

University of North Texas
Special Collections Digital Library

Clark Family Photography Collection

http://digital.library.unt.edu/search/?fq=untl_collection:CFPC

Joe Clark, HBSS Master Book Pages

a finding aid

information on Joe Clark, HBSS

<http://findingaids.library.unt.edu/index.php?p=collections/findingaid&id=206#.V1g7QFeyWMh>

information on Junebug Clark

<http://findingaids.library.unt.edu/index.php?p=collections/findingaid&id=206&q=&rootcontentid=38111#id38111>

A collection of pages from Joe Clark, HBSS books that contain handwritten information as to the original photofile numbers or ID information provided by Joe Clark, HBSS or by the individuals in the photographs or by people who knew the them. Most of this information was added during “Joe Clark, HBSS Days” held in Joe’s home town, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee usually around the anniversary of his birthday October 4, 1904.

Junebug & Kay Clark

Table of Contents

- 4 Back Home
signed by Joe Clark to Junebug Clark
- 6 Back Home Again
- 27 I Remember
- 28 Photo of Willene Seal (Wright)
with Joe Clark, HBSS
she is the baby sitting on Aunt Joanna's lap
on page 29
- 37 Lynchburg
- 45 Back Home

A collection of pages from Joe Clark HBSS books that contain handwritten information as to the original photofile numbers or ID information provided by Joe or by the individuals or people who knew the people in the photographs.

Most of this information was added during "Joe Clark HBSS Days" held in Joe's home town, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee usually around the anniversary of his birthday October 4, 1904.

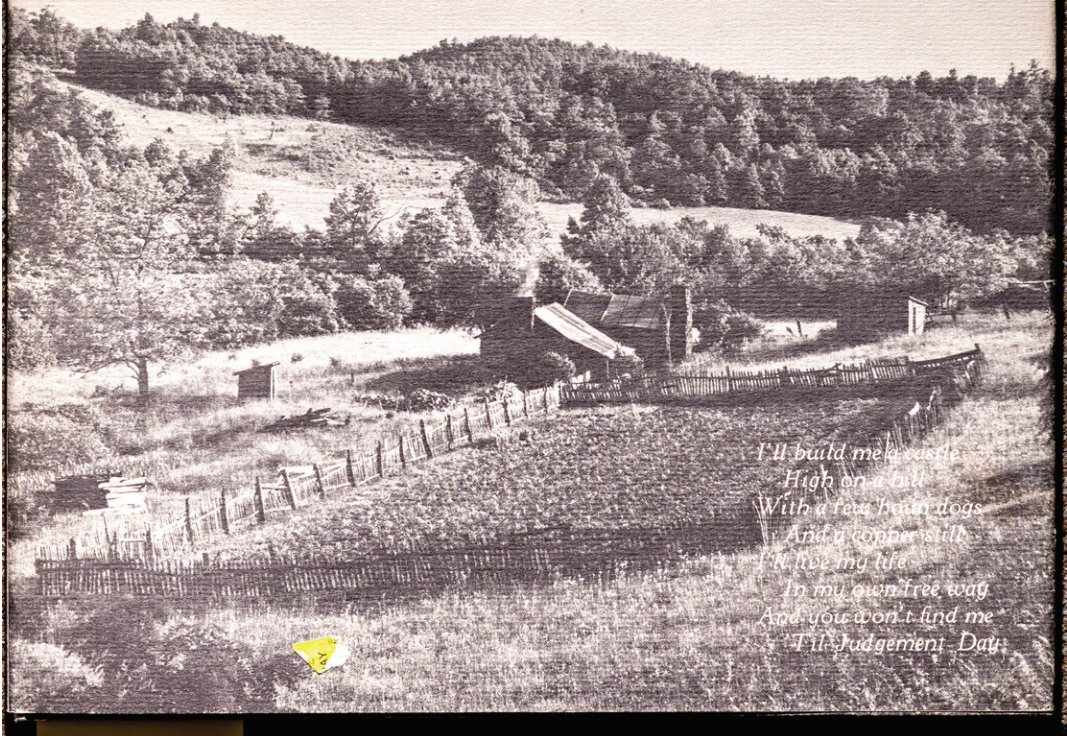
Junebug & Kay Clark

Rare Books

Joe Clark
6/2/2017

BACK HOME

BY JOE CLARK HBSS



*I'll build me a castle
High on a hill
With a few houn dogs
And a copper still
I'll live my life
In my own free way
And you won't find me
Til Judgement Day*

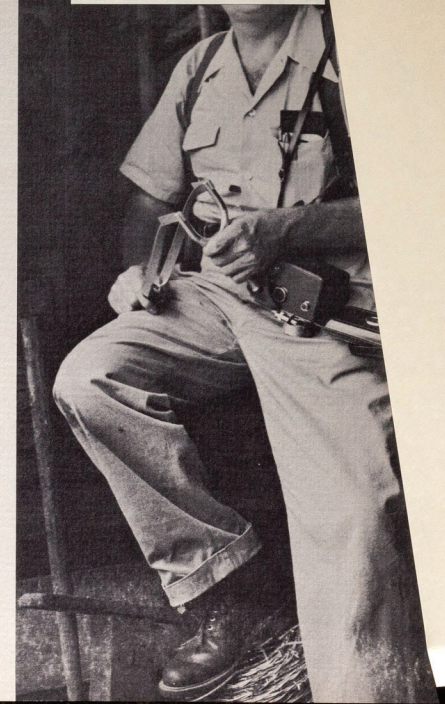
To: my son, Janey
Who is the Greatest
Boy that ever lived,
From: Joe Clark, H. B. Co. S.
Dad
April 21, 1966

My Friend, Joe Clark . . .

One definition of a sophisticated man is a person who is entirely at home in his surroundings, no matter what they are and by that standard Joe Clark is the most sophisticated man I know. The Hill Billy Snap Shooter is equally at ease in the plush palace of an automobile baron or pitching pebbles into the scrawny brook that trickles through his farm near Cumberland Gap, Tenn. In an earlier book about Detroit, Joe captured the warmth and excitement of his adopted city. But to Joe, Tennessee is still "down home"—a place brimming with friends and family, the pride of owning land, and memories of a boyhood well wasted. On these pages Joe sings a paean to his home country. It is a book not about Tennessee, but Joe Clark's Tennessee—and that is something special.

Tom Flaherty
Associate Editor
Life Magazine

Janey's Book
permanent check-out
#1
C52
1965



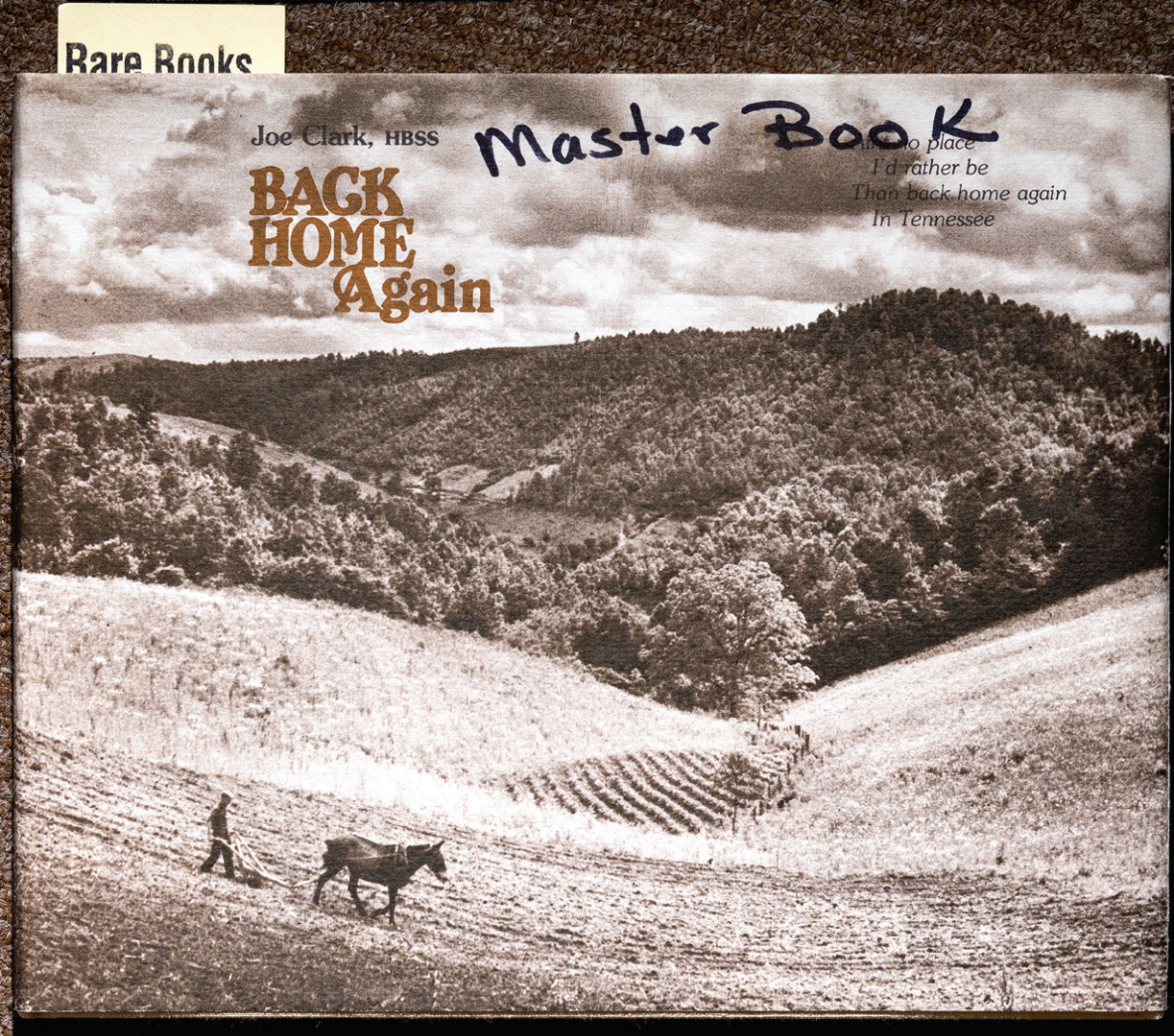
Rare Books

Joe Clark, HBSS

**BACK
HOME
Again**

Master Book

No place
I'd rather be
Than back home again
In Tennessee





Roads

Roads

Roads lead ever out and on
To places far away,
Some to places new and fresh
And some to yesterday.
hbss

Way Down Yonder in Tennessee

Where the wild birds sing from the old oak tree
And the whippoorwills call from the top of the hill
And the hound dogs bay in the valley so free
And the mountaineer fires his moonshine still.
Where the fair maids smile to the barefoot boys
And the sun sinks softly in the golden west
And the breezes whisper of a million joys
Down in the land where I love the best.
hbss

Paul + Betty Ruth 10-9-04
Johnson Cave Springs Rd. Jazelle, TN



Dear My
McLaren
Goins
McLaren
House
on
Tomb
Cave



By The Fireplace

By the fireplace so long ago
With shadows dancing to and fro
When I was young and times were old
There, many wondrous tales were told.

Tales of daring deeds well done
Of villains conquered by the gun,
Of storms that beat the briny sea
Of many things that used to be.

Of deserts hot and bare and wide
Of men who won and men who tried,
Of lands so rich and far away
Of feet that found a better way.

Of treasure chests so often found
Of fertile plains and hallowed ground
Of trees that covered all the land
Of men so brave who made their stand.

Of savage men who roamed so free
Of scalplings and of massacres,
Of ghastly things that were a fright
Of ghosts that traveled in the night.

Of battles won and battles lost
Of streams so wide that were crossed,
Of lands beyond the setting sun
Of maidens wooed and maidens won.

By the fireside so long ago
With shadows dancing to and fro,
When I was young and times were old
So many wondrous tales were told.

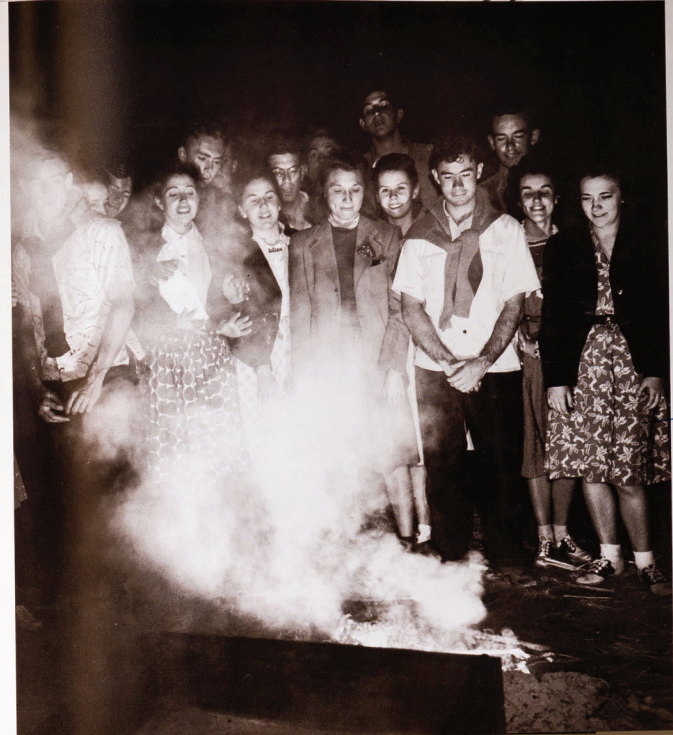
hbss





As the lasses boiled down
The folks gathered nigher
To watch the lasses boil
And warm by the fire.

Dollie Ellison



→ Edith
Sharp



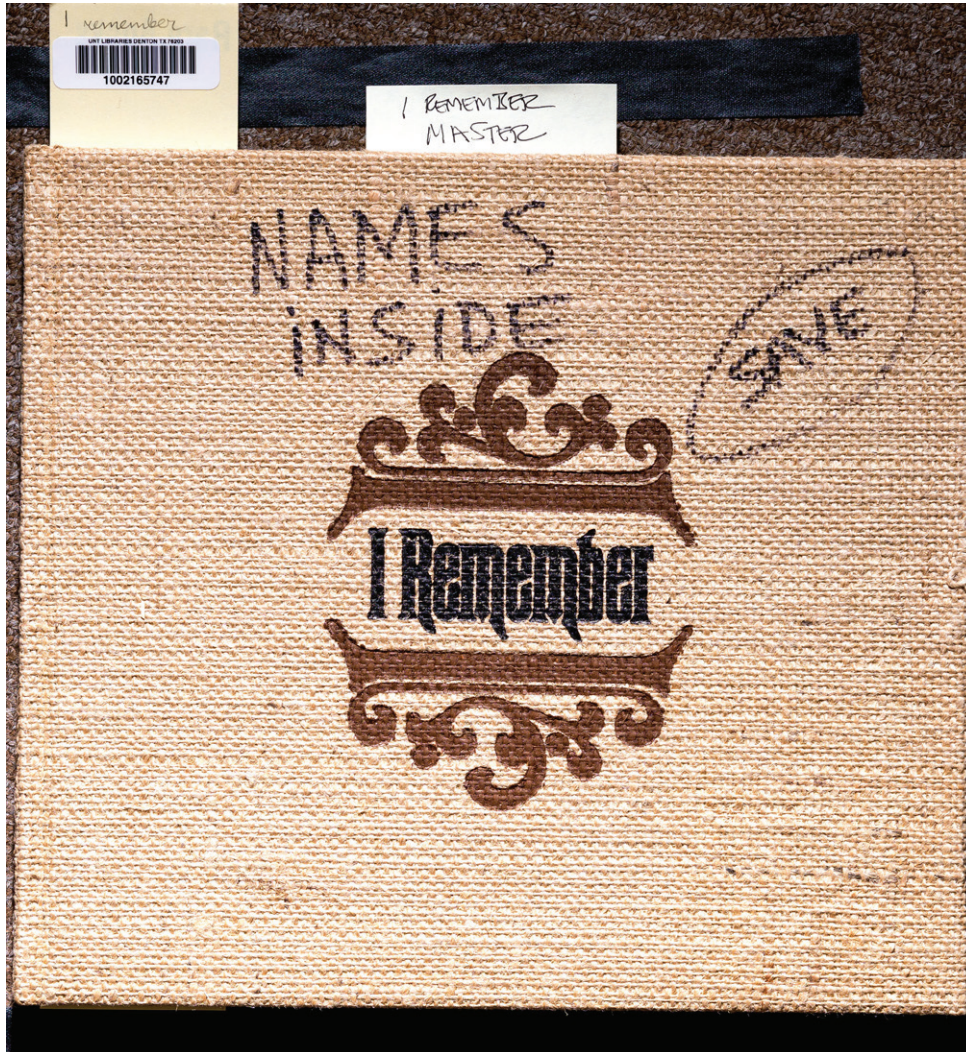
Blacksmith Shop

The Blacksmith Shop

The blacksmith shop was where everybody went
When the wagon got broke or the plow got bent.
The smith could fix anything you ever did see
Whether a broken churn or a cracked whippletree.
I can see him now as he stood by the door
Content on his face, his feet on the floor.
There I found much pleasure when I was a boy
The talk and the work was a thing of pure joy.

hbs







Jimmy Powell's
Foot!

... squishing
warm spring mud
between my toes



... eating stolen watermelon

↑
Douglas
Classic



... daydreaming
in the
barn loft

*Jimmy
in
Grandpa's barn*

... swimming
in the 'ole
swimming hole



1. Franklin D. Wright
2. Willene Saal (wrist)
3. Irene Wright
4. Iva Wright
5. Jo Anna Wright

names given to us by:
 William Saal
 Route #1
 Spoodwell, Tenn. 37870
 615-869-4605
 (Baby in Pic.)

*Don't forget
 for Nana
 at 2112 RD 25
 when photo Willene Saal (wrist)
 and Joe Clark ASD in 1987
 holding this book to the page*

... the
 wonderment of my
 baby sister



... and of
 my sister's
 wedding veil

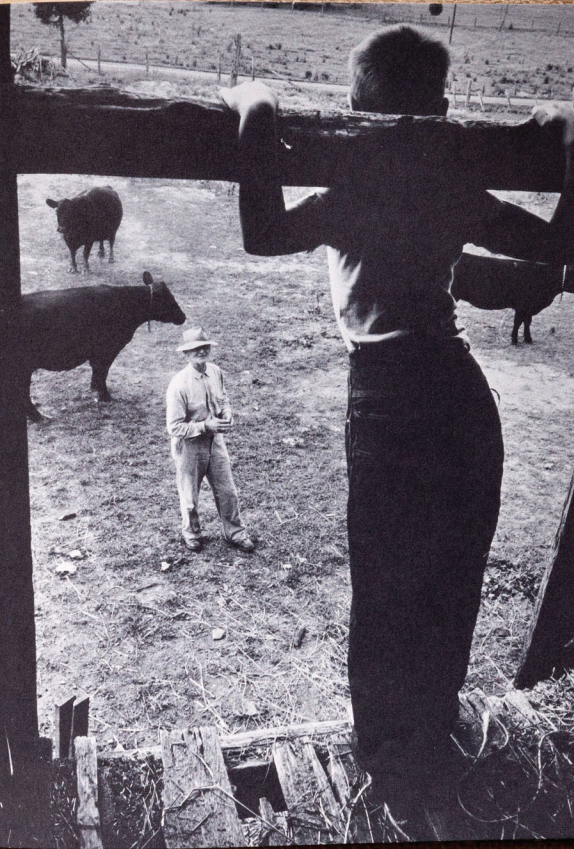




Harry England

Betty Yorkum R+3 Box 137A
1st cousin NEW TRAZWELL, TN.
OTTO WALKER (606-1777) 37425

... stubbing
my toe
on a rock



Jimmy Clark in loft
talking to
Grandpa Clark

... talking
with grandpa from
the barn loft



Aunt Nora & Otis Bruce

... helping Ma
make a broom



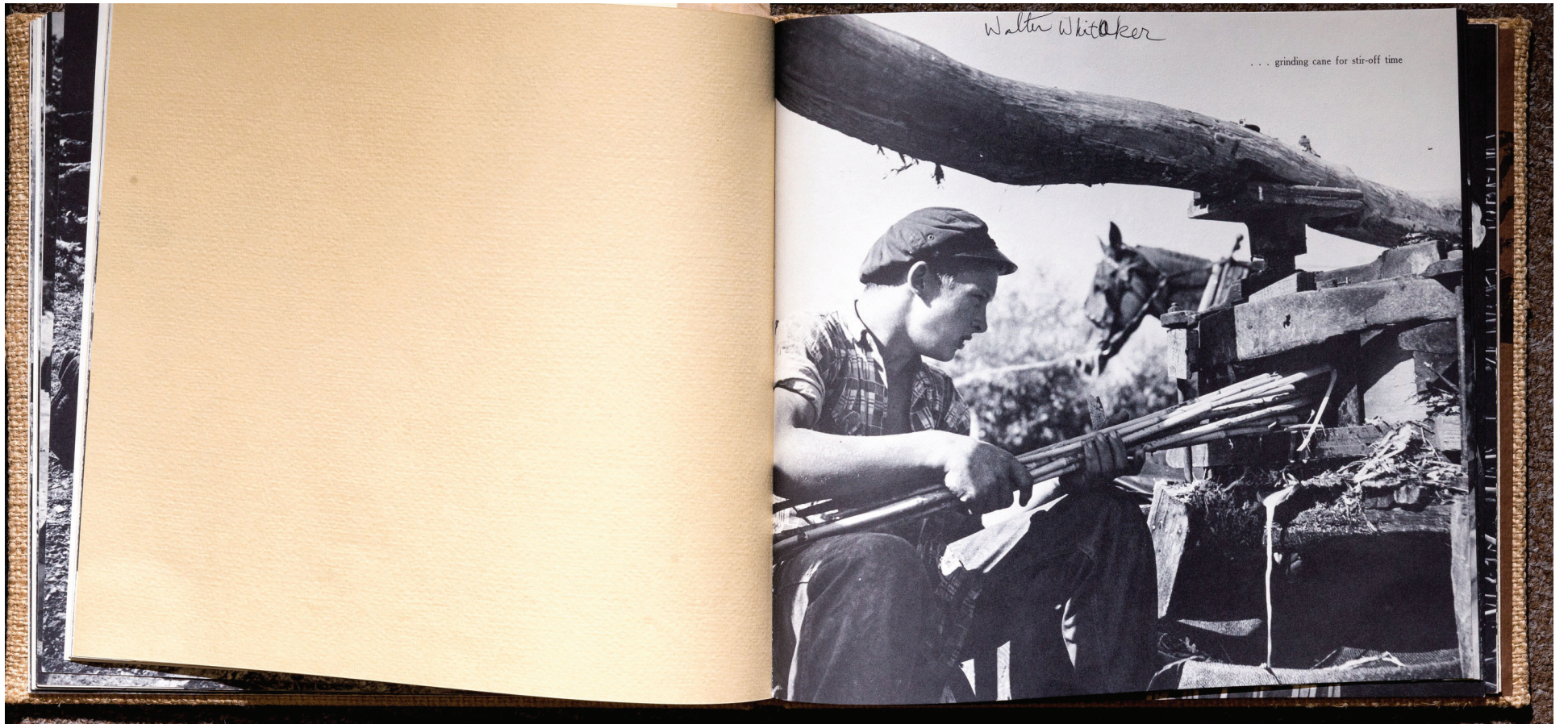
*Ray ~~Hess~~
McCraw*

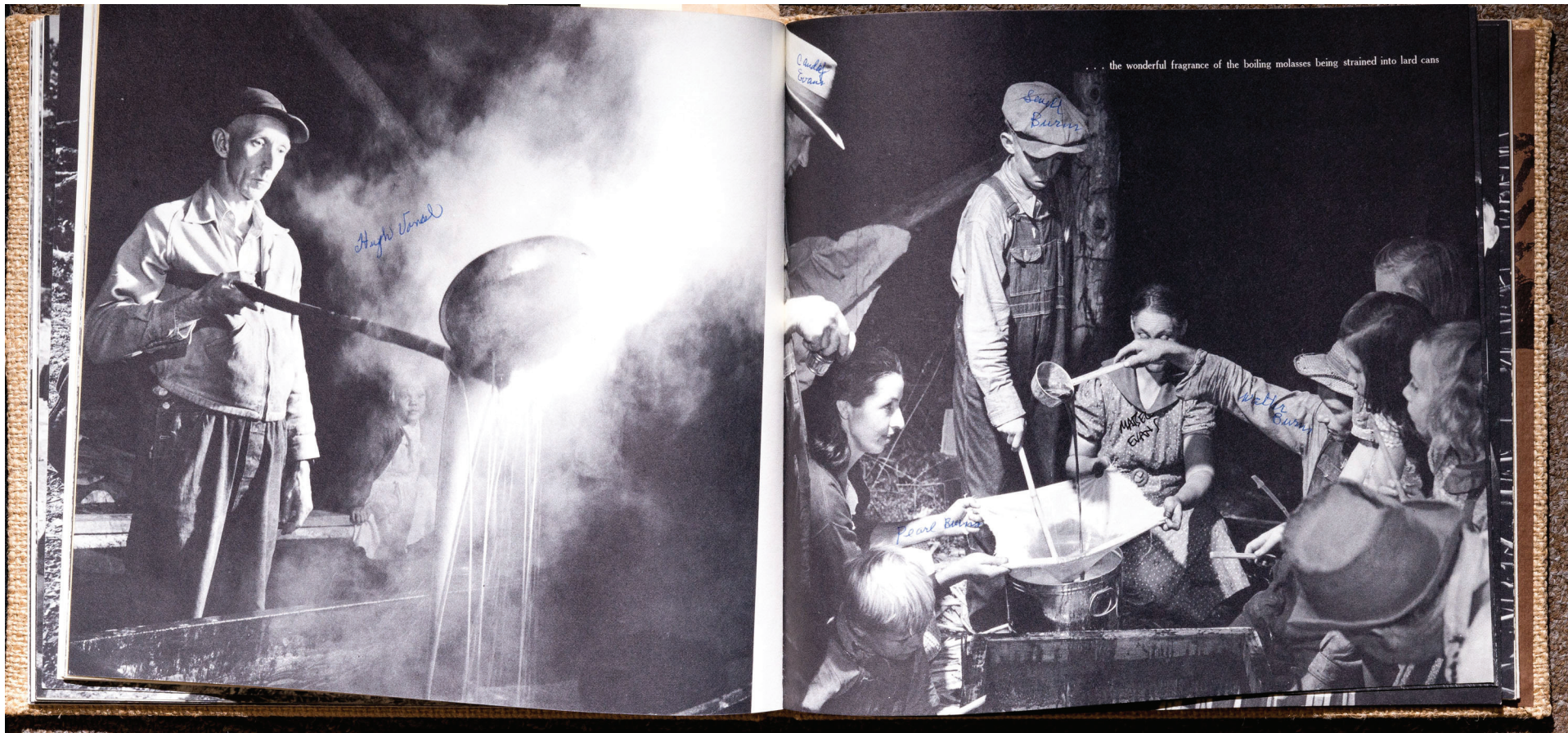
... chopping stove wood



... playing town ball at the one-room schoolhouse

... building myself a wagon







... sippin' new-made molasses at midnight



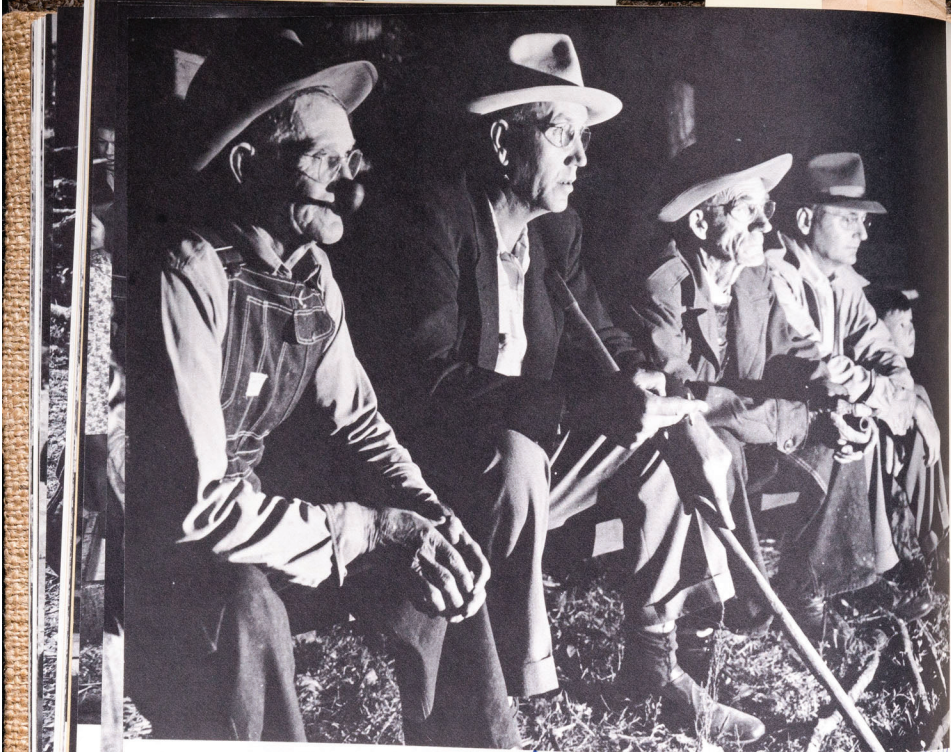
... when the folks would gather in from miles and miles around for the frolic



... square dancin' in the moonlight



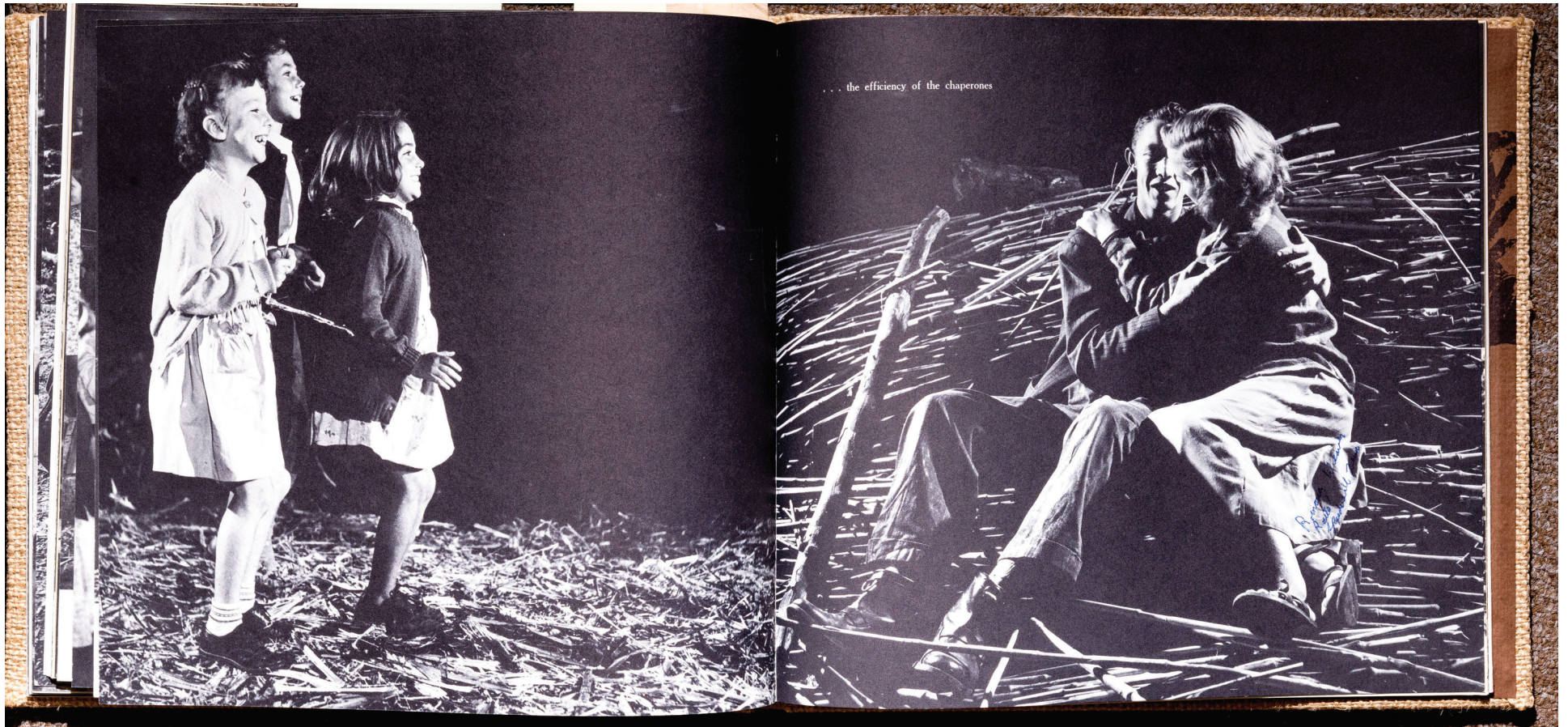
... startin' a little sparkin' game



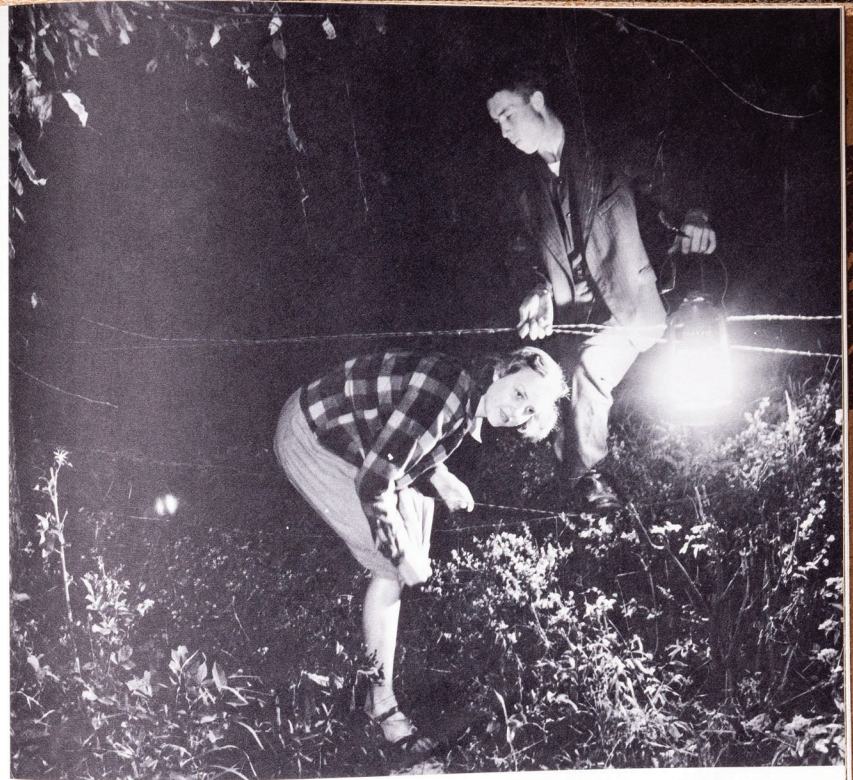
↑ Jim Cheek
 ... the old timers who waited their turns to tell ghost stories
 ↑ James (Nasty) Crayton
 Ben T. Crayton
 Route #2 Eddy Dr.
 Powell, Tenn 37849



... kissin'
 a girl at
 str-off



... the efficiency of the chaperones



... chasing the girls in the canestalks

Lomana Weaver

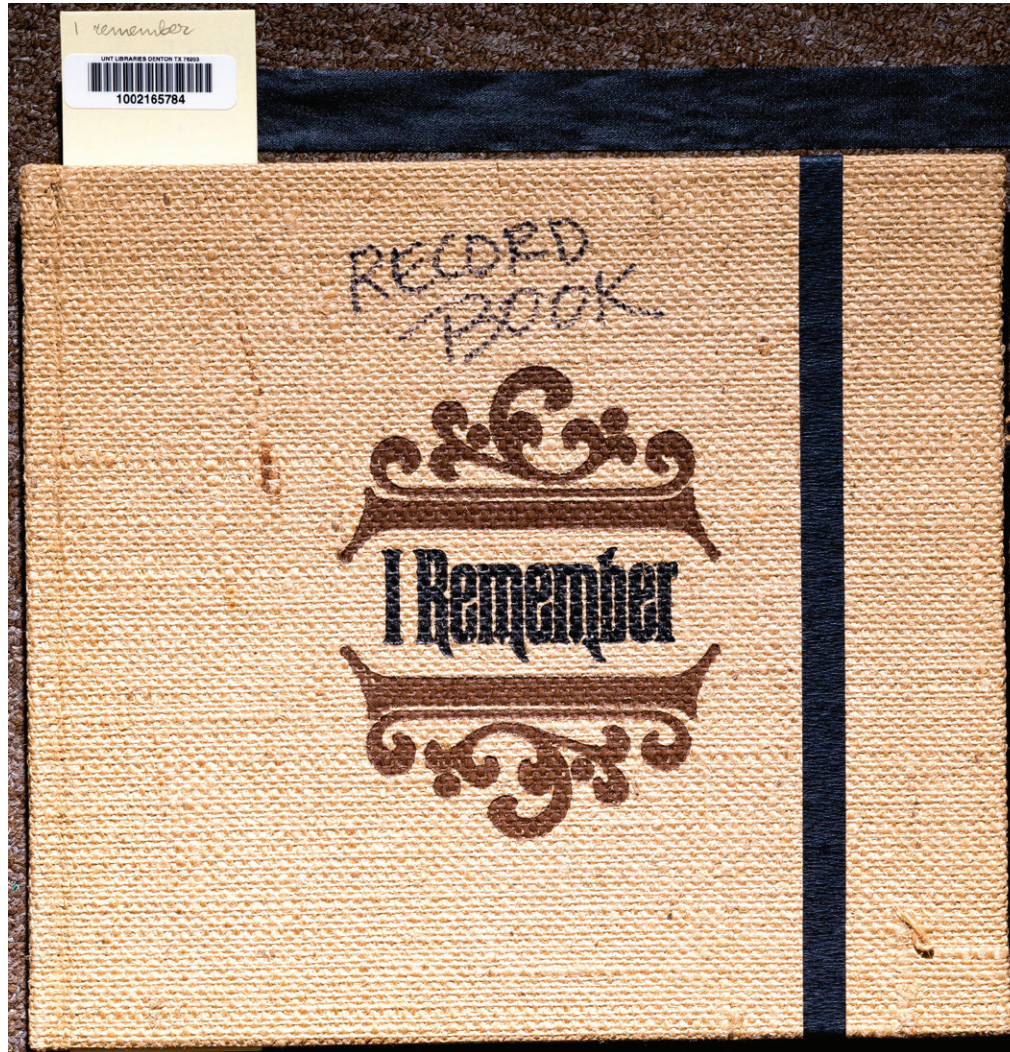
... and walking your girl home ...



Wade Hampton Clark of rural
shot by Joe during that trip to TN.

We're only here a little while
And a long time we are gone
So come in and set a spell
Before you hurry along.







Willene Seal (right)
with baby on Aunt Joanna's lap

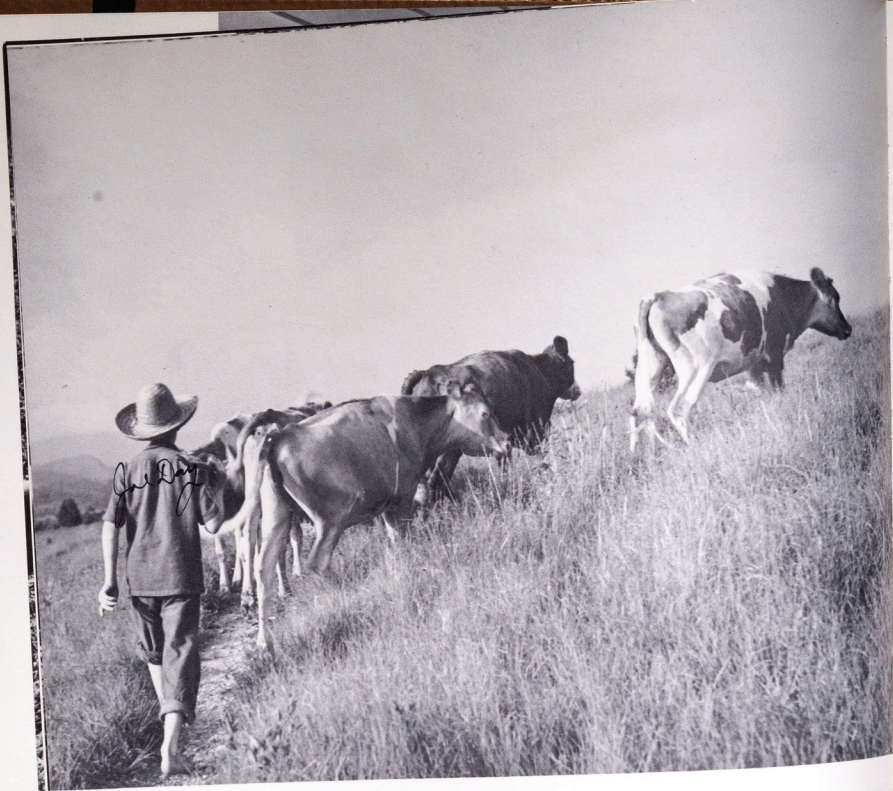


... the
wonderment of my
baby sister



... and of
my sister's
wedding veil





... driving up the cows at milking time



... riding down the creek road to the graze



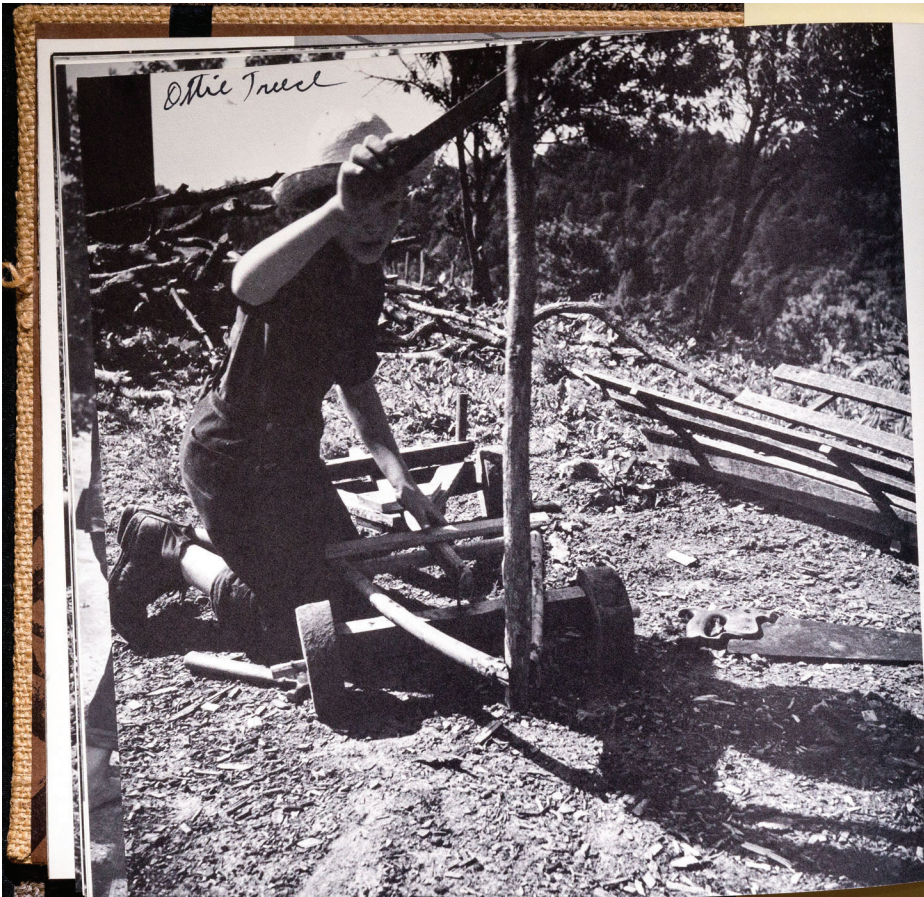
*Assist Ma
Tree*

... helping Ma
make a broom



Roy McCrory

... chopping stove wood



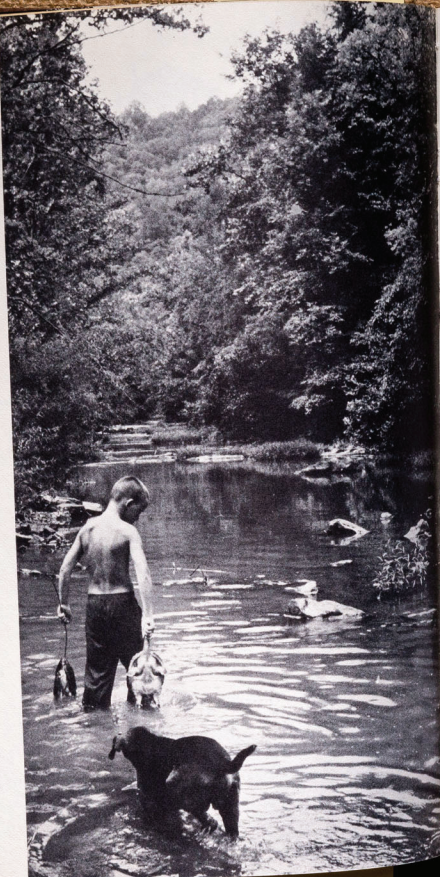
... playing town ball at the one-room schoolhouse

... building myself a wagon

The Call of the Mountains

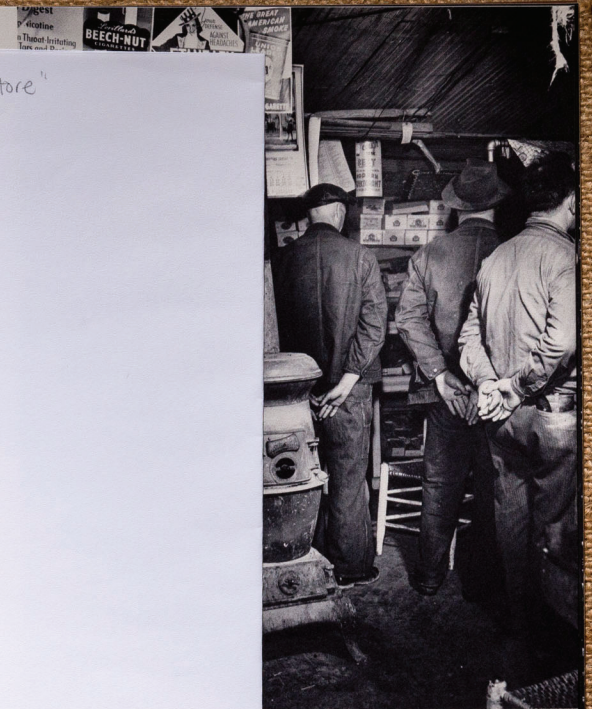
The call of the hills to the mountain child
Is as strong as the call of love.
He may roam the world and explore the wild
But return like a homing dove.
He may sail the oceans wide and blue
And march over desert sands,
But for the mountain streams he'll always sue
Though he be in distant lands.
He may roam the prairies bare and wide
And ride the ranges free,
But he'll always sigh for the mountainside
And his cabin in the lee.
He may visit the cities great and fair
And see the sights so grand,
But he'll always long for the open air
And the rolling mountain land.
He may see the things that all would see
And roam the world in glory;
But he'll always yearn for Tennessee,
The land of feud and story.

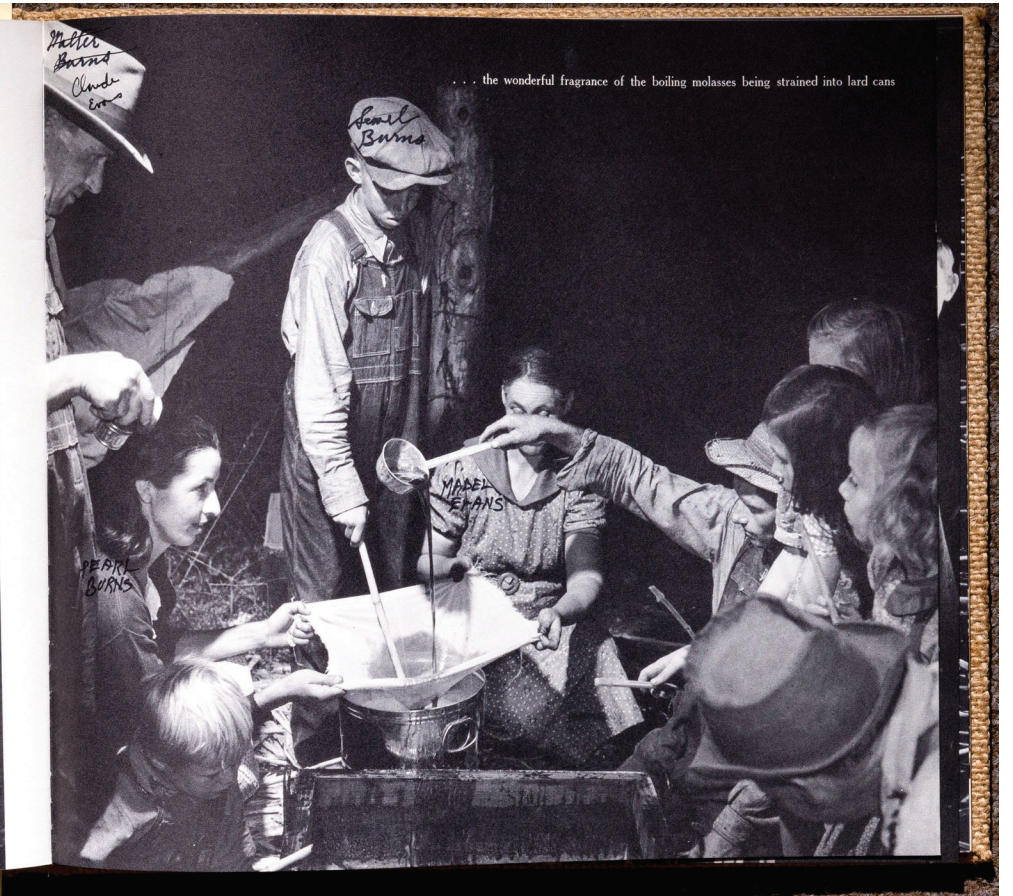
... the call
of the
mountains



"Sittin' round the old gin'rl store"

6-3



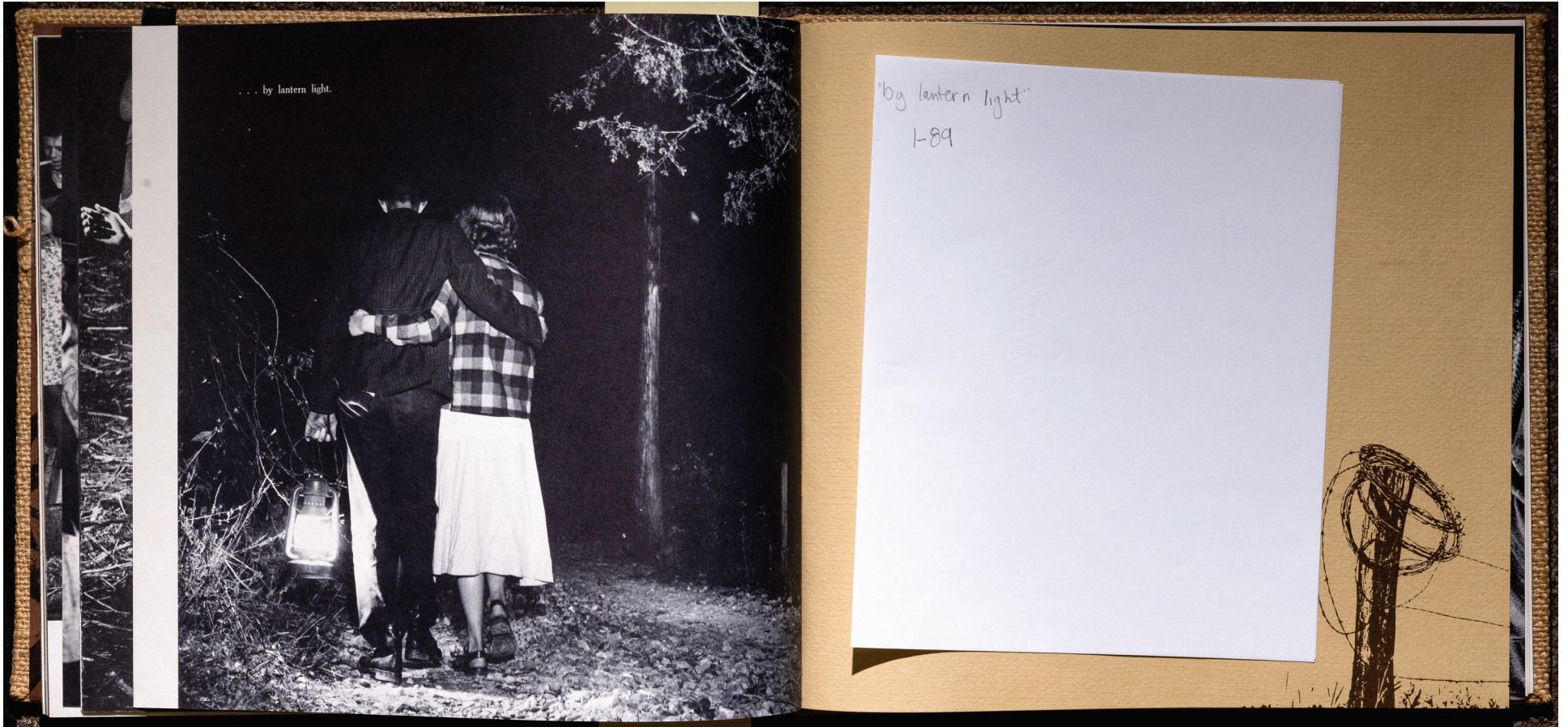




... sippin' new-made molasses at midnight



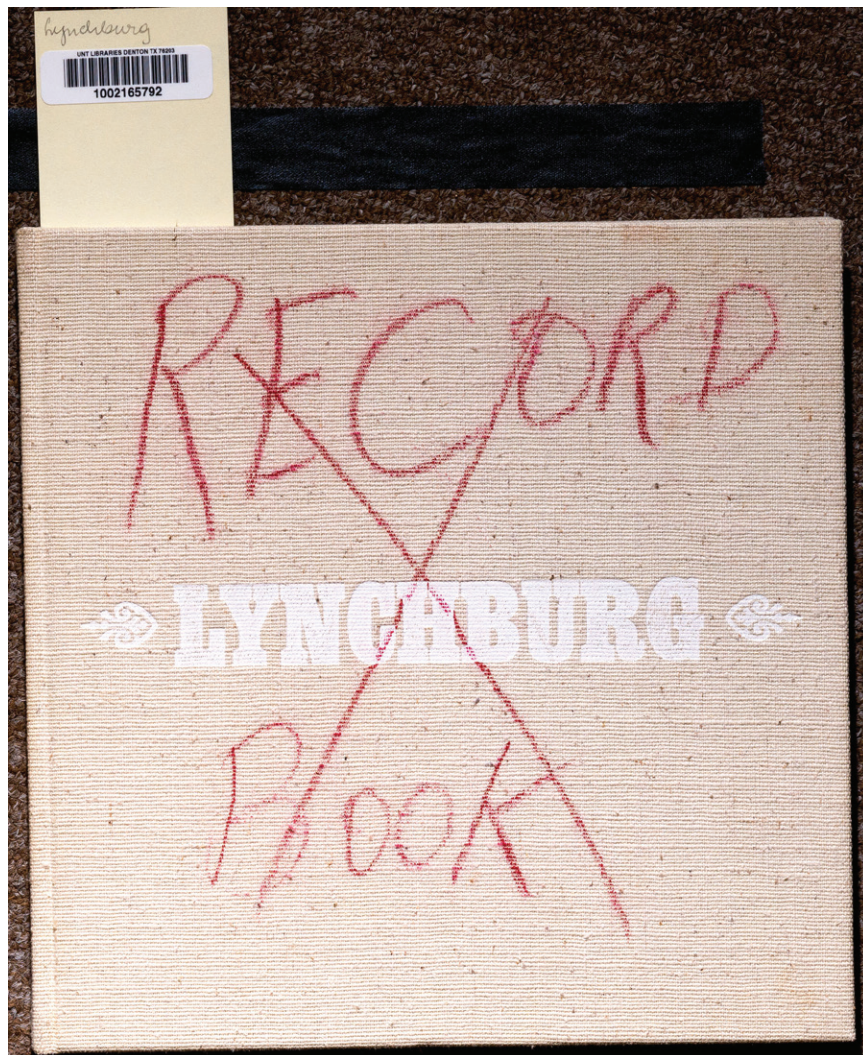
... when the folks would gather in from miles and miles around for the frolic



... by lantern light.

"by lantern light"
1-89

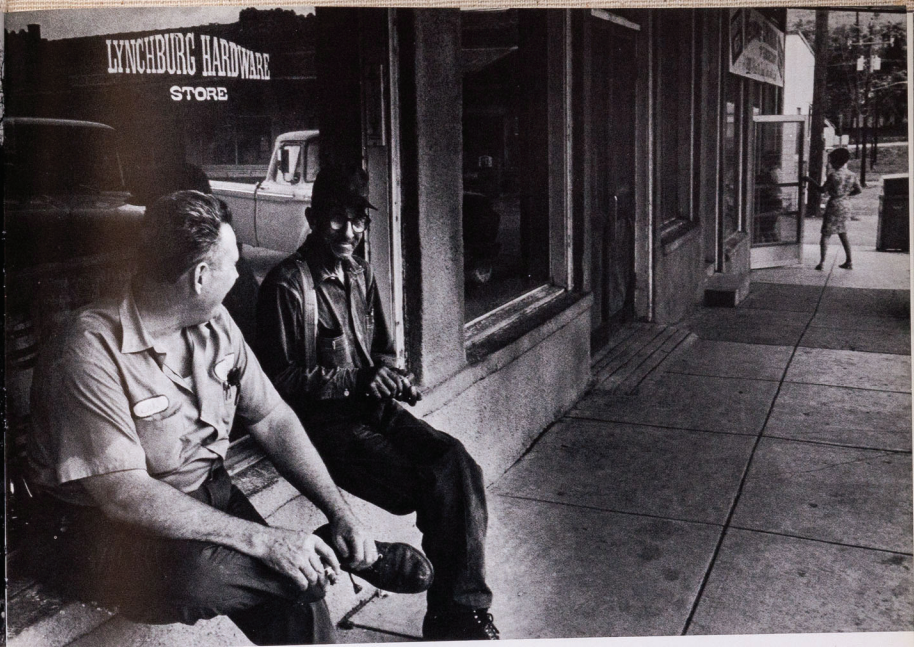






Lynchburg is the biggest town of its size in Moore County.

8904-R2-13014



Lynchburg is a growin town
Gettin bigger by the minit.
Yet, there's more people out of it
Than there are people in it

8904-R57-11

Lynchburg is an artist's dream
and a Photographer's Paradise



The sidewalks on all four sides of the Lynchburg Square are made of cement.
But the people don't use them much. They want them to last.

*9-5-69 Job 8870-R29-24
neg. strip with #24 (Courthouse)
sent to Bill Handlan for postcards
Per. Pete O. DeFreed
by B.C.*

Nashville is eighty miles north of Lynchburg.



A rabbit runs faster than a dog
because it thinks it has a better reason.

8950-R15-32



8950-

CLOSE UP OF
CONNEX ORDERED
SHOT SAME TIME
AS THIS

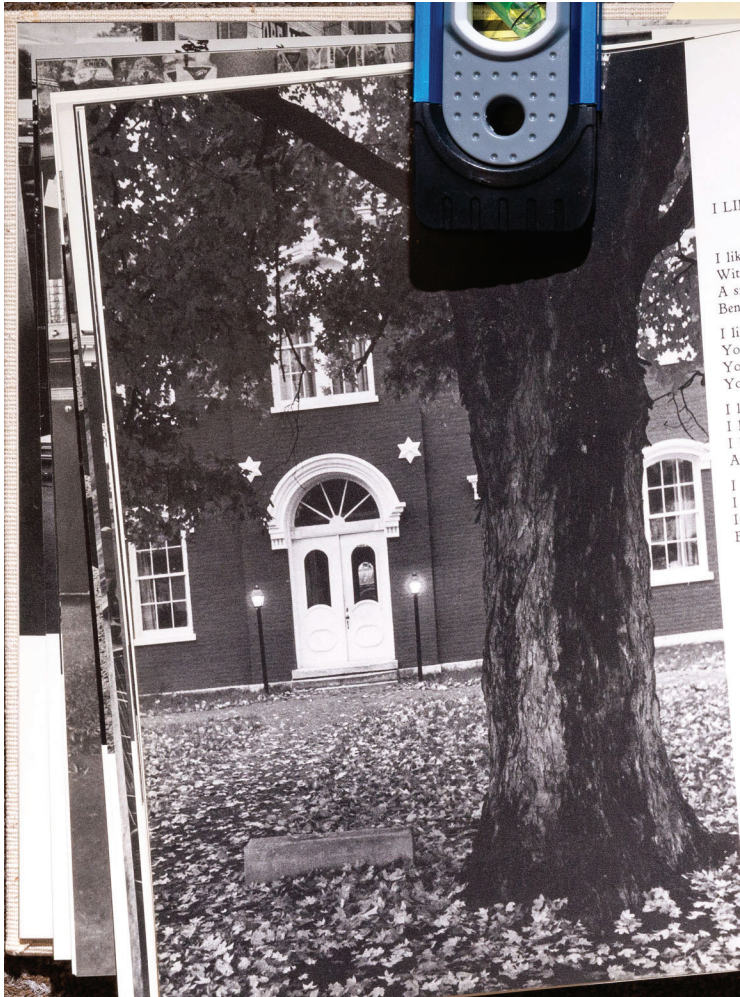
C.U # 8950-R84-3J-

The average good whittler
In Lynchburg
Carves up one and seven-tenths
Cords of Tennessee red cedar
Per year



If you use pokeberry juice for writing fluid it should be kept where it
will not freeze in the wintertime.

7965-220c



I LIKE YOU

I like to see you standing there
With grace and beauty sweet and rare,
A smile upon your face so fair,
Beneath your lovely silken hair.

I like the way you wear your clothes,
Your pretty little turned-up nose;
Your cheeks as red as any rose;
Your fetching, curvy, vexing pose.

I like your moods and temperament,
I like the way your wrath you vent,
I like the day on which you went
And left my heart all sadly bent.

I like you good and sweet and true,
I like the things you always do,
I like you cause you're never blue,
But most of all because you're YOU.

Lynchburg got its name
from the sparkling waters
of Mulberry Creek.

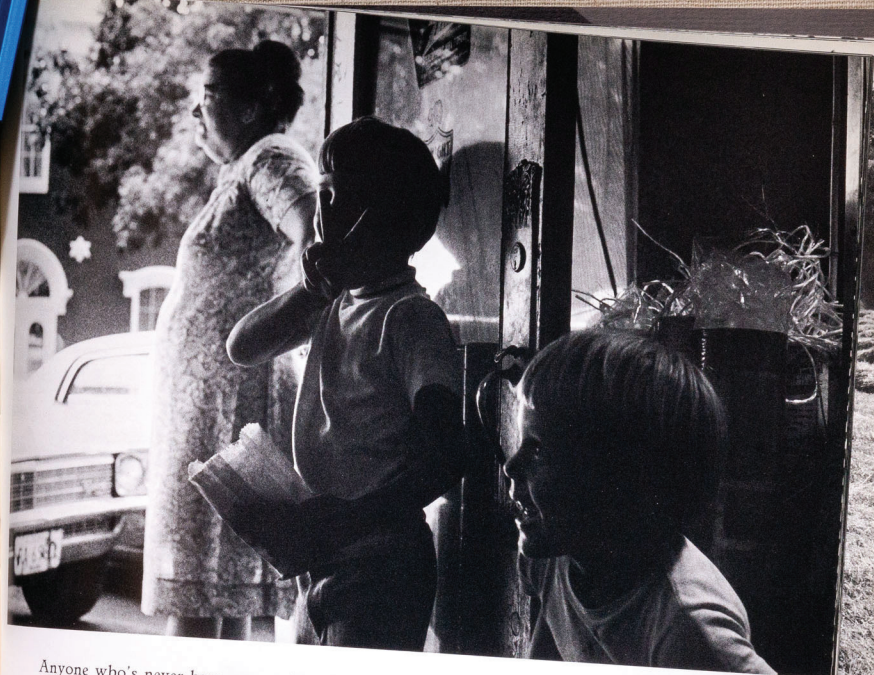
8904-R19-7





Possum gravey stains can easily be removed from clothing by gently rubbing with a piece of raw ozafus skin.

9870-R32-30



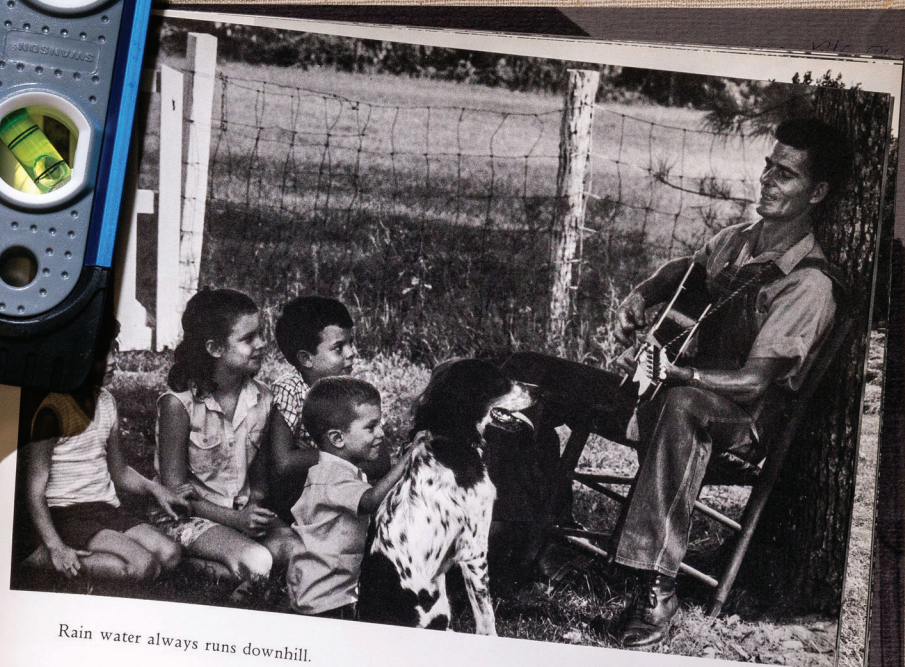
Anyone who's never been possum hunting has missed a large hunk of the life that God intended everyone should suffer and enjoy.



Lynchburg is not the biggest town on earth.
According to the Federal census takers.

8990-R22-9

For a yard I wouldn't care
That looked so nice and neat
So much as one with places bare
Worn by children's happy feet



Rain water always runs downhill.

8990-84-34



The light
Of the soul



8870-R33-34

Shines through
The eyes.



7950-R16-9

Back home
UNIT LIBRARIES DENTON TX 76201
1002165750

BACK HOME

BY JOE CLARK HBSS

RECORD
BOOK



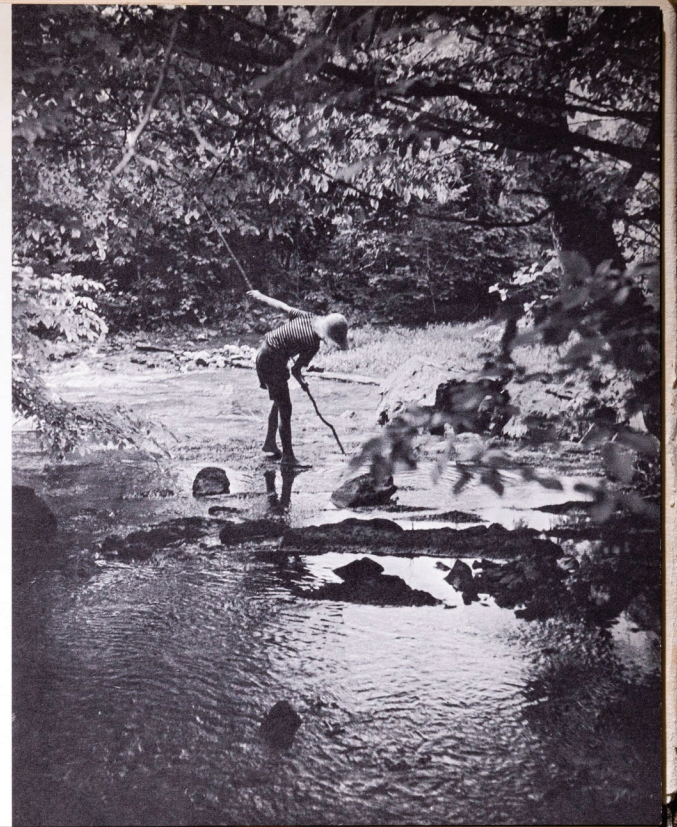
I'll build me a castle
High on a hill
With a few houn dogs
And a copper wall
I'll live my life
In my own free way
And you won't find me
Til Judgement Day

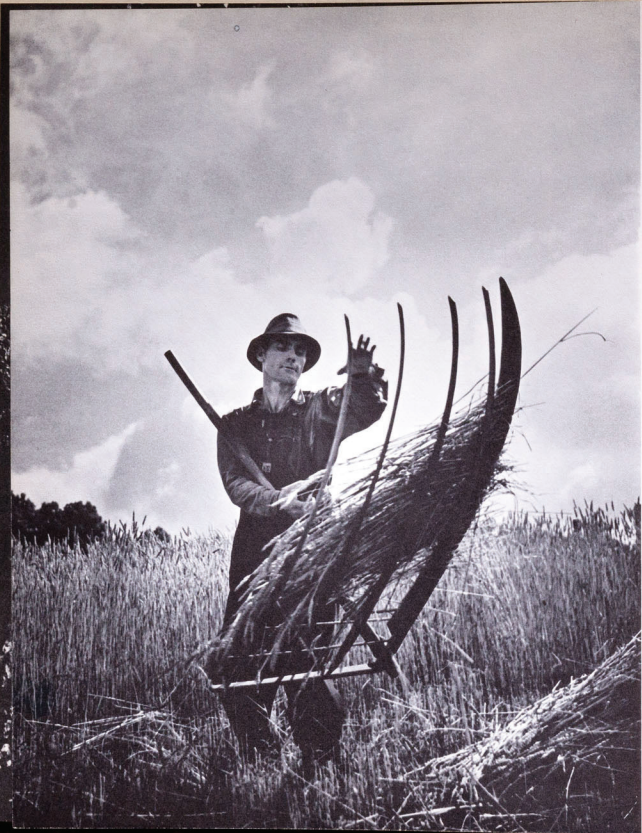


*Raymond
Clark*

LESSONS

Nature's simple secrets
Can hide in quiet pools
And Life's greatest lessons
Are not all learned in schools.





*collected
side of road
from Clivio Shop*

THE ROW YOU HOE

The patterns of life
Are finely drawn
Like harvest fields
So neatly sown.

Here a thistle
And there a weed
Will sprout among
The planted seed.

And where you'd point
With bated pride
Will grow a thorn
Deep in your side.

But you must hoe
And pull the weeds
And cultivate
With kindly deeds.

And care each day
For tender shoots
And fertilize
The hungry roots.

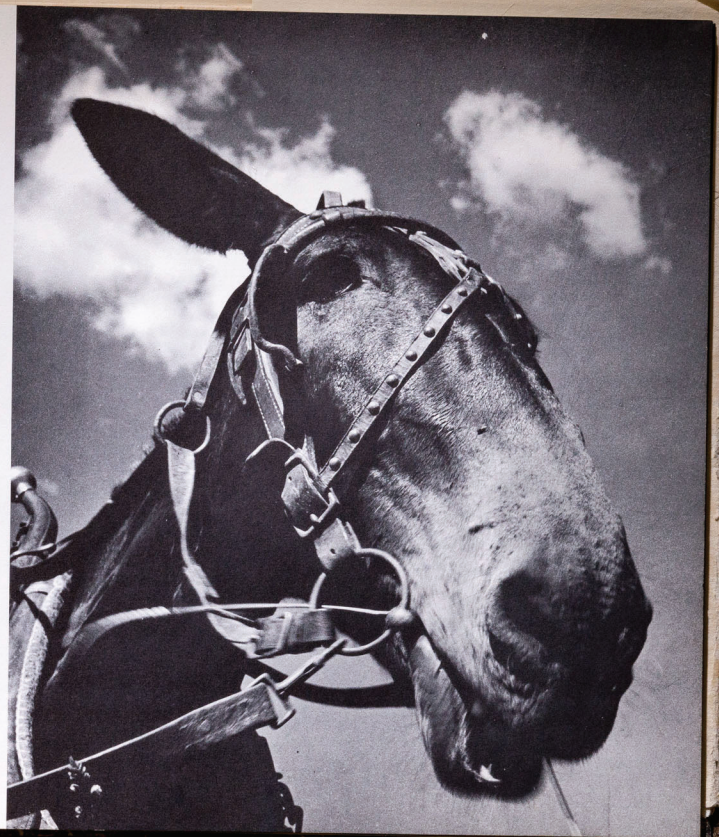
And tend your crop
That it shall grow
Keeping straight
The row you hoe.

There's one thing more
You ought to know
You cannot reap
Before you sow.

Old Mag

HIDEBOUND

There ain't much to learn
And little to do
If you're hidebound
And pigheaded, too.





John Drury

MAN

Man is a fragile hunk of mud,
He's made of muscle, bone and blood;
There ain't much hair upon his head
It grows upon his face instead.

He has a brain that in the main
Must strain to keep him from the rain;
His will is weak and very small
So he grows fat instead of tall.

He's mostly short of money, too,
In spite of all that he can do;
Yet, if he's rich with lots of hay
He can only eat three meals a day.

Though he succeed in life as such
He won't enjoy it very much;
He's prone to sweat and boil and stew
About the things he cannot do:

About the times he didn't bet,
About the raise he didn't get,
About the debts he hasn't paid,
About the million he hasn't made.

All in all he's a weakly cuss,
And hardly worth a little fuss;
Yet, man is strong and if he tries
He'll surely live until he dies.



HOMESICK

Pretty soon I'm going to be'
Way down yonder in Tennessee,
I'm going back again to climb
Those old, old hills I left behind.

Pretty soon you're going to see
Somebody looking just like me
Swinging across the mountain high
With a homebound look in his eye.

Pretty soon I'm going to dine
At Ma's table rich and fine
On hominy grits and brandywine
And Southern fried that's mighty fine.



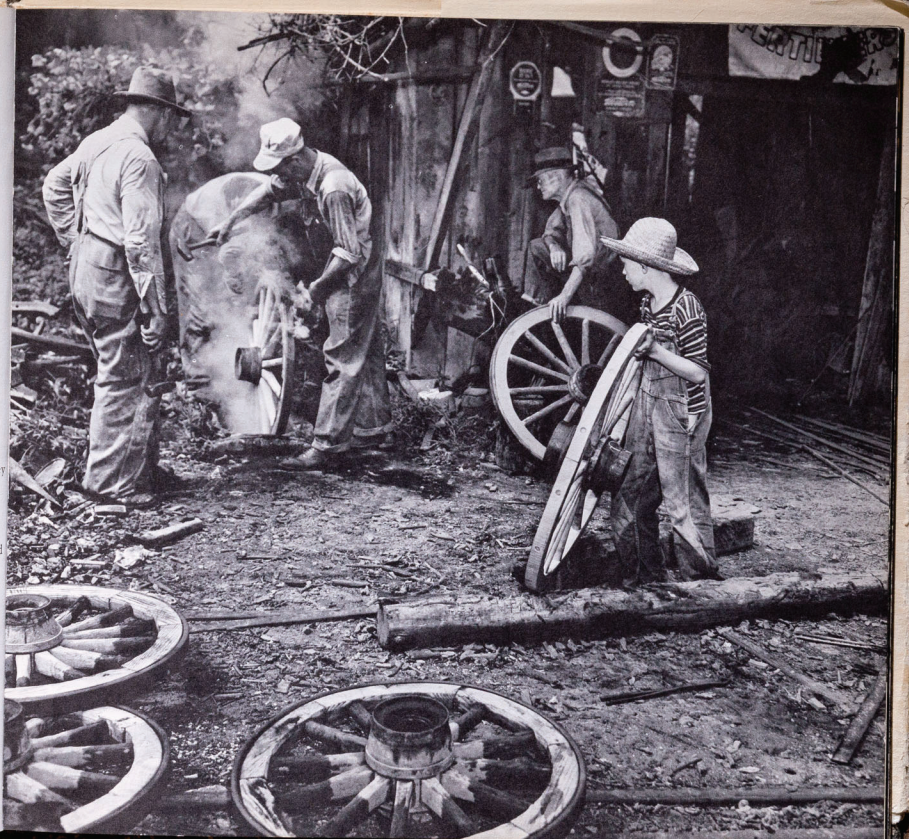
Wade Cline

Alex Chivins
Blacksmith shop

THE LAND BEYOND

When I was a lad I stood in a valley
In a valley deep and wide
And I looked up at a hill.
A hill that was so rugged
And so steep and high.
I stood and I looked and I wondered
As lads so often do
Why the hill was so rugged
And so steep and high
But most of all I wondered
What was on the other side.

Now I've grown to be a man.
Tall and strong and wise.
And many the sights I've seen
Under the wandering skies.
Yet, when I stand in a valley
A valley deep and wide
And I look at a hill I wonder
What is on the other side.





TOMORROW

Up and down the dusty road
Up and down the valley
Up and down the highway
To see my pretty Sally.

Up and down the blackgum tree
Up and down the hollow
Up and down the mountain.
I'll see her tomorrow.



NO REGRETS

The river runs on
Old times are gone,
New things come in
What's been has been.

Alex Cline

RELAX

When worry and fret come your way
About the bills you have to pay.

The many things you have to do
Nothing ever goes right with you.

Can't pay the rent or buy no shoes,
You flounder in them worry blues

It's better then to just relax
And spare your feeble mind the tax.

It's rather vain to strain your brain
When thinkin' goes against the grain.

So hang your hat upon the rack
And lean your chair against the shack.

Just put a million in the bank
And leave your mind
completely blank.

ROSE RUSSELL



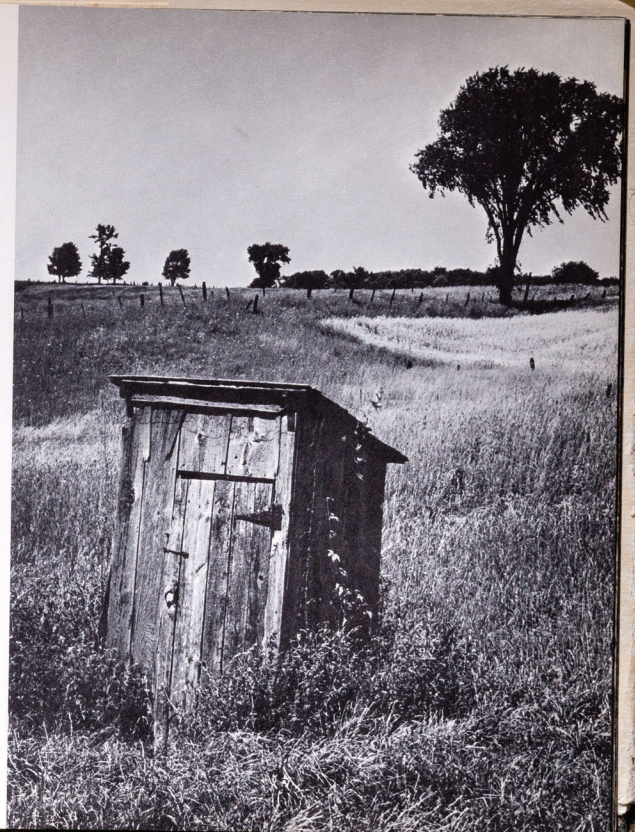
THE GOOD OLD DAYS

O give me back the good old days
The days I used to know
When simple things were modern things,
The pace was pleasant and slow.

A house uncluttered with plumbing
A well out in the yard
An axe for chopping firewood with
And make my muscles hard.

The general store for loafing
Or a first class checker game
A box of ashes for spitting
And never hitting same.

But most of all from those grand days
So packed with memories
Give me a house way down the path
Where I can sit and freeze.





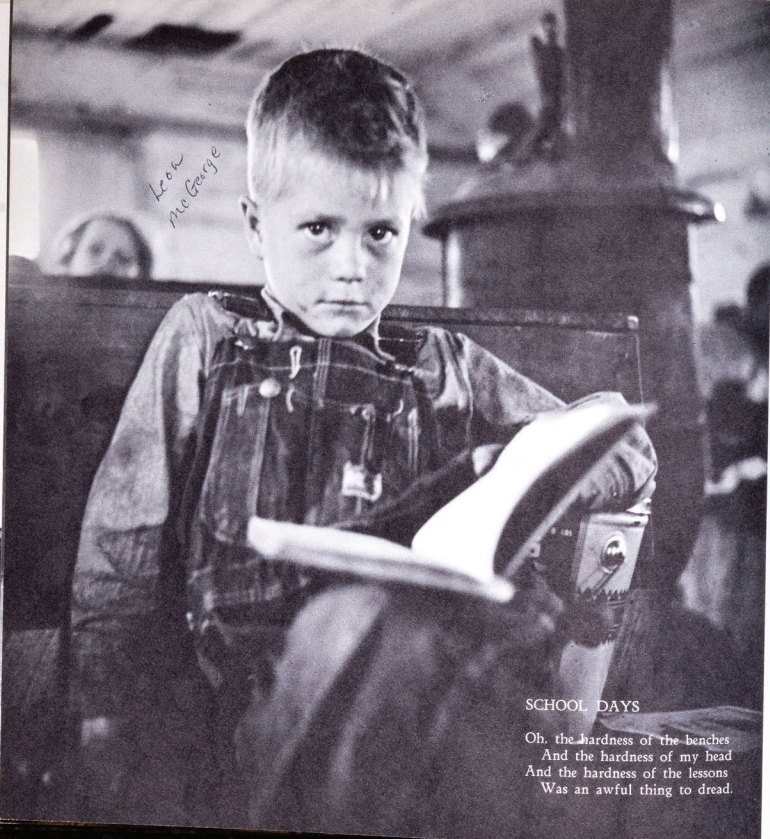
Emma WELCH

IN LONESOME TENNESSEE

Down yonder in the valley
In lonesome Tennessee
Sits my little Sally
A waitin' there for me.

Down yonder in the valley
Oh how I long to be
A sittin' by my Sally
In lonesome Tennessee.





*Leon
McGeorge*

SCHOOL DAYS

Oh, the hardness of the benches
And the hardness of my head
And the hardness of the lessons
Was an awful thing to dread.

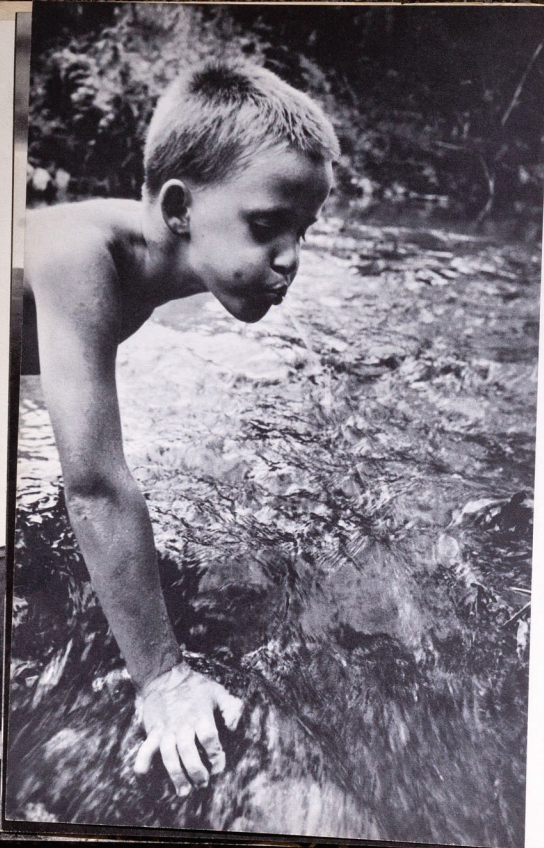
*Locust Grove
School*

- * 1. Lucille Killion
- 2. Roy Killion

LONG AGO

There was a little white school
On the side of a hill
And a pretty little girl
That I remember still.





Jimmy Powell

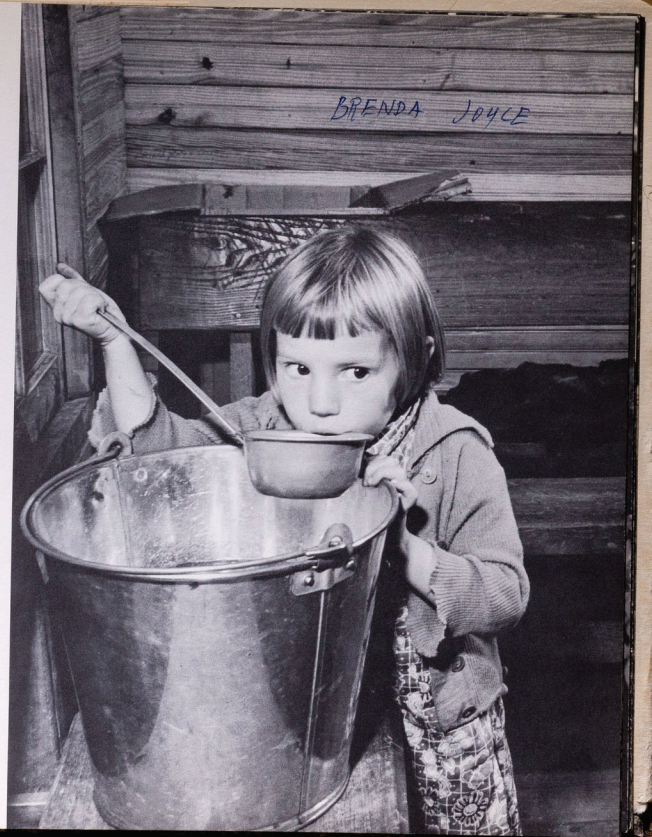
A BOY'S DREAMS

A barefoot lad
He roams the hills
And dreams of land
Where fortune fills
The hopes of one
Who toils and tills.

In dreams he sails
The oceans wide
Through storm and gale
And friendly tide,
When duty calls
He does not hide.

And in his dreams
This little man
Builds a future
As boyhood can
For a boy's dreams
Become the man.


Locust Grove
School



BRENDA JOYCE

GERMS

We didn't fight germs
when I was a kid.
We ettem.
Alive.



Roy McCrany

I PLEDGE

To loaf along Life's highways
To feel its shifting sands
Climb its hills, view its valleys
And see its verdant lands.

To feast on bountiful harvests
That grow along its ways
To watch the glowing sunsets
That end its shining days.

To greet each morning joyously,
To sing the livelong day,
To laugh with happy comrades,
To while this life away.

Jimmie Powell
+
Old Time

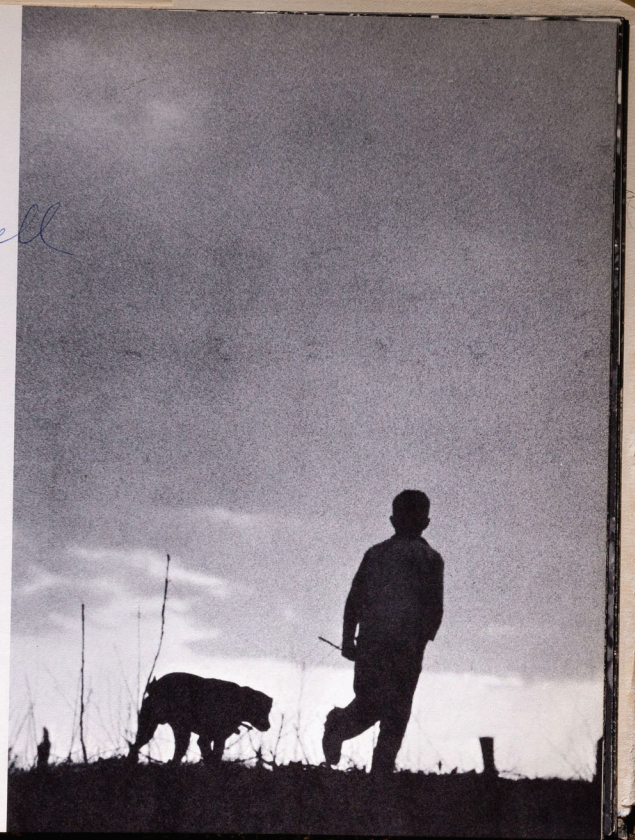
THINGS I'D LIKE TO DO AGAIN

To build a dam across a brook
To wade and fish in quiet streams
To climb a hill to take a look
To revel in boyhood dreams.

To leap from out the loft so high
To explore the barn and fields
To roam o'er the hills and dells
To enjoy what nature yields.

To pick the wild grapes from the vine
To find the blackberries ripe
To taste the pawpaws wild and sweet
To explore my manly might.

To romp and roam with dog and gun
Through forest, dale and glen
To breathe the free and open air
And to walk with nature's kin.

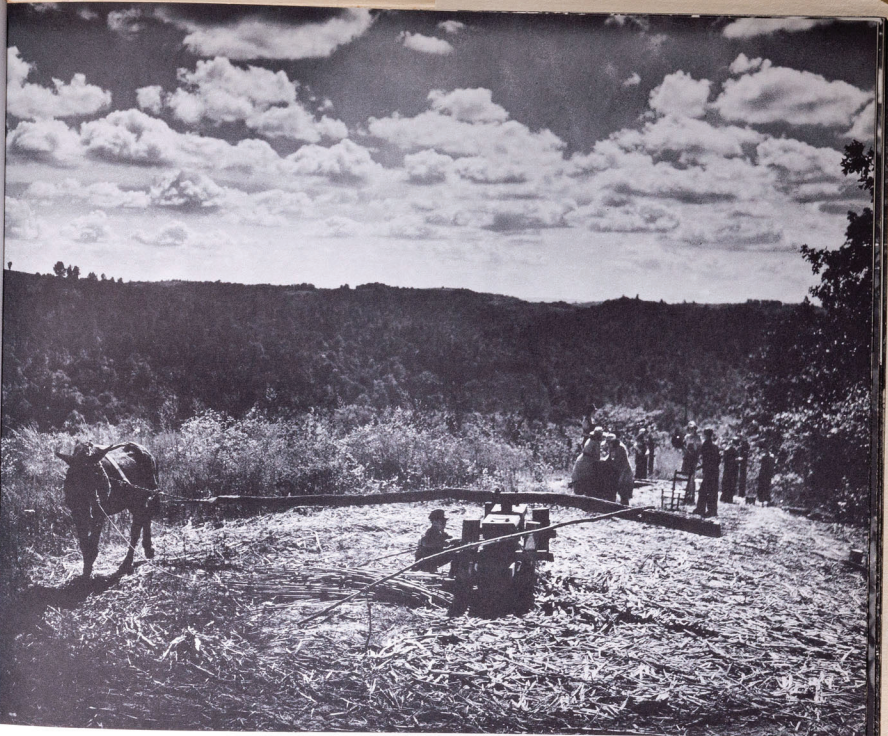




Corniballe
Dancelo
Claude Day
Evelena
Goins
GEORGINA
Wylie

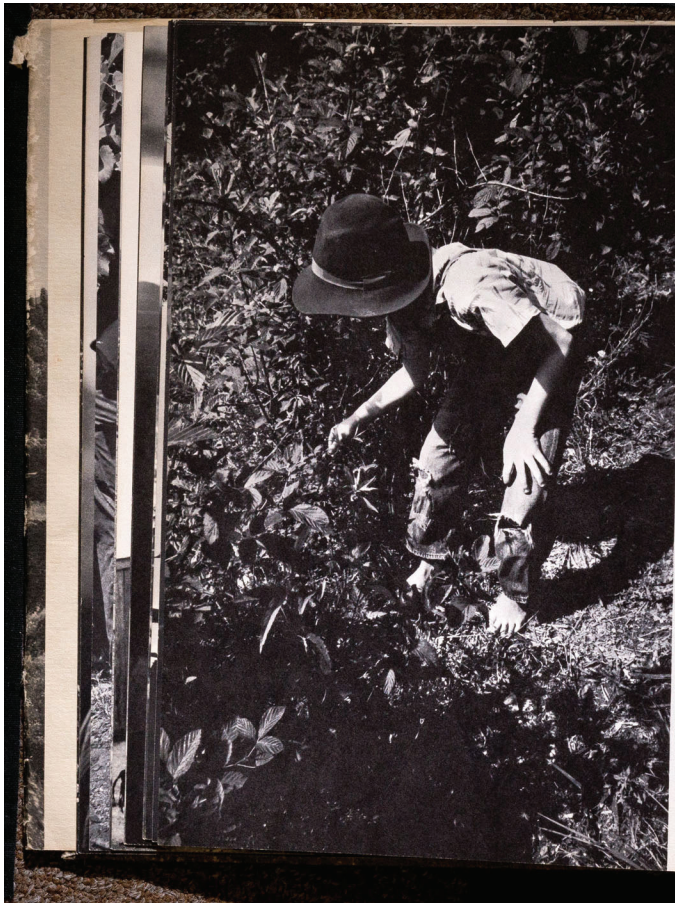
26, 27
&
28

Star off at
the Dancelo's



MOLASSES MAKING TIME
Lasses making time
Was a happy time
With lots of work to be done
But the end of day
Brought its mirth and play
With a host of girls and fun.

Arville Burns Candy Evans
Red Hill



Howard Earl's Boy

EDUCATION

To read, rite and cipher
Proves you've been to school.
A fine engraved diploma
Proves you ain't no fool.

You've got a education
You're learned and you're wise
And a fine reputation
For the way you dot your eyes.

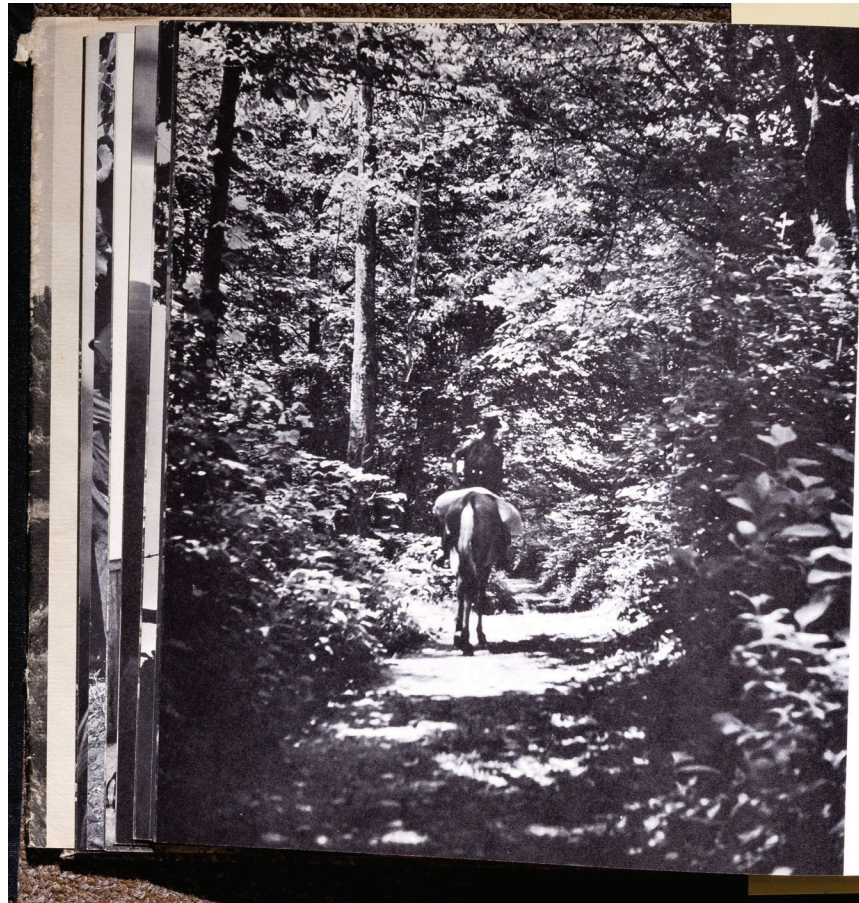
You are a educated man,
Of letters and of ink;
One question may I ask
When will you learn to think?

Imm Canada



BACK YONDER

If you lived in the country
On a Saturday night
It was clean all the lamps
To make the world bright.



England
on way to S.M.
To L. Facts m22

GREEN WAS THE
MEADOW

Green was the meadow
Tall was the corn
High was the mountain
Where I was born.

Fair was the valley
Warm was the sun
And clear was the sky
Where I was born.

Sweet is the memory
Pleasant the days
Of boyhood wandering
Of boyhood ways.

Junior Treece

SPRING THOUGHTS

When earth is soft and pleasant
To touch of tiller's hand
And crops are being planted
All across the land.

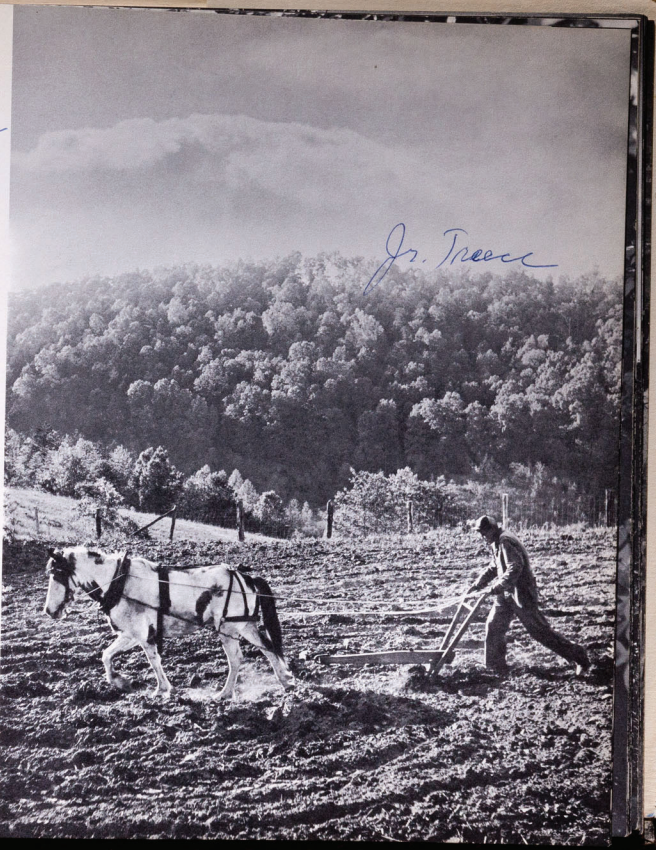
When the mule is being prodded,
The sun is climbing high
And work's to be accomplished,
Time is passing by.

When hopes are swiftly rising
To soar into the sky
For all the crops we'll harvest
In the by and by.

When the sap is swiftly rising,
The breeze begins to warm
And the birds sing in the spring
Down yonder on the farm.

When lovers walk together
In twilight's mellow glow
And whisper to each other
Of things they aim to grow.

Then it's great to be alive,
To breathe the wholesome air,
To have someone to love you,
To be in love with her.



It's never too cold to chop wood
when you're out of fire.

*Junebug Clark
in Middleboro Hardware*

MOONSHINE

There's an Indiana moon
Or so it seems to me
Because the crooners croon
About such a moon, you see.

Then there's a harvest moon
Large and gold and free
And then a lover's moon
On the banks of the old Swane.

On every land and every sea
It seems there's a moon to shine.
But give me the mountains of Tennessee
Where we make our own moonshine.

JACK DANIEL'S

Up a little hollow
Down yonder in the hills
Forty miles from nowhere
Among the whippoorwills.

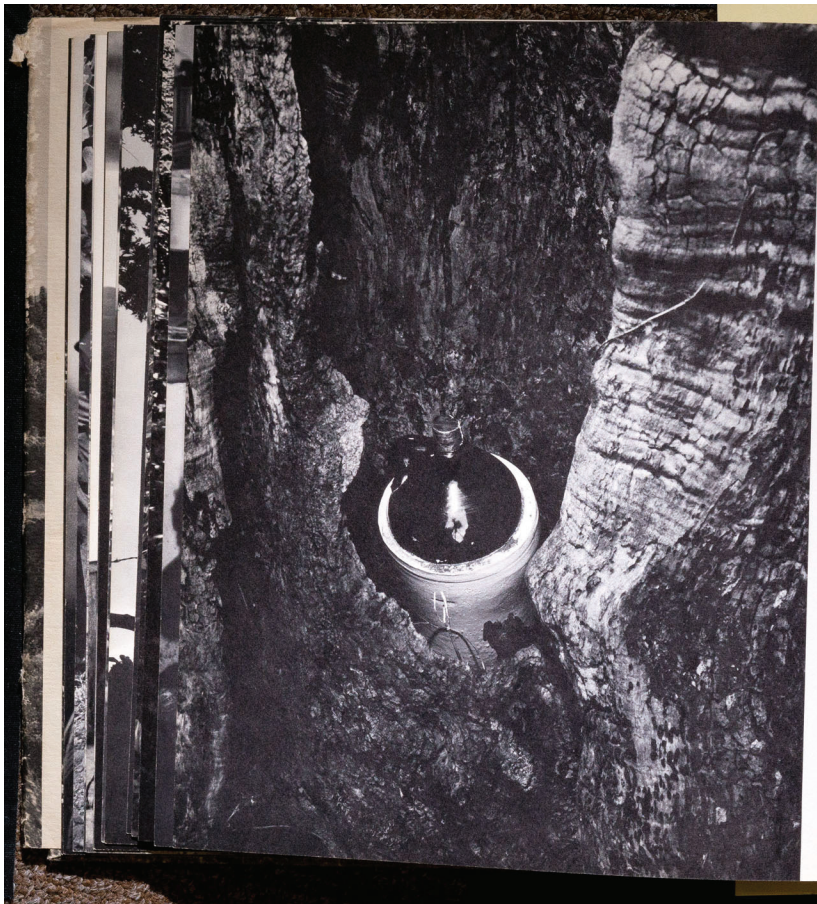
Way back in the ridges
All out of touch with time
Who could make a product
To vie with any line?

Who could still a whiskey,
Still it smooth and fine
To please a choosy palate
And taste as chaste as mine?

Who could reach perfection
Where cities fail to glow?
Please don't misjudge, my friend,
Simple skills that hillfolk know.

Sip and see.



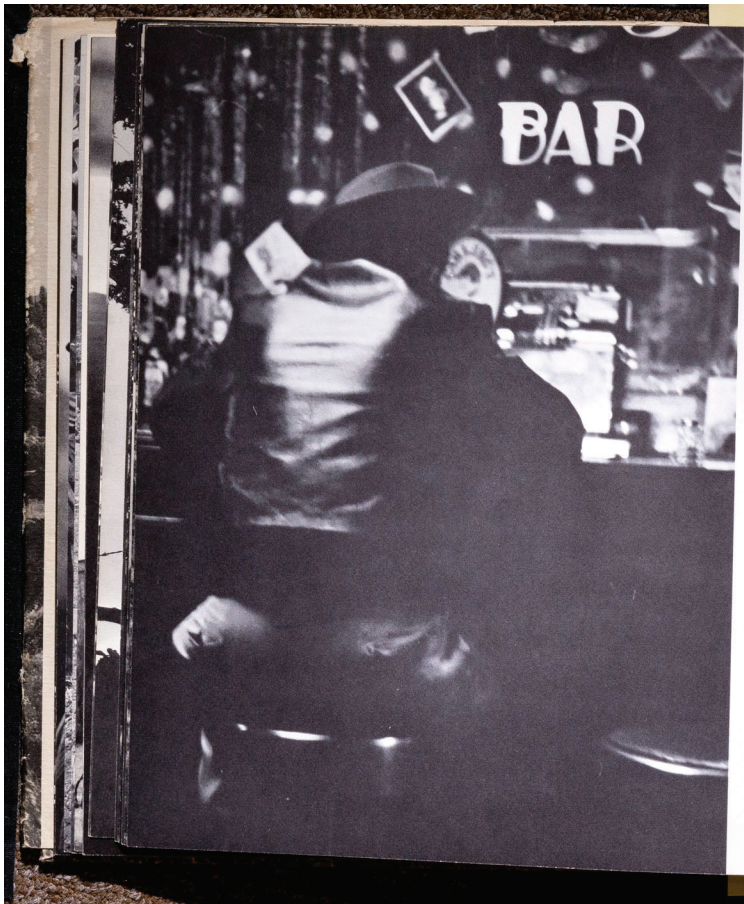


The Old Market Place

Charlie Wright



And the Old Hardsell



IT'S BEEN SO LONG

It's been so long, so many years
My eyes are blinded by the tears.

She was so young and fair and sweet
When that rascal she chanced to meet.

He told her forty million lies
And stole her right before my eyes.

Now she lives in a castle grand
On ten-thousand acres of land.

And that scoundrel dark and dank
Has twenty millions in the bank.

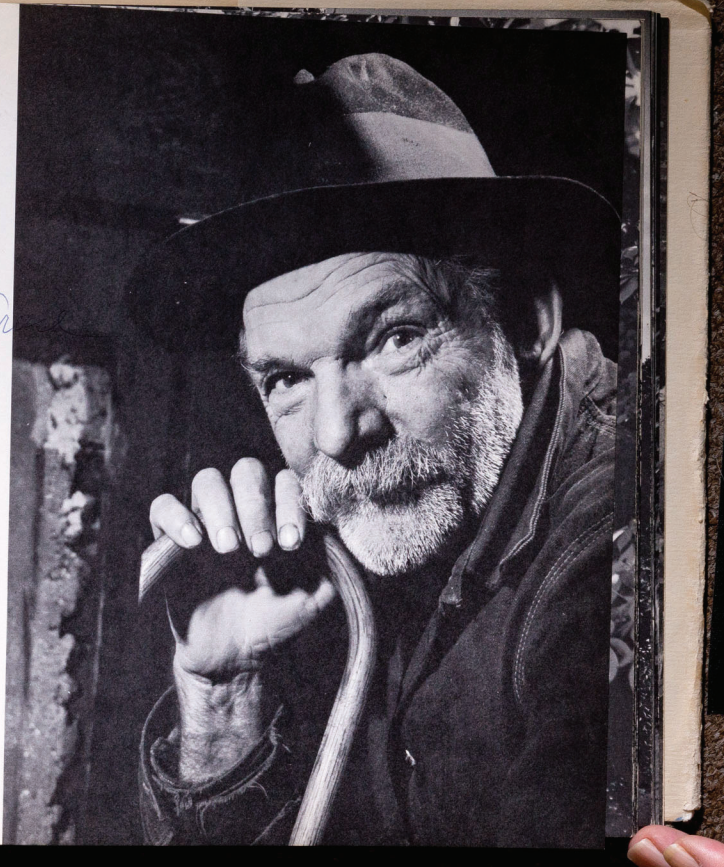
It pains my heart just to think.
Excuse me while I buy a drink.

Uncle Wild

WINTER AND SPRING

I'm getting old and feeble
My bones are full of gout
My mind is now forgetful
And full of dreadful doubt.

My hand is not so quick
My step is not so spry.
Still my heart doth flutter
When girls go prancing by.





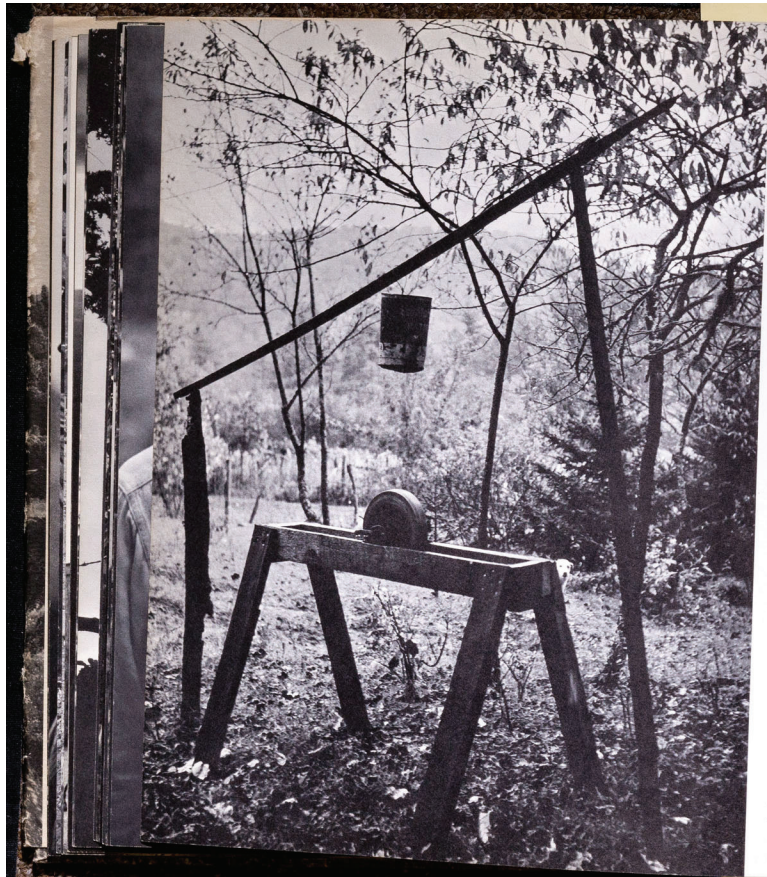
C.H. Stan. For
"Totes Down"

I wouldn't mind being poor
if it wasn't for being so short of cash.



Jim Follett

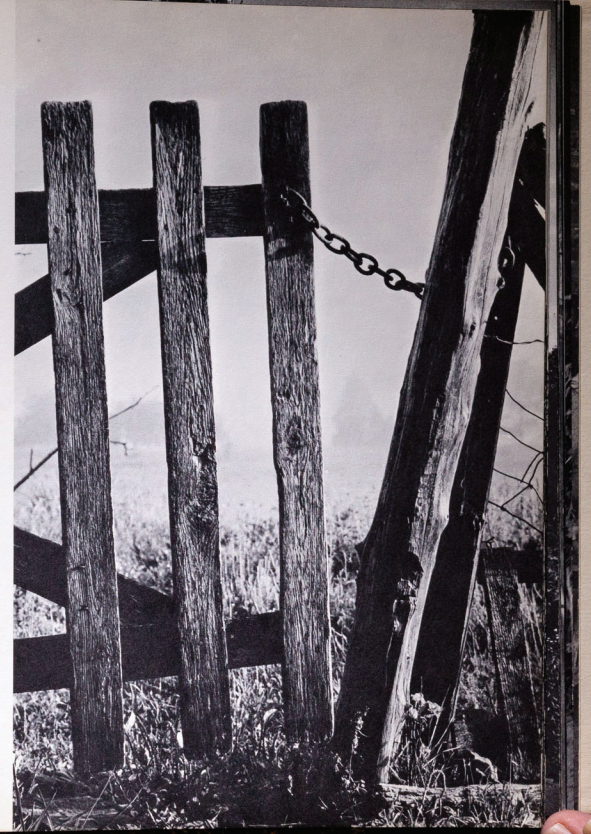
The dread of the job
is the worst part.



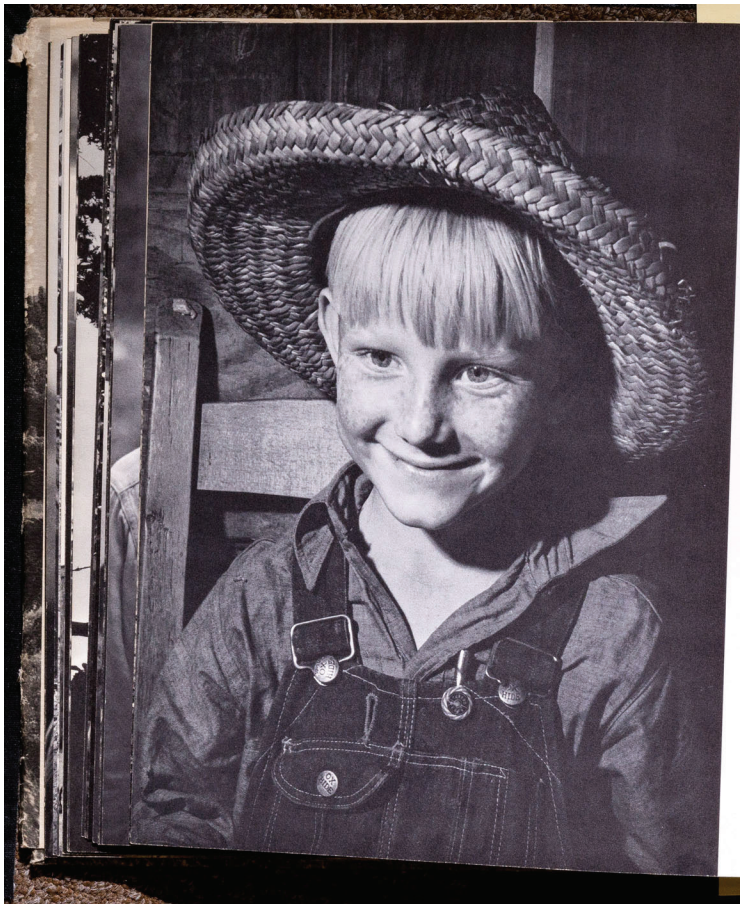
my old home

Keep your nose to the grindstone
And you'll surely wear it out.

Joe's old home
gets.



This is the gate to nowhere
And the gate to everywhere.

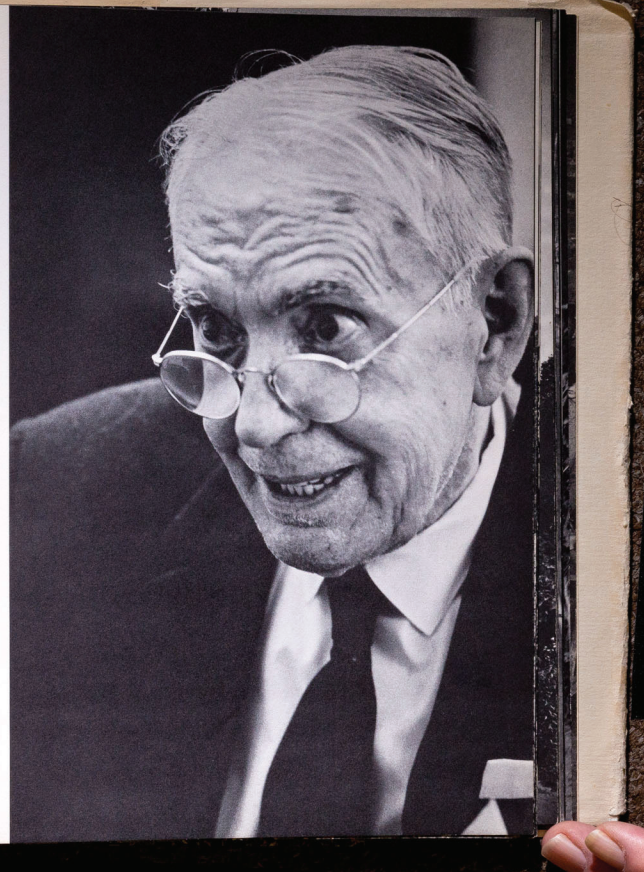


J. D. R. Wright

SIMPLE FACTS

I can read, rite and cipher;
I ain't nobody's fool.
And do multiplication
Though I've never been to school.

I know that in the morning
The rooster crows at five
Andya gotta keep a scratchin'
If you wanna stay alive.



MR. TOM *Mitlow*

He set by his word
A great deal of store.
Gave it but kept it
No matter the chore.

So to his neighbors
And his friends untold
His word has become
More precious than gold.



Joye Powell

LITTLE GIRLS

Little girls
Make lots of noise
To attract
Little boys.

Howard Earl's Boy

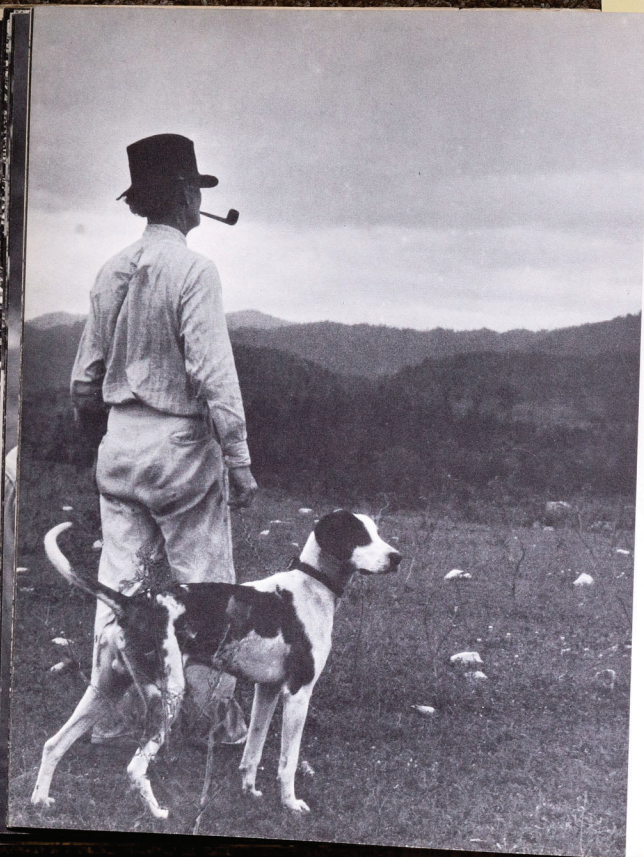
LEARNING

Learn to creep
Before you walk
Learn to think
Before you talk.

Learn to look
Before you jump
Learn to stop
Before you bump.

Learn to walk
Before you fly
Learn to live
Before you die.





Popper

TRUTH

Tell your tales
So tall and high
But truth is bigger
Than any lie

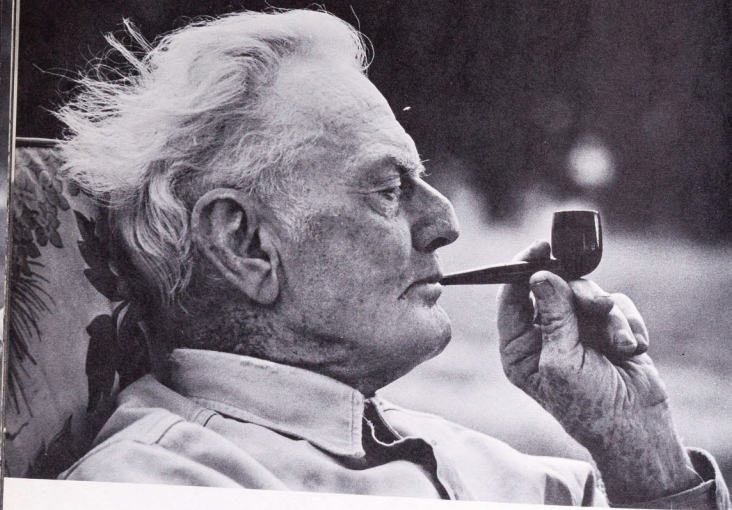
For who could dream
Or by any act
Find deeds so great
As actual fact.

GONE FISHIN'

Gone fishin'
Gone huntin'
Gone to have me some fun
Gonna catch me a biggun'
Gonna loaf in the sun.
Whoever cares if the work's never done?
Or the money's never made?
I'll be restin' in the mellow summer shade
Restin' and dreamin' while the stream rolls on
I may never get rich but I'll get along.

*John Hoppers
plows mule*





MY PAPPY

My Pappy says life wasn't meant
To rush and hurry through
But to love and laugh and be content
And to think of folks like YOU.

Pappa

*MISC
Tennessee
#156
built by his father*

PAPPY'S BOY

I was raised in a log cabin
And suckled on a jug o' corn.
I started chewing tobacco
On the day that I was born.

I ain't asared of the Martins
And I've killed a thousand Coys
And raising hell in general
Is the chiefest of my joys.

I never have time for playing
And to work I just ain't able
But when a meal is ready
I'm always at the table.

Money never worries me
And troubles I have none
I'm just a lad from Tennessee
And full of hell and fun.





LITTLE PATH

A little path goes winding
Through the field, across the hill
When I was a lad I walked it
And I can see it still.

I drove the cows around it
And saw many wondrous sights;
The clouds overhead a sailing
The meadow larks in flights.

When evening sun was setting
In the land beyond the hills
I often dreamed of riches
And listened to whip-poor-wills.

When summer years rolled by
And I had older grown
I met a wondrous girl
And sometimes walked her home.

Oh, little path a-winding
Through the field, across the hill
To so many wondrous places
I can see them still.

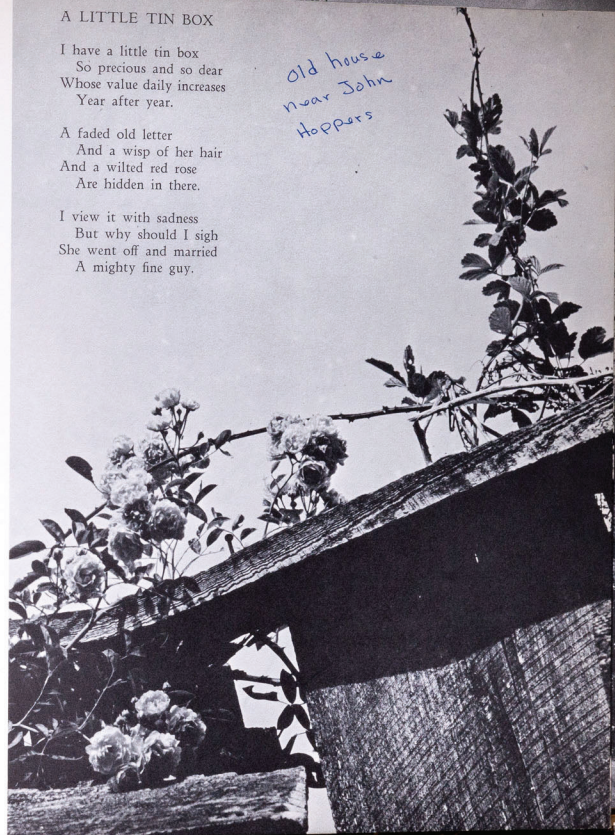
A LITTLE TIN BOX

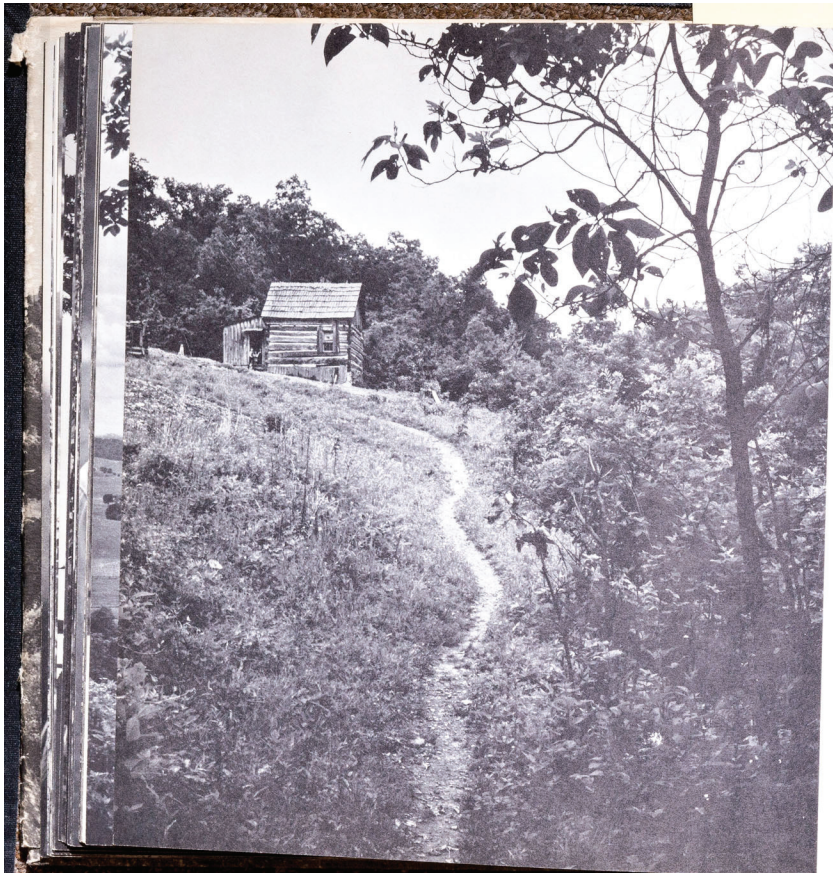
I have a little tin box
So precious and so dear
Whose value daily increases
Year after year.

A faded old letter
And a wisp of her hair
And a wilted red rose
Are hidden in there.

I view it with sadness
But why should I sigh
She went off and married
A mighty fine guy.

*old house
near John
Hoppers*





On
Virginia

RECLUSE

I'll build me a castle
High on a hill,
With a few houn dogs
And a copper still.

I'll live my life
In my own free way
And you won't find me
'Til Judgement Day



John
H. W.



CAREFREE

Sing a heigh ho and a heighdy ho
It's hard to believe how little I know;
How little I know, how little I care
I'm as happy as a millionaire.

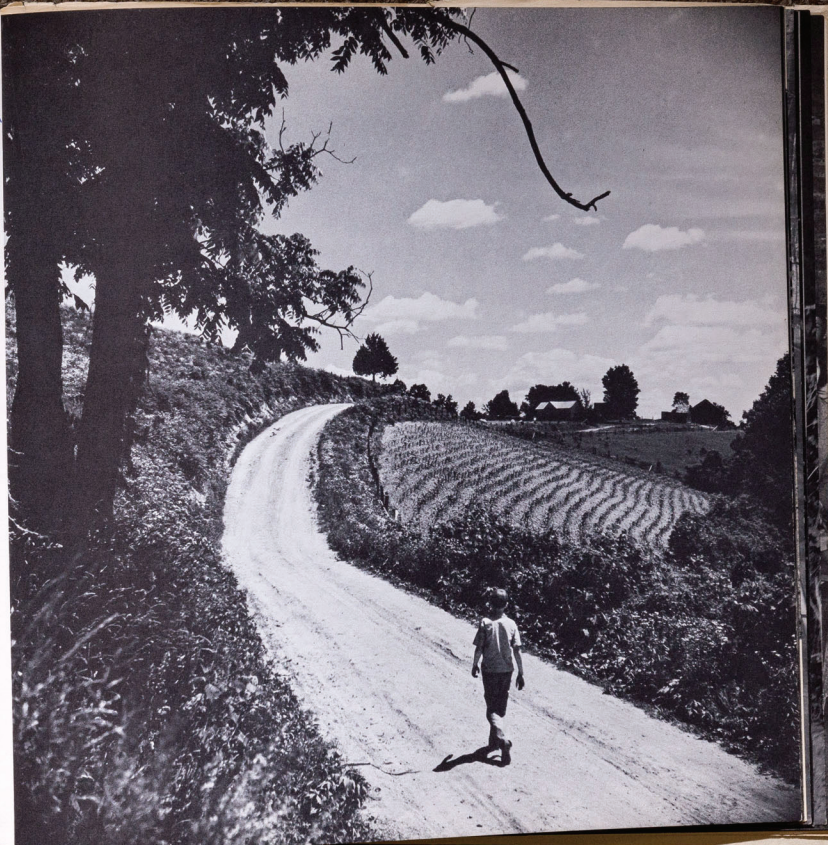
Jimmy
Powell

DECISIONS

Life is filled with many turns
Which one shall I take.
One to the poorhouse, one to wealth
Which will make or break?

One to happiness, one to pain
One to wealth and fame.
How should I know which one to take
Neither has a name.

on road
to
come
Spring





Stirl Wright

MONKEY SHINES

Man used to be a monkey
A settin' in the trees
A chatterin' at the bluejays.
A scratchin' at his fleas.

Then along came Mister Darwin
And invented evolution,
Caused the downfall of monkey
And all of this commotion.

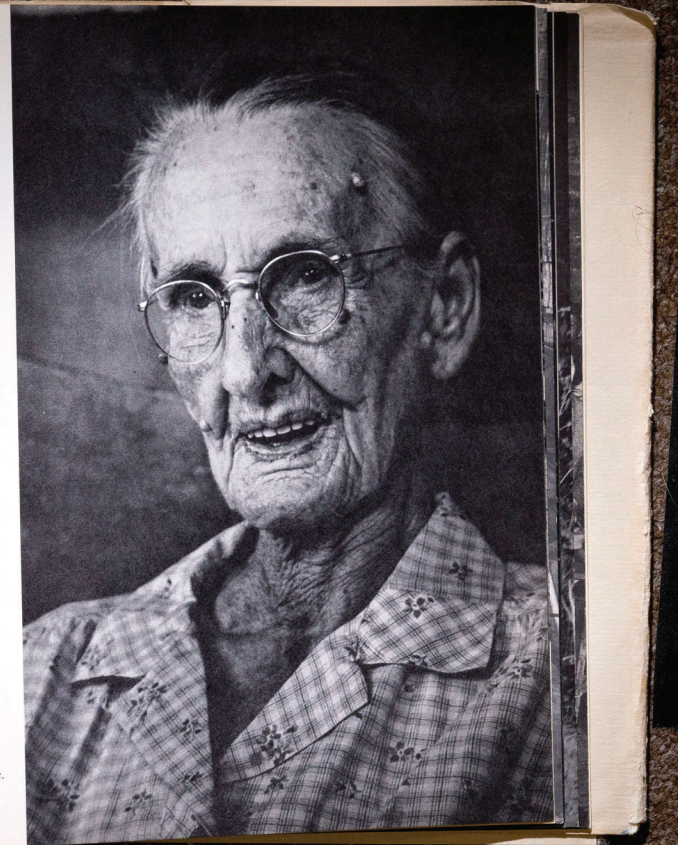
They say man is very noble
He can stew, worry and fret.
But I've never seen a monkey
Up to his ears in debt.

Now I very often wonder
Would I really better be
A happy lit' ole monkey
A settin' in a tree?

Aunt Oma

AUNT OMA

"Never find fault with what's been done.
Unless you was the one who done it."





*Over at
Frank's Kentucky*

AUNT TILDA

In her heart there glowed a fire
That filled her eyes with radiant light
Though unlearned and poor she was
She lived with all her might.

*went China +
and Harve*

PEOPLE IN THE EARLY DAYS

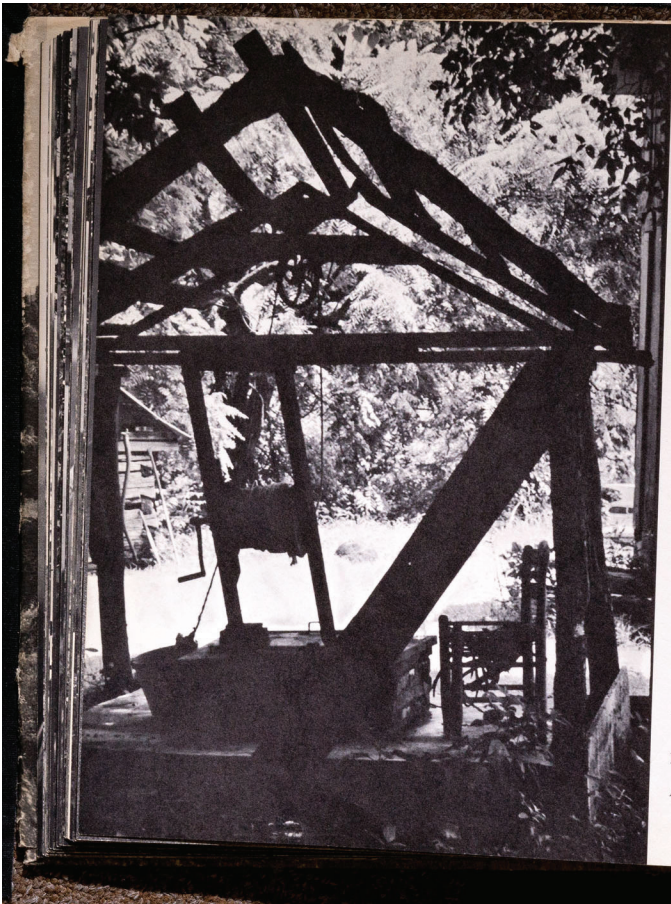
People in the early days
Had such quaint and ancient ways:
They'd hardly ever take a bath
Or follow in the beaten path.

They fought to win the wild, wild West
And every man done his best
To clear the land and make it free
And safe to live for you and me.

From ignorance they emigrated
And then became educated,
And then before they realized
Courtly, proud and civilized.

Thanks to all the things they done,
Thanks to each and everyone,
You and me can take a bath
And follow in the beaten path.





A LITTLE RHYME

Years go flitting swiftly by
On enchanted wings of time;
Born one morn, the next to die,
Life is but a little rhyme.

A little rhyme repeated
A hundred million times,
A hundred million people
A hundred million rhymes.

Each rhyme a little different,
Yet every rhyme the same;
A hundred million people
Though each a different name.

No matter how you slice 'em,
The people or the years
All keep swiftly flitting by
Like countless falling tears.



DEAR MAW

At last I've settled in this big town
With a tie and collar and a suit of brown,
Just me and myself all by ourselves
And a pair of shoes size number twelves.

And if you would ever see a sight
You should see me steppin' out at night
With a chaw of terbacker and a big segar
And a Stetson hat and a new Ford car.

I'm a regular city feller sure as crows;
Yes, me dressed up in my new store clothes,
And you'll travel far before you'll see
As handsome a lad as hill-billy me.



Dal Galley's Store

Charles Maynes

MARCEL CLARK
JOE'S SISTER

W. A. HAMILTON CLARK
JOE'S DAD

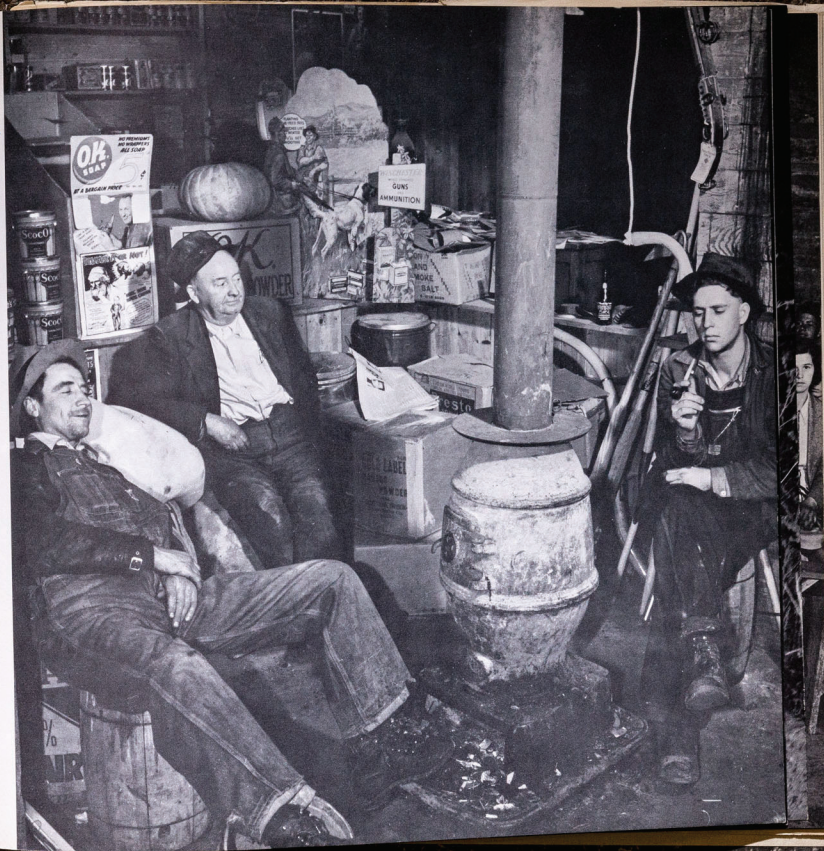
JACK COOK
behind counter
with chicken

Pat Maynes

THE GENERAL STORE

We all used to sit around the old gen'rl store
But we don't sit around no more
For the days are gone and the store is gone
And a supermarket ain't no store.

Ed's store



RELIGION

We went to meetin' in our shirtsleeves
Got baptised in the creek
And brought the preacher home for dinner
Every other week.



KORTINS
PAUL
SOMMADALE
FRITCH

LINEE
EMERY VALLEY

Soe Furch + Della of Candy Valley

Miss Owen's home



VESTIE
MARTIN
BONNIE
EMERY

John Owen's home

GERTRUDE
EMERY

Older
Missal

EVANS

EVANS

EVANS

EVANS

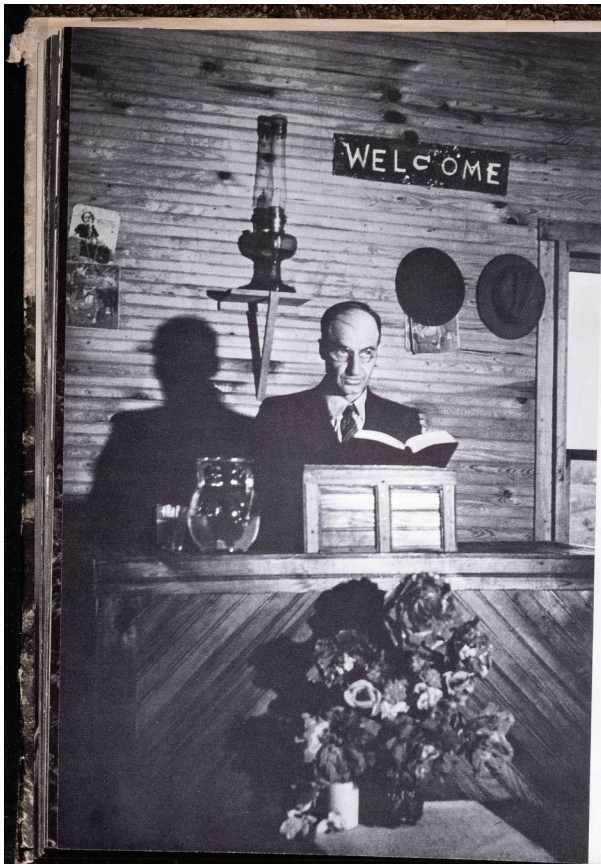
EVANS

EVANS

EVANS

John Owen's home

Jo
Wade



Walnut Grove

THE MEETIN' HOUSE

There was a little old meetin' house
 Where we all used to gather 'round
 Just to listen to the preacher preach
 And hear him the mighty truths expound.

There he told us of a hell of fire
 And of a Heaven bright with gold.
 And of friends who were waiting there
 When from life we release our hold.

He told of rewards for those who love
 And of punishments for those who hate.
 'Twas a narrow road to the home above
 And few could enter that golden gate.

The mourners wailed, the women shouted
 As we sang the hymns of love and praise.
 That the preacher was right we never doubted
 In those our childhood go-to-meetin' days.

We shook with awe as he waved his arms
 His voice could be heard a mile away
 As he tried to save us from those harms
 That come to sinners on Judgement Day.

*Conducted Mountain
 Preacher at Howard
 Switzer.
 Ewing Spradling - left
 Sila Houston - right*



*What is to be will be.
 What ain't to be might happen.*



*Cora Smith's
youngest sister -
Ruby Smith Parl
Ruby Smith Parl
1964 Dillapell Ave
Knoxville, TN 37917
Jan 1981*

SALLY

By a smoky fire
On a lonely night
She strums her guitar
Soft and sweet
And in her dreams
She wanders far
To find the Prince
She longs to meet.

*Cecil Ray
(Sheriff ~ 1954)
Bonnie
Burns*

SINGLE MAN

Spin your yarns
Tell your tales
Lie your lies
Drink your ales.

Spend your dough
Live it up
Life was meant
For to sup.

Sing your song
Play your tune
Love the girls
Come honeymoon.





GIRLS

They are mighty nice
 When you really need them
 But don't fool around with girls
 If you want to keep your freedom.

Red Hill Struff

*Hayle Outpost
 Wedding
 Gilbert Dove
 +
 Hazel Retie
 near Frakes, Korb
 Mabel Taylor
 Bridesmaid*

HOW

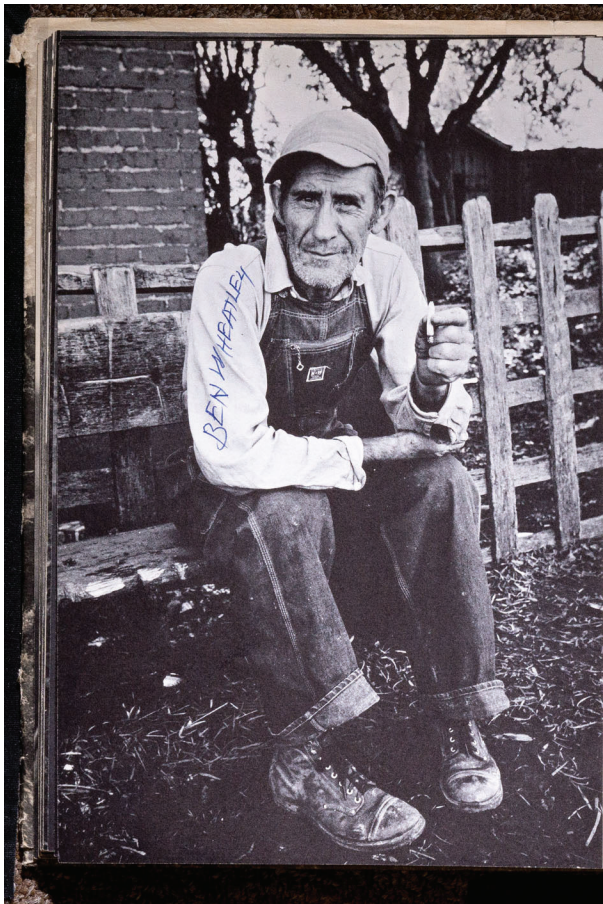
Girl's smile
 Sweet and gay
 Steal boy's
 Heart away.

Bells ring
 Loud and clear
 Hearts sing
 Love is dear.

Gold ring
 For her hand
 Heart bound
 Like iron band.

That's how
 She gets man
 And how
 Life began.





7966-R11

WORLD

In days of old
In days gone by
When I was young
And strong and spry
The world was big
And eager I
Would conquer world
And lay it by.
Now world so small
How can it be
That you have got
The best of me?

Joe Day

MILKING TIME

Up the hill, down the hill
A cow goes to water
Running round the pasture
Looking for the fodder.

Up the creek, down the creek
A lad goes a walking
Looking for Old Bossy
Evening shadows falling.

Homeward bound, homeward bound
Whippoorwills a calling
Me and Old Bossy
Darkness is a falling.

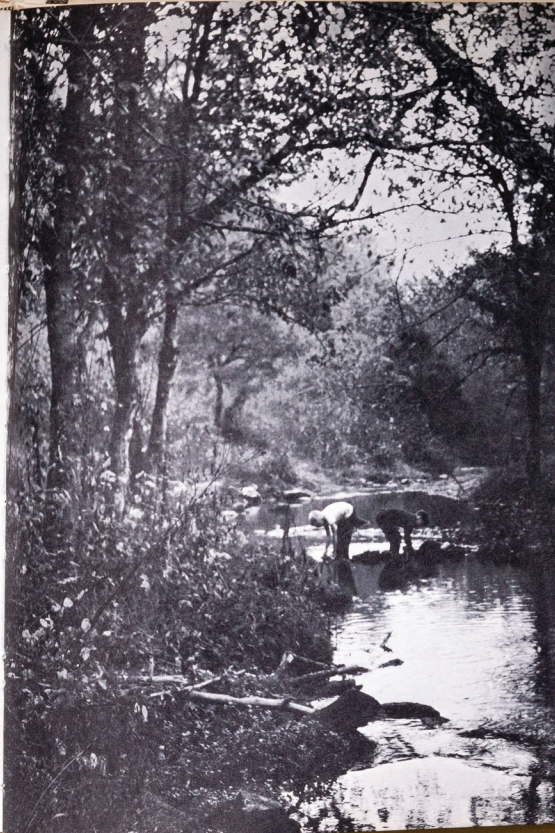




COME SIT WITH ME

Come sit with me when you're lonely,
Come sit with me when you're blue;
And tell me all your troubles
And I'll tell mine to you.

We'll add them all together
And we'll heap them in a pile;
When we've cast them all aside
We'll laugh and joke awhile.



RIGHT
Sunbug Clark
+
LEFT Cousin Tom Kront

FAR IS FAR

How deep and still the waters run
How soft and pure the west winds blow
How sweet is life to a mountain boy
How far can dreams and bullets go?



C•A•T
MOUNTAIN
STILLS

pictures that tell a story
JunebugClark@mac.com
316.393.7180