clear; he said nothing one way or the other. The story is told that in 1879, he was summoned to appear in court as a witness in the trial of a neighbor woman charged with a misdemeanor. Francis refused to acknowledge the summons and hid out in the wilds of Turniptown during the trial.

Francis had two favorite expletives. "Gee, buck a-mighty!" and "By Gad!" were the nearest he ever got to cursing.

Raising The Family

To rear his family that eventually numbered ten children, Francis did many different jobs in addition to farming. He cut tan bark, gathered chestnuts, sold animal hides, and for a while he worked as a laborer at the White Path Gold Mine across the mountain. The job at the mine was hard and the \$1 a day was well earned.

Often walking across the mountains at night going home from work in a cold freezing rain, his children recall how he would arrive at home with his beard frozen stiff.



Pa & Ma with Noah & Nora Lee

Times were hard and though their cupboard wasn't bare, it was very lean at times. For school, the children's lunch often consisted of cornbread or biscuit filled with syrup or a slice of fat back. Occasionally they got a baked potato.

In 1900, Francis and Thomas moved from Turniptown to Rome, Georgia to work in the cotton mill. Francis went to work as a carder. His six oldest children also went to work in the

mill. Lester, age 18, and Rebecca, age 17, were employed as weavers. Western, 15, Will, 13, Carrie, 11, and Andrew, 10, worked as spinners. Sally went to work when she was 9. This was before child labor laws were enforced forbidding the hiring of children, and it wasn't unusual for large numbers of children to be employed in factories. It was common knowledge that the family with the largest number of children was given preference to jobs over smaller families. Mountain people were lured by steady paying jobs and low rent mill owned houses.

Francis moved to Cherokee County after a short stay in Rome. Canton was nearer to Turniptown, and he developed a pattern of working in the mill during the winter months, then returning to Turniptown in early spring to make a crop. His children would be left to board with relatives, working on in the mill.

Pa Got Religion

Francis was not the devout Christian his wife, Liss, was. He did not go with her to church, although he professed to be a Christian. Liss, prayed for him, and often asked the Lord to let her know the condition of her husband's soul. One day her prayer was answered. Francis was standing at the spring in the back yard, his mind seemingly occupied with deep thoughts. Liss stood at the kitchen window watching him. Shortly, she heard him give a "little whoop of praise to the Lord". She said she never worried about his soul from then on. That day became known as the day, "Pa got religion at the spout in the yard".



Back Row:

Andrew, Carrie, Aunt Catty, Will, Western, William Nabell, Vida

Middle Row:

Sally, Lester [holding Essie], Liss [Ma], Francis [Pa], Rebecca [holding Frances Nabell]

Front Row:

Nora Lee, Noah Richard

I do not know if a later picture of the Francis Marion children exists so I post this one here to refresh memories from the days as children to later days as we may remember them.



Back Row L-R > Andrew Lanning - Nora L Garner - Vida L. Craddock - Lester Lanning - Noah Lanning
 Middle L-R > Sally L Frady - Ed Frady - Matty Lanning [Noahs Wife] - Rebecca L. Nabell - Western Lanning
 Front Row L-R > Cleveland Craddock - Hazel Garner

Missing: Will and Carrie Lanning

Dogs

Dogs were as important to a mountain man as the air he breathed. They often provided the food the family ate, and were treated with great kindness. Francis always owned a dog, but never in his lifetime did he buy, or sell one. To him it was a sin, going on the Bible reference that mentions the buying and selling of dogs as being such.

Final Days

Francis enjoyed retiring early at night and demanded absolute quiet from the children. This pleased Liss who enjoyed sitting alone in the peace and quiet. One night as she sat alone by the fire, something disturbed a rattlesnake near the chimney rocks and it commenced singing, a sound that chills body and soul. That night, she retired earlier than usual. Ma was a large woman and one morning she had gone outside and found where a snake had shed its outer skin. She said the snake's skin was as large as her thigh.

Francis was at Will Nabell's home in Acworth, Georgia when he died. A rather strange thing happened before his death. He had been sick with Bright's disease, and three days before he died, a summer rose, dormant and lifeless, suddenly burst into bloom, producing one large red blossom. It was said that neighbors, and passersby, would stop and stare at the rose in wonderment.

Aunt Vida had been called and told that he was near death, and to come. When she walked into the yard and saw the blossom, she cried; "Oh, Lord! My daddy's going to die!" Three days later, this prophecy became reality on March 2, 1929.

Ma Lanning

Strange Omens And Warnings Of Death

Ma Lanning claimed she was often forewarned of approaching death to her relatives. The signs or warnings came in different and unusual ways.

One such instance came the night before her father, Lloyd Henson, died. That night, she had gone to bed as usual. Shortly before day of the following morning, she woke to the loud sounds of a mocking bird singing underneath her bedroom window. Aunt Sally Frady, said, "The mocking bird sung for the longest time. It sung every song it knew ... then it flew away. A little while later, they came and told her Pap was dead. Ma, said, the mocking bird never returned."

In the early 1900's, Ma and Pa were living in the old Canton Mill Village, then known as Roosterville. One evening they were sitting on the front porch, quietly enjoying the evening when suddenly, out in the yard, two lights rose up and out of the ground! The lights rose up into the air only a few feet, and then one dropped back to the ground

and went out. The other light continued to rise. Ma and Pa watched it go out of sight. Turning to Pa, Ma asked, "Francis, did you see that?" "Yes", he answered. "There's going to be a death", she said, "and it's going to be a little one". The following morning they got the word a grandchild had been born that night. It lived only for a few hours. (This child was mama and daddy's firstborn [Noah and Mattie]).

One time when Ma was staying with us, Frances and me had measles. One night Ma saw two lights go by the window. She didn't tell anyone about this right then, but mama said Ma appeared troubled, that she looked worried and didn't talk much until Frances and me began to get better. Then Ma told about seeing the lights. Mama said, "I told her it was car lights, but Ma said it wasn't, that it was a warning to her of coming death, that she was afraid it was Frances and me that were going to die. That's why she waited until we got better before she told." Several days after this incident, Ma got word one of her nephews, and a cousin, had died.

The evening Western's baby died, Ma Lanning said whippoorwills covered their porch. Whippoorwills were uncommon in the area where Ma and Pa lived, and she said they never did hear them around. For them all at once to suddenly swarm, and begin screaming and hollering, was an awful thing and she knew it meant bad news.

Liss The Joker

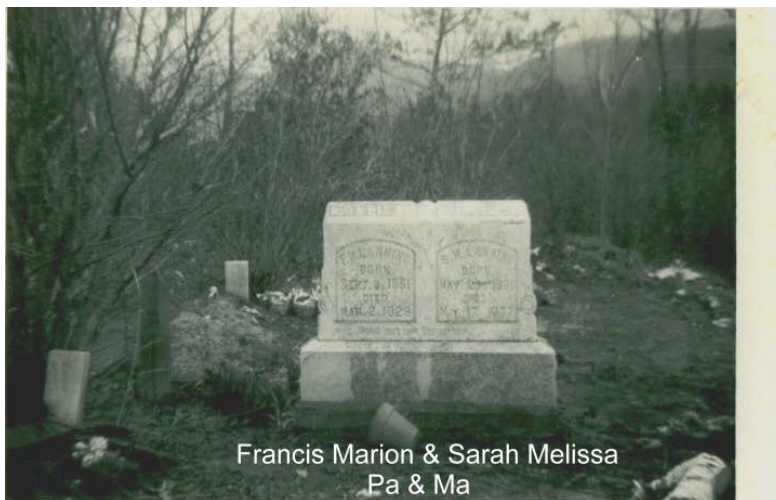
After the death of Francis, Liss Lanning lived among her children. Liss was well known as a practical joker, and enjoyed making little children the objects of her jokes. One of the pranks she enjoyed most was to ram a large sweet potato in her mouth, throw back her head, wall her eyes, and appear to be choking to death. Needless to say, Liss had a horrible impact on innocent children. However, it didn't bother Liss, who sat patiently in wait for the next innocent victim to come by.

One evening upon leaving a prayer meeting at the home of Emma Del Ray, in Canton, Liss was stricken with one of the three strokes that would eventually lead to her death. She had always prayed that whenever she died she would just go to sleep and never wake. She was at the home of her son, Andrew Lanning on Turniptown Road, when the 3rd and final stroke paralyzed her left side and she fell into a deep natural sleep. She slept for three days, and none of the family made any attempt to wake her. On the third day, the final day of her life, as she lay dying, a solitary tear dropped from her left eye and rolled gently down the paralyzed left side of her face. Ma always said the Lord had answered every prayer she had prayed. Now, in death, HE had answered her final one.

See Appendix B For Francis Marion Family Tree



Francis and Melissa are reported to be the first Lannings buried in the Turniptown Church Cemetery.



Margaret Adeline Lanning
1865 - 1946

When Margaret was born in September of 1865, she must have been a miracle sent to the Lanning family on Turniptown Road. It had been fifteen years since John J. and Annie's last child, Francis Marion, had been born, and with the death of Enos only a year old, the new baby surely softened the heartbreak of this family tragedy.



The baby girl was named Margaret Adeline and was affectionately called Margaret. Younger generations never knew her by any other name. We find where Margaret was enrolled in school on Upper Turniptown in 1880. She was 15 at the time and it was during this same year, Margaret either finished school, or abandoned her education to marry 20 year old John Wesley Painter. W.J. Tillerman, minister, untied the young couple.



Margaret and John settled down on Turniptown to raise a family. Over the years nine children were born into this household. Two of these children died in infancy and were buried in the family cemetery beside their grandfather, John J. Lanning. Until sometime after 1906, the year Annie died, these three graves were the only ones in the cemetery.

John raised cattle, farmed, and did other occasional work to provide for his growing family. His cattle roamed the mountain ranges and to identify his from those of his neighbors, he branded them. His stock brand was registered in the Gilmer County Courthouse as: 'Smooth Crop off left ear and 2 splits in same ear.'

Mining Gold

To pick up extra income, John worked at mining gold. One day he was mining with Lloyd Henson and another neighbor when they found a large gold nugget. The men took the nugget to market and sold it for \$60, which was a good price at that time. The money was split three ways, each man taking \$20. John took his share and bought a cow.

Quilting

For a social life, Margaret spent some of her time quilting with her neighbors on Turniptown Road. Quilting was a necessity and the women often got together meeting in each others homes. They prided themselves on their fancy stitches and were eager to add their handiwork to a neighbors quilt for all to see. Mountain women were often judged by the number of quilts they owned. It was said, "A good woman never let her family sleep cold for want of bed cover."

One night Margaret dreamed of the design for a beautiful quilt. The following night she had the same dream. When morning came she got out of bed and before doing anything else she commenced to draw the pattern for the quilt while it was still clear in her mind. From the intricate pattern, she drew and cut the pieces, and then sat down to quilt the quilt of her dreams. When she finished the quilt it was in the pattern of a tree, and she had fashioned it complete with detailed roots and leaves. Margaret named her quilt, "Tree of Paradise".

In 1909 Margaret bought 33 acres of lot # 20, 11th Dist. 22 Sec. on Turniptown for \$160. She also owned parts of lot # 2 in the 6th Dist.

A Minister's Wife

Margaret became the wife of a minister when her husband, John, answered the call to preach the gospel. John had the misfortune of sticking a small splinter in his leg that resulted in infection which led to amputation and his wearing an artificial limb. This affliction did not hinder his duties as a minister. Throughout his ministry, John pastored several churches, including Mt. Zion, Salem, and Turniptown in Gilmer County, Price Creek in Pickens County, and Riverdale in Cherokee County.

Prayers Answered

After John died in 1929, and after the children had grown up, married and left home, Margaret lived with her son, Andy and his family who had moved to East Ellijay. During World War Two, Margaret had twelve grandsons who entered the armed forces. She was in her eighties then, and prayed she would live to see them come home from the war safe and sound. Her grandsons did survive the holocaust and all were home only a short while when on May 26, 1946, Margaret died. She was buried in Turniptown Baptist Church Cemetery beside her husband, John.

The Painter Family

John Painter was the son of Alston and Phoebe Painter of Turniptown and Ellijay. Alston was a prominent Gilmer County resident, and at one time served as County Sheriff. In addition to owning a vast amount of Turniptown property, he also owned town property in Ellijay. For a number of years he operated a boarding house and a grocery store. The Painter Boarding House was on town lot # 62 on the Turn Pike Road (Highway # 5). In 1854 Alston sold 4763 square feet of town property for the huge amount of \$100.

That Alston was prominent comes as no surprise. He frequented estate auctions throughout the county and bought things he needed at bargain prices. When the Joseph Garren estate was auctioned off in 1853, Alston bought, among other things, 100 bushels of fodder for 85¢. However, when the Southern family auctioned off their belongings on Turniptown, Alston apparently didn't need, or didn't consider it a bargain, his neighbor's potato patch. Alston failed to raise the high bid, and the potato patch sold for 25¢.

Alston owned all, or parts of, lots # 17 - 20 - 53 in the 11th district. After his death, his wife, Phoebe, disposed of these lots gradually over the years. One of the mountains on Turniptown Road was named for this Pioneer settler, and is still known as Painter Mountain.

See Appendix B For Margaret Adeline Family Tree

The Price Family

The Family

The Price family was one of the most colorful families living on Turniptown Road. There were three members of this family: Easter, her son Tommy, and Granny Price. All three were strangers to soap and water, and their home was a gathering place for flies and chickens.

More than a few conversations about Turniptown are punctuated with a mention of this yet to be understood trio. This family provided a rare picture of human nature to many people who once lived as their reluctant neighbors. We included this family in our history because their activities were intertwined with the lives of our relations. If you have ever heard of Turniptown Road then you must have heard some story about this hard to ignore family. There are many stories that were connected to them and here we give you only a few that we heard.

All of the family acted in strange manners and peculiar ways. They believed in evil spirits and wore charms around their necks to ward off these spirits. At night one of the family members would run around the house firing a gun. They thought this action would frighten witches away. Because of these strange actions young boys took great delight in antagonizing the family at every opportunity.

The Price house, 2 rooms and a lean-to, sat all but in the roadway making it an accessible and easily defined target. As a last resort to try and protect it as well as themselves, they built a fence around it.

It was no secret that East Price despised the boys on Turniptown road, and they knew it. They would steal her grapes, and hers were the blackest and finest. They did this in plain view of East, knowing she would see them and chop down the vines. Her apple trees bore the largest, the juiciest, and the reddest apples. If anyone picked one off the tree, East would cut the tree down. There was a short cut across her pasture that the boys up the road often used. To discourage this convenience, East smeared cow manure along the top fence rail. Boys would torment the family by standing on the mountain side above the house and throwing rocks down the chimney. A rock went through a window once and hit the clock on the mantle, setting off its alarm. Finally in desperation, and it was no wonder, the family began swearing out warrants at the drop of a hat.

Uncle Andrew said he always spoke to East whenever he met her on the road but East never let on that she heard him. One day, he met her and spoke; "Howdy, East." When East didn't respond, he answered himself, "Howdy Andrew!" Later, East was heard to say, "Somebody better see about that man!"

When times were hard, and they often were, the family skinned locust bark to feed their calves. One day East sent Tommy to the store for a bucket of lard. On the way home he passed by Aunt Catty's. They saw him eating the lard out of the bucket using his fingers for a spoon.

Knowing of their dire and difficult circumstances, Frank Henson bought a large sack of flour for them one day when he was in Ellijay. When he delivered it he also unloaded it off the wagon and carried it inside the house for them. Going back across the yard he stopped at an apple tree and picked up an apple that had fallen to the ground. East saw him and told him to "throw the apple down".

When the government started giving commodities in the 40's, East signed up for relief. Grapefruit was often dispensed along with meal, flour and other food stuffs. East complained about the fruit. "I've biled, baked, and fried em and they still ain't fitten to eat!"

Tommy

Tommy penned a pig under the house once, and fed it scraps through the cracks in the floor. A corner of the room, next to the fireplace served as a spittoon for the tobacco users.

Tommy was a big strapping boy, and sometimes acted a little "off". There was a large rock on the road just above the house that he would straddle, long feet dangling, and ride, hollering, "Git up, Buck!" Tommy made up scripture verses that he enjoyed quoting: "He that sittith on a hot stove shall surely be burned!"

He was also mean and rough and could hold his own with the toughest. Sometimes though, he vented his anger on innocent people. A 75 year old man was his target once and he beat him up. He beat Avery Henson one time until the blood ran out his ears. One day he "laid" under a bridge waiting for Aunt Becky and Uncle Will to pass. Uncle Will, who would never utter a harm word about anyone, said his feelings toward them were, "bad, bad, mighty bad!"

Granny

Granny Price's favorite expletive was, "Oh, be my Lord God Almighty!" When she became old and feeble she got down sick, and a doctor was called. When he arrived and surveyed the surroundings, he told them he would "wait" on her free if they would clean her up and move her to another house. When she finally died her hair was so matted, and dirty, it couldn't be combed so they simply cut it off. Her body had drawn until her knees touched her nose. The family wouldn't consent to straightening the body for burial, so the old woman's coffin was built wide and boxy.

East

East was finally committed to the State Farm at Milledgeville. She was given the job of building fires under wash pots. Jim Smith, brother of Byrd Smith, formerly of Ellijay, was the warden at the time. East knew him and would address him as "Jim". Smith didn't think she should call him by his first name because it wasn't becoming to him as warden. He asked her not to. When she was finally released, she rode the train back to Ellijay. Tommy met her at the depot. He asked, "Mamma, did you have a good time?" East replied, "The best time I ever had!"

When the family moved to another house, neighbors tore the old house down for fear they would move back. Daddy said the front door facings had been worn smooth over the years by constant rubbing from the family as they peeped and watched with suspicion the passersby.

Tommy died at age 57, and is buried in the Turniptown Church Cemetery. A prominent tombstone marks his final resting place. East is also buried in this cemetery in an unknown, and unmarked, grave.

Sources:

Ruby Henson, Aunt Vida, Daddy, Uncle Andrew, and Byrd Smith

The Henson Family

Lloyd And Millie Henson

We are not sure just when the ancestors of Lloyd Henson came to America from Ireland. Records show it was prior or during the early 1700's. No records have been found but we believe they came from the South Carolina area to settle in Buncombe County, N.C. on the old Sutton Place. Lloyd was born on June 23, 1825 in N.C. The name of his father is unknown, but may have been the Lloyd Henson who was in Haywood County in 1830.



Lloyd and Millie Harkins-Henson

In 1853, Lloyd married Millie Harkins, daughter of William (Billy) and Nancy Harkins. Nancy Harkins was born in 1775 in South Carolina. The Harkins had come to Buncombe County from South Carolina and settled on Boot River. The Harkins had also emigrated from Ireland. Millie was born April 19, 1832 in Buncombe County.

When Lloyd's interest in 13 year old Millie became more than a friendly acquaintance, the Harkins family became upset. To discourage and put a halt to this romance, the Harkins loaded their daughter and their belongings into a covered wagon and rolled out of Buncombe County. One night while the family was camped along the roadside, Lloyd, who had followed the fleeing party, crept into their camp and kidnapped young Millie. The late Carl Henson told the following story of Millie's abduction.

"While the family was camped one night, and after they had all bedded down to sleep, great grandpa sneaked into their camp. He found where great grandma was sleeping. He picked up a little straw, or stick, or something, and tickled her on the bottom of her feet with it. This woke her up. She saw who it was, and got up, and they slipped quietly out of camp. They climbed on horseback and galloped off. They came to Turniptown."

When Lloyd and Millie came to Turniptown around 1853, they first stopped across the creek, either on, or near, the place John J. Lanning had stopped when he came to the Road in 1847. Lloyd and Millie stayed here only a short while until they built a house nearer the Road. The house they built was almost in the center of what was once a large Indian Village. Charcoal from old camp fires, and many stone artifacts the Indians had left behind, was in evidence.

There was an Indian family who had refused to leave the mountains during removal that were living nearby alongside the creek. In later years the children of these two families played together, and Lloyd and Millie's children learned to speak some of the Cherokee language.

[Note: Lloyd and Millie are not in the 1850 census for Gilmer, nor, Buncombe Co. N.C. In the 1930's, the house they later built on Turniptown, was the home of "Little" Lloyd Henson. The original portions of the house have been remodeled, but remain basically the same as when it was first built. The Morrow family owns the house and property today. It is still called the Old Henson Place by some of the older people.]

For several years an Indian man lived in the home of Lloyd and Millie. This man's name was Steve. He called Millie, "Sis". He lived with them for a long time. One morning he went into the kitchen where Millie was preparing breakfast. He asked her to cook him a "pone" of cornbread. He told her, "I'm going to need it before I get to where I'm going." Millie baked the bread for him, and he left. They never saw him again.

When the Civil War erupted in 1861, Lloyd went to Tennessee and volunteered. Millie was left with five small children. Mary Anne, the oldest, was nine and Sarah Melissa was not quite a year old. Fear was not one of Millie's weaknesses, and she survived the war years, even in the face of hardship and personal tragedy.

While Lloyd was away at war, seven year old Nancy Jane contacted membranous croup. This was one of the most dreaded diseases in children, and often proved fatal. Millie used the best of her knowledge of home remedies in fighting this sickness but lost her battle and Nancy Jane died. There was no way of getting word of the child's death to Lloyd and the sorrowful task of burying their daughter fell to Millie, alone. Only after the war was over, and Lloyd had come home, did he learn of the death of his daughter.

When Lloyd first joined the Army, he served as a Corporal in Co. M, 4th Regiment, Tennessee Volunteers. There is a story handed down that goes: One day when he was driving a wagon ... hauling dirt, an officer in charge of the company, gave him instructions to do something and the instructions weren't quite clear. Lloyd asked him to repeat the orders. This angered the officer and he flared out threatening Lloyd. Lloyd jumped down off the wagon, grabbed his pistol out of the holster and told the officer to stand back or he would kill him. The officer must have done as Lloyd said. Now, afraid he would be shot for his actions, Lloyd ran. This incident led to his joining forces with the Union Army. He fought on the side of the North for the remaining two years of the war.

On one occasion during the war, Lloyd and a wounded soldier from a recent skirmish stumbled up to a farmhouse while searching for food. Lloyd noticed a cow in the barnyard and went to the house and asked the owner for milk for the wounded soldier. The man told him he had

only the one cow, "and just enough milk for the family." Lloyd, tired and hungry, thinking of the welfare of his wounded companion spoke firmly to the man, "I'll take the morning milking, or the night milking. But, I'm gonna have ONE! This man needs it." Lloyd said he got the milk.

Lloyd Henson was a strong, handsome and dashing man and at one time had a weakness for a pretty Turniptown woman who lived down the road a ways from him and Millie. Everybody knew about it, including Millie who did not take this matter lightly. One evening when she suspected Lloyd was paying the neighbor woman a call, she decided to take action. First, to be sure her husband was at the neighbor's house, Millie went there and peeped through the window. There they were, Lloyd and the woman, talking and giggling. Hopping mad, she lit out up the road toward home. Quickly she saddled a horse and back down the road she galloped. She rode straight to the woman's house and instead of stopping the horse at the steps and getting off; she reined the horse up onto the woman's front porch. For several minutes she calmly rode the horse back and forth, back and forth, across the porch planks, making a terrible noise. She continued doing this until she was satisfied. Then she rode off home. We can't help but wonder what and if there was, the final outcome of this episode was.

Sometime in the late 1800's there was a bank robbery in Ellijay in which Lloyd was innocently involved. The late Andy Painter told me the following story: "One morning two Gilmer county men on horseback rode up in front of the Ellijay Bank. Lloyd was standing out in front of the building and when the men went inside the bank, he held their horses for them. After a few minutes, the men came outside, got on their horses and rode off. Unknown to Lloyd they had robbed the bank while he was standing outside. The robbers rode out of North Georgia and into the state of Virginia. There, somewhere, it was told, the men deposited the money in a bank and in Lloyd's name! Of course, when word spread about the robbery the men were afraid to return to the bank to withdraw the money and as far as anyone knows, the money is still somewhere in a Virginia bank in Lloyd Henson's name."

Another interesting story concerns Lloyd's grandson, Wiley Henson. Though heart rending, it is connected to the Henson family. During World War 1, in 1918, Wiley served in the army. After the war was over, he and another soldier friend were returning to Turniptown. They were walking and a long way from home when they came upon a small body of water somewhere in the southern part of the United States. They knew to swim across this water would be a short cut, but they were afraid because they knew the water was infested with sharks. But, they were in a hurry to get home, to their families and they decided to take the risk. Wiley was to go first and if he succeeded, his companion would follow. Wiley plunged into the water and started swimming. He was almost half way across when a shark, disturbed by the moving water, surfaced. The attack on the swimmer was swift and sliced Wiley's body in half. The last words his companion heard him cry were, "Oh, Bill!"

Henson Family Notes

[1] Lloyd and Millie were Baptists, and at one time were members of Turniptown Church. They later moved their membership to Oak Hill up the Cartecay Hwy. They are buried beside the church. Nancy Harkins, Millie's mother, was living with them in 1870. She was 73 years old at that time. Her burial place is unknown.

- Lloyd Henson was born June 23, 1825 and died in 1907.
- Millie Henson was born April 19, 1838 and died in 1908.

[2] Lloyd Henson had two brothers who supposedly came to Turniptown in the 1800's. These two settled in the adjoining county of Murray where some of their descendants live at present. The brothers names were, Boot, and Bill.

[3] 1870 Agriculture Census shows the following:
Lloyd Henson ... 20 improved acres - 150 unimproved - value \$100. Tools valued at \$10. Three cows, two other heads of cattle, eight sheep, 10 hogs - value \$120. 15 bushels of rye, 300 bushels of corn, 300 pounds of tobacco.

1880 Agriculture Census ... 850 District. June 15. 3 acres in pasture, 8 acres in orchard, 280 in forest ... value \$100. Tools valued at \$12. Livestock, \$100. Total value \$225. He also had one horse.

[4] 1866 Tax Digest ... Lloyd Henson listed in his possession: 9 sheep, 1 dog, and three children, ages 6-18.

1867 Tax Digest ... owned 320 acres, lots # 53 and # 20, 11th District 2nd Section.

[5] In Militia District 850 in Gilmer County, and recorded in the courthouse, the following cattle, or stock brands, were used by the Henson family.

W. Sherman Henson: Smooth crop and hole in right ear, and swallow fork in left. Brand letter "H" burned in left hip. Date, August 30, 1905.

John W. Henson: Smooth crop off and split in right ear. Under bit in the left ear. Date recorded, 1922.

George Henson

[6] George Henson built one of the finest homes on Turniptown Road. (This house is still occupied by his descendants). He operated a syrup mill in the fall, grinding cane and making syrup for the community. Power for this mill was an old blind mule kept for the sole purpose of going around and around all day grinding cane. Across the creek in back of his house was a grist mill.

George was a fastidious man. He owned one of the first T Model Cars on Turniptown, and refused to let children ride in it. One day he passed Estelle, his niece, and Mae Frady, who were walking along the hot dusty road, refusing to pick them up and let them ride. This angered Estelle and Mae. To get revenge they later smeared baked sweet potatoes all over the shiny T Model.

George was so particular, children antagonized him every chance they got. Because he wouldn't allow Ruby, a niece and a child at the time, to play with his little baby chickens (Ruby loved them and would squeeze them to death), one day when George was away from the house, Ruby killed two big chickens. When George returned home he found the hens swinging from the door knob! Ruby had got revenge.

Ruby Henson

[7] Ruby was the daughter of Andrew and Kansas. She was also the most mischievous child, without a doubt, along the road. Reared in a house filled with boys, she had to "hold her own" to compete. This she did, giving Andrew and Kansas much concern. To amuse herself, Ruby would search the thickets for birds' nests. If there were baby birds in the nests she would pick up a stick, make a slight noise that caused the birds to open their beaks hoping for a fat juicy morsel. The instant they did, Ruby would pop the stick in between their beaks, propping them open saying, "I'll teach you to gape at me!" Then she would leave them to die in this fashion.

One summer day, Ruby worked hard and fast all day long carrying large rocks. She was damming up the creek for a baptizing pond. She was going to baptize all the little children on Turniptown Road, by force if necessary. This ritual would have probably resulted in the drowning of one or two. Luckily, she was caught before she could carry out her conceived plan. Sometimes Aunt Catty Lanning would send two of her children, Vernie and Essie, to the grist mill with corn to be ground. Most always Ruby would go along with her two cousins. Ruby also saw they got good measure from the miller. Whenever the miller would turn his back Ruby would snatch some of his corn to feed the hopper and Aunt Catty wound up with a heavier sack of meal.

Andrew and Kansas had built a large five roomed house of the finest heart pine on Turniptown. The house was built across the creek in back of Lloyd and Millie's place. Andrew worked as a teamster (sawmill). One day a tourist who had come to the mountains from Atlanta for health purposes, was walking along Turniptown Road. He stopped at Andrew's for a short visit and Kansas invited him in. The visitor sat down with his back to a small closet that enclosed the stairwell. Shortly the man commenced twisting and squirming in his chair. After a while Kansas asked him what in the world was the matter. He said, "Madam, there's a gun in my ribs!" And indeed there was! Ruby was hidden inside the closet and had a gun barrel poked out a crack in the door and was gouging the city dude in the side!

On Andrew's property there was a large muscadine vine that grew over and into a tree on Mont Smith's property. When Andrew moved his family to Canton and a year later moved back to Turniptown, it was in the fall and the muscadines were ripe. Ruby "caught" Mont gathering those that grew over his property. Thinking he wouldn't remember her after a year's absence, Ruby commenced reprimanding him for stealing. Although the muscadines were rightfully his, by the time Ruby finished giving him a tongue-lashing, Mont was begging the youngster to take those he had gathered! Andrew eventually sold his large house and property to Mont for \$300.

Despite all her actions, and pranks, (many unknown to Andrew), the only time Ruby was ever punished was the day she grabbed baby Carl out of his crib and ran with him to the spring. It was a terribly cold day, and the baby had just been given a bath. Kansas had not had time to dress the baby when Ruby snatched him and ran from the house exposing the naked baby to the arctic mountain air. Andrew gave her a spanking.

Henson Generosity And Hospitality

[8] The Henson's were well known for their kindness and generosity. Melissa, an old woman at the time, was away tending someone who was sick when she had the second of three strokes that eventually caused her death.

The Henson women were well known for their hospitality. The welcome mat was always waiting outside their doors, and seldom was the day someone wasn't visiting them. Their tables were always laden with plenty to eat, and there was always room to "draw up another chair". One example of their generosity that I remember happened many years ago. A cow belonging to Frank wandered onto the railroad track in the Keithsburg area and was struck and killed by a passing train. As was usual at the time, the railroad officials offered to compensate Frank for his loss, and pay for the cow. Frank did not feel it was the fault of the company that his cow was on the track. He refused their offer. There are many examples such as these that have been accredited to the older members of the Henson family but such traits have also been inherited by the younger generation, endearing themselves in the hearts of many and the likes of which are all too few today.

Naomi's Sweet Potato Custard

In the process of gathering material for the following portion of this book, I dropped by to visit Avery and Naomi Henson. It was cold and the wind was blowing little flurries of snowflakes across the windshield as I drove up the winding road to their home. Avery was resting in bed, but I found Naomi next door at the home of a daughter, Kathy, rolling dough for apple pies.

Before I left, Naomi said she had a recipe she wanted to give me for sweet potato custard. "I mean GOOD custard!" she said. "If you remember how the old folks made them ... dry, so dry they'd choke you to death with every bite, then you'll appreciate this one." "Back then", she said, "they probably didn't put anything in them, just potatoes, maybe not even flavoring." So for those of you, who remember the pies of "the good old days", try this one for comparison. It's delicious.

2 cups cooked sweet potatoes
2 cups sugar
2 sticks margarine
1 can of carnation milk (small)
Dash of salt
Vanilla flavoring to taste
Mix and pour into two unbaked pie crusts. Bake until crusts are brown.

NOTE! Avery died a short time after this visit.

See Appendix B For Lloyd Henson Family Tree

Margie's Heart For The People

Her Poetry

In 1967, Margie had a book of her poetry published: 'Ballad of the Wanderer". Here are a few of those poems to give you a view of the heart Margie had for the Road and the People. I hope you enjoy.

Turniptown Road

The Henson's house is cold and dark tonight.
Kerosene lamps cast out their glow no more
To strangers seeking warmth and rest from flight;
The Ashford cabin swings a creaking door.
Empty the Lanning place its service done,
The old foot trail is rough and hard to find.
The Rackleys, Smiths, and Prices too are gone;
A chimney stone, a flower, left behind.
For pleasure only do they come today
Where plowing slow-foot oxen once were seen.
Where footlogs crossed the creek along the way
The people stop to view the piney green.
And on a lonely shadowed, wind-swept hill,
The people of the old road slumber still.

Mountain Woman

You toiled the acres of your mountain farm
A goose-neck hoe in the curve of your arm.
Behind slow oxen you followed the curled,
Dark loamy earth as it rolled back and swirled
Against a turning point in a rocky field
Where land never gave but was forced to yield.
On spindly acres of time-borrowed land
Where sweat made your bread and calloused your hand,
You conquered the new ground and planted corn;
Stopped only for Life that had to be born.
You moulded bleak hills: You said it was right
To challenge the earth in a seasonal flight.
The battle over a victor sought rest,
Giving you room in her own hallowed breast.

A Mountain Man's Prayer

Dear Lord, I love the church along the lanes,
But somehow I can't see You in the light
That filters down through colored window panes,
Nor see the sky that brings the stars at night.

Folk wonder too, that I don't often meet
With them to hear soft music undisturbed.
But, Lord, this music ain't as sweet
As lonely strains from just one timid bird.

I thank You, Lord, You chose to put me near
These lofty mountains where Your creatures run,
And let me drink from waters cool and clear
That flow so swiftly towards a setting sun.

So, Lord, if You don't mind I'll serve you here
Where I can feel Your presence in a blowing wind.
Someday You'll call and this old mountaineer
Will follow You where skies and mountains end.

Time Will Erase The Place

Many days have been added to the one
When he chose this place for eternal rest,
And took a lease whenever life was done
Under glistening stars of east and west.
On a scaly beech tree the wood was strong,
A name was carved so the kin folk would know
Which mountain was the choice and not go wrong
To red barren land where the sawbriars grow.
Four score and ten were the allotted years
Granted the owner of this plot of ground
Where crumbling stones and oak leaf sere
And plaited vines cover the crumbling mound.
Time will come and erase the signs he made,
Four seasons rain will smooth the broad earth floor.
Deep winter snows will help the grey stone fade
Where blood of my blood sleeps forevermore.

Ballad Of The Wanderer

Today I'm leaving these mountains,
These hills as dark as night.
I long for ways of other men
In suits and collars white.

But son, you've always lived here,
Now tell me where you'll go?
Your ma and me, we're growing old,
You're our one flesh, you know.

Now, pa, there's no need to fret none.
And tell ma not to weep,
I'll think of you and send you word
From somewhere across you steep.

Now when you leave these dark mountains
Where lonesome waters run,
And this old shack that sheltered you
Remember this, my son,
Those men in fine suits and collars
And ways of city life
Will warp like a poplar paling
And bring you grief and strife.
They're soft as a feathered pillow,
You'll sink in fine soft down,
You'll for your bed to sleep on
When this life lets you down.
You'll weep for the tall, dark mountains
To shelter you from shame,
You'll cry for the life you've hated
When big men curse your name.
You'll long to drink clear blue water,
And smell of ripened grain,
And hear the songs of mountain winds
Through hollows once again.
But, son, if you ever aim to
Come back this way once more,
Your ma and me will be waiting
Here by the cabin door.

I left those lonely dark mountains;
Ma, pa, and the weathered shack;
Tall singing pines and hardened oaks,
I didn't once look back

Before one year had time to pass
One night neath western skies
I dreamed a dream of the mountains,
I heard the mountains cry.

Through a mist I plainly saw them,
The hills as once before,
And a weathered shack, ma and pa,
Waiting me at the door.

And I longed to drink the waters
And hear the tall trees moan.
I longed for bed in that old shack
I had left for a bed of stone.

I longed for those lofty mountains,
To walk on mountain sod;
Hear wind in echoing hollows
Traced by fingers of God.

I choked on fine suits and collars.
Hard clay wore out my shoes.
The ways of men I had longed for
Had been wrong for me to choose.

I've had my fill of the cities
With gay and blinding lights.
I'm going home to those mountains
I'm going home tonight.

We hope we have done justice to the memories and wishes of Margie in putting together this book of THE PEOPLE AND THE ROAD OF TURNIPTOWN: the Lanning's, the Painter's, and the Henson's, who are all entwined in the pioneering of the area.

We have certainly not intentionally omitted any stories or information Margie gathered over the years. If there are omitted errors, then lay them at the feet of this compiler and typist.

I want to close the book with a short excerpt from a piece Margie did called "Superstitions Flourish in the North Georgia Hills".

Many modern-day folk are sensitive about their mountain background, and refuse to identify with the old customs of folk belief for fear it will reduce their social standing. Not long ago I was told of a woman who could "talk out fire". When I visited her she assured me this was true, that the gift had been handed down to her, that it was a secret and if she revealed this secret to me she would lose her gift of healing powers. This woman doesn't practice her talent anymore. She lives with a daughter who seemed a bit irked that her Mother's identity might become known. The daughter asked that I not scatter this information around.

"Things like this aren't accepted in society today", she said. "What would people think if they ever found out? My friends would laugh. And, well - you know how folks are!"

God forbid that we should ever forget that we are descended from this hardy mountain stock. Where would we be if our folks had gotten off the ship and never had the initiative to move inland to settle this vast and at that time primitive land called America?

I for one, am with you Margie, I hope to never be cut loose from my ROOTS!

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