

March 5, 2017

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Cry Out From the Ground

Robbie Underwood, Editor and Publisher

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Legacy is published by and for the Oliver Springs Historical Society. We welcome submissions, both in text articles and pictures, current and upcoming events, "in memoriam", reminiscences, etc..

The editor and staff of Legacy reserve the right to edit submissions for length and content, as well as to determine general interest and suitability of content for print.

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Symbolism... Do you believe in it? Do you often catch yourself sensing deeper meaning in even the most innocuous of visuals? Do you think of a loved one long passed when you see a redbird alighting on a fence rail?

I will freely admit to you that I sense meaning even in some of the more mundane settings. Many times it will be a conviction of the greatness of God, maybe in the pounding of the earth by a raging summer storm or the boiling fluid iridescence of lightning erupting from the top of a far-distant thunderhead in an otherwise ebony night; however, for me it is oft times most profound when I witness the gossamer nuance of the Almighty's brush in the unfolding of a flower in the unlikeliest of places.



Robbie Underwood



Witness a clump of daffodils growing in the midst of an otherwise nondescript field. That's no big deal, it would seem... every spring in East Tennessee proffers untold numbers of these lovely flowers. Usually they are in nice rows, maybe alongside a walk or in a well defined band encompassing an ornamental bed. This one was different, though.. This one just sprang up in the middle of a field. Ahhhh.. But this is no ordinary field, you see.

This is the former site of the William D. Richards Mansion. Built by wealthy William D. Richards in 1892-1893, this noble house was tragically to be come notorious as the house where three innocents were brutally murdered in February of 1940.

The image seen above was sent to me by my dear friend Joyce Hepler-Fox, who had spotted it a few days ago and thought it significant enough to email the photo to me. I am very glad she did.

Continued on pg. 2

Cry Out From The Ground

I went up Friday and scoped it out for myself, and this is what I saw in my mind's eye....

We all know the story by now... Sometime in the morning of February 5th, 1940, a person or persons crept into the mansion, coming through a cellar door ostensibly left open by accident or carelessness. From there, they crept up the stairs where they accosted, first, Ann Richards as she stood at the kitchen sink cleaning up from an early lunch. Ann Richards was shot in the head and immediately fell to the floor mortally wounded. Making their way into the living room, they encountered sister Margaret Richards

on the staircase. A struggle ensued, culminating with Margaret being shot twice as she fought to escape the clutch of her assailant. She wound up on the landing just above the first floor level where she died.

From postmortem examination it was deduced that young Leonard "Powder" Brown came into the mansion sometime later, as the killers were still in the house for reasons we can but speculate on. Young Powder was accosted at the top of the staircase and killed with a bullet between the eyes. Much investigation, study, and speculation have transpired in the 77 years since, but the bottom line is that the killers never faced justice in this life.

Back to our flowers... much has been written over the ages regarding righteous blood. Ever since Cain killed his brother Abel in a vengeful fit of anger, mankind has struggled with the specter of unavenged blood; in fact, the Holy Book is chock full of the notion and the profundity of innocent blood.

So.. I'll tell you what all this means for me. When I see such a powerful image as this, I see symbolism. I think righteous blood is a powerful fertilizer. I see these fragile little daffodils as a witness and a testimony. For those of us who choose to believe, there will be a day when no love will go unrequited, no good deed go unrewarded, evil go unpunished, nor righteous blood go unavenged.....

Robbie



Cry Out From The Ground

Cry Out From the Ground

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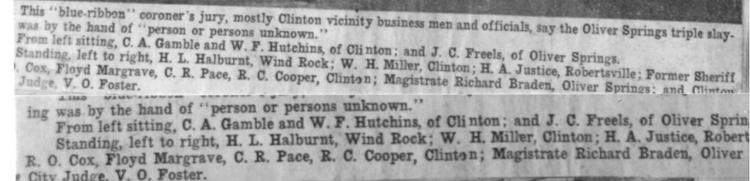
In the sleepy town of Oliver Springs
Down in eastern Tennessee
There's spirits that roam troubled
Through the alleys and the streets
And sometimes when the night is black
And the rain is coming down
You can hear 'em crying vengeance
From the hills above the town

Chorus

Was it hate or retribution
Were they killed for what they knew
And for sixty years they paid the price
For what they didn't do
But just like Cain and Abel
The truth will come around
'Cause you can't wash your hands of righteous blood
It'll cry out from the ground

Hiding out beside the mansion
With the devil standing by
They knew before they crept inside
That the sisters had to die
In a servant's hand they placed the gun
And said he was the one
They chunked him in an unmarked grave
And they thought the deed was done

Chorus



HOLLY'S HOUSE

By

Mimi Brock



Holly was feeling grouchy, grumpy, grubby but, especially, hungry. She had had nothing to eat since a hurried ham sandwich and a carton of milk eaten at her desk about noon and now it was very late. It wasn't really late, it was early in the morning. However, she was quite proud of what she had accomplished during these extended hours. Earlier in the day her boss approached her with an offer she could not refuse. He told her that if she would stay and complete the project they'd been working on for the past week or more, she could have the next week off, with pay! She had worked closely with him on this particular project and was totally familiar with all phases of it. She felt sure that she would be able to finish in record time. This did not prove to be the case as she hit snag after snag, slowing her down and taking much longer than she had originally thought. Now, at this early morning hour, she was finally finished, had made multiple copies of project notes, collated the pages and had everything ready for the morning's presentation. She had done her part and earned her time off, now she was more than ready to go home to her own little house. She loved her house.

When she moved here 2 years ago she was fortunate to find this small place which met her needs and which she could afford. In those last 2 years she had happily and eagerly decorated her house in things which, not only were needed, but which also suited her personality. She loved antiques and mixed those with contemporary pieces which suited her fancy. She had been able to add these precious things gradually as she could locate them and afford them.

Her dearly loved possessions filled her head as she grabbed her jacket, pulled her purse from the drawer where she kept it, and checked for her car keys. Locating them from the inside pocket where she always kept them, she walked out of her office and into the hall headed for the elevator. She didn't bother to turn off lights as she knew the cleaning crew would do so. Her heels clicked loudly as she walked quickly to the elevator and pushed the down button. There was no wait for the car this time since there was no one else calling for it. She stepped into the car and pushed the down button which would take her to the parking garage. As she reached her floor and as the doors slowly opened she was startled to see someone standing there. She stifled a scream when she recognized, Norman, the head custodian who was there to supervise the cleaning crew. She breathed a sigh of relief, spoke to Norman and exited the elevator as he entered and closed the doors.

For the first time this evening she thought about something she had deliberately put out of her mind previously. In the past several weeks there had been 4 young women brutally murdered and the authorities were frantically trying to find the person involved, to no avail. According to all reports these murders were perpetrated at the hands of a homicidal maniac. Now why did this eerie thought enter her mind, and at this late hour and while she was alone? Quickly she approached her car noticing that there were only a few cars in the garage. She hurriedly unlocked her car, glanced in the back seat as she usually did, and with key in hand sat down and locked the car doors. Realizing that she was in a safe place, she breathed a sigh of relief before she inserted the key in the ignition anticipating the sound of the motor. But there was only a clicking sound. She tried again and again but was not rewarded with the sound of the motor turning over. She could not believe this! Here she was at this late hour with no one around to help her and with a car that wouldn't start! She knew that the building locked automatically when one exited and neither doors nor elevators could be opened without a key---that way was out. She decided that she would call a cab but knew that her cell phone could get no signal inside the garage. She would have to go outside onto the street to get a signal. There was no other way, she would have to leave the garage to make that call. She had no idea of a number for a cab but decided that this was an emergency so she would call 911. She would be able to explain her circumstances to anyone who would object to her using this alternative.

She stood at the entrance to the garage and pulled her cell phone from her purse only to discover, to her dismay, no bars! Oh, No! She had failed to charge the phone for the last several days. She was appalled to discover her lack of responsibility. The project she had just completed had consumed her time and thoughts for some time and now she was alone without any way to get home. There was no other way, she would just have to walk. Maybe she could find a pay phone or an establishment still open where she could use a phone.

HOLLY'S HOUSE

Usually she drove on back streets to her house since it was nearer. However, this time, she decided to take the longer route which would take her through downtown. This way was well lit and she might encounter someone who could assist her. She resolutely squared her shoulders and started down the street. As she walked along her thoughts were filled with fear at this situation in which she found herself. She forced herself to concentrate on her hunger and her tiredness. She was really hungry and thought longingly of a small bowl of broth, or a fragrant cup of steaming tea. Following this she would take a very hot shower and then wrap herself in the clean and fresh smelling sheets on her welcoming bed. HER BED! Thoughts of that wonderful bed spurred her on as she made her way down the eerily deserted streets of her town. The town she had chosen because of the job she had chosen, only the second job she had ever had. Her previous job, the one she had taken right after her college graduation had afforded her the opportunity to advance to the position she now held. She was pleased to be a part of this organization and was proud of the things in which she had been able to assist. Thinking these thoughts, the thoughts of her job and her pride in it, helped to take her mind off her precarious situation. Even though her mind was filled with these thoughts she was also quite aware of her surroundings. Even the bars, which kept late hours were closed up tightly. Her footsteps rang out with a hollow sound and she sort of stumbled trying to mute them. And, as she thought about the sound of her footsteps she became aware of other steps echoing in the street behind her!

Her heart began to race—she was afraid to look behind her and, once again, she thought about the recent murders in her town. This could not be happening!! She began to walk faster and with that the steps behind her did the same. What should she do now—should she run? Should she turn and confront whoever followed her? Her thoughts churned and as she could no longer stand the uncertainty she wheeled around with a sense of false bravado to face whatever was behind her! To her surprise there was no one there. Since she now stood and no longer made the noises from her own shoes striking the pavement she realized that what she'd heard was probably an echo of her own footsteps. What else could it have been? There was no one there. Perhaps it was the accelerated beat of her heart. Nevertheless, whatever it was stopped when she did. She turned and resumed her progress down the deserted streets as her heartbeats slowed and became more regular.

Not much farther now—she was drawing nearer to her street. Once again she thought of the comfort of her house and, particularly, of her bed with its unusual and beautiful coverlet. She had seen this coverlet in a local specialty shop several weeks ago. It had just the right blue and white design to match her Wedgewood blue room. However, it was much too expensive and would not fit into her budget. Still she kept returning to the shop to gaze longingly at it. To her delight, on her last visit she discovered that it had been reduced to a price she thought she could handle. Granted it would be a struggle, she'd have to take her lunch to work for weeks and would have to cut out any extras for a while but she could manage. So she purchased it, took it home with her and just as she suspected, it worked perfectly and added charm and beauty to her bedroom.

As these thoughts warmed her and cleared her mind she was suddenly panicked once again! This time it was not phantom footsteps she heard; this time she clearly heard someone try to suppress a cough. And so she ran! She ran because she could now see her house drawing nearer with each step—the haven of safety she loved so much. She ran full speed, the way she had run in high school track meets and as she ran she fumbled in her purse for her keys. In her panic she somehow remembered something she had heard or read. You can hold your keys with their points protruding between your fingers and thus fashion a weapon. Crude and probably not very effective but she

was desperate and was amazed that in this state of near hysteria she had the presence of mind to remember this snippet of information.

At last she bounded up the two steps onto her front stoop, inserted her key in the lock, turned it and pushed open her front door. Now she had reached the safety and comfort that only the familiar can bring. She didn't even turn on a light but stood with her head leaning against the door trying to calm her racing heart, drawing in great sobs of breaths and just reveling in this wonderful feeling of safety. As her heart slowed and her breathing began to reach its normal rhythm she suddenly became aware of something she now realized was different. When she inserted her key in the front door lock she did not hear the usual click as the lock disengaged. The front door to her house was open! She always diligently made sure that it was locked any time she left the house. Why, she even locked it and put the key in her pocket when she worked in the yard.

Then, behind where she stood in the darkness of her house, her safe haven, she heard a high pitched maniacal laugh!!!

Moonshine, Murder and the Teen Bride

By
Wesley Lee



Wesley Lee

Genealogy can lead your search down many roads and one that I found on a 1st cousin 2x removed involved murder, lust and moonshine. Most researchers would leave such findings hidden but I'm not most researchers. East Tennessee was in the middle of the nationwide prohibition and just before the Great Depression. Times were bad and people went to many lengths to survive.

This account really starts in the sparsely populated area where the Clinch River splits Loudon and Roane Counties at the area of the old Williams Ferry. There was the beautiful Martha E (Mandy) Cagle who was the daughter of Arthur and Rosa Cagle. Her dad and two brothers worked the farm and sawmill. Like many children of the time she had no time for school and could not read or write. Some fathers looked at girls as just another mouth to feed and the quicker they could be married off the better. I don't know this to be the case for Mandy, but I suspect that her being around a sawmill provided the opportunity for her good looks to be seen by more than one potential suitor.

Mandy was born April 18, 1912 and she married Earl Price February 5, 1927, two months shy of her fifteenth birthday. Earl was the son of James William Price and Alice Roberts from Eaton Crossroads. Earl was born January 26, 1906, six years her senior at twenty-one. Mandy had said she was nineteen when they got their marriage license. Not everyone was happy to see Mandy get married, one would be Mack Chambers whose birth seemed to be in 1897 though he claimed to be much younger. The Chambers family lived in Blount County at one time and were said to be farmers. Now they lived in Loudon County on Clinch River Road while working at the sawmill and delivering moonshine or even making that product in Roane County in the Cooper Ridge area along the Clinch River.

Mandy may have been a little too young to get married at fourteen because by the second week of April she and Earl had separated and she had gone to the home of Sam Kesterson and his wife in the area of Clinch River and old Williams Ferry. A short week later on April 24, 1927 Earl Price would be found on the banks of the Clinch River by the old Williams Ferry. He had been shot through the head and chest. The grisly discovery was made by Charlie Powell while plowing. The mule shied at the body on the river bank.

The Law was notified and it was learned that Earl Price had left his home in Lenoir City to visit his wife at the Kesterson home in Roane County. The Kestersons nor Mandy Price could be found and the last person to be seen with Earl Price was Mack Chambers.

Three days later on April 27th, the man that once wooed her, Mack Chambers would confess to the killing of Earl Price and throwing his body into the Clinch River. Mack Chambers confessed but said it was in self-defense. Chambers said that Earl Price went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kesterson on Sunday the 24th where Mandy Price was staying and

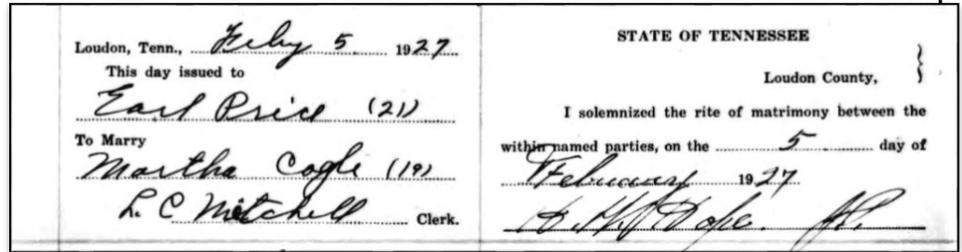


Martha E. "Mandy" Cagle

Moonshine, Murder and the Teen Bride

called for Kesterson and Chambers to come out of the house and when they did drew a gun.

Chambers said he shot Price, once to the chest and another to the neck. He then dragged the body to the river and pushed it out into the river with a board. Then that night he stayed at the home of his brother Hershel. The Kestersons were arrested in Morgan County about four miles from Wartburg. The officers also took into custody, pending an investigation Hershel Chambers, Tom Lee and Mandy Price. Mack Chambers took all the blame for the killing and said no one had helped drag the body down to the river. Officers also investigated that Mack Chambers had been attentive to Mandy Price while she was staying at the Kesterson's home. Mack said that Earl Price resented this but he knew no reason why Earl would be hostile toward him.



On Thursday the 28th under grilling declared that Mack Chambers was the aggressor in the fatal encounter which preceded the slaying and dragging the body to the river. Roane County Attorney General, Ed Watkins said he had a strong case against Chambers and a preliminary hearing would be held Friday. The officers believe it was an "eternal triangle" that Earl and his bride had been separated for a week and Earl had Mandy had been staying at the Kesterson home. Mack Chambers was at the house at the time and Mandy had hung a .45 caliber pistol which belonged to Earl on the wall of the house and he took it down and carried it away with him

Earl returned about dusk when Sam Kesterson and Mack Chambers came out and engaged in conversation. An argument ensued and according to Mack Chambers, Earl Price drew a gun on him. Sam immediately went into the house and Mack shot in self-defense and killed Earl Price. Afterwards he offered to stay at the house if the others would but they - Mr. and Mrs. Kesterson, Tom Lee and Hershel Chambers decided to go, all but Tom Lee going to the home of another brother, Robert Chambers. Mack said he accompanied Tom part way then turned and went back to the house and picked up the body of Earl Price and carried it half a mile to the Clinch River by Williams Ferry. Here he threw it into the river but couldn't get it clear of shallow water. He then went back to Charlie Powell's barn and got a board to push the body into deeper water. Mack then went home and went to bed and the next morning went to the saw mill where he was employed after throwing away Earl's pistol and concealing his own.



After Charles Powell discovered Earl Price's body he notified officers and a party composed of Coroner T.F Goodwin and deputies A.H. Stegall, Walter Marney, John Hall and John White visited the scene and arrested Mack Chambers at the nearby home of

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his father Joshua H. Chambers.

Deputies Marney, Stegall and Joe Edwards accompanied by Walter Garrison located the Kesterons and Mandy Price in Morgan County about four miles from Wartburg after an extended search. The two women and man had left the scene early Monday morning and driven in a buggy to Charles Kesterson's home, arriving Monday night.

When found the body of Price had three wounds, two behind the ear and one in the chest. The slaying occurred in a thinly settled and remote area of Roane County near the Loudon County line, which one of the deputies characterized as being a favorite haunt for moonshiners. Curtis F. Dover, employer of Mack Chambers was taken into custody on Thursday, pending an investigation. Dover, a sawmill operator came to Kingston voluntarily. He brought a pistol that was said to have belonged to Mack Chambers.

At the preliminary hearing on Friday the 28th, charges against Mandy Price and Mrs. Kesterson were dropped by Ed Watkins, assistant attorney-general. Mack Chambers was charged with murder, while Sam Kesterson, Tom Lee, Hershel Chambers and Curtis M. Dover are charged with accessories before and after the fact. Mr. Watkins said there was a possibility that cases against several charged with being accessories being dropped after the proof is heard. Mack Chambers has taken all the blame, but claims self-defense.

When Mandy Price last saw her husband, Earl Price alive he was lying wounded in the front yard of Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kesterson, she testified at the preliminary hearing for Mack Chambers and others. The assistant attorney-general, Ed Watkins said there was a possibility that Earl Price may have been thrown into the Clinch River while still alive. Mandy Price testified that Mack Chambers came into the Kesterson house on Sunday afternoon after the shooting and told those inside come out and see what he had done. Mandy went out and found her husband wounded. "Get me the doctor quick", she quoted her husband saying. "Earl you should not have come here and started this with me," Mandy said she told him. "Go away and not talk with me," she said her husband had replied. She went away. Mack Chambers did not take the stand during the hearing.

Chambers was bound over to court without bond. Sam Kesterson was held under \$1500 bond, charged with being an accessory after the murder, while Tom Lee and Hershel Chambers was held under bonds of \$1000 each, and Curtis M Dover was held under \$500 bond. Cases against Mrs. Kesterson and Mandy Price were dropped but Mandy was held under a \$250 bond as a material witness. A trial date for Mack Chambers was set for the June term of court. Tom Lee, Curtis Dover and Mandy Price all made bond.

The Bride's Story

Mandy Price, the pretty 15-year-old bride said she had been separated from her husband for a week preceding the murder. She told in detail the events leading up to the crime and the subsequent flight of herself and Mr. & Mrs. Kesterson into Morgan County, where they were arrested. She said she had intended to go to her mother's after leaving her husband on Monday preceding the Sunday of the crime, but that on the road Kesterson picked her up and invited her to go to his home, which she did. Her husband had come to see her once during the week.

Moonshine, Murder and the Teen Bride

On the day of the shooting, she told of a day of drinking bout that started in the morning and lasted throughout the day, with Kesterson and his wife, a man named Mills and his wife, and several others. All the men were drunk or drinking during the afternoon and Kesterson's wife was drunk when the shots were fired, but she denied taking any of the moonshine herself. Her husband made a visit to Kesterson's about 2:30 in the afternoon, when he came to get a .22 rifle Mandy had brought with her and at that time he spoke sharply with her and Mr. Kesterson.

The second trip he made to Kesterson's was about 7:00 in the evening when he came and called for Sam. Mack Chambers went to the door first, followed by Sam Kesterson, and in the yard he said, "I want my brace and bit." When Sam told him it wasn't there he replied, "I know dam well it is," whereupon Mack offered to go and ask Mandy if it was in the house. Earl then told Chambers with disgust, "I guess you have a right to," and a wordy clash between the two ensued, while Kesterson went to his wife, who needed attention. This exchange of words Mandy said she heard from the door where she was standing.

She said she heard Earl three times; "don't you come no further," following which she saw the flash of the gun and heard three quick shots. About four minutes later Chambers entered the house and said, "Come out boys, and see what I've done." Mr. and Mrs. Kesterson, Hershel Chambers, Tom Lee and Mandy were then in the house, but only the later accompanied Mack outside, she said. When they came up to Price, who was lying prostrate on the ground with his head toward the house and a .41 Colt pistol a few inches from his hand, he said to Chambers, "Old boy, get me a doctor, quick," to which Mack made no response.

A few minutes afterwards when the other occupants of the house went out into another part of

the yard, Mandy said, she came back and examined her husband with a flashlight. She said, "Earl, you ought never to have come here and started with me," and testified that he replied, "Go away and don't talk to me." This was the last testimony of anyone that saw Earl Price until after his body was found in the Clinch River the following day.

Body Thrown In River

On returning in the house, she said Mack Chambers remarked, "We have to get him away." He and Tom Lee left but returned in a few minutes. Mr. and Mrs. Kesterson, Hershel Chambers and Mandy Price then went to a home of a brother of Mack - Robert Chambers where

Continued on next page

WRITE PLAINLY, WITH UNFADING INK—THIS IS A PERMANENT RECORD
 N. B.—Every item of information should be carefully supplied. AGE should be stated EXACTLY. PHYSICIANS should state CAUSE OF DEATH in plain terms, so that it may be properly classified. Exact statement of OCCUPATION is very important. See instructions on back of certificate.

1 PLACE OF DEATH			STATE OF TENNESSEE		
County <u>Roans</u>			STATE BOARD OF HEALTH		
Civil Dist. <u>2nd</u>			Bureau of Vital Statistics		
OR			CERTIFICATE OF DEATH		
Village			Registration District No. <u>742</u>		
OR			Primary Registration District No.		
City			File No.		
(No. _____ St. _____ Ward _____)			Registered No. _____		
2 FULL NAME <u>Earl Price</u>			[If death occurred in a hospital or institution, give its NAME instead of street and number.]		
PERSONAL AND STATISTICAL PARTICULARS					
3 SEX <u>male</u>	4 COLOR OR RACE <u>white</u>	5 SINGLE, MARRIED, WIDOWED, OR DIVORCED (Write the word) <u>married</u>	16 DATE OF DEATH <u>April 24</u> 192 <u>7</u>		
6 DATE OF BIRTH <u>Jan. 26</u> 190 <u>6</u>			17 I HEREBY CERTIFY, That I attended deceased from _____ 192__ to _____ 192__		
7 AGE <u>21</u> yrs. <u>2</u> mos. <u>27</u> ds. If LESS than 1 day, ____ hrs. or ____ min.?			that I last saw h. _____ alive on _____ 192__		
8 OCCUPATION (a) Trade, profession, or particular kind of work. <u>laborer</u> 196 (b) General nature of industry, business, or establishment in which employed (or employer) _____			and that death occurred, on the date stated above, at <u>7:30 P.M.</u>		
9 BIRTHPLACE (State or country) <u>Tenn</u>			The CAUSE OF DEATH* was as follows: <u>shot by Justice unknown</u>		
10 NAME OF FATHER <u>J. W. Price</u>			[Duration] ____ yrs. ____ mos. ____ ds.		
11 BIRTHPLACE OF FATHER (State or country) <u>Tenn</u>			Contributory (SECONDARY) _____		
12 MAIDEN NAME OF MOTHER <u>Alice Roberts</u>			Signed <u>R. O. Hoover</u> Registrar		
13 BIRTHPLACE OF MOTHER (State or country) <u>Tenn</u>			* State the DISEASE CAUSING DEATH, or, in deaths from VIOLENT CAUSES, state (1) MEANS OF INJURY; and (2) whether ACCIDENTAL, SUICIDAL, or HOMICIDAL. State whether or not an operation was performed.		
14 THE ABOVE IS TRUE TO THE BEST OF MY KNOWLEDGE (Informant) <u>J. W. Price</u> (Address) <u>Lenoir City, Tenn.</u>			18 LENGTH OF RESIDENCE [FOR HOSPITALS, INSTITUTIONS TRANSIENTS, OR RECENT RESIDENTS] At place of death ____ yrs. ____ mos. ____ ds. In the _____ State ____ yrs. ____ mos. ____ ds. Where was disease contracted, if not at place of death? Former or usual residence _____		
15 <u>Jan 7 27</u> <u>W. W. Booth</u> REGISTRAR			19 PLACE OF BURIAL OR REMOVAL <u>Pleasant Hill Cemetery</u> DATE OF BURIAL <u>April 26</u> 192 <u>7</u>		
			20 UNDERTAKER <u>STERNY BROS. & THOMAS, Lenoir City, Tenn.</u> ADDRESS _____		

Moonshine, Murder and the Teen Bride

Continued from previous page

Mack joined them later that night. When he arrived, she asked, "What did you do with Earl?" and he replied, "We took him to a doctor." Not satisfied she repeated her question and Chambers told her, "We took him and threw him in the river." He then asked her to see if there was any blood on his back, and on examination she found a bloody spot on his shirt. He took the garment off and burned it in the fireplace, disclosing another stain on his underwear. He then went into another room and changed clothes, burning his undergarments in the fireplace and giving his overalls to Hershel who disposed of them she declared.

Pistol Found Hidden

The widow testified that about the time of Earl's first visit Sunday, Curt Dover came to the Kesterson's house and while there showed a pistol he was carrying. This weapon she identified as the cheap .38 which Dover brought to the jail when he was arrested the day before the trial, and which he said he loaned Mack Chambers the afternoon of the murder. She said that shortly after Earl left, that Mack and Dover went outside, and previously he asked Dover, "Do you have any extra shells?" She also identified a .41 Colt found by officers after Chambers had told them where he hid it under a fence rail as the weapon near her husband's hand when she first saw him after the shooting. The Colt was loaded with two .38 shells - which did not fit it while the .38 brought in by Dover contained four shells of that caliber. Officers testified that the .41 apparently had not been shot recently, while the other gun had been fired three times in the past few days. Price's wounds were apparently inflicted with .38 bullets, Constable Walter Marney testified after examination of the body.

Mrs. Mandy Price was seemingly not greatly affected by the recent death of her husband, and smiled frequently while reciting the story of the events preceding and following the tragedy.

Not a Fighting Disposition

When asked by the same attorney where her husband was in a fighting disposition she replied, "Earl had to be soaked up full of whiskey or have someone standing behind him," before he would offer to fight. She said he apparently had been drinking before the shooting. She said that sometime before the shooting Chambers had told her, "If I had been a little bit sooner, you and Earl would never been married," and when she asked him what he meant he replied, "If powder and lead can stop him, he would have been stopped."

Pictures Brutal Crime

In his argument before the court, assistant attorney-general Ed Watkins painted the crime as an unusually brutal one, asserting that he was convinced that Chambers and Lee had picked up the wounded man who lay on the ground calling for a doctor, carried him to the river, and thrown him in the water while life still remained in the body. The attorney-general and investigating officers believe that, while jealousy may have been the immediate cause of the crime, it has back of it a feud among whiskey makers in the remote and thinly settled section of Roane County where Price was killed.

All the defendants except Dover, who is thirty-five, are in their early twenties are all residents of the upper end of Roane County, where the Clinch River forms the Roane-Loudon county line.

Trial Set for week of June 20, 1927

The pretty 15-year-old widowed wife of Earl Price of Loudon County will be state's witness at the trial of Mack Chambers for the slaying of Price, when the case is called during the week of June 20. Mrs. Martha (Mandy) Cagle Price was the slain man's bride of a few weeks and former sweetheart of Chambers. She with the wife of Sam Kesterson are under bond as State's witnesses. Hershel Chambers, Tom

Moonshine, Murder and the Teen Bride

Lee, Sam Kesterson and Curtis Dover will also be tried charged with accessories before and after the fact. Chambers was refused bail. All others except Kesterson are out on bond.

Jury Selection

The defendants will have more than 100 challenges. Several days will be required to get a jury. The state is represented by attorney-general Witt and assistant attorney-general Watkins. Defense attorneys are John M. Davis of Wartburg, J. Ralph Tedder of Rockwood and James F Littleton of Kingston.

A total of 288 veniremen were examined to get the 12 jurors and the trial started on June 22, 1927

Slayers Trial is halted with a plea of "Guilty"

Mack Chambers, slayer of Earl Price of Loudon County will serve 10-years in the state prison. Unexpectedly entering a plea of guilty Wednesday afternoon, attorneys for both sides agreed to a verdict of second-degree murder. Hershel Chambers, Tom Lee and Curtis Dover, were freed. Dover was fined \$50 for possessing a pistol, however.

Follow up to some involved

February 16, 1928 – (Kingston) Ten defendants in liquor and homebrew cases were acquitted in Criminal court. Four cases were thrown out owing to defects in search warrants. Hershel Chambers brother of Mack Chambers who is serving a 10-year sentence for the murder of Earl Price in April, 1927 and his father Joshua H. Chambers were tried on a charge of manufacturing whiskey. Hershel was acquitted but Joshua H. Chambers found guilty and his fine fixed at \$500 by the jury, to which the court added a six months workhouse sentence. Judge Blair announced from the bench that the court was going to breakup whiskey making in the Copper Ridge area, scene of the Price killing.

Martha E (Mandy) Cagley Price – Married William Wilcox in 1935 and by 1940 had a son and daughter. She died in 1985. She is buried in Loudon County.

Mack Chambers – After serving his time at Brushy Mt. prison where he worked in the mines he married in 1936 and had eight children. He died in 1977. Mack is buried in Blount County.

Hershel Chambers – Is more a mystery, worked for Alcoa Aluminum and he died in 1966 and is buried in Blount County.

Robert Chambers – Robert died in 1957, married and had six children, he is buried in Blount County.

Joshua H Chambers – Father to the Chambers boys is also buried in Monroe County near a daughter, death unknown.

Tom Lee – Married in 1928 and had seven children, he died in 1986 and is buried in Loudon County where he has a road named after him.

Curtis F Dover – Believed to have died in 1959 in Clinton, Tn.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Kesterson – Believed to be Samuel A. Kesterson (1903-1974) who was married to Nannie Mae Earley (b. abt 1906). The Charlie Kesterson mentioned is most likely his brother (Charles Franklin, 1895-1965).

Charlie Powell – (1898-1949) was actually married to the sister of the Chambers, her name was Mary "Marietta" E Chambers (1905-1980)



Nannie Lamar Smith Hopper

Nannie Lamar Smith Hopper, age 92, went to be with her Lord and Savior on February 19, 2017. She was born October 7, 1924, in Jefferson City, TN, to Frank and Mollie Nichols Smith. Nannie was the fourth of their eight children. After graduating from Nelson Merry High School in Jefferson City, she attended Morristown College for a short time. She moved to Dayton, OH, to work at Wright-Patterson Air Field to be near her siblings. She returned to Jefferson City and married her high school sweetheart, William Julian Hopper Jr. of Oliver Springs. The couple spent all of their married life in Roane County. From that marriage, they had five

children: Gail, Julia, Lou, Jean, and Julian.

Mrs. Hopper was a business woman who helped her husband Julian, run a family farm for over forty years and she continued to help her son, Julian to do the same. Mrs. Hopper was a Christian woman who loved God and was a member of the Little Leaf Baptist Church, Oliver Springs Historical Society and Mayme Carmichael School Organization, Inc.

Mrs. Hopper spent over 70 years in Roane County with her family. She was a loving wife, mother, grandmother, great-grandmother and a special friend to many. She was honored as a Roane County, TN Treasure and was well known as "the corn lady". She was dedicated to all of her family. Over the years, she helped not only raise her children, but she took in other children and opened her doors to help feed other children. Mrs. Hopper helped with the Christmas Basket and the Angel Tree programs within her church. Mrs. Hopper always helped to provide food in the neighborhood when members had lost their love ones. She always opened her doors to quilting clubs, Historical Society meetings, and any groups needing help or a place to meet.



She was preceded in death by her husband, William Julian Hopper, Jr., daughter Abigail (Gail) Hopper Brown, and siblings Mac, Gladys, Bill, Mary Frances, Mattie, and Frank Edward. She is survived by son and daughter-in-law, Julian and Sherri Hopper, Oliver Springs; daughters and son-in-laws, Julia and Julian Daniel, Oliver Springs; Lou Evans, Oak Ridge; Jean Hopper King, Atlanta, GA; and Emmitt Brown, Oliver Springs; sister, Marlene Eskridge, Dayton, OH; over 30 grandchildren and great-grandchildren, a host of nieces, nephews, cousins, and friends.

The funeral service was at 12 p.m. on Wednesday, February 22, 2017, at Little Leaf Baptist Church, 228 E Tri County Blvd., Oliver Springs, TN, with Rev. Cecil Mills officiating and giving the eulogy. The family received friends at 11:00 a.m. on Wednesday at Little Leaf Baptist Church. Online condolences can be made at jacksonfuneralservices.com.

Nannie Lamar Smith Hopper



What defines a giant? Height? Avoirdupois? Physical presence? Birthright? Pedigree?

Allow me to submit to you that sometimes it is none of these erstwhile benchmarks. I am reminded that this is so at times like this, when I think of the noble soul that was Nannie Smith Hopper; for, you see, she was none of these. Diminutive in stature and born into humble surroundings in the small burg of Jefferson City, Tennessee, Mrs. Nannie rose inexorably through iron will and noble virtue into a veritable giant of our community. Brimming with Christian virtue, she was constantly about the Father's business of nurturing, leading, comforting and occasionally offering motherly chastisement to those who found their way into her sphere.

she was constantly about the Father's business of nurturing, leading, comforting and occasionally offering motherly chastisement to those who found their way into her sphere.

I knew Mrs. Nannie's children before I ever knew her. Even then, witnessing Julian and his sisters, I had a hint of the hands by which they were molded. I believe the first time I actually met Mrs. Nannie was after my wife Janice's grandfather passed away unexpectedly. We had gathered at the Parrott family home to mourn. I believe Mrs. Nannie was the first person to come up the sidewalk with a huge pot of corn cut off the cob. That was just what she did, as much a pillar of the community as anyone who ever came this way and decided to stay.



Little has been publicized about it, but Mrs. Nannie was a pioneer in the struggle to integrate the schools in our area. Chagrined by having to bus her children as far away as Rockwood just to gain an education, Mrs. Nannie became a tireless lobbyist for the cause of equality in education, and her children were the first to break through the color barrier in Oliver Springs Schools. Never militant or abrasive in nature, Mrs. Nannie nonetheless showed the steely persistence of the widow in Luke 18 who, by sheer indomitable will and dedication to her cause, swayed the judge in her favor.

Lastly, I would be remiss if I did not tell you that in my estimation Mrs. Nannie Lamar Smith Hopper accomplished more to render her neighbors colorblind than any before her. Exemplary in character and deed, she made it exceedingly hard to entertain any outdated notions of prejudice. She was one of us, and she and her family after her BECAME us. Who among us can claim such an impact through simple Christian virtue? Her place is secure. She was and shall remain a giant in the Chronicle of life in our lovely little town.....



Robbie

Beautiful Grandfather Clock

Donated by Mrs. Clara Hall Hughes

Cast your eyes upon the lovely grandfather clock donated to the Oliver Springs Historical Society by our dear friend and member Mrs. Clara Hughes. Mrs. Clara told me that she had purchased it in Germany and personally oversaw the transit of it from there to her home. What an exquisite and elegant showpiece that has found a new home where it graces our elegant showplace that is the Museum and Archives of the Oliver Springs Historical Society!

This is not the first magnanimous gift from Mrs. Hughes. She and her late sister Jackie Henry have blessed us personally and financially. They have proven to be the source of some of our greatest blessings. I personally count Mrs. Clara's friendship to be worth more than rubies. Oh what a light she is!

Thanks to Buster Harvey and the boys at Harvey's for assisting Jerry White in the moving of the clock, which had to be done with the greatest of care. *Robbie*



Rosa Lisa Hall Drake, age 60, of Knoxville, TN, passed away on Saturday, January 14, 2017 at Parkwest Medical Center in Knoxville. She was born on July 19, 1956 in Bulls Gap, TN. She grew up and reared her children in Oliver Springs before moving to Knoxville. Rosa was a graduate of Clinton High School. At the early age of 12, on November 17, 1968 she became a member of Little Leaf Missionary Baptist Church in Oliver Springs. She was a former employee of Shannondale Health Care Center and Atria Weston Place. Rosa enjoyed helping people and dedicated her life as a Certified Nursing Assistant for over 15 years. She loved caring for children and babysat in her spare time, and took care of many children of family and friends within the community. She also loved reading the Bible, and spending time with family and friends.

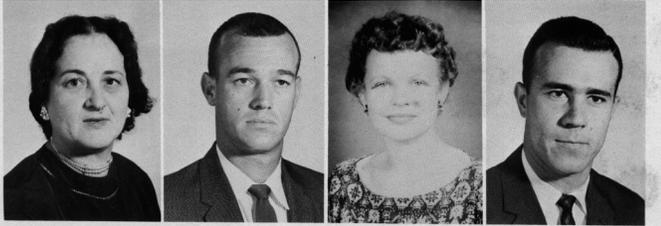
She is preceded in death by her father: Freeman Hall and husband: Jerome Drake.

Rosa is survived by her mother: Clara H. Hughes of Oak Ridge, daughters: Justina Willis of Oak Ridge and Bonnie Willis of Knoxville, sons: Gregory Lamar Willis and Freeman Drake of Knoxville, daughters-in-law: Selma Willis and Chasity Drake of Knoxville, grandchildren: Ravona Willis, Shatava Smith, Shandel Willis, Garry Mack, Lora Diggs, and Aleah Drake all of Knoxville, and Laytima Willis of Oak Ridge, she is also survived by 3 special friends, JoAnna Seiber, Anna McNish, and Barbara Tucker.

Premier Sharp Funeral Home is proudly serving Rosa's family and we invite you to share a message of condolence to the family at www.sharpph.com

Class of 1961

10pm



Ruth Sharp
Maryville College and
Peabody College
B.A. and M.A.
Algebra and Arithmetic

Jack T. Atkins
University of Tennessee
B.S., Business
Administration
General Business
General Science
English, and Geography

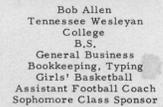
Thelma Heacker
Carson-Newman College
A. B. History
U. S. History
A & M History
and Speech, and Civics
Beta Club Sponsor

Charles L. Smith
University of Tennessee
B.S., Agriculture
Agriculture
Freshman Class
Advisor to FFA



Rachel B. Holt
Martin College
English II
Sophomore Class Sponsor

Huette Hoskins
Tennessee Polytechnic
Institute
B.S.
English III
General Business
General Science, Math



Bob Allen
Tennessee Wesleyan
College
B.S.

Florence W. Arnold
Tennessee Polytechnic
Institute and
University of Tennessee
English I
Freshman Class Sponsor

D. J. Brittain, Sr.
Maryville College and
University of Tennessee
B.A. and M.A.
U.S. History, Civics
and Mathematics



Sallie Hudson
University of Tennessee
B.S.
English III, IV



Evelyn Davis
Novella Edwards
Brenda Edwards
Gail Ely
Willene Galbreath

Virginia Gossett
Barbara Giles
Claudia Gough
Sherry Gough
Evon Grizzle

Ethel Haney
Virginia Harper
Rose Marie Hawkins
Anita Hyatt
Louise Johnson

Margaret Jordan
Helen Knight
Alice Lively
Charlene Lively
Ola Lively

Patricia Lively
Phyllis Long
Sandra Loudermilk
Ann Martin
Brenda Maston

Margaret Mattox
Judy McDonald
Mary McGhee
Barbara Murray
Rachel Parrish

Mary Patterson
Judith Pickard
Lois Prater
Brenda Purdy
Mary Sue Rather



Delliah Rayder
Nina Rhudy
Wilma Rickett
Barbara Rose
Jerry Ruffner

Brenda Russell
Helen Russell
Udena Seiber
Faye Sheets
Linda Slusher

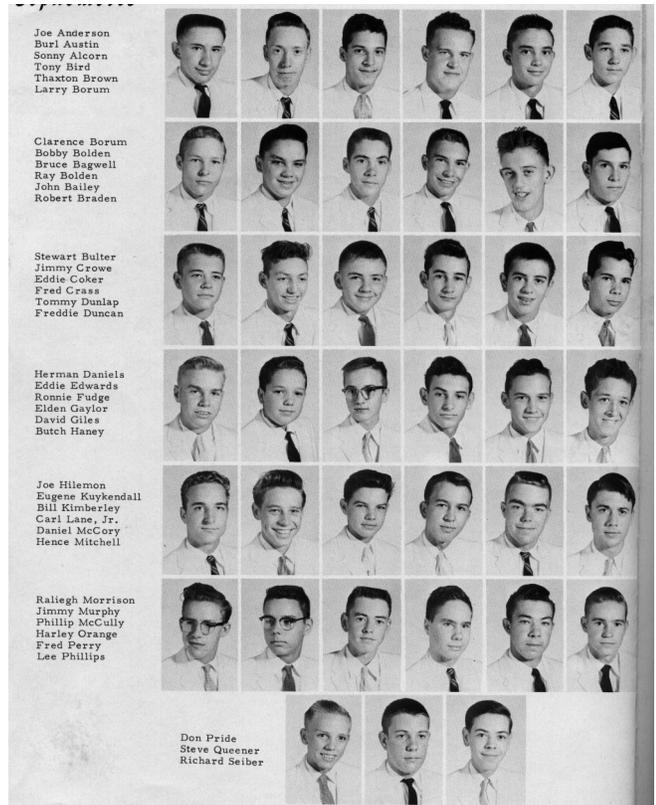
Joyce Small
Virginia Smith
Anna Lou Stooksbury
Alice Seavers
Gaynell Sweetner

Joyce Tate
Mary Taylor
Judy Trimble
Zona Tuck
Judy Walls

Lorene Ward
Audrey White
Patricia Wilson
Becky Woods
William Rose

Carl Scarbrough
Paul Shubert
Charles Slack
James Slaughter
Doug Stanley

Archie Tucker
Martel Webster
Jimmy West
Kenneth White
Ralph Wilson



Joe Anderson
Earl Austin
Sonny Alcorn
Tony Bird
Thaxton Brown
Larry Borum

Clarence Borum
Bobby Bolden
Bruce Bagwell
Ray Bolden
John Bailey
Robert Braden

Stewart Butler
Jimmy Crowe
Eddie Coker
Fred Crass
Tommy Dunlap
Freddie Duncan

Herman Daniels
Eddie Edwards
Ronnie Fudge
Elden Gaylor
David Giles
Butch Haney

Joe Hilemon
Eugene Kuykendall
Bill Kimberley
Carl Lane, Jr.
Daniel McCory
Hence Mitchell

Raleigh Morrison
Jimmy Murphy
Phillip McCully
Harley Orange
Fred Perry
Lee Phillips

Don Pride
Steve Queener
Richard Seiber



Evelyn LaRue and Bob ?

Photos on these two pages graciously supplied by David Moon, great-grandson of Ab and Jennie Hoskins LaRue and grandson of Evelyn LaRue



O.S. Mayor Ab LaRue



Joe Jackson, early Oliver Springs High School graduate



Jennie Hoskins LaRue, wife of Ab LaRue, erstwhile mayor of Oliver Springs

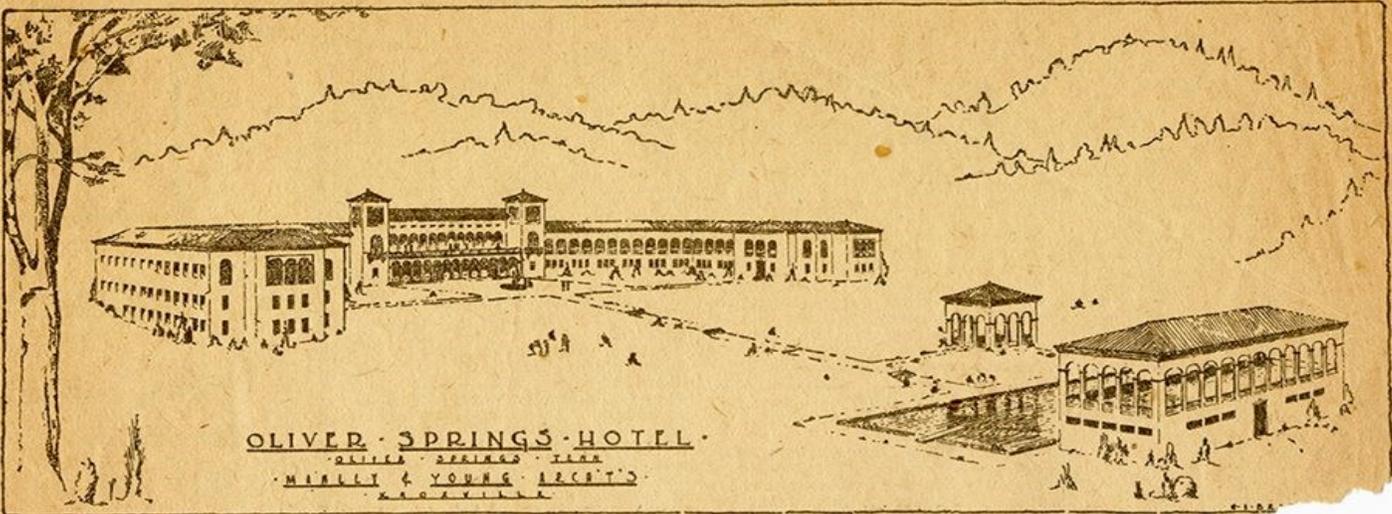


Top row unknown, Daisy Duggins and Snyder Roberts
 Bottom row left to right unknown, Evelyn Larue, Eugene Davis and Bromma Parnell



Eugene Davis and Bromma Parnell

\$250,000 Hotel Planned At Oliver Springs



OLIVER SPRINGS, Tenn., Sept. 8 (Spl.)—Plans for a one hundred and twenty room fireproof hotel, costing \$250,000, are announced by C. A. Carpenter and C. G. Ambrister, of Knoxville, they stating the stock subscriptions in a few days reached the amount necessary for the securing of a charter, which should be received this week.

As shown above in the preliminary drawings of the architects for the project the buildings will be of the architecture found popular at Mediterranean coast resorts, and also more recently adopted for the Florida resort hotels. Every fea-

ture that would make the guests comfortable have been considered by the architects. The guest rooms are located in the wings of the hotel, away from the noise arising in the lobby and dining rooms. Each room will have a private balcony overlooking the hotel grounds, and also with a view of the pool at such a distance from the hotel that the noise from the pool and pavilion will not disturb those patrons who are taking the waters and a rest at the hotel. Every room will have a bath and ample provision will be made for mineral baths.

Large springs on the mountain

back of the hotel will supply the hotel and pool with soft free stone water. The Spring House will cover seven of the country's most famous mineral springs, where during the life of the old hotel, people from all over the United States came to drink of the famous waters of Oliver Springs. Many still continue to inquire if there is a place to stay if they should come to enjoy the health giving benefits of the waters.

Messrs. Carpenter and Ambrister will put on sale five hundred acres of the land when it is subdivided into cottage sites.

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