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Piedmont Commissary

I couldn't be more proud to show you what the Oliver Springs Historical Society has come into possession of, thanks to a donation in memory of Rema Turnbull



Robbie Underwood

Beasley Hicks. Brought to us by her great-niece Colleen Melhorn, the picture is an original print of the Piedmont

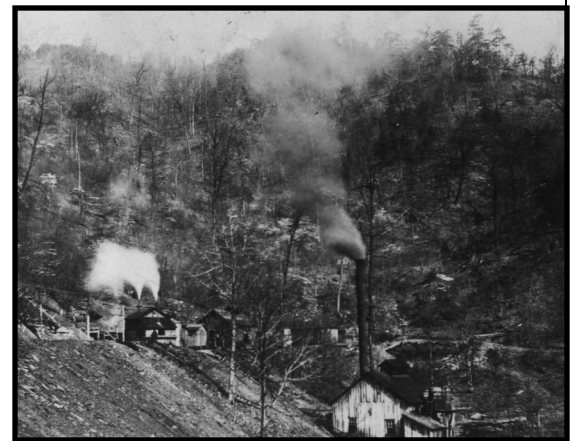


Commissary that existed along Windrock Road before the foot of the mountain.

Colleen told me that Rema most likely inherited it from her mother, Dollie Hoskins Turnbull. The original print of this picture has been permanently gifted to the Oliver Springs Historical Society Archives in the memory of Rema Turnbull Beasley Hicks. For that magnanimous gesture, we are most grateful.....

This seems to be the only photograph in existence made of the Piedmont Commissary. Although much is known and documented about the Windrock Mine, much less has been researched and written about the Campbell mines around Khotan and Piedmont.

From all I have been able to ascertain, the Commissary shown above served the miners and families associated with the Campbell Mines,



Wonderful picture showing the Khotan operations. At left is the driftmouth of the Khotan mine. It was while blasting out this driftmouth that Allan Craig was killed in 1904. The Horseshoe mine, which was likely another Campbell Mine, was just across the hollow from this mine.

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.

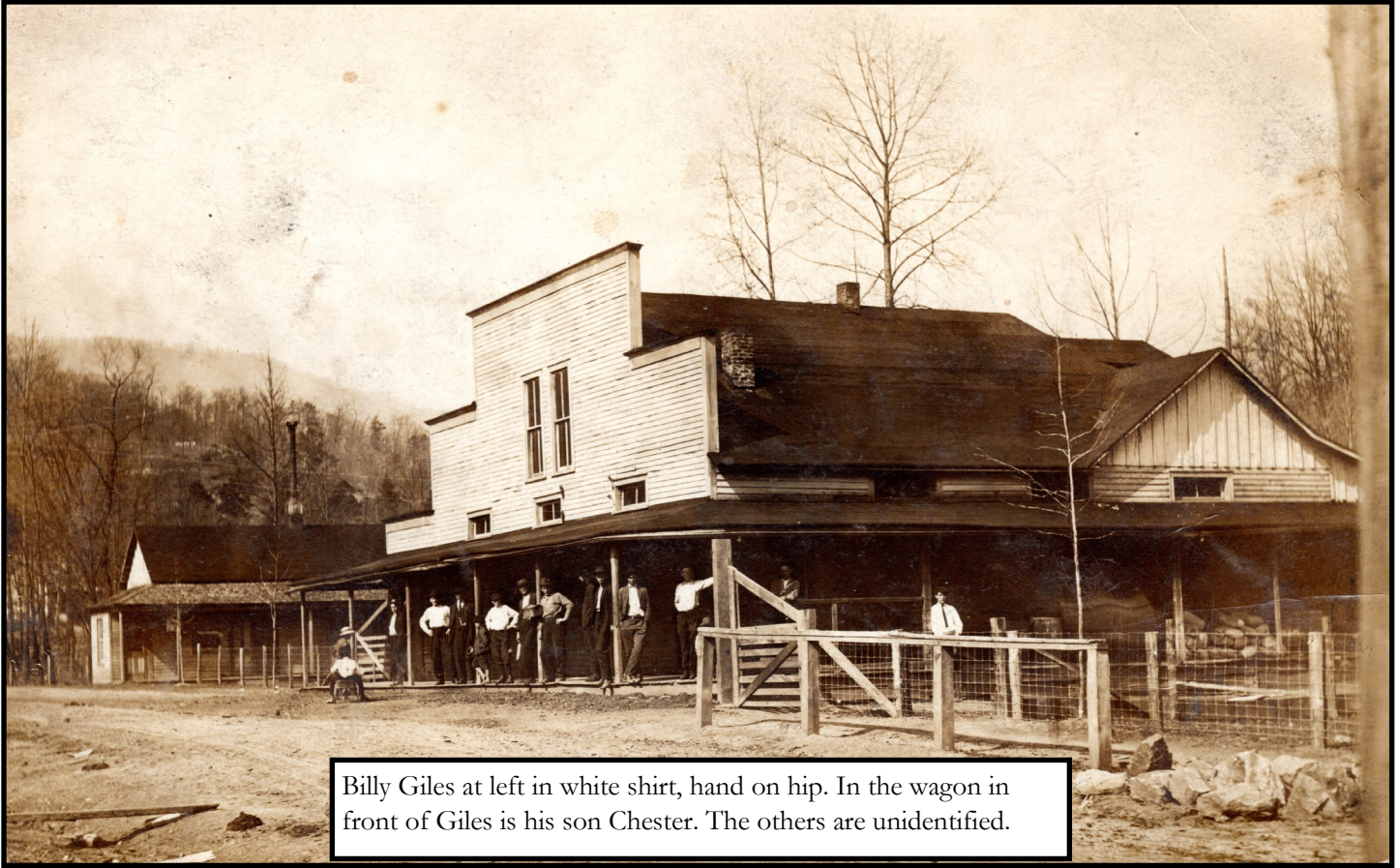
Please support your historical society, both in submission of items for publication and in making your old pictures and documents available for archiving, thus ensuring that future generations will reap the benefit of our tireless efforts at preservation.

For questions regarding "Legacy", or to submit material, email:

robbieu41@gmail.com

(Continued from Pg. 1)

Piedmont Commissary



Billy Giles at left in white shirt, hand on hip. In the wagon in front of Giles is his son Chester. The others are unidentified.

and possibly others in the area.

The fortunes of the Campbell operations took a severe blow around 1920 when miners expanding the Khotan Mine up at the head of Khotan Hollow accidentally cut underneath Wright Creek. The creek drained into the shaft with such a prodigious flow that all efforts to repair, pump, or otherwise mitigate the catastrophe proved largely insurmountable, and the mine was finally abandoned.

From all reports, the Piedmont operations were robust for several years, and the Piedmont community even boasted a school in addition to the commissary seen above. All that was to dwindle away with the closing of the Khotan Mine. Many erstwhile Campbell miners eventually sought and gained employment with the still-booming Windrock operations.

Piedmont... committed to history but not forgotten....



Tornado Alley

Oliver Springs Home Hit



Trees fell on Miss Carrie Mitchell's Oliver Springs home shown above. Parts of the residence were swept away. Miss Mitchell was unhurt.

Two Died Here Tree Splintered



Sam Hughes, Oliver Springs school janitor, stands beside the spot where two men died in electric wires torn loose by the Monday night tornado. Mr. Hughes saw both men die, but was powerless to aid them.



Two Oliver Springs lassies stand on this giant tree that was splintered by the tornado as it left the Roane County town. Two men were electrocuted near this scene by fallen wires.

Can you date this? I'm thinking it was in 1940, but going from memory alone is fraught with peril. April 18, ????

Brief Tornado Leaves Trail of Two Dead, Many Homeless

Community Dazed After Storm; Eye-Witness Tells of Electrocution of Carpenter, Salesman

By WILLARD YARBROUGH, News-Sentinel Staff Writer

OLIVER SPRINGS, April 18—Still-frightened residents today told of the horrors they experienced during a damaging 30-second tornado that ripped through this small town, leaving two dead and several families homeless.

The twister, they said, dipped into Oliver Springs Monday at 8 p. m. from the northeast, demolished homes and buildings on Oak Ridge Pike, and veered over the ridge southwestward. It left a trail of twisted and broken trees for two miles.

Sam Hughes, 71-year-old janitor at Anderson County School, saw two men electrocuted by fallen wires on the town's outskirts, old Clinton Pike, where the tornado left its parting marks. Victims were Jess Lowe, wealthy Oliver Springs carpenter, and Lew Mustoe, 40, Knoxville tobacco salesman who died a hero's death in trying to rescue the 72-year-old Lowe.

"I was walking down the road

and saw the tobacco company truck stop," said Mr. Hughes. "Mr. Mustoe got out of the car, seeing Mr. Lowe struggling across the field next to the railroad tracks.

"I could hear Mr. Lowe crying loudly: 'Help, help, help!' Mr. Mustoe ran as quickly as he could across the field. I saw him take hold of the struggling Mr. Lowe, who was still on his feet.

"I started running across the field and as I gained the tracks, the tobacco salesman had hold of the live wire. He fell and his last words were: 'Oh, Lordy!'"

Mr. Hughes said Mr. Lowe fell first, and Mr. Mustoe fell across him, unable to free himself from the wire had had fallen across a path leading to the Carmack home.

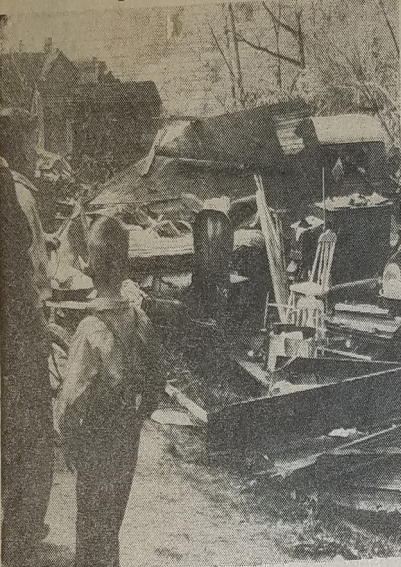
Grabs Power Line

"Mr. Mustoe first tried to pry Mr. Lowe loose with a stick, then grabbed the wire. That wire had 2300 volts in it and I don't understand how both men lived as long as they did," he said.

"When I got within helping distance both men looked dead to me and their clothing was burning. I ran down the tracks for help, but there wasn't anything anybody could do. It took about two hours to cut the power off and free the men, but we got their burning clothes out anyway."

Mr. Lowe lived alone in his Oliver Springs home. He had gone out to view the damages of

Wreckage Left by Tornado



Three persons escaped with fright and scratches after a tornado leveled this Oliver Springs residence Monday night. Mrs. Fred McGhee and Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Edwards clung to a trunk as the house walls and roof were swept away. Two persons were trapped in the trailer behind the McGhee wreckage.



Carolyn's Corner

By
Carolyn Kelly



Spring has arrived! It brings new life to things, and even to us– the promise of a new life!



First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt

Being a lover of history, I would like to tell you of a historical event that happened. It's a personal event, so I hope you won't mind me telling you about it. This couldn't happen today!

I was born in 1931, at the house which at the time was known as 'The House of Seven Gables'. It is located on the corner of Winters Gap and Kingston Avenue. It is also across the street from my grandfather's garage, which is listed on the National Registry of Historic Places as „Abston Garage“. It is now the Oliver Springs Historical Museum and Archives.



Intrepid First Lady Eleanor Roosevelt visiting a coal mine in Ohio

My mother was Lorena Joyner from Joyner Community of Petros, Tennessee, and what a beautiful woman she was! Mother had a cousin named Laura, who was married to Lewis Ford. At the time, they lived in the house across from Harvey's Store on Main Street (the house is sadly deteriorating so badly). Mr. Ford at that time was employed at the

Brick Plant in Oliver Springs.

In 1934, Mr. Ford was given the job of overseer of the building of The Homestead in Crossville, Tennessee. This was a project of President Franklin D. Roosevelt to help the people of that area.

One day Lewis called Mother and told her to get the girls, my sister Barbara Jane and I, all dressed up as he was going to Knoxville Airport to pick up Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, the President's wife, saying that she wanted to go see the Homestead Project. Lewis explained further, saying that „ We're going to stop so you can meet her but we can't come in.“ Mother made fresh lemonade and took Mrs. Roosevelt and Lewis a glass. Mrs. Roosevelt got to meet the



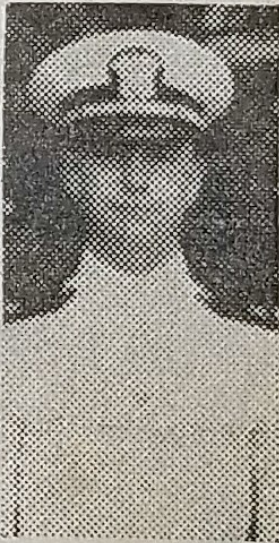
girls, but we of course do not remember.

Being a lover of history, I can say that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt stopped and had a glass of lemonade served to her across the street from the Historical Museum in Oliver Springs, Tennessee!

Thanks to everyone for all your support. It may be just paying your dues, volunteering for something like helping with the cleaning, donating for the things we need.. Even attending the meetings. It's all important!

ENSIGN JOE ERNEST TO RETURN TO DUTY,

OLIVER SPRINGS, May 27—Ensign Joe M. Ernest Jr., who has been visiting his parents at Oliver Springs, will return to duty Thursday.



Ensign Ernest

A teacher at Oliver Springs High School for four years, Ensign Ernest is a graduate of Maryville College and took post-graduate work at U-T.



Back Row, L-R: George McMahan— originally from Sevierville
Mary Ellen “Molly” Stonecipher McMahan, Mother of Nannie Mae

Nannie Mae Meade Stonecipher Wilson

Clara Freels Stonecipher Pierce

Front Row, L-R: Nathan Stonecipher, Nancy Stonecipher Hightower, Virginia Stonecipher Mann

Nannie Mae Meade married Robert Stonecipher. Clara Freels married S.M. Stonecipher, younger brother of Robert. Robert Stonecipher died at age 32, and his brother died 9 years later, also at age 32.

Photo and Description provided by Nancy Stonecipher Hightower

TWO OLIVER SPRINGS GIRLS ENTER WAAC



Miss Meade



Miss Brackett

Special To The News-Sentinel

OLIVER SPRINGS—Two Oliver Springs girls have been notified of their acceptance in the WAAC and will report Monday to the Third WAAC Center at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

Miss Irene Meade, daughter of George Meade, has worked for several years in a local department

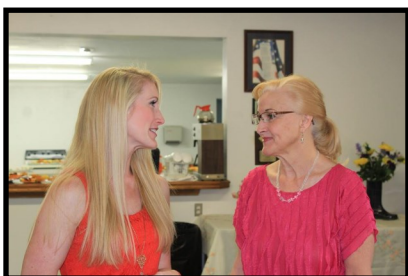
These newspaper articles are fragmented

Ladies' Day Luncheon

By Joyce Hepler-Fox

On Saturday, April 29th the ladies of the Historical Society held a luncheon at the DAV building in Oliver Springs. The ladies spent a mere 3 weeks in planning for this occasion; however, with the dedication and hard work of the group it proved to be an outstanding event. 20 tables were beautifully decorated by several members. Those who chose not to decorate tables worked in the kitchen or helped in some other way. 10 gentlemen volunteered to act as waiters. They looked quite dashing in their crisp white shirts and black dress

white shirts and black dress pants. There were approximately 105 in attendance. Speakers for the occasion were Terry Frank, Anderson County Mayor and Rebecca Sweet, meteorologist at WBIR television, Knoxville who spoke encouragingly about involvement in the community. Joyce Weaver graced the crowd with her beautiful singing voice and the story behind the song she sang. As a result of the luncheon funds were generated which allowed the purchase of a powerful computer and printer dedicated to be used for storing and publishing our archives. Any additional funds generated by the luncheon are to be used as needed.





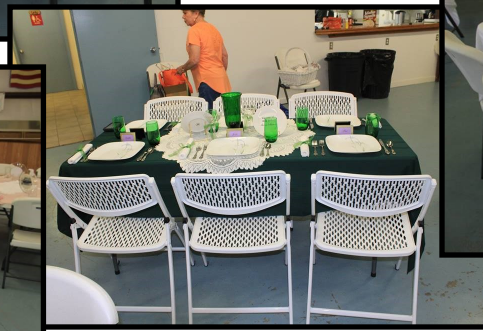
All Photographs Taken by Teresa Freels

Teresa is one of our unsung heroes in the Society. We have a few soldiers who are just always there to keep the baby from hitting the ground, and we are grateful for Teresa and the few like her who are always there in a wide variety of ways....

Robbie







Pennies From Heaven

Talk about your good fortune and timely gifting.... So here I was late last week wracking my brain as to what to put inside our newsletter that we have never seen before: something intriguing, slightly mysterious and revealing all at once. In the midst of this brain cramp comes my friend Billie McNamara with a message urging me to call her. I did just that, all the while wondering what could be so compelling and interesting waiting on the other side of that call. *(For those of you who wonder at the Oliver Springs connection, I will tell you that Billie is the descendant of Uncle John McNamara, that iron-fisted man of legend who, when introducing him to us, the late historian Snyder Roberts asserted that so powerful was this erstwhile bricklayer that "one punch from his fist could maim a man for life.")*



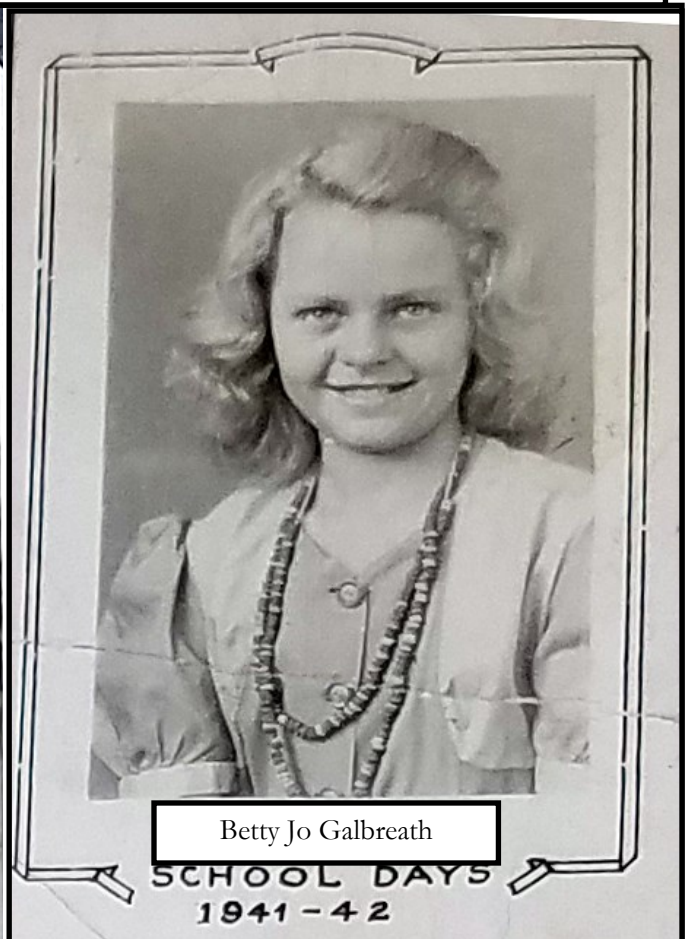
John McNamara and a young Walter Stripling

Making a long glorious story shorter of necessity, Billie's mother Mary McNamara was perusing the contents of a yard sale in Jefferson City when she came across a veritable treasure trove of old photographs, many of which had markings that tied them decisively to our little town of Oliver Springs. A couple of texts, calls and emailed photographs and here we are... To Billie, thank you, friend, and I'm very glad our paths crossed!

Robbie



Back Row, L-R: Faith Taylor, Earlene Fairchild, Vivian White, Enna Lou Booth.
 Middle Row, L-R: Sammie Ruth Davis, Betty Lee Kirtley, Faye Cox, Myra Cobb.
 Front Row, L-R: Wilma Jean Sisson, Cloris Cross, Barbara Cobb, Barbara Crass, Mary Edna Heacker. Front Center: Sally Byrd Parten



Betty Jo Galbreath
 SCHOOL DAYS
 1941-42



Betty Lee Kirtley & Gloria Lee Stewart c. 1944



P.F. Baltimore

Pennies From Heaven

GRADUATE AT OLIVER SPRINGS HIGH SCHOOL

Class of 1942



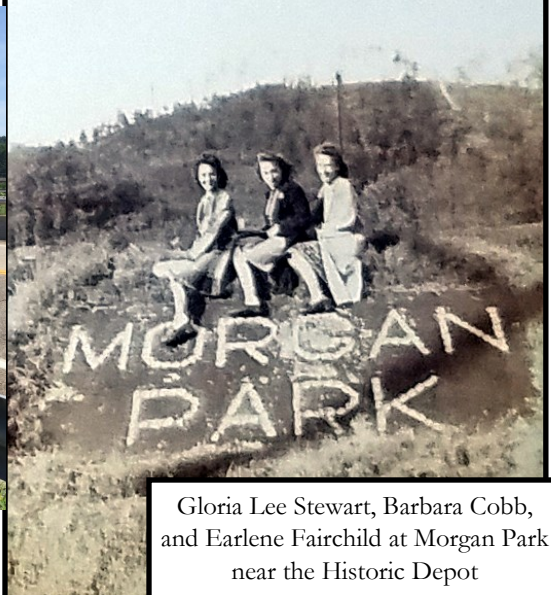
These are Oliver Springs High graduates: left to right, front row: Sarah Conant, Tavena Stewart, Thelma Sisson, Juanita Shoopman, Lakoma Sampsel; second row, Ruth Fox, Ruth Sisson, Mary Stair, Grace Wilson; third row, Marylyn May, Edna Wright, Pauline Hoskins, Margaret Jenks; fourth row, Ray Sisson, Jack Lively, J. W. Stewart, Sam Cox; fifth row, Wadey Johnson, Eugene Justice.



Earlene Fairchild and Betty Lee Kirtley, c. 1944



Same view c. 2017



Gloria Lee Stewart, Barbara Cobb, and Earlene Fairchild at Morgan Park near the Historic Depot

Betty Lee Kirtley Photos



Eugene Crass, Oliver Springs High School Class of 1947



Sally Byrd Parten

QUEEN IS CHOSEN
Special To The News-Sentinel
OLIVER SPRINGS, Oct. 29—Miss Patsy Parker was queen of the Oliver Springs Halloween carnival.
She was chosen by students and townspeople. Miss Parker is a sophomore in Oliver Springs High School.



Miss Parker

Patricia Parker, Class of 1946



Mrs. Ladd

SCHOOL DAYS
1941-42

Who Was Betty Lee Kirtley??



Cora Lee Hoskins, Betty Lee Kirtley, Gloria Lee Stewart, Snyder Roberts in background

Betty Lee Kirtley.. I must confess to you that I had never heard that name before Friday June 2nd, 2017. The photographs that were graciously sent to me by Billie McNamara on that day thrust me headlong into the mystery of who she was.

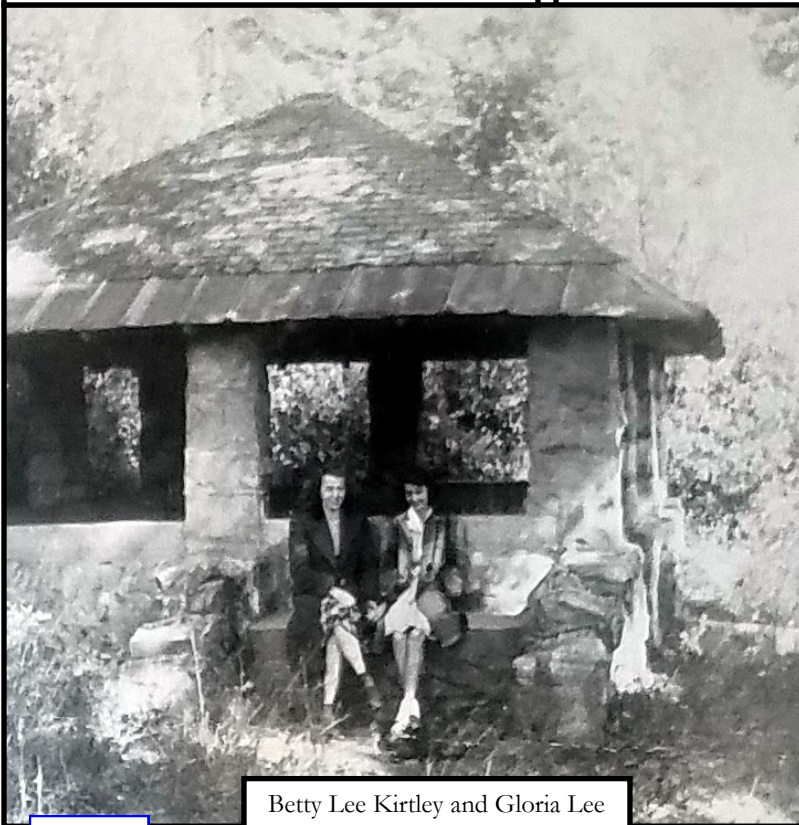
The photograph taken at left was on the 8th grade Graduation Day in 1942, the country and our town having, as of December 7th, been thrust into the conflagration that was WWII, a war that was to change not only the worldscape as it was then known, but also the face of our loveliest little town. Boys were signing up to go fight dark regimes in the name of good and right, leaving for a hellish ordeal that would, even for the ones who came home, forever change them. They came home bearing scars, both physical and emotional. Some, like my friend James Kelly, carried Japanese shrapnel to the day they died, remnants of a brutal assault on the island of Iwo Jima. Some, like Buster Borum, awoke on occasion screaming from a Technicolor nightmare that revisited from time to time. These men, and others like them, carried burdens that the rest of us could not see, and could never fully comprehend..... But they came home and picked up the reins to the plow and got up every morning and went to work and raised families and did the best they could. Honor... that is what we owe them.

But I digress. What of Betty Lee Kirtley? I have found that she was born in Perry County, Kentucky, of which Hazard is the County Seat. Hmm... Hazard.. Heart of coal country. I know almost nothing of Betty's parents, Robert Lee Kirtley and Pearl Marie Card Kirtley. I have found out that Pearl's father was from Soddy-Daisy, Hamilton County, Tennessee, and her mother was also from Hamilton County, TN. According to family I have contacted, Robert Lee Kirtley worked in the Blue Diamond mines in Kentucky for a time.

My thoughts are this: I think it is fairly likely that Betty Lee's family moved here as many others did, to follow the coal mine work, moving out of Kentucky and down to Oliver Springs. I found from reading in Trish Lively Cox's book that he was not listed as working at the Windrock mine, but Trish said the list was not absolute..

Regardless of what there is to be learned about the Kirtley family, and Betty in particular, one thing is clear: someone in the Kirtley family loved to take pictures, and amazingly after all these years and who knows how many stops along the way, the pictures have come full circle. The photo at left is but one example among many of how valuable they are to us, many showing details of our town that were heretofore shadowed or even unknown.

I hope that Betty Lee Kirtley had a wonderful life for all the days leading up to her death on the 9th of January, 2000. She has blessed me by the photos she preserved all these years, photos that were fortuitously saved by Mary and Billie McNamara. I'm hoping that with the publication of this newsletter, someone might come forward with personal anecdotes about her life. One thing is for sure... for a time back before and during the Second World War, she called Oliver Springs "home".



Betty Lee Kirtley and Gloria Lee Stewart at stone springhouse



Bob Wright House, C. 1965

This is the Bob Wright house that sat to the right of the gap leading to Windrock, close to the western end of Back Street. This site is purported to be the site of the original Moses Winters home. Moses Winters, of course, was widely considered to be the founder of the community that became Winters Gap and later Oliver Springs.



Aaron Russell Tavern, C. 1965

Notorious Tavern where “Bad Bill” Potter shot and killed William Walls after a long-running feud. Potter was thrice tried, ultimately having a sentence of life in prison overturned when a witness was belatedly produced who testified that Walls pulled a knife on Potter.



Honoring a True Hero

Some men achieve renown by the singular and distinctive way in which they live: others, by the manner of and events surrounding their death. Marshal Henry J. Cash made his lasting mark on the town of Oliver Springs in both respects. Nicknamed “Pony”, Marshal Cash would be remembered as an honored Civil War veteran, then as a distinguished officer of the law. Pony Cash served for many years, first as a policeman, then as town Marshal of Oliver Springs, being the first Oliver Springs lawman to be killed in the line of duty.

How long does a community honor a fallen hero? Is there a time limit on devotion, on respect?

The obvious answer is that there is never a time when it is just ok to forget a supreme sacrifice. It is to our everlasting credit that we as a community have a heart of preserving our legacy, of holding our heroes in high honor throughout time. In general we do a splendid job of it.

Imagine my horror, if you will, one day last month when I was making the rounds of the Oliver Springs Cemetery as I often do with my dear granddaughter Lainey in tow. Lainey loves to go around and straighten the flags that have been displaced or fallen due to



wind and rain, or even a careless mowing crew. We always come ‘round by the Marshal Pony Cash grave and I make a habit of pointing out that our Pony Cash is buried there. On this day, however, this is what we came upon...

I resolved that somehow this would be remedied, and I brainstormed a solution. This is what I came up with...

The obelisk was beyond heavy, and resetting it by hand would take several strong men (which I did not have on hand). At times like these I do as I have often done: I seek leverage and mechanical advantage. The engine hoist served admirably. Slow and steady were the watchwords as I gently hoisted it skyward. From start to finish, the operation took no more than 30 minutes of hot and sweaty labor. The Marshal Henry J. “Pony” Cash monument is once again standing as proud testimony to this good and honorable lawman who sought to bring law and order to Oliver Springs. Oh, and the inscription? I know it by heart... “Farewell dear Father, but not forever.. For we shall meet again, where we will part no more..”



Above is Dr. Thomas West’s Drug Store, with Dr. A.K. Shelton’s offices on the second floor. William West came out of this drug store, proceeding a short way down the tracks before whirling and firing 4 shots at Pony Cash who was standing at extreme lower right of frame. Pony Cash fell mortally wounded, his head facing toward town.

Robbie



Oliver Springs
High School Juniors
c. 1931.



Top row L-R:
Thelma Crass, Howard
Bedford, Jimmie Russell.



Middle Row, L-R:
Jimmie Long, Smith Webster,
Billie Russell, Charles McKa-
mey, Mildred Jones, Elbert
Nelson.



Bottom Row, L-R:
Blanche Wilson, John
Lockett, Ruby Galyon.

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