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JOHN HENRY DENNY: JUNE 22, 1914:
CHAPTER 13

“I remember the one time Luke inadvertently got me involved with his whiskey deals,” John Henry Denny, Luke’s older brother said from the living room of his Cookeville home, December 30, 1987.

“See Luke was always up to something when we were younger and he continued getting into trouble with the law. It was always something to do with whiskey,” the 75-year-old John Henry Denny continued. “In the summer of 1940, probably May or June, I was around the Cookeville square when here came my brother, drunk as usual. Luke said, ‘I’m afraid to drive out of here. The law is all around, see.’ Sure enough the local police were just waiting for Luke to crank up his blue ’38 Ford. I really didn’t want to drive, but when you’re 26-years old and it’s your brother, well then that’s a different story.

“Anyway, another friend from Rock Spring, we called him ‘Bully’ rode with us. The law followed us to the city limits, but didn’t stop us. I made darn sure I kept our speed a couple of miles under the speed limit. Bully said, ‘Let’s go to Rabbit Ridge and get a pint.’ Luke surprised us both, after he had me to pull over, when he raised the trunk. Low and below it was full of five-gallon jacket cans of whiskey. I didn’t know just what to do. Both Luke and Bully were in no shape to drive. “so I told Luke to tell me where to take the moonshine to get rid of it. After a few stops we were down to only two cans and you will not believe this, but we had a flat tire. Luke and I took one can a piece down Amonett Hill, south of Highway 70 in Putnam County, near Smith County’s line, and put them in the weeds next to the road. Just before we got back to the car I looked back and could see the top of Luke’s can shining about 20 feet away. I stopped, then said, ‘Luke, you didn’t hide you can. The law could easily see it right out in the open’ He came back with some silly remark like, ‘ol’ John Law in no where to be found. You worry to much John Henry.

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“You will not believe what happen within one second,” John Henry added.

Luke answered, “The Putnam County Sheriff rolled up behind the car, got out and came up to us. ‘Got a flat boys? Count we help you?’ the sheriff asked. Both of us thanked him and the sheriff drove off. I sobered up real quickly.”

“I’m sure I aged two years in a few short minutes,” John Henry returned. “Buddy that sure taught me a lesson...Luke was on his own after that day. THIS ol’ boy didn’t want anything to do with his moonshine hauling. From that day forward I would check his car before going anywhere. Usually, I drove my car.”

John Henry married Helen. The older brother retired from the banking business after 23 years service. He was also a member of a Tennessee Burley Association. After a few photographs were taken of the two brothers John Henry revealed, "Luke was smart. In fact, he's down right intelligent, even today he's no dummy. Can you imagine what he could have achieved if he had turned his talents to an honorable profession instead of whiskey running?"

Silence prevailed for a moment or two. The two smiled, shook hands, and John concluded, "I love him anyway, but boy I wish he would have listened to me."

Luke looked toward the floor and softly said, "You are right, what can I say? I's too late now, but hopefully this book will show younger folks my mistakes. I'm broke. Penniless. With nothing to show for my 73 years, but a lot of heartache, grief and three broken marriages."