

*Life
As it Used to Be
A Poetic Expression
Of the Past
By Ina (Clayton) Askew*

Dedication:

This selection is dedicated to the daughters of my grandparents, The Reverend and Mrs. J. R. Clayton, with the hope that memories of days gone by may be preserved.

Experiences which help to shape our lives too often fade into oblivion. These poems by "Aunt Ina" will prevent this from happening. They will preserve for us and our children an important period of our heritage and ancestry which must not be forgotten.

We will read them and our lives will be richer with the knowledge of LIFE
AS IT USED TO BE.

Dr. and Mrs. T. Randall Rodgers
Deuteronomy 4:9

Ina Askew
654 E. Meyers
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The End of the Good Old Days

Those days draw near so very fast,
Of that age I'm among the last:
Who in style - a buggy rode and
For an alarm clock the rooster crowed.

So many things have come to pass,
Which makes today another class;

I wouldn't want to lose many things won —
But in those days we did have fun.

That's what these verses are all about,
Those simple things so many flout;
Oh how quickly it could truly be,
You'd long again for them to see.

Dad said he borrowed coals of fire —
You push a button and there you are;
No more milk from the family cow,
Or gardens made with horse and plow.

No more do you hear of community schools,
Consolidation is the general rule;
Through bussing the fussing —at each others throats,
Make those Good Old Days not such a hoax.

The Close of Day On The Farm

I remember as a child how I loved the sound of night —
At the close of Day, when we ceased all work and play;
After supper-time was o'er, and the dishes washed
Once more —an our feet made clean for bed —
Never minding the smell of sweat,
Even from our dogs and cats,
When together we stretched out on the bare porch floor,
Waiting for the old folks to go in-doors.

I can hear the insects as they accused the Katy-dids!
And her friends answering the call Katy-didn't after all;
Back and forth this sound kept up —unless some sudden noise erupt,
And then was still as mice could be —
As breath held in expectancy;
And then upon the quiet night air, we could hear again
The distant toot of our neighbor's horn, calling

His dogs to keep watch until morn.

There were many, many charms of those years spent on the farm,
The million flickers of the lightening bugs, as tho' 'twas fairies
On fairy rugs –The far off call of the Bob-White male, or
The nearer thrill of the Whippoorwill, sent to their mates o'er
Dale and hill –and then as though the hour was right –it stopped
The Chimney Sweep in flight, and as we watched in the
Twilight dark, we saw the Tobacco flies play their part,
Sucking the dew from the Gympson's heart –
Laying their eggs there in the dark.

And yet we lingered in the night air –
The closeness to God felt every where;
Even the Toad that made his little hops
In our yard, among the stones, reminded us
That God cared for all –and was on His Throne –
And having enjoyed this hour of rest,
It bequeathed a calm in every breast.

The Old Place
(Sleepy Hollow)

Do you remember the Old Place, and how it looked back then;
When you came as a small child, and farm life there began?
How about the old wood gate, that swung outward on the hill –
Making the trip a little harder as we rode the 'turn' to mill?
And when the cows were dry each Spring, and our thirst would
Get the better –the old iron kettle was brought out, and
Sassafras made throats wetter.

I can smell the locusts that grew wildly on the hill,
And close my eyes and be brought back to the Dog-wood's sweet
Appeal; and looking out from in the house, to the Point above
The spring, the hill-side seemed to come alive, as Red Buds
Bloomed again. Ah the rabbits and the 'possums and the 'simmons

And the grapes, made the life down in this 'holler' to our daddy's
Very taste; how he loved to go a huntin' –walk for miles to find
The game; life without him in this 'holler' –would never be the
Same.

I remember Mama there with her many, many chores,
Making biscuit pudding and her good hoe cakes galore;
No one could beat her cooking, though no thanks from us did get,
But since I'm growing older there's much I'm learning yet.
She took the time to read to us before sending us to bed, then
She stood and worked the spindle of each longer growing thread;
There she sewed and ironed and carded –an she even milked the cows,
After papa and the big ones had left for their school hours.

Did you ever when young and gay, try your hand at sculpture play,
Arm yourself with knife or ax, carve on trees as tho' 'twas wax?
The Beeches high behind our barn could tell such tales –
But most of them have by man, been felled –and so it lingers
Only in our minds, the initials we had there entwined; and the
Ole Barn, where we oft did play, is now a worn an ghostly
Sentinel of her former self, so we dust our memories, and
Sentinel of her former self, so we dust our memories, and
Return them to their shelves.

But first, let us go on down the 'holler', and pass the water
Gap, hear again the sound of iron, as the horses feet clang out;
Stiffly walking o'er the limestones, taking each its careful
Step, lest it slip and throw its rider on the rocks so slick
And wet. And then below this water-gate where the gulley's
Made a bluff, If we questioned what was told us we might even
Get a cuff; for 'twas here our great Aunt Lizzie said she'd
Found our baby fair, and it made us look and wonder,
"Could we find another there?"

Could you think of trees as people? As children we had this hunch –
That a thorn tree was a woman –squatting there out o'er the
Gulch; and the Blue birds were her children, hatching there

Among the thorns, high upon her shoulders, out of reach of tiny
Arms. Then we crossed the creek to Van's house –Though 'twas
Ellen's he often said; and we played Jacks until mail time
With stones from the old creek bed. Tossing high and then we'd
Catch them, ne'er more agile games could be –greasy stones
Called 'Jacks' was a sight for all to see.

Bare-foot boys and girls together –wading creek in weather wet,
As we went our way to Brown-House –to the school we can't forget.
It was here we sang the story of the L-A-W law, went to Aunt
Dood's for our water, which was passed and dippered by all.
There the Black-board was the playground, to keep the small
Ones quiet, while the Big Ones all assembled on long benches
For their rites; but the most fun I remember was watching Mr.
Bryant, as he passed upon his bellows, working at his forge
with might.

The bigger children had their game, they called in Straight Cat;
I can't remember how it's played –but it was with ball and bats;
The two would run with all their might when once the ball was
Hit –I bet they could have made Big League, if they had heard of it!
Do you remember the Sweet Annie, and its use and delicate looks?
Some of us would pull its leaves and place them in our books –
There we loved its lovely smell –more pungent as it aged –
I haven't seen that plant –not since those old school days.

And now we've aged, and gone our way,
Some far as Californie';
How could it be, like some folks say,
Them good old days not blarney.

Old Maud

One time Mama decided to go,
Up in the Flat Woods for a day or two;
I was placed behind –Inell in her lap,
Old Maud was balky –wouldn't move about.

By the time we reached Boma, Mama was mad,
We pulled up at a store and there she said;
"Grover, do you have a spur?"
When he fastened it on, she jabbed Maud's fur.

Maud bounded back and turned around,
She almost tore the fences down!
And then as though she wasn't through,
She leaped into the side of the building too.

By this time we had drawn a crowd,
Some were scared –others laughing real loud!
Finally mama got Maud's head turned right,
And in a flash we were out of sight.

The Grandest Time Of The Year

The grandest time of all the year,
Was in the early Spring;
When we moved from the Big House,
With all our kitchen things.

The Old Smoke house was scrubbed afresh,
News papers put on the walls;
We couldn't have loved it better
Had it been a fancy hall.

One summer day it was so hot,
Our mother had been ironing,
And as we ate we suddenly learned,
Our roof top was a burning.

We threw the apples on the ground,
Leaned the plank against the building;
Our sister Bea climbed up so fast –

So brave and oh so willing.

The rest of us then pails did grab,
And hurried to the spring;
Back and forth, again and again,
The water we did bring.

When the fire was finally out,
We sat and laughed with glee;
Remembering Irene's baby cry,
"Help me, girls, Help me!".

And so I rhyme these tales told me –
When a little girl on Papa's knee;
I've added to them some of my own,
Of those Old days now passed and gone.

Perhaps I have brought to your face a smile,
If I have it will have been worth while;
If I can laugh when a jokes on myself,
You'll never lay me on the shelf.

I Went To School To Papa

I remember after all these years,
When I was only five;
I went to school through many tears –
On these I much relied.

My Dad was teacher of that school,
He taught through all eight grades;
The least of us must keep the rules,
And thus was discipline made.

I wasn't old enough to go,
The State required age six;

My Dad said he'd try me though,
And see if I could mix.

His schools were more than just the R's
Debating had its day;
And those who loved to draw and sing,
He gave them all full sway.

He taught me there to read and write,
And small words how to spell;
This Dad of ours was quite a Guy –
As teacher let me tell.

He taught his pupils that they would ride
One day in 'horse-less carriages –
That they would talk for miles and miles
With no line there to carry it.

Some parents took him before the BOARD,
And wanted such ignorance hushed
My Daddy lived to see those things,
Before he left this earth.

We had a basket filled with lunch –
Muffins- bowls of corn- fried potatoes and such;
A big old bowl of Molasses and butter –
Each with a spoon to dip in together!

No gum could we chew during 'books'.
So papa made this thing just for looks;
You see –chewing gum was really a treat –
We often chewed it for more than a week.

He drew circles on a marble slab,
Wrote our name in each for a tab;
When recess came we'd get our gum,
Chew it fast 'til the bell had rung.

I don't remember —but I'd 'bet',
Many a chew did another's get;
Those were the days before germ alarm,
Oh, I guess it didn't do us much harm.

Uncle Joe Keeps His Word

A long time ago, on the top of a hill,
Two neighbors were working with might and zeal;
They were splitting rails from Old Chestnut trees,
While two boys stood watching and wanted to please.

When all of a sudden, with Uncle Joe's wit,
He turned to the boys as though he had just thought of it;
"Go take the bark, boys, and place it end to end,
And you can ride to the 'hollor' as fast as the wind."

Now the boys were small, but wanted to be brave —
So they dickered with Uncle Joe, and were somewhat afraid;
But he having promised them that he too would ride,
If they would go first for the sake of their pride.

So the two little boys got onto the bark,
You may think it was fun —but it was no lark!
They were scratched by briars, and jolted o'er bluff,
When reaching the bottom their breath a mere puff.

They scrambled back to the top of the hill,
Determined to see Uncle Joe take his spill;
"Now look here, boys, I never meant to ride."
The little one cried, "Uncle Joe, you've lied!"

Then Uncle Joe, bless his soul,
Decided he'd guide the bark, and go real slow;
But the bark was slick, and the ground was wet,

And he had a ride he could never forget.

Away he flew like the wind,
A rougher ride there never has been;
One leg inside the other stretched wide,
His coat-tail flowing far off to the side.

But he won the day –all scratched and bruised,
Some might have even called him a fool;
But “Look here, Preacher, if they think I lied,
I’d took that ride if I’d knowed I’d died!”

Aunt Josie Takes A Ride

I still can hear my Mother’s laugh,
As she told of Aunt Josie’s ride on the calf;
It never was talked when she was near,
For ‘twas something she didn’t want to hear.

Two little girls at the barn having fun,
When all of a sudden there was only one;
Josie dropped from the hay into a stall,
No time to scream –no time to call.

Mama then ran so quickly to see,
Into which of the stalls could Josephine be;
And, lo, would you believe it, Dear,
There rode Aunt Josie astride a young steer.

Round and round that stall they went,
To hold her ground, Aunt Josie meant;
Her legs were lean, lanky and long,
And that old steer was only half grown.

I wonder how long that race would have went,
For to ride it out was Aunt Josie’s intent;

Just about the time Aunt Josie settled down,
That old steer lay down on the ground.

It was a ride to never repeat,
Gave her no pride or high conceit;
You whispered it low when she was around,
Lest you be the next to hit the ground.

Things For Fun (Round Robin #1)

There were many things we did for fun,
On winter days when chores were done;
We could play for hours with a spool for a top,
The winner was the one whose spool last stopped.

Then with a button laced with twine,
We would make it zip and twirl and shine;
And if in a mood that we didn't care,
We'd hold it over and get another's hair.

Mama taught us how to have some more fun,
By working twine around fingers and thumbs;
If we made the right moves —when we were through,
We'd have Jacobs ladder sometimes crow foot too.

Sometimes we made dolls —and it sure did work,
We'd shell an ear of corn, and shred the shuck;
We'd often plait this into beautiful braids,
When taken out —their hair would wave.

We would go to the fields and corn stalks bring,
And make 'em into horses and cows and things;
Now this was such fun as we each tried to see,
Which of the animals most like them would be.

Once upon a time Eva was to make a speech,

She walked out on the stage and never made a peep;
When they tried to make her see that they were all her friends,
She said she wouldn't do it – "There were too many men".

Was it John Keith – I've forgot,
That had a crippled mule that couldn't trot;
There was the man that put the young ones in stitches,
The Big girls called him "Hobble Britches".

In our door a line there stayed –
And it was by compass made;
An Engineer had cut that line –
The exact hour of high noon time.

Going to the top of the hill was really quite a climb,
And it took a boy like Alec to have some fun one time;
He'd come to use our telephone – and returned back up the hill,
When from the top there came to us Alec's pleading yell.

"Preacher, come and bring your gun and kill this rabbit quick,
He sits and flops his ears at me and will not move a wink".
Papa grabbed his trusted gun, and up the hill did run,
Where Alec sat and laughed in glee and said 'twas all for fun'.

Uncle Lete Lutton, so I've heard it said,
Minded the still – while the Bible he read;
He had two sons – at least so I think,
One was named Luther and one was named Pink.

Uncle Lete would visit us and ask Mama to make,
Some of her delicious corn hoe-cakes;
And mama was always glad to oblige,
Cooked a stack that went so high.

This little incidence – if I'm not at a loss –
Was when one of them ate hot pepper sauce;
Papa had warned it was the hottest in the world,

He never listened –and his hair nearly curled.

A long time ago we had this neighbor,
Who every one called “Uncle Tanner Bill Taylor”;
He had these chickens –a brand new breed,
From him our mama wanted to get ‘seed’.

So Eva and I got on a horse,
With a basket of eggs to swap of course;
More obliging neighbors there never could be,
And they gladly swapped eggs with Eva and me.

Now chasing Ground Squirrels can be real fun –
If someone is to catch him –you’re not the one;
I think Bea this too will say,
Since she was the one that got bit that day.

I remember one time near a Christmas night,
Carter stood in our back door –my what a sight;
No fireworks today, in all the land
Can compare to that candle he held in his hand.

Do you remember Bea, When you thinned the corn,
And you bought a Kodak –but it wasn’t ‘yourn’?
Eva and I had been over to Uncle Bill’s,
Beulah and you thinned that corn on the hill.

Mama would visit Aunt Angeline,
Read to her often as she slowly declined;
“Cheerful Today and Trustful Tomorrow’,
Brought comfort to her in last hours of sorrow.

One July morning, on the fourth,
We were all dressed up for Bloomington, of course;
He had on our ‘Decoration Clothes’,
Straw hats and fancy bows.

Someone said to Inell, "My how neat!"
She looked at them and said so sweet;
"Yes, the boys will be pickin' at my big bow!"
Because she was six, they laughed – "HO_HO"!

Brown House

On winter nights as cold wind blew,
Around the fire, when chores were through;
We'd sing those songs I still can hum –
"When the Glory Morning Comes:.

Many days have come and gone,
Since we sang those good old songs;
And this one tune we sang of old,
"ME –RE –DO –ME –RE –DO –LA –SOL".

When Sunday came we 'oft did meet,
At old Brown House, on Indian Creek;
And there we'd sing from books of Vaughn,
About the day when Glory Dawned.

No nursery room, nor books galore,
But children stretched out on the floor;
Upon perhaps a ragged quilt –
Which served the purpose as good as silk.

'Twas here I remember Brother Myers,
With his hands flung upward to the stars;
He knocked the lamp from off the wall,
And caught it fast before its fall.

There were Leftwiches, Suttons, Pritchards and Shanks,
Robinson and Browns –one was named Frank;
Maddux and Bryants and whiteheads too,
I'll name a few others and then I'm thorough.

There were Chambers and Adams and those named Keith,
The Goolsbys and Bushes, and more beside these;
I remember there were some Maynards too,
And the Helms and Boyds before I'm though.

There was Elizabeth's gang – The Anderson boys,
The Elrod family, along with the Carr;
Then counting our gang, you verily could see,
That Old Brown House was as full as could be.

Sometimes we had 'Dinner on the ground',
And all of us there gathered round;
Better food could not be found,
By those who lived in bigger town.

Uncle Whit Wallace was often there,
Drying his eyes after saying his prayer;
I wouldn't take a fortune in shining gold,
As exchange for those memories of Dear Ones of old.

There is much that is lost in today's chick and style,
Things of great value that are still worth our while;
So it's a joy to remember when our loved ones did meet,
Down at Old Brown House on Big Indian Creek.

<http://www.ajlambert.com>

Source: Research on the families of the poem "Brown House" by Ina Askew.

BOYD:

George Washington Boyd md Naomi Tennessee "Tennie" Carr or Kerr.

Children:

Norman Oscar Boyd, b. October 22, 1882, Putnam Co., TN – d. October 22, 1882, Putnam Co., TN

Freddie Denton Boyd, b. November 6, 1883, Putnam Co., TN – d. November 6, 1883, Putnam Co., TN

Leona Caroline Boyd, b. June 9, 1885, Buffalo Valley, Putnam Co., TN – d. September 18, 1966, MI

She married **Walter William Payne** December 23, 1902, son of **John Payne** and **Mary Grider**. He was born October 8, 1882 in Cookeville, Putnam Co., TN, and died August 1964, MI.

Hattie Keith Boyd, b. August 6, 1887 – d. March 31, 1955. She married **William Murvin Denney** August 24, 1922, son of **George Denney** and **Lydia Cheek**. He was born March 23, 1902, and died January 22, 1992.

Dona Florence Boyd, b. August 30, 1889, Putnam Co., TN – d. February 9, 1977, Cookeville, Putnam Co., TN; md **Luther “Luke” Alexander Shanks**, September 1, 1926 in Putnam Co., TN, son of **Robert Shanks** and **Ann Anderson**. He was born June 17, 1890 in Putnam Co., TN, and died April 10, 1980 in Cookeville, Putnam Co., TN.

Alice Gertrude Boyd, b. December 23, 1891

Georgia Kerr Boyd, b. March 6, 1894 – d. April 15, 1945, Cookeville, Putnam Co., TN; md **Grover Cleveland Burch**, December 29, 1914, Putnam Co., TN; b. December 5, 1884 – d. 1946, Cookeville, Putnam Co., TN.

ADAMS;

In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN was the family of: William R. Adams, 52 yrs. old md2, 4 yrs. md to Julia Ann, 24 yrs. old, 7 children born, 5 children living. Living with them was step-daughter, Dora B. Butler, 24 yrs. old. And living with them was daughter, Daisy M.T. Adams, 3 yrs old.

BROWN:

William Riley Brown, b. April 1853 md 1878 Lizabeth, b. September 1857. She had 13 children born, 8 children living in the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist. of Putnam Co., TN, Riley Brown is head of household, b. April 1853, TN md to Lizabeth, b. September 1857, TN. Children listed living in the household were: Deley Brown, b. March 1878, TN; Filmore Brown, b. August 1879, TN; Lonzo Brown, b. February 1881, TN; Lela Brown, b. December 1886, TN; Ada Brown, b. April 1888, TN & Ebbie “L.B.” Brown, b. April 1892, TN. Ebbie “L.B.” md Little Anderson, d/o Paul Anderson & Sarah Elizabeth “Bettie” Carr. In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN, William Riley Brown is the head of household, 56 yrs. old married 30 years to Mary A. Living with them, son, Elbe Brown, 17 yrs old and son-in-law, Anthony Whitehead, 28 yrs. old married 5 years to Delia B., 25 yrs. old, d/o William Riley and Lizabeth Brown. And living in the household is Ollie V. Whitehead, d/o Anthony & Delia B. (Brown) Whitehead.

In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN, were other Brown families: The family of Henry M. Brown, 37, md 14 yrs. to Bettie J. 31 yrs. old, 5 children born, 4 children living; daughter, Rhoda A., 13, son, Lorenzo D., 10, daughter, Osia E., 6 & Ofie T. Brown, 3 yrs old. Living next to them was Riley B. Brown, 65 yrs old, md 2, 8 yrs. married to Margarite, 46 yrs old, 1 child born, 1 child living, & son, Franklin, 8 yrs. old. Living next to them was William Brown, 30 yrs. old, 8 yrs married to Mattie, 22 yrs old, 4 children born, 3 children living; daughter, Cloie E., 7 yrs old, daughter, Ila O., 5 yrs old & daughter, Vola, 8/12 yrs. old. Living next to them was Alvin G. Brown, 28, married 10 yrs. to Loxie I., 25 yrs. old, 4 children born, 4 children living, daughter, Sallie E., 8 yrs old, son, Norman D., 6 yrs. old, son, Marshall, 4 yrs. old & son, Floyd C. Brown, 2 yrs. old.

BYRANT:

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN Smith Bryant, b. July 1872, 27 yrs. old md 6 yrs. to Bettie, b. April 1876, 24 yrs. old, 4 children born, 3 children living, daughter, Lula C., b. September 1894, 5 yrs. old, daughter, Virginia, b. November 1896 & daughter, Mariah Byrant, b. November 1898. All born in TN. Smith Byrant was a blacksmith.

BUSH:

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN: Anthony Bush, b. December 1841, 58 yrs. old md 32 yrs. to Centhy, b. September 1846, 53 yrs. old, 3 children born, 3 children living. Near them was the family of William Bush, b. September 1868, 31 yrs. old md 10 yrs. to Denna, b. may 1868, 3 children born, 2 children living, son, Floid, b. July 1891, 8 yrs. old and daughter, Alice Bush, b. April 1895. All born in TN.

CARR:

Monroe Carr, b. December 1870, TN md ca. 1899 Angaline, b. March 1869, TN. In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., of Putnam Co., TN, Monroe and Angaline Carr's children were: Luther Carr, b. March 1891, TN; Dora Carr, b. August 1892, TN & Daisy Carr, b. October 1894, TN.

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN: Martin H. Carr, 36 yrs old md 14 yrs. to Susan, 29 yrs old, 2 children born, 1 child living, son, Van E. Carr, 12 yrs old & living in the household is a servant named Nettie Ligg, female black, 8 yrs. old.

CLAYTON: Rev. James R. Clayton

Ina (Clayton) Askew was the **d/o Methodist minister, Rev. James R. Clayton & Hattie McCaleb**. Ina (Clayton) Askew was born ca. 1911 in Tennessee. She lived at 654 E. Meyers, Hazel Park, MI. Ina's sister **Eva Clayton**, b. 4 February 1903 – d. 18 February 1999 **md Sydney C. Duke** – b. 14 November 1900 – d. 6 September 1967, **s/o Alexander Morgan Duke & Elizabeth Virginia "Eliza" Holleman**. Alexander Morgan Duke – b. 26 January 1865 – d. 23 February 1963 md Elizabeth Virginia "Eliza" Holleman – b. 15 April 1859 – d. 7 May 1946. Eva (Clayton) Duke, Sydney C. Duke, Alexander Morgan Duke & Elizabeth Virginia "Eliza" Holleman are all buried: Granville Cemetery, Holleman Bend Road, Jackson Co., TN. From Gainesboro take Hwy 53 toward Granville. Turn right on Holleman Bend Rd., which is on the right just before the bridge over Martin's Creek.

**Rev. James R. Clayton & Hattie (McCaleb) Clayton are both buried:
Smellage Cemetery, Boma, Putnam Co., TN.**

***Rev. Clayton, James R.** – b. 24 July 1868, TN – d. 3 September 1956

*(Rev. James R. Clayton md Hattie. 1910 census, 17th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN: Dwl: 65: James R. Clayton is head of household md for the 2nd time; md 9 yrs. to Hattie, 4 children born, 4 children living – Children: Lena, widow, b. ca. 1894, Carter S., b. ca. 1899, Eva, b. ca. 1903, Beatrice, b. ca. 1906, Bulah, b. ca. 1908, & unnamed daughter, b. ca. 1910, 2/12). (1920 census, 20th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN: Dwl:211 Family: 213: James R. Clayton is head of household, 51 yrs. old md to Hattie M., 46 yrs. old. Children living in the household are: Eva, 16 yrs. old, Beatrice, 14 yrs. old, Bulah "Bula", 12 yrs. old, **Ina, 9 yrs. old**, Inell, 7 yrs. old & Irene Clayton, 4 11/12 yrs. old, all born in TN except Hattie was born in KY). (1930 census, 20th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN, Dwl:20 Family 20: James R. Clayton is head of household, Methodist minister, 60 yrs. old md (age at 1st marriage, 17 yrs. old) to Hattie, 56 yrs. old, (age at 1st marriage, 28 yrs. old). Children living in the household are: Beatrice, 24, widow-age at 1st marriage was 17 yrs. old, **Ina, 19 yrs. old**, Inell, 17 yrs. old & Irene Clayton, 15 yrs. old – census states all born in TN).*

***McCaleb, Hattie** – b. 19 October 1873, TN – d. 22 April 1943: DC #14669: 1943

*(d/o Linsley D. McCaleb & Fannie Elverine Shanks. Hattie McCaleb md Rev. J. B. Clayton – She is listed as **Hattie Clayton** on her death certificate). (1880 census 16th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN – David Linsley McCaleb, b. ca. 1839, TN is md to Fannie Elverine Shanks, b. ca. 1838, TN – Children: Margaret Ellen, b. ca. 1860, Martha Jane, b. ca. 1864, Samuel Joseph, b. ca. 1864, Sherman Grant, b. ca. 1866, William David, b. ca. 1868, Thomas, b. ca. 1870, Harrett, "Hattie", b. 19 October 1873, Josie McCaleb, b. ca. 1878. All born in TN except for Thomas & Harrett, "Hattie" were born in KY).*

CHAMBERS:

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN: Isaac Chamber, servant, b. March 1887, 13 yrs. old was living with Marget Goolsby, b. June 1876, 23 yrs. old. They were living near Riley & Lizabeth Brown.

ELROD:

In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN was the family of: William T. Elrod, 24 yrs. old md 3 yrs. to Sarrah E., 19 yrs. old, 3 children born, 1 child living, son Linnie C. Elrod, 22/12 yrs. old.

GOOLSBY:

In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN was the family of Thomas G. Goolsby, 65 yrs. old, md 2, 30 yrs. md to Malissie J., 60, 9 children born, 6 children living. In the household, son, Walter Goolsby, 21, farm laborer, daughter, Dakota, 18, son, Simon, 16, farm laborer, daughter, Cordelia, 14 and daughter, Norma Goolsby, 12.

HELMS:

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., of Putnam Co., TN was the family of Enoch Helms, b. December 1852, 47 yrs. old md 27 yrs. to Martha, b. October 1857, 42 yrs. old, 3 children born, 3 children living, daughter, Jane, b. November 1875, 24 yrs. old, son, Napoleon, b. July 1881, 18 yrs. old. Living with the family was daughter, Lillie B. Brown, b. June 1874, 25 yrs. old, 3 children born, 2 children living, Preston Brown, son-in-law, b. April 1873, 27 yrs. old md 9 yrs., children: Myrtle, b. July 1892, 7 yrs. old and Enoch Helms, b. December 1899, 5/12 yrs. old. All born in TN.

MADDUX:

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., of Putnam Co., TN was the family of Robert F. Maddux. Living in the household was her wife Sinda, daughter Dora, son Milton, son Alfred, daughter, Bessie and son Earnest Maddux.

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN, Milton Maddux is head of household, 26 yrs old, md 10 yrs., to Dora L., 27 yrs old, 5 children born, 4 children living, daughter, Opal, 8 yrs old, daughter, Jewel, 5 yrs. old, son, Robert L., 2 yrs. old & son, Henry C. Maddux, 9/12 yrs. old.

Robert F. Maddux, b. 19 May 1854 – d. 16 June 1935 md ca. 1876, Sinda R., b. 17 May 1857 – d. 17 February 1930, both buried in the Robert F. Maddux Cemetery located on Dyer Ridge off Hwy 70, Putnam Co., TN.

Buried in the Robert F. Maddux Cemetery

Bessie (Maddux) Bruce, b. 29 August 1891 – d. 17 October 1910 md 26 December 1909, W. H. Bruce.

Milton M. Maddux, b. 13 August 1883 – d. 5 May 1959

Dora Cole Maddux, b. 30 December 181 – d. 15 May 1959

MAYNARD:

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Putnam Co., TN: Charlie Maynard, b. November 1862, 37 yrs. old, md 17 yrs. to Sarah, b. Marh 1863, 37 yrs. old, 7 children born, 5 children living, daughter, Aciel A., b. March 1886, 14 yrs. old, son, Dillard, b. May 1888, 12 yrs. old, son, Larkin, b. November 1890, 9 yrs. old, daughter, Florence, b. November 1896, 3 yrs. old & son, Dewy Maynary, b. February 1899, 1 yr. old.

PRITCHARD:

Stephen "Stu" Prichard md Amanda "Mandy" Wallace. He was the son of Benjamin, *b. NC* & Elvira Prichard. He had a son named William "Willie" Benjamin Prichard who md Nancy Elizabeth "Bettie" Shanks, d/o Robert Fane Shanks & Anna Anderson.

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN – Stephen Prichard is head of household, 66 yrs old md 39 yrs. to Amanda, 62 yrs. old, 4 children born, 2 children living. Living with them is daughter, Rosettie (Prichard) Steakley, widow, 1 child born, 1 child living; daughter, Bessie Steakley, 5 yrs. old.

ROBINSON:

In the 1900 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN was the family of the widow Jane Robinson, b. June 1883, TN a farmer. Living with her was her daughter-in-law, Elizabeth Robinson, b. May 1875, TN, mother of the two children living in the household. The children's names were Edward Robinson, b. April 1892, TN & James P. Robinson, b. August 1894, TN.

In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN was the family of: Edward Robinson, 44 yrs. old md 17 yrs. to Mary J., 32 yrs. old, 7 children born, 7 children living, son, William, 14

yrs. old, son, James M., 12 yrs. old, son, Birt S., 10 yrs old, son, Dow, 8 yrs. old, son, Scott, 5 yrs. old, son, Hascal, 4 yrs. old & daughter, Ina J., 11/12 yrs. old.

SHANKS:

In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN. Napoleon S. Shanks, 24 yrs old md to Martelia, 19 yrs. old.

SUTTON:

In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, Putnam Co., TN was the family of: Lewis Sutton, 33 yrs. old, md 2, 9 yrs. md to Nora, 24 yrs. old, 4 children born, 1 child living, son, Odum, 5 yrs. old.

WHITEHEAD:

In the 1910 census of the 17th Civil Dist., Indian Creek Road, of Putnam Co., TN living next to the William Riley Brown family was the family of James E. Whitehead, 29 yrs old md 7 yrs to Arminta J., 25 yrs. old, 4 children born, 3 children living. Children living in the household were: Arthur B. Whitehead, 5 yrs. old, Odell, daughter, 3 yrs. old & son, Ornal Whitehead, 8/12 yrs. old.

Dee Whitehead md Angeline Anderson, d/o Paul Anderson & Sarah Elizabeth "Bettie" Carr.

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