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Joe Clark HBSS

# Life in Tennessee Scrapbook

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>

**This scrapbook of the early work of Joe Clark HBSS, The Hillbilly Snapshooter,  
was put together by Bernice Clark, his wife, in the 1940's.**

**The cover and the script work inside was done by Ed Krent, Bernice's youngest brother.**

The original is getting a little bit fragile and delicate so in order for you to take a gander at it, this document was created.

I hope that you will have the time to set a spell and go through the pictures and stories within.

I am and always will be grateful to be their son.



Junebug & Kay Clark

Life in Tennessee

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So this then is the beginning of my story  
of life in the Cumberland's; of a people  
I know and love . . . my people; and of  
scenes and things that were dear to me  
as a boy in the hills of Tennessee

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# 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  
Or march o'er 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 mountain side  
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,  
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The land of feud and story.

Joe Clark  
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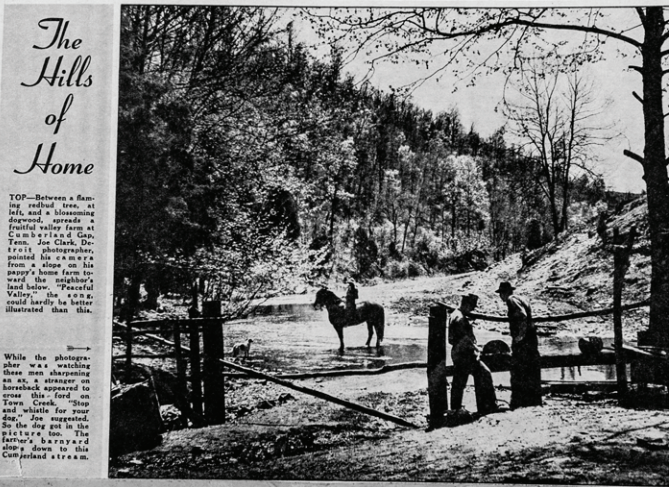
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**Spiked**

Actors, writers, and politicians have been corn merchants for a long time, but in the field of photography the title of Prince of Corn undoubtedly belongs to the self-styled Hillbilly Snapshooter from Detroit, Joe Clark. Enroute to his native Tennessee hills for a belated vacation, Joe dropped in



on the other day. As usual he wore a battered camera case, a look of innocence, and a rustic drawl. Knowing Joe, however, we would lay odds that if a picture possibility turned up, his studied clumsiness would depart long enough for him to record the incident with a Rollei in the flick of an eye. Beneath his homespun exterior, Joe is a canny businessman and an alert picture-maker. With studios closing their doors all around him, he keeps a staff of workers as well as himself on the jump 24 hours a day. Maybe he is right in asserting that the public wants to buy showmanship as well as pictures. At any rate he spikes his work with corn—and the customers come back for more.



*The Hills of Home*

TOP—Between a flaming redbud tree, at left, and a blossoming dogwood, spreads a fruitful valley farm at Cumberland Gap, Tenn. Joe Clark, Detroit photographer, pointed his camera from a slope on his pappy's home farm toward the neighbor's land below. "Peaceful Valley," the song could hardly be better illustrated than this.

While the photographer was watching these men sharpening an axe, a stranger on horseback appeared to cross this ford on Town Creek. "Stop and whistle for your dog," Joe suggested. So the dog got in the picture too. The farmer's barnyard slopes down to this Cumberland stream.

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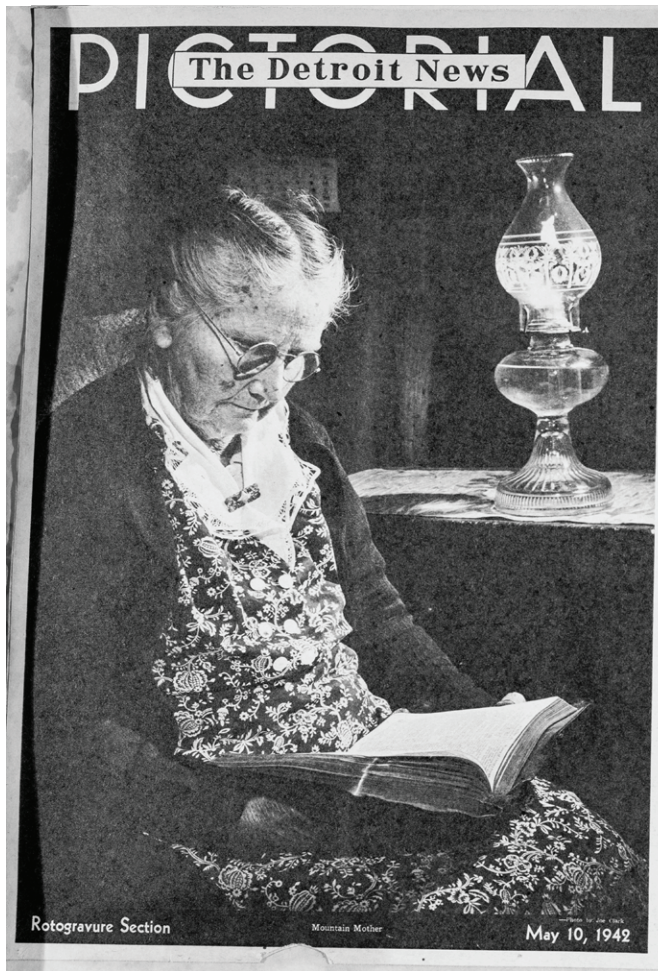
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The Detroit News Pictorial  
May 27, 1945

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The Detroit News Pictorial  
Rotogravure section  
Mountain mother  
May 10, 1942

-Photo by: Joe Clark



The Detroit News Pictorial  
Rotogravure section  
Woman in White  
August 9, 1942

-Photo by: Joe Clark

The Detroit News  
**PICTORIAL**  
MAGAZINE

May 5

1946



**New National Park**

These slopes of tender green sprouting with Spring vitality and shown here between redbud and dogwood boughs are located at Cumberland Gap, Tenn., site of our newest national park. The U. S. Congress has already appropriated funds for extensive improvements in the area. The Cumberland Gap National Historical Park, as the new project is officially called, will become an actuality as soon as

Tennessee, Virginia and Kentucky complete the transfer of 11,000 acres to the National Park Service. The color photograph above and other pictures inside this issue, were made by Joe Clark, Detroit photographer, who was born and grew up at Cumberland Gap. The Wilderness Road through the Gap, gateway to the settlement of the West, was opened by Daniel Boone in 1775. Turn to the center pages for other pictures of the region located 500 miles south of Detroit.

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**The HUDSONIAN**  
October 1938

On the cover Roy McCrary running down the road on Vertical Acres

Tennessee souvenir - one of the 600 pictures Joe Clark took down near Cumberland Gap this summer. It's more than a swell picture technically and artistically. It could carry a hundred pertinent or poetic titles - or carry none - and still be an interest-compelling picture. We'll have another next month.

**"Memories"**

Another contribution from the poetic facile camera of Hudsonian, Joe Clark  
Photo of Roy McCrary sitting on a fence.

The red clay hills of Tennessee are quite fruitful as this beautiful picture shows. Can you imagine anything more quiet and restful? This excellent photograph was made for the Hudsonian by that interpreter of Tennessee life, Joe Clark.

"October in Tennessee" - a charming picture by ambidextrous writer-photographer, Joe Clark. The gentleman in the picture is Joe's dad. The fox hound is "Old Bingo." Dogs of this breed have been clocked at 48 mph! Come again, Joe!

"Pastorale" - by Joe Clark. One of the hundreds of Tennessee countryside views which Joe has accumulated on his trips the Cumberland Gap. Photo of Ross England and his mule.



## From The Old Stone Jug

Another in the series of camera studies by Adcrafter professionals. This one is by Joe Clark, HBSS, creator of "Pictures That Tell a Story." The model in this study is none other Joe's own dad. Wade Hampton Clark, Senior.

Farm animal pictures can be humorous, as well as appealing or scientifically interesting. Here is an amusing shot of "Old Mag," based on unusual perspective.  
Photo by Joe Clark



**THE WOOD CHOPPER**  
Early in life, hill lads learn the knack of swinging an axe and the fuel problem is turned over to them. The big kettle at the left, typical of mountain homes, is used for boiling clothes, making soap, rendering lard and making apple butter. Roy McCrary is the chopper.



**AMERICAN GOTHIC**  
Aunt Sally Sharp, in perfect health at 93, has seen several generations of hill folk come and go.



This is Franklin D. Roosevelt Wright. A son of the hills today, he may make a mark for himself in the world of tomorrow.



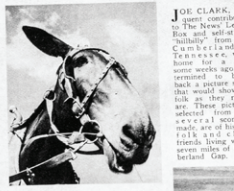
**HARVEST TIME IN THE HILL COUNTRY**  
Sharply slanted fields, plus plenty of rock, make machinery impracticable on most cases. Junebug Clark cradles wheat the old-fashioned way against a background formed by the Cumberland Mountains.



**EVERY ONE OUT FOR THE BAPTIZING**  
This is baptism, as the hill folks carry out the religious rite. Immediately after each revival, all converts are baptized in a nearby creek or river. Utter simplicity and sincerity, not without dignity, mark the occasion.



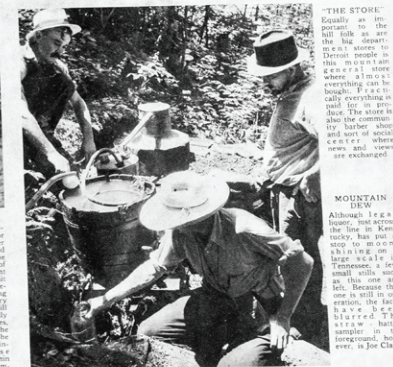
**YOUNGEST OF THE BROOD**  
The hills wouldn't be the same without Aunt Jo Anna Wright who has helped many a mountain babe into the world. Here she looks after a grandchild while more of them look on.



**"OLD MAG"**  
Old Mag, the mule that has pulled the Clark plow 'round the hillside for many a year, still does a good day's work. She, too, had a welcome for the wanderer returned home.



**"BUTTERS COMING"**  
Aunt Julia McCrary, pert and chipper in a brand-new dress, was busy with her churning when cameraman Clark took her picture. Seventeen children were born to her and Uncle John McCrary, who ran the community watermill for a half century.



**REVIVAL MEETING**  
Once or twice a year revival meetings are held which run day and night for one to three weeks. This picture shows a typical service, with the old-time hymns being sung with mountain fervor.

**"THE STORE"**  
Equally as important as the hill folk are the big stores. Through these in the great store where, a practically everything can be bought. It is a place to go for on everything. The store is the center of the hill country and sort of a social center where news and views are exchanged.

**MOUNTAIN DIRT**  
Although it is a small town, the line in Kentucky has not a stop to mention. It is a large town in Tennessee, a large small town in Kentucky. It is still in operation. The fact is, it has been a very busy place since the first of the mountain, however, is Joe Clark.

# 'Back Home in the Hills---'

Detroit News August 27, 1939

Joe Clark, frequent contributor to The News Letter Box and self-styled "hillbilly" from the Cumberland's of Tennessee, went home for a visit some weeks ago, determined to bring back a picture story that would show hill folk as they really are. These pictures, selected from a several score he made, are of his kinfolk and close friends living within seven miles of Cumberland Gap.

## The Wood Chopper

Early in life, hill lads learn the knack of swinging an axe and the fuel problem is turned over to them. The big kettle at the left typical of mountain homes is used for boiling clothes, making soap, rendering lard and making apple butter. Roy McCrary is the chopper.

This is Franklin D. Roosevelt Wright. A son of the hills today he may make a mark for himself in the world of tomorrow.

## American Gothic

Aunt Sally Sharp, in perfect health at 93, has seen several generations of hill folk come and go.

## Harvest Time in the Hill Country

Sharply slanted fields, plus plenty of rock, make machinery impracticable in most cases. Junebug Clark cradles wheat the old-fashioned way against the background formed by the Cumberland Mountains. "Junebug" Wade Hampton Clark, Junior.

## Everyone Out for the Baptizing

This is baptism, as the hill folks carry out the religious rite. Immediately after each revival, all converts are baptized in a nearby creek or river. Utter simplicity

and sincerity, not without dignity, mark the occasion.

## Youngest of the Brood

The hills wouldn't be the same without Aunt Joanna Wright who has helped many a mountain babe into the world. Here she looks after a grandchild while more of them look on.

## "Old Mag"

Old Mag, the mule that has pulled the Clark plow 'round the hillside for many a year, still does a good day's work. She too, had a welcome for the wanderer returned home.

## "Butters Coming"

Aunt Julia McCrary, pert and chipper in a brand-new dress, was busy with her churning when cameraman Clark took her picture. 17 children were born to her and Uncle John McCrary who ran the community watermill for a half century.

**IN HILLY TENNESSEE. THE LAND OF FEUD AND STORY**



DESPITE moonshiners and feudists with knives on their girdles there are plenty of God-fearing folk in Tennessee. The old lady reading her Bible by lamplight represents the moral ideal respected but not lived up to by many old-time mountaineers.



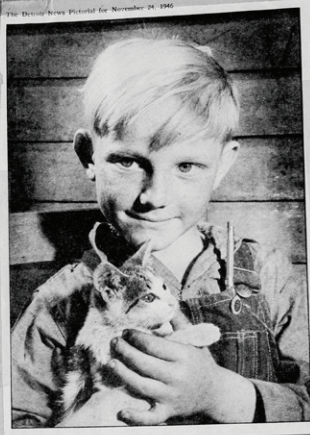
A LOT OF filial admiration went into the making of this picture of a sturdy, weatherbeaten plowman wearing his hat well down over his eyes, because he is none other than the father of Joe Clark, the camera chronicler of these hill folk.



IN THE GENERAL store the old plowman studies a stock catalog while one of his sons puzzles out the checker board with a kibitzer looking on. The game is played with bottle caps.



A TRAVELLING shoe salesman would do little business, for bare feet are preferred. Grandma, too, is unshod like the rest of her flock, but she has shoes to pinch her feet in church.



School Is Out for the Day

It is 4:30 p. m. and Franklin D. Roosevelt, World Governor in Washington as 32 months has just returned from Hilltop School down the road. He has given his shiny new pencil a work out on arithmetic problems. Now he relaxes with "Punky" his favorite kitten.



"Friends is Welcome... Meddlers Ain't" One of the excellent studies of Tennessee hill-folk made by Mr. Clark during a three weeks vacation there in Claiborne County and recently placed on exhibit on the second floor of J. L. Hudson Company.

**"The Store"**

Equally as important to the hill folk as are the big department stores to the Detroit people is this mountain general store where almost everything can be bought. Practically everything is paid for in produce. The store is also the community barbershop and sort of social center where news and views are exchanged.

**Mountain Dew**

Although legal liquor, just across the line in Kentucky, has put a stop to moon shining on a large scale in Tennessee, a few small stills such as this one are left. Because this one is still in operation the faces have been blurred the straw hatted sampler in the foreground however is Joe Clark.

**Revival Meeting**

Once or twice a year revival meetings are held which run day and night for one to three weeks. This picture shows a typical service with the old-time hymns being sung with mountain fervor.

The Star Weekly, Toronto, February 5, 1949

**In Hilly Tennessee, the Land of Feud and Story**

Despite moonshiners and feudists with notches on their guns there are plenty of God-fearing folk in Tennessee. The old lady reading her Bible by lamplight represents the moral ideal respected but not lived up to by many old-time mountaineers.

A lot of filial admiration went into the making of this picture of a sturdy, weatherbeaten plowman wearing his hat well down over his eyes, because he is none other than the father of Joe Clark, the camera chronicler of these hill folk. (Wade Hampton Clark, Senior)

In the general store the old plowman studies a stock catalog while one of his sons puzzles out the checker board with a good kibitzer looking on. The game is played with bottle caps. (Wade

Hampton Clark, Senior is on the left and on the far right is his son and my uncle, Bob Clark)

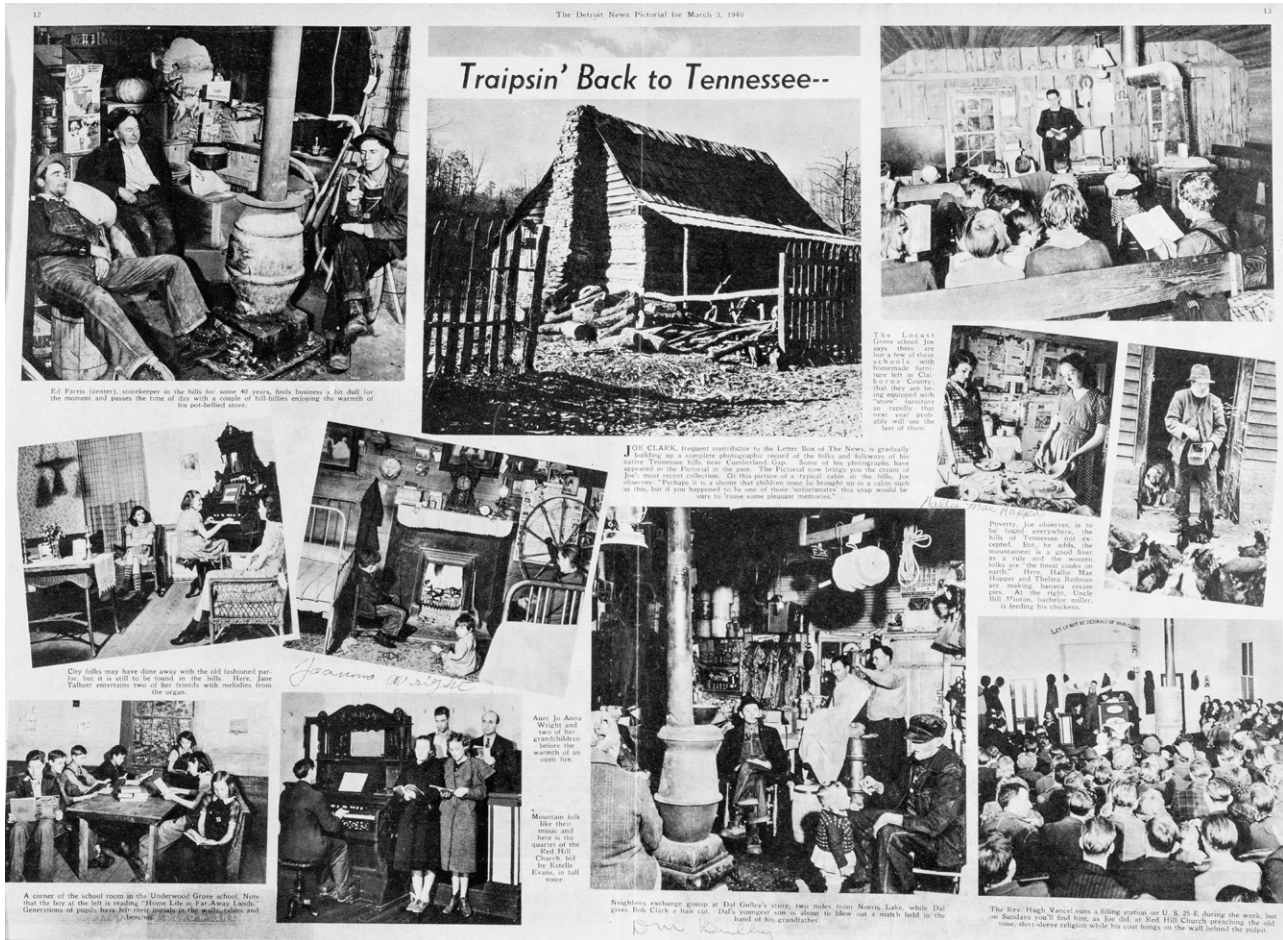
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The Detroit News Pictorial  
March 3, 1940

Traipsin' back to Tennessee...

Joe Clark, frequent contributor to the Letterbox of The Detroit News, is gradually building up a complete photographic record of the folks and folkways of his native Tennessee hills near Cumberland Gap. Some of his photographs have appeared in the Pictorial in the past. The Pictorial now brings you the cream of Joe's most recent collection. Of this picture of a typical cabin in the hills, Joe observes: "Perhaps it is a shame that the children must be brought up in a cabin such as this, but if you happen to be one of those 'unfortunates' this snap would be sure to 'rouse some pleasant memories.'"

Ed Farris (center), storekeeper in the hills for some 40 years, finds business a bit dull for the moment and passes the time of day with a couple of hill-billies enjoying the warmth of his pot-bellied stove.

City folks may have done away with the old-fashioned parlor, but it is still to be found in the hills. Here, Jane Talbott entertains two of her friends with melodies from the Organ.

A corner of the school room in the Underwood Grove school. Note that the boys at the left is reading "Home Life in Faraway Lands." Generations of pupils have left their initials in the walls, tables and benches.

Aunt Joanna Wright and two of her grandchildren before the warmth of an open fire.

Mountain folk like their music and here is a quartet of the Red Hill Church, led by Estelle Evans, in full voice.

The Locust Grove school. Joe says there are but a few of these schools with homemade furniture left in Claiborne County; that they are being equipped with "store" furniture so rapidly that next year probably will see the last of them.

Poverty, Joe observes, is to be found everywhere, the hills of Tennessee not excepted. But, he adds, the mountaineer is a good liver as a rule and the women folks are "the finest cooks on earth." Here, Hallie Mae Hopper and Thelma Redman are making banana cream pies. At the right, Uncle Bill Minton, bachelor miller, is feeding his chickens.

Neighbors exchange gossip at Dal Gulley's store, two miles from Norris Lake, while Dal gives Bob Clark a haircut. Dal's youngest son is about to blow out the match held in the hand of his grandfather.

The Rev. Hugh Vancel runs a filling station on U.S. 25-E during the week, but on Sundays you'll find him, as Joe did, at Red Hill Church preaching the old time, shirt-sleeve religion while his coat hangs on the wall behind the pulpit.



**Lying in state** in the little home which she occupied for 63 years, Aunt Elizabeth receives the final homage of her heirs. At left, her daughters, Margaret, looks with forlorn eyes. The two young women (center) are granddaughters. At right stands a grandson-in-law, holding a great-grandson. In the rear, the clergy: Rev. S. A. Howerton and Rev. Ewin Spradling.



**Aunt Elizabeth leaves home** for the long last time. She and her bedchamber built this house of logs they hewed and felled together, side by side, in the first year of the Presidency of Buchanan H. Hayes. Here she lived, worked, clothed and was embalmed. Now her great friends are bearing her down the hill to the hearse which will take her to the schoolhouse for funeral.



**By the fireplace** where Aunt Elizabeth so often sat sewing, chewing tobacco or smoking her pipe, friends and relatives now pause in inarticulate sadness. On the mantel are knick-knacks she assembled over the years. At right is the bed where Aunt Elizabeth died and in which she used to sleep with her three grandchildren, Mimie, Nell and Norma Jean. It was a great honor to sleep with Grandma. Most of her young kinfolk enjoyed this privilege before they grew up.



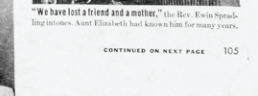
**Funeral cortege** includes hearse, three cars, one truck with 20 standees. On ridge above, dogwood is coming to bloom.

*Life Goes to a Mountain Funeral*

**Mrs. Elizabeth O'Dell is buried deep in the hills of Tennessee**

Of all the ceremonies with which men accent great moments in their lives, none is more stylized or solemn than a funeral. To cynics and unbelievers its ritual often seems an empty shell, to echo sighs and catch vain tears. For the devout its symbolism is filled with beauty. This week LIFE attends a funeral with simple God-fearing fundamentalists in Tennessee's clay hills—the funeral of Elizabeth Clark O'Dell who died peacefully in her bed on the night of April 28. She was 84 years old.

Matriarch of the mountainside community of Howard's Quarter, Aunt Elizabeth had lived her whole life within one mile of the home where she was born. Thirty years ago her husband died, but she continued to plant his fields, tend his stock, feed his fowl. When her son Andy was shot in a "roadside meeting," she took in his widow and five children. Near her live two other sons, daughters, 21 other grandchildren and 29 great-grandchildren. With all these she shared the fruits of her 100 acres, her cow and 15 chickens. She was a fine Christian woman.



"We have lost a friend and a mother," the Rev. Ewin Spradling intones. Aunt Elizabeth had known him for many years.



**LITTLE LOG BRIDGE IS TOO NARROW, SO MOURNERS PLACE STONES IN HOWARD'S QUARTER CREEK. ON THEM FALLSACHERS FORD CREEK TO ROAD WHERE HEARSE AWAILS**



**Mountain mourners** gather at Aunt Elizabeth's home, some to help with the livestock, others to keep watch by the corpse. For two days the little house was filled with womenfolk, who come with hams, cakes, pies and canned stuff.



**They sit out outside, silent under a gray, desolate sky. Below: at Howard's Quarter Consolidated School, where the formal funeral services were held, relatives bedew the bier with many a tear. Big old lady at the far left is a sister.**

Life Magazine  
June 10, 1940

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"We have lost a friend and a mother," the Rev. Ewin Spradling intones. Aunt Elizabeth had known him for many years.

Lying in state in the little house

which she occupied for 63 years, Aunt Elizabeth receives the final homage of her heirs. At left, her daughter, Margaret, looks with forlorn eyes. The two young women (center) are granddaughters. At right stands the grandson-in-law, holding a great-grandson. In the rear, the clergy: Rev. S.A. Howerton and Rev. Ewin Spradling.

Aunt Elizabeth leaves home for the long last time. She and her bridegroom built this house of logs they hued and felled together, side by side, in the first year of the Presidency of Rutherford B. Hayes. Here she lived, worked, died and was embalmed. Now her good friends are bearing her down the hill to the hearse which will take her to the schoolhouse for the funeral.

The little log bridge is too narrow, so mourners placed stones in Howard's Quarter Creek. On them the pallbearers ford the creek to the road where the hearse awaits.

#### Mountain funeral (continued)

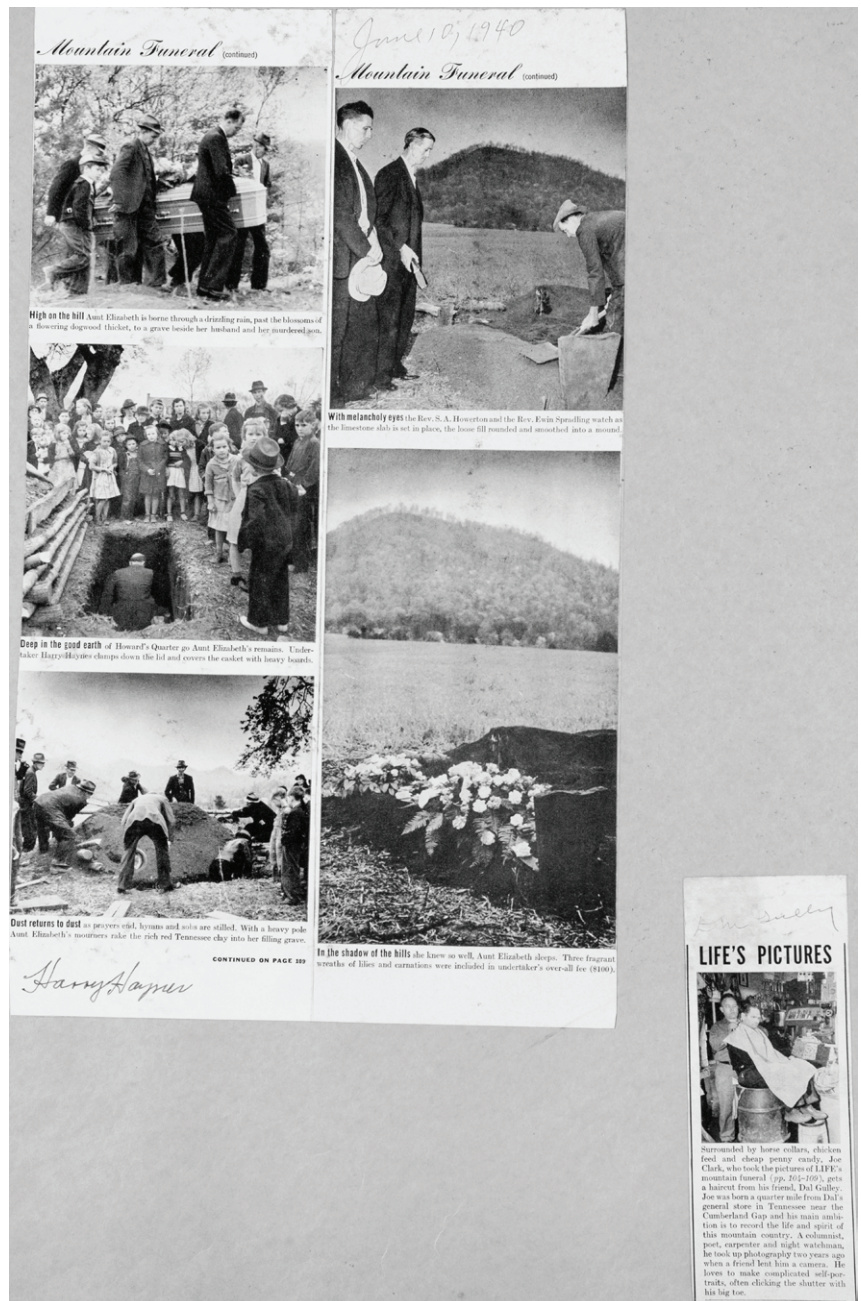
High on the hill Aunt Elizabeth is borne through a drizzling rain, past the blossoms of a flowering Dogwood thicket, to a grave beside her husband and her murdered son.

Deep in the good earth of Howard's Quarter go Aunt Elizabeth remains. Undertaker Harry Haynes clamps down the lid and covers the casket with heavy boards.

Dust returns to dust as prayers end, hymns and sobs are stilled. With a heavy poll Aunt Elizabeth's mourners rake the rich red Tennessee clay into her filling grave.

With melancholy eyes the Rev. S.A. Howerton and the Rev. Ewin Spradling watch as the limestone slab is set in place, the loose fill rounded and smoothed into a mound.

In the shadow of the hills she knew so well, Aunt Elizabeth sleeps. Three fragrant wreaths of lilies and carnations were included in the undertaker's overall fee (\$100).



#### LIFE'S PICTURES

Surrounded by horse collars, chicken feed and cheap penny candy, Joe Clark, who took the pictures of LIFE's Mountain Funerals (pages 104-2109), gets a haircut from his friend, Dal Gulley. Joe was born a quarter-mile from Dal's general store in Tennessee near the Cumberland Gap and his main ambition is to record the life and spirit of this mountain country. A columnist, poet, carpenter and night watchman, he took up photography two years ago when a friend lent him a camera. He loves to make complicated self-portraits, often clicking the shutter with his big toe.

ago when a friend lent him a camera. He loves to make complicated self-portraits, often clicking the shutter with his big toe.

**LEARNING THE THREE R'S IN THE HILLS OF TENNESSEE**



**THIS HOME** of a Tennessee mountaineer is no palace but it holds the three R's in high honor. Its children get an elementary education and some of them may go far on the path of success. The woodpile and chimney prove it's warm.



**SOME BOYS** bring the teacher a rosy-cheeked apple, but this youth is going to please her with glowing cheeks and a clean face. He may even marry her, for they hitch up very young in the hill country.



**THEY DO THEIR** homework early in the morning while waiting until it is light enough to do the chores, and the cookstove helps to take off the before-daybreak chill. It will be hours yet before the pupils reach the schoolhouse.



**AN EARLY BREAKFAST** by lamplight is the rule, for T.V.A. hasn't yet brought electricity to this home. After they push back their chairs the daughter and son will walk quite a few miles to school.



**THIS CLASS HAS** a man teacher and there isn't a boy in the room big enough to challenge his authority. One in the back row very respectfully asks permission to go outside. Photographs are by Joe Clark.

**FAMOUS HILLBILLY CAMERAMAN IN HOME TERRITORY**



**A HILL COUNTRY** schoolhouse in session was a subject that could not fail to interest the famous hillbilly photographer, Joe Clark, himself a distinguished graduate of an institution of Three R learning.



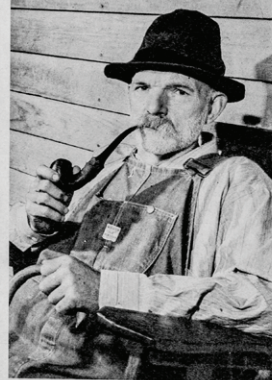
**WHEN THE CIRCUS** came to town Joe naturally could not pass it up and went boldly into the lion's cage to get a close-up of the king of the beasts in spite of his snarling.



**WAGON WHEELS** have to be sturdy to stand the grades and ruts of the mountain roads and the wheelwright who operates his treadle drill with his own foot is, with his mustache, indeed photogenic.



**THE CORN BREAD** they serve with generous helpings at this table was made from flour ground at the old Mill Hollow mill that gets its power not from T.V.A. but from a mountain stream of its own.



**PICTURES OF** lions are not to be had every day in the southern hill country but amongst the mountain folk there are old-timers who make excellent subjects for portraits.

The Star Weekly  
Toronto  
January 29, 1949

**Learning the Three R's in the Hills of Tennessee**

This home of a Tennessee mountaineer is no palace but it holds the three R's in high honor. Its children get an elementary education and some of them may go far on the path of success. The woodpile and chimney prove it's warm.

Some boys bring the teacher a rosy-cheeked apple, but this youth is going to please her with glowing cheeks and a clean face. He may even marry her, for they hitch up very young in the hill country.

An early breakfast by lamp light is the rule, for T.V.A. hasn't yet brought electricity to this home. After they push back their chairs the daughter and son will walk quite a few miles to school.

They do their homework early in the morning while waiting until it's light enough to do their chores, and the cookstove helps take off the before-daybreak chill. It will be hours yet before the pupils reach the schoolhouse.

This class has a man teacher and there isn't a boy in the room big enough to challenge his authority. One in the back row very respectfully asks permission to go outside.

Photographs are by Joe Clark

The Star Weekly  
Toronto  
July 2, 1949

**Famous Hillbilly Cameraman in Home Territory**

A Hill country schoolhouse in session was a subject that could not fail to interest the famous hillbilly photographer, Joe Clark, himself a distinguished graduate of an institution of three R learning.

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Pictures of lions are not to be had every day in the southern hill country but amongst the mountain folk there are old-timers who make excellent subjects for portraits.





The Detroit News Pictorial  
May 11, 1941

### Going to School in the Tennessee Hills

Tennessee has been making great strides in education, but back in the hills there are still a number of schools comparable with those attended by the grandparents of today's hill children. Such is the Locust Grove School, near Cumberland Gap, pictured on these pages by Joe Clark, now a Detroit, but who makes frequent trips "back home" with his camera. Uncle Billy Killian donated the house pattern (timber) for the building in 1936; the folks at a gathering, cut it and hauled it to the mill, where Bart Widner sawed it into lumber, free. The folks took up a collection for roofing material and, when it arrived, built the school. Uncle Billy fashioned the benches. At first the roof boards inside were covered with tar paper; later however, a pie supper raise the money for proper covering.

Cora Duncan-Russell is called on to recite. Children of her age sometimes know as many as 20 to 30 poems by heart.

School is open daily with prayer. Here Pauline Robertson leads the class in reciting the Lord's prayer.

Here are the pupils lined up before the Locust Grove School, in the door of which stands teacher Ralph Livesay.

The dipper is to go at Locust Grove School, but not the pail. The children are being encouraged to bring their own glasses. (pictured: Mary Lee Williams)

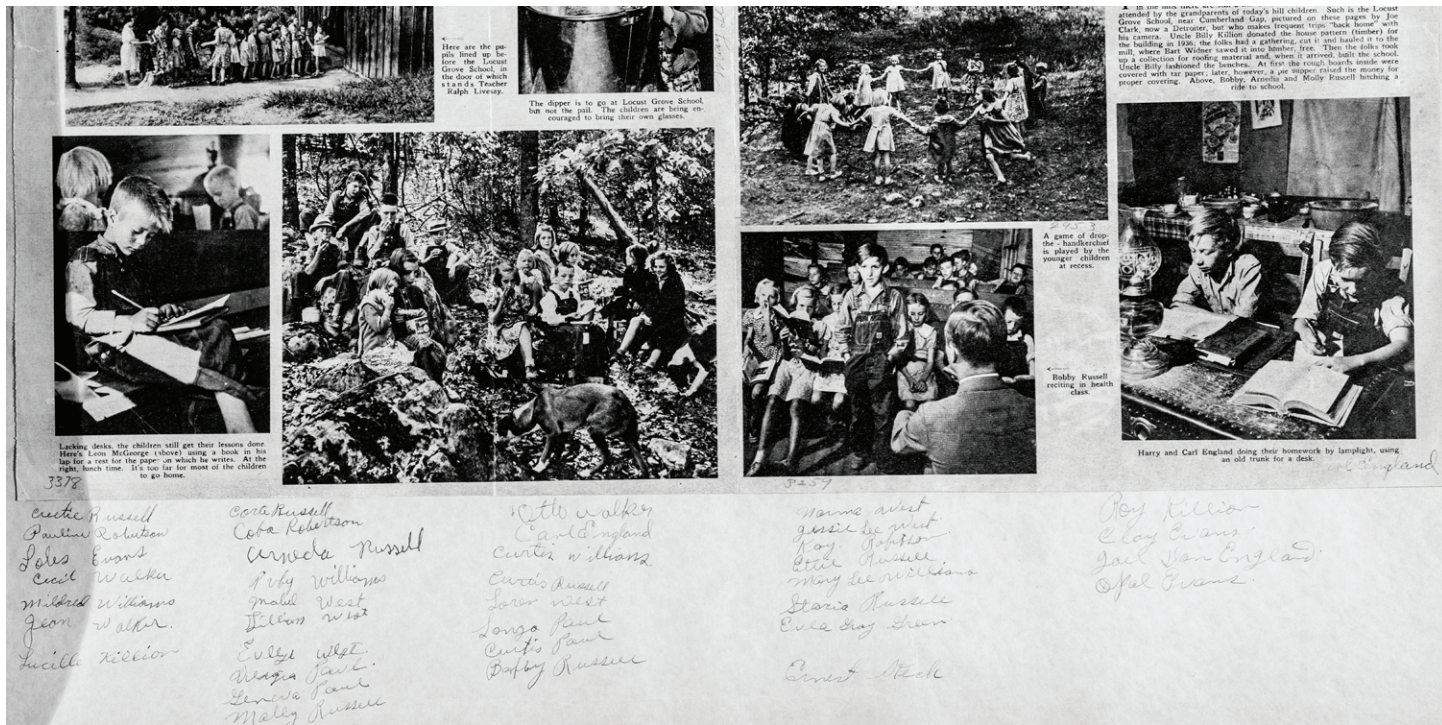
Above, Bobby, Arnedia and Molly Russell hitching a ride to school.

The game of drop the handkerchief displayed by the younger children at recess. Clark photo file: 2953

Bobby Russell reciting in health class. Clark photo file: 3259

Harry and England doing their homework by lamplight using an old trunk for a desk.

Lacking desks the children still get their lessons done. Here's Leon McGeorge above using the book in his lap for arrest for the paper on which he writes. Clark photo file: 3378. At the right, lunchtime. It's too far for most of the children to go home.



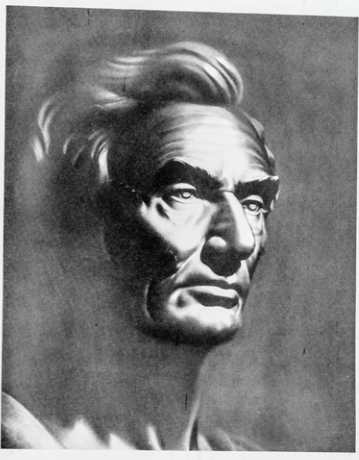
? Cutie Russell  
Pauline Robertson  
Loles Evans  
Cecil Walker  
Mildred Williams  
Jean Walker  
Lucille Killian

Cora Russell  
Coba Robertson  
Urneda Russell  
Ruby Williams  
Mabel West  
Lillian West  
Evelyn West  
? Wedgia Paul  
Geneva Paul  
Molly Russell

Otto Walker  
Carl England  
Curtis Williams  
Curtis Russell  
Loren West  
Lonzo Paul  
Curtis Paul  
Bobby Russell

Norma West  
Jessie Lee West  
Kay Robertson  
Ettie Russell  
Mary Lee Williams  
Stacia Russell  
Erla Gray Green  
Ernest Keck

Roy Killian  
Clay Evans  
Joel Dan England  
Opal Evans



A Most  
Fitting Way  
to Observe  
Lincoln's Birthday:  
*Buy an Extra  
War Savings  
Bond*



Poets, artists, dramatists and historians have honored Lincoln's memory with beautiful tributes. But to millions of Americans the greatest tribute of all is the love they hold in their hearts for the man who is their symbol of our way of life.

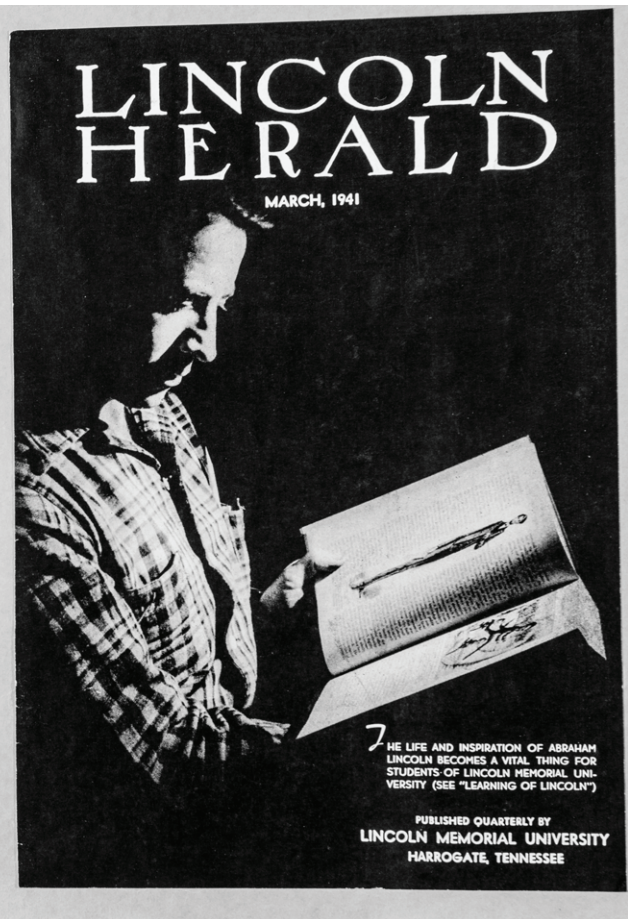
In Abraham Lincoln's day, men died to save our nation. Today, men are giving their lives to preserve the safety of the nation thus saved. They believe that what men died for then must be preserved now at all costs—that right makes might—and that our destinies as an American people can be attained only if we are strongly united.

Let us reaffirm today our determination to hold to the course our nation has set, to give and to help, to lend and to uphold, proud of our heritage and responsibilities as Americans!



Portrait of Lincoln shown is made from the Leonard W. Hill collection at Lincoln Memorial University, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee.

THE J. L. HUDSON COMPANY



The Detroit News  
 Sunday, October 12, 1941

**Ginkgo Trees, With  
 Background of 10,000,000  
 Years, Grace College Campus**

Patty Scott, of Nashville, Tennessee student at Lincoln Memorial University, lingers under the branches of an ancient Ginkgo tree on the campus. The Ginkgo is a remnant of prehistoric plant life and the specimen photographed is one of the loftiest of its kind in existence.

Photograph by Joe Clark

Lincoln Herald  
 March 1941

The life and inspiration of Abraham Lincoln becomes a vital thing for students of Lincoln Memorial University (see "Learning of Lincoln")

Published quarterly by  
 Lincoln Memorial University  
 Harrogate, Tennessee



Mr. R. Gerald McMurtry, the director of the department of Lincolnia, seated at Lincoln's desk looking over the latest Lincoln book to be acquired for the collection.

Photo by Joe Clark

To my good friend Joe Clark-with the friendly regards of R. Gerald McMurtry  
October 14, 1942

### LMU Shots for 'LIFE' Taken

Joe Clark of Detroit, a native of Powell Valley who has been as achieving outstanding success in the field of photography in recent years, was at Lincoln Memorial University on assignment by LIFE magazine this morning.

Mr. Clark made several photographs for a projected LIFE feature on registration of college freshmen.

While at the University, he also addressed an assembly of students at the Chapel hour.

It will be recalled that a collection

of Mr. Clark's photographs was displayed here a few months ago. His present assignment is his third for LIFE.

### The Photographer

Joe Clark, who made many of the pictures in this issue of the Lincoln Herald, is an employee of the J.L. Hudson department store, Detroit, Michigan. He is a native Tennessean, having been reared in the Powell Valley within a few miles of Lincoln Memorial University. Several years ago he went to Detroit where he was employed by the Hudson company and in recent years he took up photography as a hobby. He has developed such an artistic excellence in his photographic studies, his work has been in great demand.

Last year Clark completed a sequence of pictures of a mountain funeral in Claiborne County, Tennessee, which was published in LIFE MAGAZINE. Detroit

papers and other publications have used many of his pictures. Recently he visited L.M.U. and made some pictures of the Department of Lincolnia which are soon to be published in the DETROIT TIMES. He has brought a rare understanding and sympathetic approach to his pictorial portrayal of mountain life and people. Mr. Clark has a sister enrolled at L.M.U. this year.

Students studying in the Lincoln room and environment both cultural and inspirational. Photo by Joe Clark

Miss Patty Scott, a member of the student-staff of the Department of Lincolnia checks a reference in the Lincoln library.

Photo by Joe Clark

**Lincoln Herald**  
February, 1943  
The Council of War

**White-Collar Girl**  
Joe Clark, Detroit  
Coronet Magazine

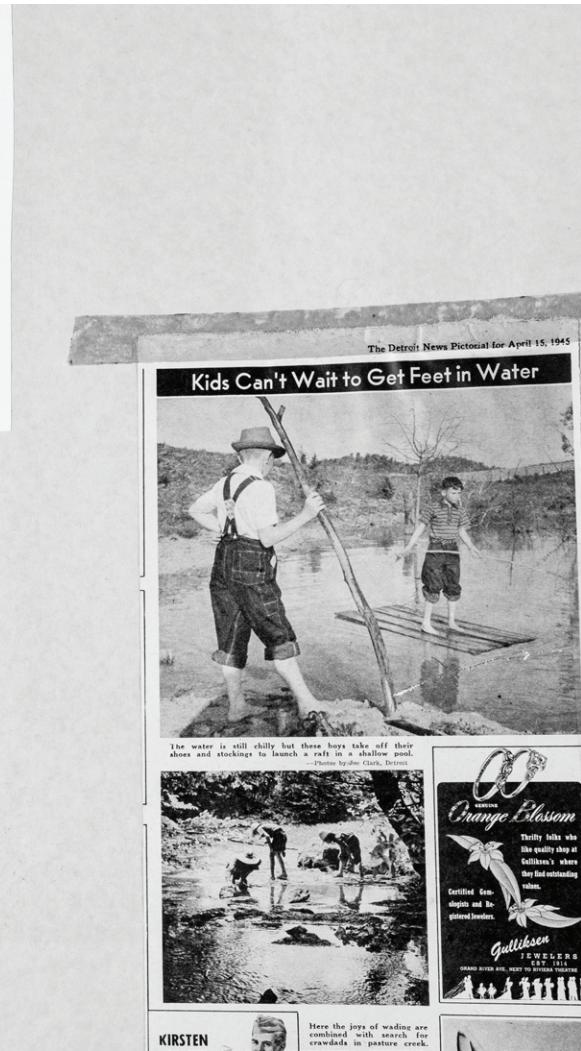




**JOE CLARK, HBSS,**  
Photographic Editor

The internationally famous Hill Billy Snap Shooter, Joe Clark, of Detroit, has accepted our invitation to serve as Photographic Editor of THE BULLETIN. He has volunteered to contribute one or more photographic features for each issue. An informal portrait of Michigan's new Governor G. Mennen Williams and other of Joe's pictures are his contributions to this January publication. Joe has addressed many osteopathic groups which have enjoyed his humor, homespun philosophy and unusual portrayal of people and places.

While he gives the impression of never taking himself or anyone else quite seriously, Joe has won so many national and international photographic awards, he has lost count of them. For three seasons he taught photography at University of Michigan extension courses at Rackham Memorial, Detroit. He serves as an Associate Editor of Farm Quarterly—contributes to a score of other national magazines.



The Detroit News Pictorial for April 15, 1945  
**Kids Can't Wait to Get Feet in Water**



The water is still chilly but these boys take off their shoes and stockings to launch a raft in a shallow pool.  
—Photos by Joe Clark, Detroit



KIRSTEN

Here the joys of wading are combined with search for crawdads in pasture creek.



**Joe Clark, HBSS**  
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**The Detroit News Pictorial**  
**April 15, 1945**

**Kids Can't Wait to Get Feet in Water**

The water is still chilly but these boys take off their shoes and stockings to launch a raft in a shallow pool.

Here are the joys of waiting are combined with search for crawdads in pasture creek.

-Photos by Joe Clark, Detroit

# Joe Clark's Camera Brings from Tennessee a Pictorial Story of The Life of a Mountain Lad



This is a pictorial story of a typical day in the life of Otto Walker, a young Tennessee lad who has something of Huckleberry Finn and something of young Abe Lincoln in his make-up. His mother and father parted so long ago that he doesn't remember anything about it. He and his sister Cecil, have lived with their grandparents on the latter's 85-acre farm ever since. Otto is 14. He is in the sixth grade at the Locust Grove School. He intends to go on to high school, but is doubtful about college. Breakfast is usually served before 5 a. m. in the Walker household. This picture shows Cecil, Otto and their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph H. Walker.

*Cecil Walker*



Otto and his grandfather stacking hay. "Otto," says Joe Clark, "can turn out as neat a haystack as any lad I ever saw."

*Crete Russell*



*Otto Walker*



At 4:30 a. m. Otto sits up in bed and yells like a wild Indian. His sister, Cecil, who has been helping her grandmother prepare breakfast, has just doused some cold water into his face. Like most mountain lads, Otto sleeps in his blue denim shirt.



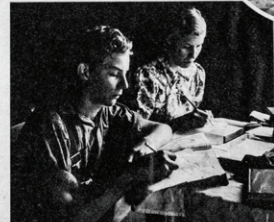
By 6 a. m. Otto has finished his breakfast and is out working. Here he is plowing the sweet potato patch. The neat haystacks at the right are his handiwork.



When there are no chores to do—and no school—Otto hunts quail and rabbits with his grandfather's single-barreled shotgun. And he seldom comes home empty-handed.



A spell-down at school. Otto and Cecil Russell are very much amused when Harry England, center, Otto's pal and the best speller in the school, has to cogitate a minute before spelling "preliminary."



Otto Walker has his own 22-caliber rifle that he uses for shooting squirrels and bullfrogs. He uses his grandfather's single-barreled shotgun for hunting quail and rabbits. When the water is warm enough, Otto and Harry go swimming in Norris Lake, right, about a mile from Otto's home.



At 7 a. m., with the chores done, Otto and Cecil still have a few minutes for a last minute brush-up on their lessons before starting for school, a mile away.

Otto and Harry England are sent by the teacher to the spring to fill the school water pail. There are no hurries to get back to the classroom.

## The Detroit News Pictorial September 28, 1941

### Joe Clark's Camera Brings from Tennessee a Pictorial Story of The Life of a Mountain Lad

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A spell down at school. Otto and Cecil Russell are very much amused when Harry England, center, Otto's pal and the best speller in the school, has to cogitate a minute before spelling "preliminary."

Otto, seated, presides over chapel service at Locust Grove School. Harry England reads the Scripture lesson, the 14th chapter of the Gospel according to St. John.

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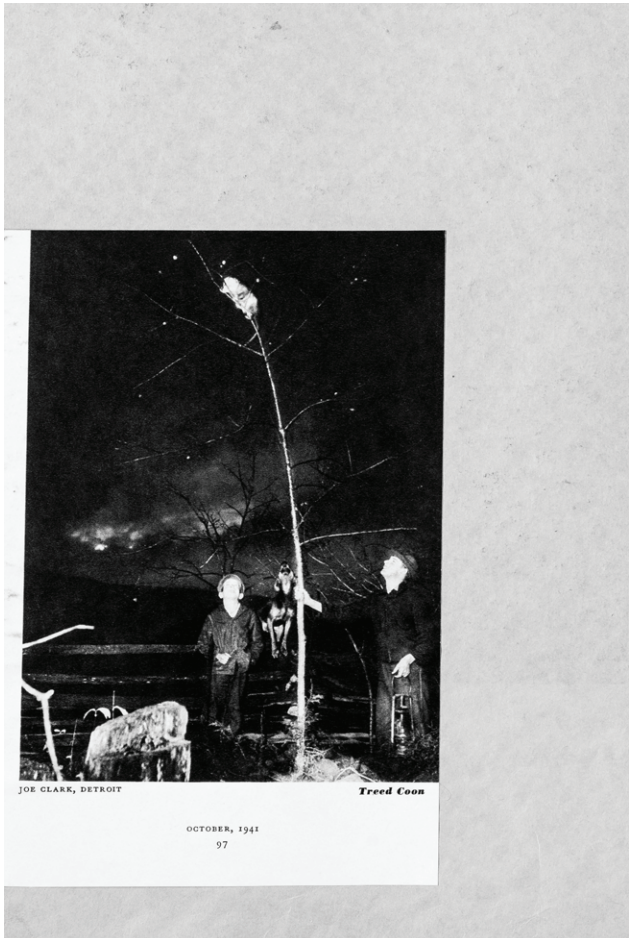
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JOE CLARK, DETROIT

Treed Coon

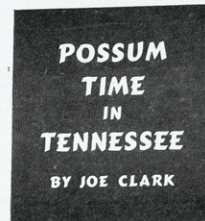
OCTOBER, 1941  
97

Treed Coon  
Joe Clark, Detroit  
October, 1941  
page 97

### Possum Time in Tennessee by Joe Clark

Speaking of Possums puts me in mind of the time me and Luke Wright went on a possum hunt near Cumberland Gap. Hit were a mighty pretty night—still an' cold, with a good dew a-fallin'. I went over to Luke's house and whistled at the gate, because I was afraid of Luke's sisters feist, which'll shore bite a feller. Luke was ready and waitin'. Soon as he heard me whistle he untied old Rowdy, the best dad-burned varmint dog that ever made a track in the mud. Rowdy was a rarin' to go and it made the bristles raise on my neck to hear that old feller open up. There ain't nothing prettier than a hound dog talkin' on a frosty night. We started on down the side of the mountain with me a totin' the lantern. After about an

hour, I reckon old Rowdy struck. Boy, he was a-bellerin' an' a-sqallerin'! He crossed an old corn field an' directly he treed. When me an' Luke got to him, he was squatted on the top rail of a fence an' he was mortally tellin' the news. The dad-gum possum was up that little old persimmon tree no thicker'n my leg. I seen the grinnin' scoun'el before Luke. He was a-settin' right on the tip top gettin' his self a bait of them ripe persimmons. Luke shook him out, an' we put him in the sack. In less'n two hours more we had two more big ol' boar possums an' was headed home. Old Rowdy killed him a skunk on the way jes' fre devilment. Boy, howdy! We sure done a night's business. Them possums brought us six dollars in trade fer the hides an' meat down at old lady Yancy's store. Uncle Thad Thomas bought the meat and pitched a big frolic. We ate roast possum an' taters an' then went to dancin' an' a singin'...



**POSSUM TIME IN TENNESSEE**  
BY JOE CLARK



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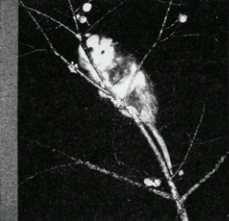
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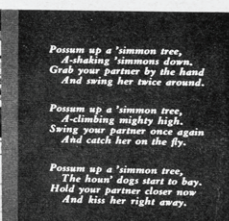
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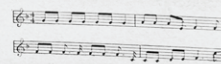
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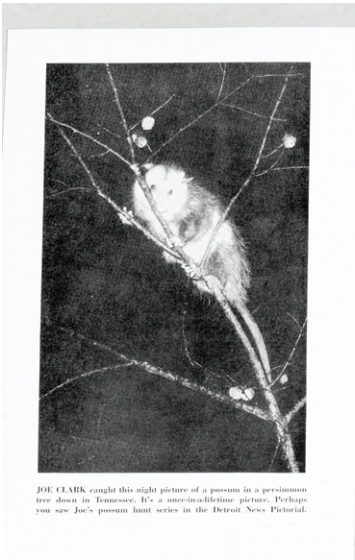


Possum up a 'simmon tree,  
A-shakin' 'simmons down,  
Grab your partner by the hand  
And swing her twice around.

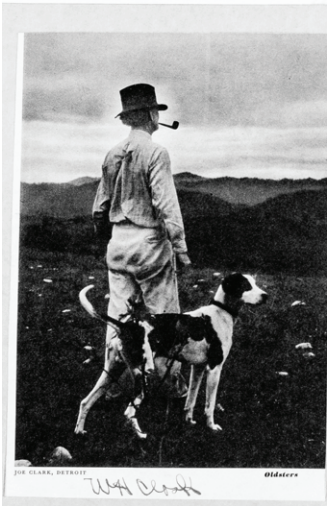
Possum up a 'simmon tree,  
A-climbin' mighty high,  
Swing your partner once again  
And catch her on the fly.

Possum up a 'simmon tree,  
The houn' dogs start to bay,  
Hold your partner closer now  
And kiss her right away.





JOE CLARK caught this night picture of a possum in a persimmon tree down in Tennessee. It's a once-in-a-lifetime picture. Perhaps you saw Joe's possum hunt series in the Detroit News Pictorial.



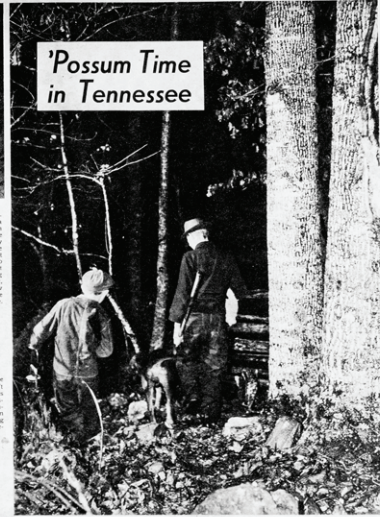
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Joe Clark, Detroit  
Oldsters

The Detroit News Pictorial for January 12, 1941



### 'Possum Time in Tennessee



1. Here's a pictorial record of a possum hunt in the Tennessee hills. "Shot" by Joe Clark. The story begins about bedtime as Otto Walker, just about to tie up his dog for the night, here's a long, low whistle from the top of the ridge.

2. Luck is with the hunters! It isn't long until Otto's dog has Mr. 'Possum on a persimmon tree. Then it's a shaking-down process begins.



4. Home from the hunt, Harry and Otto display their catch—three snarling members of the 'possum tribe. They're very much alive, in case you're wondering, and those teeth are sharp!



5. Several days later, the camera finds Harry and Otto in Mrs. Lottie Keck's general store shopping for "three possum hides worth" of candy and shotgun shells. 'Possum pelts bring \$1.15 in trade.

### The Detroit News Pictorial January 12, 1941

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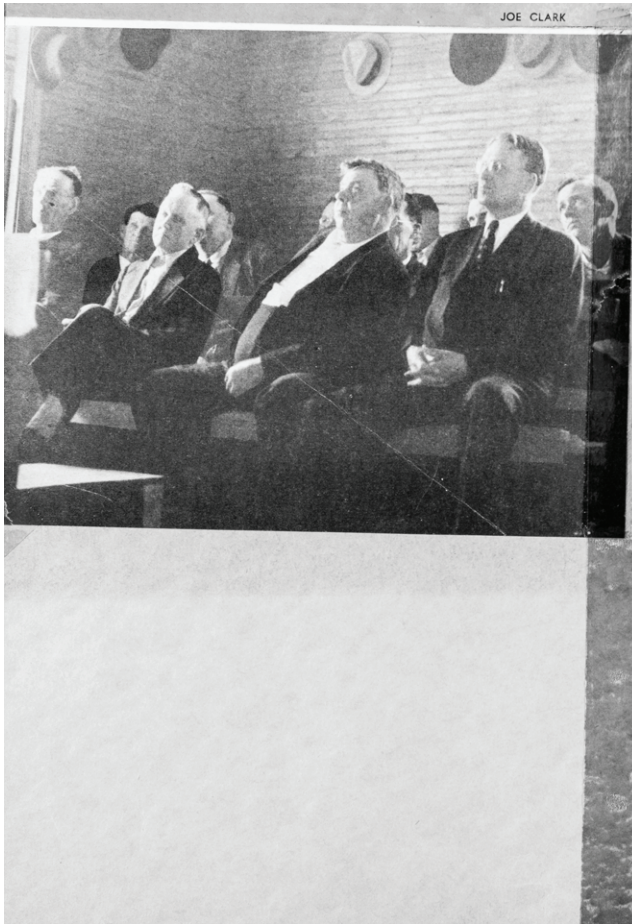
2. The whistler turns out to be Harry England. Otto's chum and neighbor who lives three miles over the rise and up the hollow. Harry proposes a 'possum hunt finds Otto and his dog entirely willing and ready. Armed with a gun, lantern, ax and a sack, off they tramp into the woods.

3. Luck is with the hunters! It isn't long until Otto's dog has Mr. 'Possum up

a persimmon tree. Then the "shaking down" process begins.

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JOE CLARK



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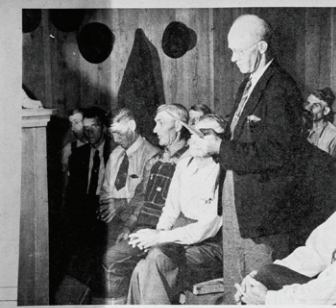
PREACHER AND CONGREGATION IN THE HILL  
COUNTRY OF CUMBERLAND GAP, TENNESSEE

[48]

Joe Clark

Preacher and congregation in the hill  
country of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee

[48]



It was well over a century ago that Big Spring Church excommunicated its first member—for horse racing. This morning, Brother Jim Breeding's voice quavers as he reads the minutes of the last meeting, at which his son, Roy, was excommunicated for drinking. Brother Jim and his father before him have kept the church records for more than a half century.



Brother Wollenberger pours the common wine. There are two glasses, one for the women, one for the men. The glasses are passed from person to person. It was from a mountain congregation such as this that Sgt. York, the greatest single fighting man of World War I, came.



The period of prayer. Women simply bow their heads but many of the men kneel.



### Joe Clark's Camera Makes a Pictorial Record of Services in 147-Year-Old Meetin' House in the Mountains

By Joe Clark

THE people of East Tennessee first distinguished themselves as fighters during the Revolutionary War when the English in North Carolina sent word across the Great Smoky Mountains for the "Over Mountain Men" to "come over and join up or we'll come over and burn your crops and houses."

And the "Over Mountain Men" have so distinguished themselves in every war since that they have won for Tennessee the just title of "The Volunteer State."

HERE are some interesting excerpts from the 142-year-old church records: "February, first day, 1804: Church met at Brother Richard Harper's to examine the conduct of Mark Shelton and found him guilty of horse racing on the Sabbath Day and at another time for which the church excluded him."

1816, February, second Saturday: After worship proceeded to business, Presbyter Hipson excommunicated for the sin of dancing at different times and refusing to face the church."

1817, December, first Saturday: Brother Harrell Rosenbush acknowledged he had been fighting but the fight was imposed upon him and there was no way for him to avoid it but to run. The church forgave him."



Dancer Andy Anderson bathes the feet of Deacon James Hoyer. The foot-washing first observed annually on the second Sunday in June, is a solemn and sacred ritual ceremony with the mountain worshippers.



Sister Nora Harst bathes Sister Zelma Breeding's feet. Women and men are seated separately in most meetings.



As the meetin' breaks up, folks gather around to share one touch of the Moderator. Many of them live as far as 100 miles away—will not get back until communion time next June.



Folks arriving at the meetin' house, pictured in the background. They come in file of every sort and automobiles of various vintages.

## The Detroit News Pictorial June 14, 1942

### Joe Clark's Camera Makes a Pictorial Record of Services in 147-Year Old

### Meetin' House in the Mountains

by Joe Clark

The people of East Tennessee first distinguished themselves as fighters during the Revolutionary War when the English in North Carolina sent word across the Great Smoky Mountains for the "Over Mountain Men" to "come over and join up or we'll come over and burn your crops and houses."

The "Over Mountain Men" promptly took up their rifles and marched across the Great Smokies - but instead of joining the British they blitzkrieged them. Then they hurried back across the mountains to tend their crops and fight off the Indians.

And the "Over Mountain Men" have so distinguish themselves in every war since that they have won for Tennessee the just title of "The Volunteer State."

When left alone, however, the "Over Mountain Men" of East Tennessee are a peace-loving, God-fearing people who stand by their religion as firmly as they stand by their guns.

Not so long after the Revolutionary War, while George Washington was still president, to these "Over Mountain Men," the Rev. Titus Lane and the Rev. Drew Harrell, hewed logs and built a general meeting house near a big spring about 14 miles from Cumberland Gap.

Five years later, on July 13, 1800, the little band of people who had become accustomed to meeting there, organized the Big Spring Primitive Baptist Church. There were 19 charter members who elected the Rev. Jesse Dobson their

### Moderator.

Since that day in July, 1800, there have been 17 Moderators of the old log church. The Rev. Nathan Hurst had the longest period of service. He held the office for more than 29 years, September, 1873 to March, 1903.

Church services are held once a month—because of the difficulties members face in reaching the church and because the Moderator who serves them also serves three other churches on the circuit. Business meetings of the church are always held on the Saturday before church day. Sundays being too sacred even for the transaction of church business.

Here are some interesting excerpts from the hundred and 42-year-old church records: "February, first day, 1804: Church met at brother Richard Harper's to examine the conduct of Mark Shelton and found him guilty

of horse racing on the Sabbath day and at another time for which the church excluded him.” (He was the first member excluded.)

“1816, February, second Saturday: After worship proceeded to business. Penelope Hopson excommunicated for the sin of dancing at different times and refusing to face the church.”

“1836, May, second Saturday: A charge taken up by the church against Henry Hill for stripping off his coat and showing of an intention to fight in a public company. The church agrees to lay the matter over to the next meeting.”

“1836, June, second Saturday: Henry Hill excluded for the charge taken out by the church last meeting.”

“1871, December, first Saturday: Brother Harrell Rosenbalm acknowledged he had been fighting but the fight was imposed upon him and there was no way for him to avoid it but to run. The church forgave him.”

The second Sunday in June is the big day of the year at Big Spring Church. It is on this day that the church has its annual communion service, followed by the annual foot washing ceremony. This ceremony is a solemn and sacred service to the people of Big Spring as any religious right in a beautiful cathedral.

The congregation gave permission last year for the making of a picture story of the annual service, including the foot washing rite. The only condition was at the photographer would in no way interfere with the service or ask anyone to pose. Perhaps the fact that Joseph and Dina Clark were among the charter members of the church had something to do with the granting of permission.

This picture-story for the Detroit News Pictorial resulted. We have tried to bring you a simple, straight-forward record of the way in which mountain folk worship their God.

Most of the present 58 members of the church who are meeting there in

Big Spring Church this Sunday are descendents of the little group that organized it in 1800. The present Moderator, Brother Bert Wolfenbarger, claims to be the descendent of Drew Harrell, who hewed the logs and help build the church during the winter of 1795-6.

### Photo Captions

Folks arriving at the meetin' house, pictured in the background. They come in rigs of every sort and automobiles of various vintages.

Brother Bert Wolfenbarger, Moderator of Big Spring Church, expounds the Scriptures in the simple, plain-spoken words of the “old time religion.”

It was well over a century ago that Big Spring Church excommunicated its first member - for horse racing. This morning, Brother Jim Breeding's voice quavers as he reads the minutes of the last meeting, at which his son, Roy, was excommunicated for drinking. Brother Jim and his father before him have kept the church records for more than a half century.

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The period of prayer. Women simply bow their heads but many of the men kneel.

Deacon Andy Anderson bathes the feet of Deacon James Hopper. The foot washing rite, observed annually on the second Sunday in June is a solemn and sacred scriptural ceremony with the mountain worshipers.

Sister Nora Hurst bathes Sister Zelma Breeding's feet. Women and men are seated separately in most instances.

As the meetin' breaks up, folks gather around the shake the hands of the

Moderate. Many of them live as far as 100 miles away - will not get back until communion time next June.



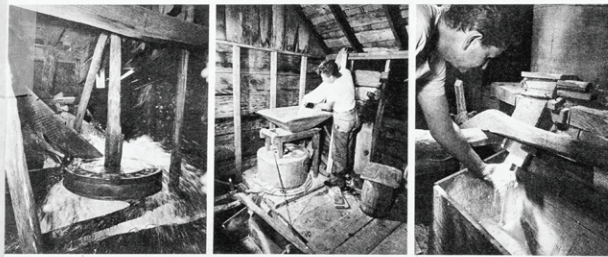
After picking corn in his own field, Ed wards shells a small quantity by hand. He pours it back and forth through the air to let the chaff float away. A sack with a peck or two is slung over his shoulder, carried to the primitive mill.

### Amateur Miller Grinds His Corn by Bucket Wheel

On a recent vacation trip to North Carolina, Joe Clark, Detroit photographer, ran across a farmer on a modern, electrified farm who still prefers to grind his own corn meal in a bucket mill, 140 years old. He does not grind any for sale. In other parts of the country "bucket mill" designates a different type of waterwheel, but that's what this primitive turbine is called in North Carolina. Ben Edwards, of Highlands, N. C., scorns the over-refined, store-bought meal and also the corn ground with TVA current. He picks his own corn, shells it by hand, totes it to a stream on his back forty and grinds it between primitive stones. Nothing is removed from the meal. Corn biscuits or moments made with the whole grain have rich, nutlike flavor to Edwards' taste. A grinding lasts about three weeks.

—Photos by Joe Clark

Bucket mill at Highlands, N. C., that grinds corn meal for only one family.



Edwards has opened the sluice gate. Water pours down the chute, strikes the compartments of the bucket mill and sets the wheel in motion. Bottom millstone is mounted directly to the top of the peeling shaft.

Edwards pours his sack of grain into the hopper for grinding. Round wooden box houses the mill wheels. Shaft runs through the floor to the water wheel. Enough meal is ground at a time the

The amateur miller keeps close watch on the grind and tests the meal to get the proper consistency. The crude mechanism has several "balancing-wire" adjustments whereby the fineness or coarseness is regulated.

The Detroit News Pictorial November 20, 1949—Page 7

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Edwards has open the sluice gate. Water pours down the chute, strikes the compartments of the bucket mill and sets the wheel in motion. Bottom millstone is mounted directly to the top of the peeled-log shaft.

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## 'Smallest Postoffice in the U.S.A.'



**TOURIST'S CURIOSITY** brought Detroit Photographer Joe Clark in contact with Grimshawes, N.C., where Jean Passmore acted as model in smallest P.O.



**GRIMSHAWES** residents rank the "Smallest Postoffice in the United States" among their favorite meeting places. Junebug Clark, left and Troy Edwards loiter for a spell on the tiny porch. The postoffice and town are about 60 miles from Asheville, N.C.



**END OF DAY** at Grimshawes Postoffice (photo at left) finds the door of the small building locked and snug. The rustic edifice is six feet by five feet, six inches. It follows the classic, or Chick Sale, type of American architecture — simple, functional.

**POSTMISTRESS**, like her father before her, is Mrs. Mae A. Passmore, shown in photo at right canceling mail while her daughters gain the knowhow for another generation. Postoffice is fully equipped for the few homes in the mountain district it serves.



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Sunday, December 4, 1949  
The Detroit Free Press  
Graphic page 39

### 'Smallest Post Office in the USA'

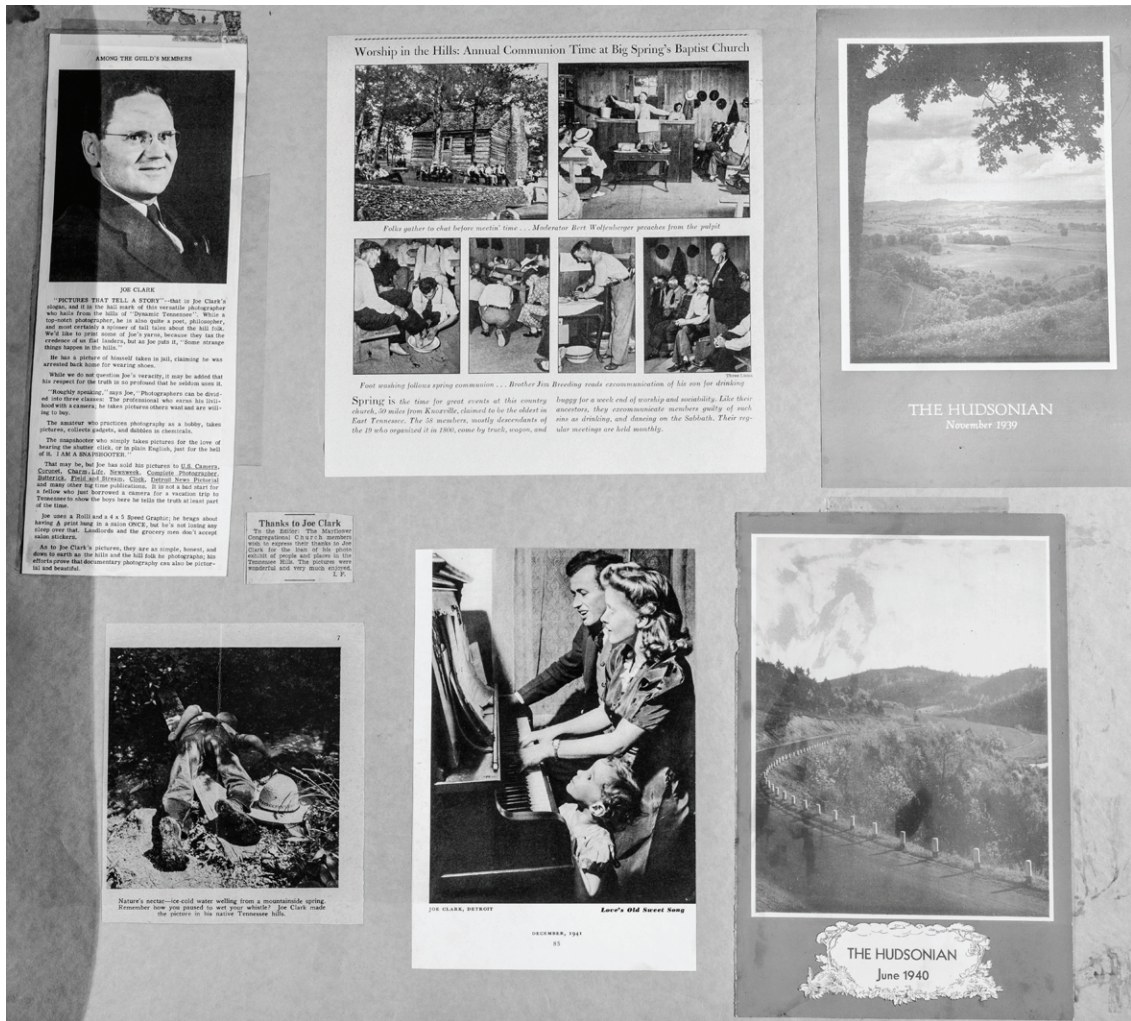
Photos by Joe Clark

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Postmistress, like her father before her, is Mrs. Mae A. Passmore, shown in the photo at right canceling mail while her daughter's gain the know how for another generation. Postoffice is fully equipped for the few homes in the mountain district it serves.



**Among the Guild's Members**

**Joe Clark**

"Pictures That Tell a Story" -- that is Joe Clark's slogan, and it is the hallmark of this versatile photographer who hails from the hills of "Dynamic Tennessee." While a top-notch photographer, he is also quite a poet, philosopher, and most certainly a spinner of tall tales about the hill folk. We'd like to print some of Joe's yarns, because they tax the credence of us flat landers, but as Joe puts it, "Some strange things happen in the hills."

He has a picture of himself taken in jail, claiming he was arrested back home for wearing shoes.

While we do not question Joe's veracity, it may be added that his respect for the truth is so profound that he seldom uses it.

"Roughly speaking," says Joe,

"Photographers can be divided into three classes: The professional who earns his livelihood with the camera; he takes pictures others want and are willing to buy.

The amateur who practices photography as a hobby, takes pictures, collects gadgets, and dabbles in chemicals.

The snap shooter who simply takes pictures for the love of hearing the shutter click, or in plain English, just for the hell of it. I AM A SHOOTER."

That may be, but Joe has sold his pictures the U.S. Camera, Coronet, Charm, Life, Newsweek, Complete Photographer, Butterick, Field & Stream, Click, Detroit News Pictorial and many other big-time publications. It is not a bad start for a fellow who just borrowed a camera for a vacation trip to Tennessee to show the boys here he

tells the truth at least part of the time.

Joe uses a Rollei and a 4 x 5 Speed Graphic; he brags about having a print hung in a salon ONCE, but he's not losing any sleep over that. Landlords and the grocery men don't accept salon stickers.

As to Joe Clark's pictures, they are simple, honest and down to earth as the hills and the hill folk he photographs; his efforts prove that documentary photography can also be pictorial and beautiful.

**Thanks to Joe Clark**

To the Editor: The Mayflower Congregational Church members wish to express their thanks to Joe Clark for the loan of his photo exhibit of people



and places in the Tennessee Hills. The pictures were wonderful and very much enjoyed.  
I. F.

### **Worship in the Hills: Annual Communion Time in Big Spring's Baptist Church**

Folks gather to chat before meetin' time... Moderator Bert Wolfenberger preaches from the pulpit.

Foot washing follows spring communion... Brother Jim Breeding reads excommunication of his son for drinking.

Spring is the time for great events at this country church, 50 miles from Knoxville, claimed to be the oldest in East Tennessee. The 58 members, mostly descendents of the 19 who organized it in 1800, come by truck, wagon, and buggy for a week end of worship and sociability. Like their ancestors, they excommunicate members guilty of such sins as drinking, and dancing on the Sabbath. The regular meetings are held monthly.

THE HUDSONIAN  
November 1939

Nature's nectar – ice cold water welling from a mountainside spring.  
Remember how you paused to wet your whistle? Joe Clark made the picture in his native Tennessee hills.

Love's Old Sweet Song  
Joe Clark, Detroit  
December, 1941

THE HUDSONIAN  
June 1940

BLACKSMITH SHOP  
JOSEPH CLARK

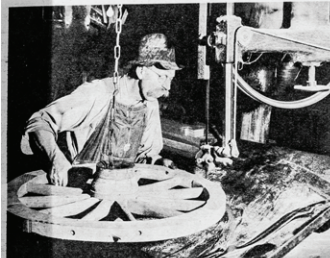


**Blacksmith Shop**  
Joseph Clark

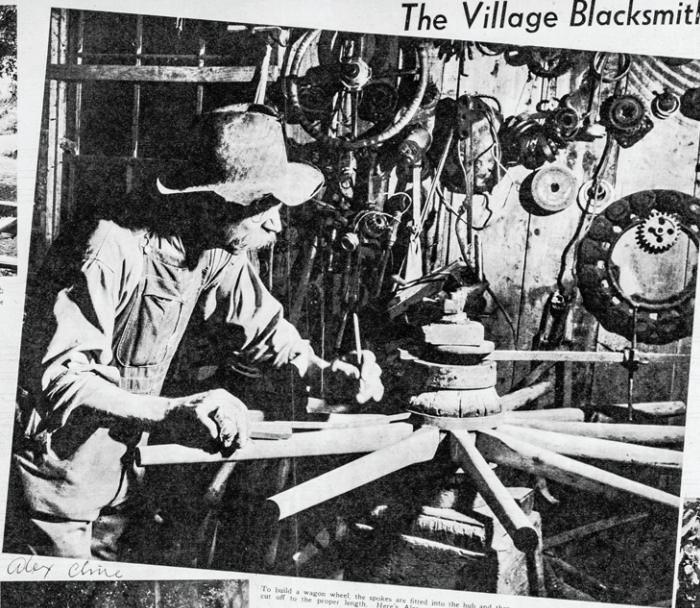
# The Village Blacksmith



Joe Clark, Detroit, who is self-elected pictorial historian of his native Tennessee mountains, made these camera studies of a Tennessee version of Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith" at the smithy of Alex and Wade Cline near Cumberland Gap. The brothers trace a trade that was their father's and grandfather's before them.



Besides shoeing horses, the brothers do much building and repairing of wagons. Here's Alex rounding off with a hand saw a wheel that was made in the shop.

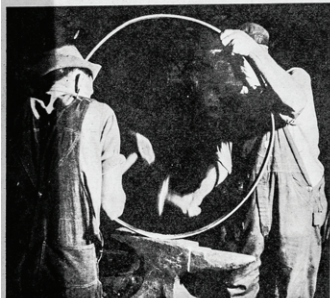


Alex Cline

To build a wagon wheel, the spokes are fitted into the hub and then cut off to the proper length. Here's Alex measuring and marking the spokes.



For 30-odd years Alex Cline has been filing saws, sharpening plowshares and axes, shoeing horses and building wagons for his neighbors. He has a big heart and a warm smile.



Wagon tires are made from incredibly long strips of iron, cut to the proper length and bent by hand into shape. Then the ends, heated white-hot, are forged together with heavy hammers on the anvil.



Completed iron tires are placed in an open fire to expand them so they can be mounted on waiting wheels.



With long pincers, a nearly red-hot tire is clamped onto a wheel.



Once the hot tire is on, water is poured over it, to cool it and shrink it so that it can't come off. Wade Cline.

The Detroit News Pictorial  
August 9, 1942

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To build a wagon wheel, the spokes are fitted into the hub and then cut off to the proper length. Here's Alex measuring and marking the spokes.

Beside shoeing horses, the brothers do much building and repairing of wagons. Here's Alex rounding off with the bandsaw a wheel that was made in the shop.

Wagon tires are made from incredibly long strips of iron, cut to the proper length and depth by hand into shape. Then the ends, heated white-hot, are forged together with heavy hammers on the anvil.

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With long pincers, a nearly red-hot tire is clamped onto a wheel.

Once the hot tire is on, water is poured over it, to cool it and shrink it so that it can't come off. (Pouring water is Wade Cline)

The tired wheel is immediately rushed to the cooling pit. The cooling shrinks

attire and makes it the type to the wheel.

Wade Cline caulking horseshoes. The shoes must be caulked and fitted to each foot individually - by the skilled blacksmith.

Wade Cline, as he expertly nails the shoe in place, says that he expects to be better than ever now that gas rationing is here.

Temperamental and nervous horses are sometimes put into stocks and tied before the new shoes may be fitted to their feet.

Uncle Alex busy mending a grain cradle, for John Tuddle. Daughter Violet Jean helps out by holding the box of sprigs.

John Tuddle on his way back to the fields with the repaired cradle - one of the many farmers who keep the Cline brothers busy.



**THE TIRED WHEEL IS IMMEDIATELY RUSHED** to the cooling pit. The cooling shrinks the tire and makes it fit tight to the wheel.



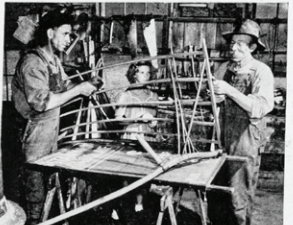
**WADE CLINE CAULKING HORSE-SHOES.** The shoe must be caulked and fitted to each foot individually—by the skilled blacksmith.



**WADE CLINE, AS HE EXPERTLY NAILS THE SHOE** in place, says that he expects to be busier than ever now that gas rationing is here.



**TEMPERAMENTAL AND NERVOUS HORSES** are sometimes put into stocks and tied before the new shoes may be fitted to their feet.



**UNCLE ALEX BUSY MENDING A GRAIN CRADLE** for John Tuttle. Daughter Violet Jean helps out by holding the box of springs.



**JOHN TUTTLE ON HIS WAY** back to the field, with the repaired cradle—one of the many farmers who keep the Cline brothers busy.



**AS THE END OF THE DAY APPROACHES,** Alfred Crutchfield and George Cheek watch Uncle Alex as he files a saw. Many of the neighboring farmers use Uncle Alex's shop as a meeting place where cronies can talk over crop conditions and world affairs while waiting for their saws to be filed, the plow shares sharpened, or horses to be shod.



**UNCLE ALEX GETS RIGHT TO WORK ON THE SAW** but it doesn't prevent him from sharing in the talks. For nearly thirty years, he has worked, with kids running around underfoot, and men talking over their troubles. The "smithy" is a warm-hearted and eager workman—ready to serve his community as a skilled craftsman.



**FATTY CAMPBELL** smiles his way into having a hatchet sharpened—as Uncle Alex prepares to close up shop to get his supper.



**THE END OF THE DAY** and Uncle Alex stands in the doorway of his shop to bid goodbye to his friend customers and the photographer.

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Fatty Campbell smiles his way into having a hatchet sharpened – as uncle Alex prepares to close up shop and get his supper.

Then the day and uncle Alex stands in the doorway of the shop to bid goodbye to his friend customers and the photographer.

## Village Blacksmith

The Cline Brothers of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, make the sparks fly around their forge – as they carry on with the trade of their forefathers – in picture story by Joe Clark

A full century has passed since Longfellow wrote the “Village Blacksmith”. Most of us today think only of the “Smithy” when children pour over it as a school lesson

But, near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, there is a blacksmith shop where the children stop to look in through the open door and listened to the measured beat of the sledge falling on the anvil. The shop is operated by the brothers Alex and Wade Cline who have followed for over 30 years the trade that was their grandfather’s before the Civil War.

The Cline shop plays an important part in the community – as they are kept busy from morning till night sharpening plowshares, turning horseshoes, forging wagon tires, mending grain cradles and the thousand and one things for which the farmer must employ a blacksmith. Preacher Tom Lambert drops in with a piece of ass which he wishes to have shaped into crooked grain cable cradle fingers. The Preacher and Uncle Alex come to terms, after some good-natured bargaining and Uncle Alex – “lows as how he can get to them one day next winter, so’s Preacher Tom can have ‘em come wheat harvest time next spring”.

Joe Clark says of these pictures – “Three years ago a friend of mine insisted that I take his camera along with me on vacation back home to Cumberland Gap in Tennessee so that I could bring him pictures of the mountains ‘you’re always telling such big lies about’. Thereby, I was launched on a double hobby – photography and recording the lives of my people.

Recording the lives and habits of my friends and family has afforded me a great deal of pleasure – and profit. I have for instance had more than 300

# VILLAGE BLACKSMITH



*Alex Cline*  
THE CLINE BROTHERS OF CUMBERLAND GAP, TENNESSEE, MAKE THE SPARKS FLY AROUND THEIR FORGE—AS THEY CARRY ON WITH THE TRADE OF THEIR FOREFATHERS—IN PICTURE STORY BY JOE CLARK

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Recording the lives and habits of my friends and family has afforded me a great deal of pleasure—and profit. I have, for instance, had more than 300 pictures published. And that, I feel, is not too bad a record for a night watchman who likes to take snapshots.

My first camera was a Rolleiflex and I am still using it. I use only Eastman Super XX film and Wabash Press 40 flashbulbs. The Village Blacksmith series is a favorite with me and was not hard to do. I think that many photographers pass up opportunities to make picture stories because they believe that the “home town folks” are not exciting enough for photographing. I know, however, that if you just nudge yourself into taking picture sets that it can be lots of fun—and profitable too.

41

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Page 41

Wade Cline fitting new spokes into

the old wagon hub – with the drawing knife. The old wheel has been torn down to rebuild a new one.

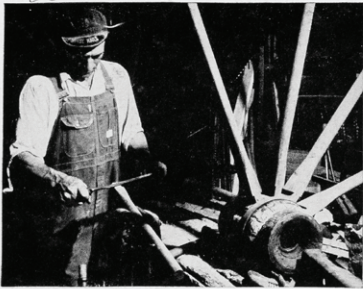
Uncle Alex uses the wood template to mark out rim sections on a piece of white oak timber. Others hang in role in back of him.

After the wheel has been described around, Uncle Alex Cline saws it to shape by using a bandsaw in his Cumberland Gap Smithy.

Bending a wagon tire into shape. Tires come in long flat bars of steel and are fed through hand turn roller to fit the wheel.

Wagon tires are stacked in a pile and bits of old wooden rims are piled

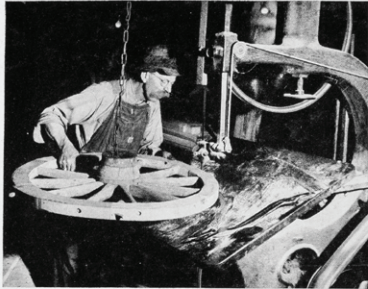
Wade Cline



WADE CLINE FITTING NEW SPOKES into an old wagon hub—with a drawing knife. The old wheel has been torn down to rebuild a new one.



UNCLE ALEX USES A WOOD TEMPLET to mark out rim sections on a piece of white oak timber. Others hang in row in back of him.



AFTER THE WHEEL HAS BEEN SCRIBED ROUND, Uncle Alex Cline saws it to shape by using a hand saw in his Cumberland Gap Smithy.



BENDING A WAGON TIRE INTO SHAPE. Tires come in long flat bars of steel and are fed through hand turned roller to fit the wheel.



WAGON TIRES ARE STACKED IN A PILE and bits of old wooden rims are piled around them. A huge fire is lighted to heat and expand them.



UNCLE ALEX RUSHES THE HEATED TIRE to the wheel—as Wade Cline stands by with a sledge which he uses to drive it onto wheel.

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Uncle Alex rushes the heated tire to the wheel – as Wade Cline stands by with a sledge which he uses to drive it on to the wheel.

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Decorating the church with pine and mountain ivy boughs from the most of Kentucky morning. Father in the day Hazel's younger sister, Anna Ruth, helped gather them in back woods, drag them over rough roads to church. Here Gilbert trims the alter while Hazel breaks off sprigs to adorn the wooden railing.



Hazel's wedding veil is previewed in bedroom by her sister Anna Ruth and brother "A. D." Hazel bought it in Middlesboro for \$2.50, couldn't wait to take tag off before trying it on. Below: bride and groom, accompanied by Anna Ruth, walk 2 1/2 miles to the church (upper right). Groom carries wedding gown.



Leaving for the wedding, they emerge from John Brown's house, make their way toward church. Gilbert opens gate for bride, who lifts skirt to avoid dirt on hem.



Dressing for the wedding, bridegroom skeptically eyes the new blue suit laid out on his bed. On door hangs his everyday outfit of blue jeans and shirt.



The bride changes into wedding gown at John Brown's house near church. Lace material for her dress cost \$9 at Sears, Roebuck. It was made by her mother.

## Life Goes to a Kentucky Mountain Wedding

Deep in Cumberland's, Hazel Petrey, coal miner's daughter, marries Gilbert Dove

At noon on a recent Sunday some 80 rugged, hard-working Cumberland Mountain folk congregated at the Sunny View Methodist Church at Germany, Ky. They had come from miles around to watch Parson Hiram Frakes join Hazel Petrey and Gilbert Dove in matrimony. It was a red-letter day. Coal miners slicked up in clean shirts, neckties and store pants. Housewives decked out in their dressiest cotton prints. Small fry were buttoned into their best overalls, parked in the rear of the church and cautioned on their behavior. Hazel's father is a coal miner and from his Kentucky cabin you can see the mountains in Tennessee. His oldest daughter's romance began last winter when she met 26-year-old Gilbert Dove from Loogootee, Ind., at the Henderson Settlement School. Hazel was working as supervisor of the girls' dormitory. Gilbert was the school's mechanic and electrician. Four months ago they became engaged. A few weeks ago Gilbert moved in to stay with his future in-laws until the day of the wedding.



Here Comes the Bride! is pulled out to register as Hazel enters church. Her father (lower left) did not come but in his gown her away. Meal of home.



"O Promise Me" is sung by Margie Brown, the best out in talent evening dress. Accompanying is Mrs. Landolt, church organist and Sunday School teacher.



The church is filled long before the arrival of the bride and groom. Menstruators from miles around turned out for the ceremony. In center of the front bench are Hazel's father and mother. Rear of church was filled with handkerchiefs who gazed and gawked as the bride and maid walked down the aisle.



Here Comes the Bride! is pulled out to register as Hazel enters church. Her father (lower left) did not come but in his gown her away. Meal of home.



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Life Magazine  
July 28, 1941

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To the bride, her wedding day was no time for leisure and luxury. It began much like any other day. She arose at 4 AM, cooked breakfast for parents, future husband and four brothers and sisters, cleaned up the rough mountain cabin, packed her belongings neatly in big cardboard grocery boxes, painstakingly pressed her lace wedding dress with the old flat iron in the kitchen. By noon, attired in her modest bridal outfit and carrying a bouquet of wild roses, she was waiting on the church steps with her three bridesmaids, nervously listing for the first few bars of the wedding march.

Photo captions

Decorating the church with pine and mountain ivy boughs took up most of Saturday morning. Earlier in the day Hazel's younger sister, Anna Ruth, helped gather them in the back woods, dragging them over rough roads to church. Here Gilbert trims the alter while Hazel breaks off sprigs to adorn the wooden railing.

Hazel's wedding veil is previewed in bedroom by her sister Anna Ruth and brother "A. D." Hazel bought it in Middlesboro for \$2.50, couldn't wait to take the tag off before trying it on. Below: bride and groom, accompanied by Anna Ruth, walked 2 1/2 miles to the church (upper right). Groom carries wedding gown.

Dressing for the wedding, bridegroom skeptically eyes the new blue suit laid out on his bed. On door hangs his everyday outfit of blue jeans and shirt.

The bride changes into wedding gown at John Brown's house near church. Lace material for her dress cost \$9 at Sears, Roebuck. It was made by her mother.

*Mountain Wedding* (continued)



Ceremony ends with couple kneeling while Parson Hiram Frakes reads Lord's Prayer. Gilbert's best man, Bob Green and Hazel's three bridesmaids stand solemnly by.



Bride's bouquet was caught by her sister Jerry, 17. Despite tradition Jerry is pessimistic as "boys don't pay her much mind because she looks too much like a kid."



Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Dove walk nervously down church aisle. Soon after the wedding ceremony Hazel returned to John Brown's, changed into her going-away clothes.



Bride cuts wedding cake outside church. Cake was one of three bought by Hazel's father at Blue Diamond Coal Mines commissary. There was enough for everyone.



The wedding picture, including 80 guests and bride and groom (in doorway), is taken in front of the Sunny View Methodist Church. Note the dog in the front row.



Honeymoon begins when Mr. and Mrs. Dove stroll casually away from their guests, hike 6 miles to pick up car in Eagan, Tenn. and drive north looking for livelihood.

Leaving for the wedding, they emerged from John Brown's house, make their way toward the church. Gilbert opens a gate for bride, who lifts skirt to avoid dirt on hem. "O Promise Me" is sung by Margie Brown, decked out in taffeta evening dress. Accompanying is Mrs. Lambdin, church organist and Sunday school teacher.

The church is filled long before the arrival of the bride and groom. Mountaineers from miles around turned out for the ceremony. In center of the front bench are Hazel's father and

mother. Rear of the church was filled with barefoot youngsters who gaped and gawked as the bride and maids walked down the aisle.

"Here Comes the Bride" is pealed out by the organist as Hazel enters the church. Her father (lower left) did not escort her but gave her away. Maid of honor Jerry Petrey leads procession, followed by bridesmaids Mabel Henderson and Anna Ruth Petrey. Below: Gilbert puts the wedding ring on Hazel's finger. Mountain Wedding (continued)

Ceremony ends with a couple kneeling while Parson Hiram Frakes reads Lord's

Prayer. Gilbert's best man, Bob Greene and Hazel's three bridesmaids stand solemnly by.

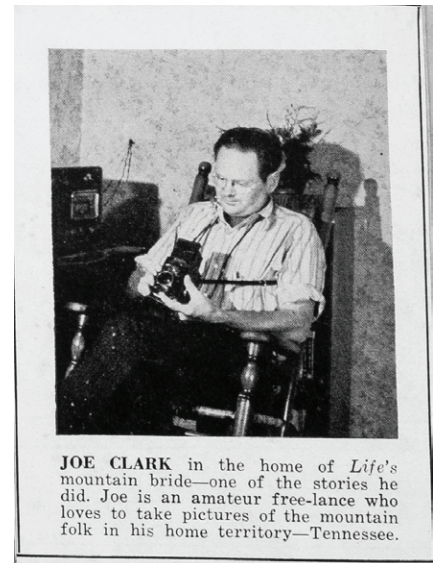
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JOE CLARK in the home of Life's mountain bride—one of the stories he did. Joe is an amateur free-lance who loves to take pictures of the mountain folk in his home territory—Tennessee.

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Note from Junebug Clark: Fast Forward... Here in the scrapbook is a 4 x 6 color print signed by my father Joe Clark and in his hand he's written "Hazel and Gilbert 1982". That's them on the left. I can't remember who the lady on the right is, but one day, unannounced, they called and showed up twenty minutes later at our front door in Farmington, Michigan. This was exactly 40 years after their "Mountain Wedding" appeared in LIFE magazine. Quite a surprise and one of those wonderful memories that happen in life.



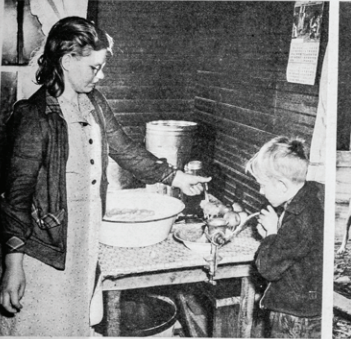
1. It takes a powerful lot of peeling to prepare enough apples for a real big batch of apple butter. Some folks start peeling in the evening, stop for a few hours sleep, and then get up early and start in again. Down at Aunt Nora's they get up long before dawn and start here the peeling flying. Here's a grand close-up of Aunt Nora, chuckling over a story spun by her grandson.



2. Joe Clark has brought readers of the Pictorial many phases of life in his native hills, none more appealing, more homey, than this picture story showing what happens "When it's apple-butter time in Tennessee." These pictures will bring back many memories to Detroiters—the wood smoke from the fire that crackled under the big kettle; the spicy aroma of the apple butter.



4. Franklin takes up the chore of stirring the kettle's contents, with a long-armed paddle. This will give him Aunt Nora's help and spice to the cooking apple butter. This is a particular job and Aunt Nora allows no one to have anything to do with it but herself. "Now don't forget to stir," she warns Franklin. "We don't want this to scorch! We can't waste food!"



2. As soon as a panful of apples has been peeled, Aunt Nora puts it on the stove to heat through. Additional panfuls are added until there are about six in all. Then, the apples are run through a food chopper in level rows on one or two or three times. Here, Viola feels the chopper while Franklin supplies the motive power. He's still a bit sleepy.



3. After the apples have been run through the chopper (so they will make a velvety apple butter free from lumps), they are ready for the outdoor kettle. Here, Ray and Viola empty a can of heated and crushed apples into the big kettle while Franklin and his dog watch.



5. After the apple butter has been cooked to Aunt Nora's satisfaction (Franklin thought his job of stirring never would end!), the big kettle is lifted off the fire and she begins spooning the apple butter into jars. "Gosh, Grandma," says Franklin, "this tastes the best of any you've ever made!" "Shucks," she replies, "that's just what you said last year!"



6. When the jars are all filled, Aunt Nora carries them to the cellar on whose shelves are hundreds of jars of berries, various other fruits, vegetables, pickles, relish and what-not. She sighs with satisfaction, knowing there will be plenty of food for her table this winter, come what may.

The Detroit News Pictorial September 13, 1942

When It's Apple Butter Time --

Joe Clark has brought readers of the Pictorial many phases of life in his native hills, none more appealing, more homey, than this picture story showing what happens "When it's apple-butter time in Tennessee." These pictures will bring back many memories to Detroiters - the wood smoke from the fire that crackled under the big kettle; the spicy aroma of the apple butter. Apple butter making in the open air was and still is one of the most picturesque, folksy operations found in rural Michigan, Ohio, Indiana and other Midwestern states, as well as in the hills of Tennessee. So it's go along to Aunt Nora Treece's house where we find and Nora; her daughter, Viola; her grandson, Franklin D. Roosevelt Wright, and her son, Ray (W. Treece), busy peeling apples.

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2. As soon as a panful of apples has been peeled, Aunt Nora puts it on the stove to heat through. Additional panfuls are added until there are about six in all. Then, the apples are run through a food chopper to break them up into a smooth, even mass. Here Viola (Treece) feeds the chopper while Franklin supplies the motive power. He's still a bit sleepy.

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stirring the kettle's contents with the long-armed paddle. Then with great care, Aunt Nora adds the sugar and spice to the cooking apple butter. This is a particular job and Aunt Nora allows no one to have anything to do with it but herself. "Now don't forget to stir," she warns Franklin. "We don't want this to scorch! We can't waste food!"

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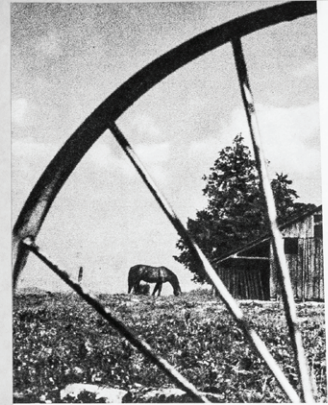


**He's Looking for His War Bond!**

This is little "June Bug" Clark, American, gazing hopefully toward a tree which should grow War Bonds as well as candy canes. Let's make sure this time that 20 years from now this little fellow and five or ten million other lads won't have to leave home and all that it means to exterminate another crop of Hitlers. Buy War Bonds!



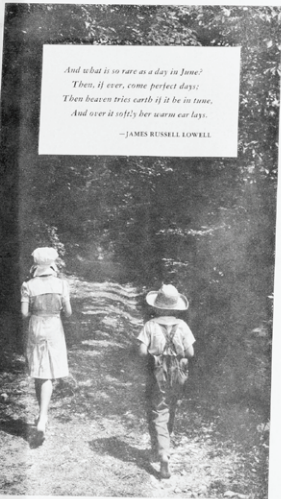
This shot of the Tennessee Hills is framed and filtered almost to perfection. Again the corn and hay—an inevitable subject for Autumn. Photo, Joe Clark



**Idle Hours**

JOE CLARK, DETROIT

CORNET 82



And what is so rare as a day in June?  
Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
And over it softly her warm ear lays.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

—Picture by Joe Clark

**THE HUDSONIAN**



**OCTOBER 1942**



**BOY WITH FRECKLES**

JOE CLARK

This is a happy picture in spite of its setting which, in the hands of a documentary photographer, might have been vastly different. The face is almost entirely in shadow, yet it holds the picture well, due to good composition. And the picture starts off on the right foot anyway, with a most appealing subject

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\*Joe Clark, famed "Life" photographer, and philosopher, from Tennessee, made this interesting photograph of his little nephew. (Douglas Clark)

This shot of the Tennessee Hills is framed and filtered almost to perfection. Again the corn and hay - an inevitable subject for Autumn. Photo, Joe Clark  
355

Idle Hours Joe Clark, Detroit  
Cornet 82

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**The Hudsonian  
October 1942**

Boy with Freckles Joe Clark  
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# Collecting Foot Bridges



Good times often lie across an obscure little foot bridge.



Going home across a homemade bridge after a chat at neighbor's.



Some bridges are one-family approaches to humble homes.



A suspension bridge over the Powell River, Tenn., sags and sways under advancing footsteps.

## Each Little Bridge Has Its Own Quaint Charm

**H**OBBYISTS all over the country have made a cult of covered bridge collecting. They make and swap photographs of these stream-straddling buildings. Books and articles are written on the subject. Similar, though only a one-man interest, is the hobby of Joe Clark, Detroit photographer. He goes in for foot bridges, lowliest form of brook-spanning. His examples range from a simple plank thrown across a brook to keep feet from getting wet to bridges that swing precariously high over deep, dark rivers.

None of these is built for beauty. Their sole purpose is practical. Yet every one has a sort of quaint charm that gives it individuality. The setting is almost always a joy to the eye as these samples in Joe's collection demonstrate. **C**OLLECTING foot bridges is easiest in a country where the terrain is furloughed and corrugated with hills and valleys. There are several brooks in every mile. Each one has to be bridged, if not by the highway department, then by the folks up the creek.



Small boys try to scare the girls by making this Powell River bridge sway.



Cars and teams ford this creek while the feet of pedestrians are kept dry by this rustic foot bridge.

—Photos by Joe Clark, 3513 Woodward Avenue, Detroit

The Detroit News Pictorial  
June 10, 1945

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Photo captions:

Going home across a homemade bridge after a chat at neighbor's.

Good times often lie across an insecure little foot bridge.

A suspension bridge over the Powell River, Tennessee, sags and sways under advancing footsteps.

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Some bridges are one-family approaches to humble homes.

Cars and teams ford this Creek while the feet of pedestrians are kept dry by this rustic footbridge.

— Photos by Joe Clark, 3513 Woodward Ave., Detroit



**The Detroit News Pictorial  
December 13, 1942**

**Joe Clark Takes You to a Tennessee  
"Stir-off Party" Where  
Mountaineers Make Molasses  
and Merriment**

"Stir-off time" in the hills of Tennessee is the annual period when the juice of sorghum cane is boiled down to molasses.

Around the big, steaming kettle and the glowing fire gather young and old. Stir-off time is a community rite and celebration. Mouths water and hearts flutter. Flirtation and romance simmer around the kettle while the sweet liquid bubbles and steams within it.

None of us find sugar rationing very hard to take. Its restrictions-if any-fall still more lightly on the mountain folk of Tennessee. When the recent stir-off time ended, almost every family in the little Cumberland Gap community had from 15 to 40 gallons of molasses in the cellar and pantry, derived from its own patch of cane.

Molasses is spread on hot biscuits and is used for many types of sweetening. When poured into coffee, it's called "long sweetening" but this use is not very popular. Cakes, cookies and candy taste much better when made with molasses. Hot cornbread with butter and molasses is a real treat.

Every autumn when 'lasses-making

time rolls around, the cane is stripped, topped, cut and hauled to the mill.

The juice is extracted by feeding the stalks into a machine with steel rollers turned by mule power.

The big vat is kept boiling for several weeks and the various families cooperate in processing the molasses for each in turn. Members of the younger set gather for miles around to watch the stirring. They sing, dance and frolic to the music of some mountain band. Refreshments are no problem: they are found right in the kettle itself. A long, sweet stalk of sugarcane is as tasty as an ice cream cone any day.

Joe Clark, former mountain boy now living in Detroit, made these photographs. He tried, he said, to catch for the readers of the Pictorial a few glimpses of the toil and sweat as well as the fun and romance of one of the back home stir-off parties. "This is a part of the rich and cherished memories of every man and woman who has ever been brought up in the hills of Tennessee," he fondly recalls.

Young folks of the Burns and Evans families cut cane and loaded on a mule-drawn sled to be hauled to the extracting mill.

At the mule-powered mill, the stalks of cane are fed into steel rollers which squeeze out the sweet juice.

Close-up of the extracting mill whose steel rollers are driven by mule power. The juice filtered through the cheesecloth drops into the tub below.

As the boiling and stirring nears completion, the party guests insert "sop sticks" cut from cane stalks into the vat and sample the syrup.

Kissing games are still a feature of parties in the hills and here a lucky swain claims his right from a girl clenches her fist either because she is bashful or peevish.

Between dances and games, the mountain band leads the merry party in singing such songs as "Shine On, Harvest Moon" and "Home on the Range."

As night settles down, young folks pour out of the hills, ridges and valleys from miles around, some bearing fiddles, banjos and guitars to watch the 'lasses boil and to sing, dance and play games in the moonlight.

The finished molasses is strained in to 7 gallon lard cans and hauled home for winter storage.

Photos by Joe Clark



Turkey Time Is Here!

PHOTO BY JOE CLARK

**Turkey Time is Here!**  
Photo by Joe Clark



Photo by Joe Clark

**The July Hudson Boy**

Our July Hudson Boy is any Little Boy—who, when the sun is blistering hot, seeks refuge in the green coolness of the woods around his favorite fishing hole. He fishes with a handpicked branch from a strong, supple tree, any old piece of dirty string, a bent pin and dreams of what he'll do when he's a man.

[9]

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Photo by Joe Clark

[9]

# Springtime in the Smokies

photos: Joe Clark, Detroit  
by George Stacey

Mention of the Smokies brings either a reminiscent glow and wonder where you put your negatives or a desire to visit the mountains and take the camera along. Spring is a delightful time to view lilac and dark blue mountains against the sky and discover dogwood and redbud trees in bloom amongst the pines. On the farms, the earth is freshly turned and presents a pleasing contrast to the woods. Children play near the roadside and a colt frolics in a pasture. Spring invites pursuit into the Smokies.

We bring you not expect the picture of miles of mountains, but a more intimate view of life near Cumberland Gap, Tennessee.

With a camera in hand, your mind might quickly pass from the strategic importance of Cumberland Gap in the long ago war between the states and thoughts of Daniel Boone blazing his Wilderness Road through these mountains, but you probably would be interested in what descendants of the early settlers are doing today.

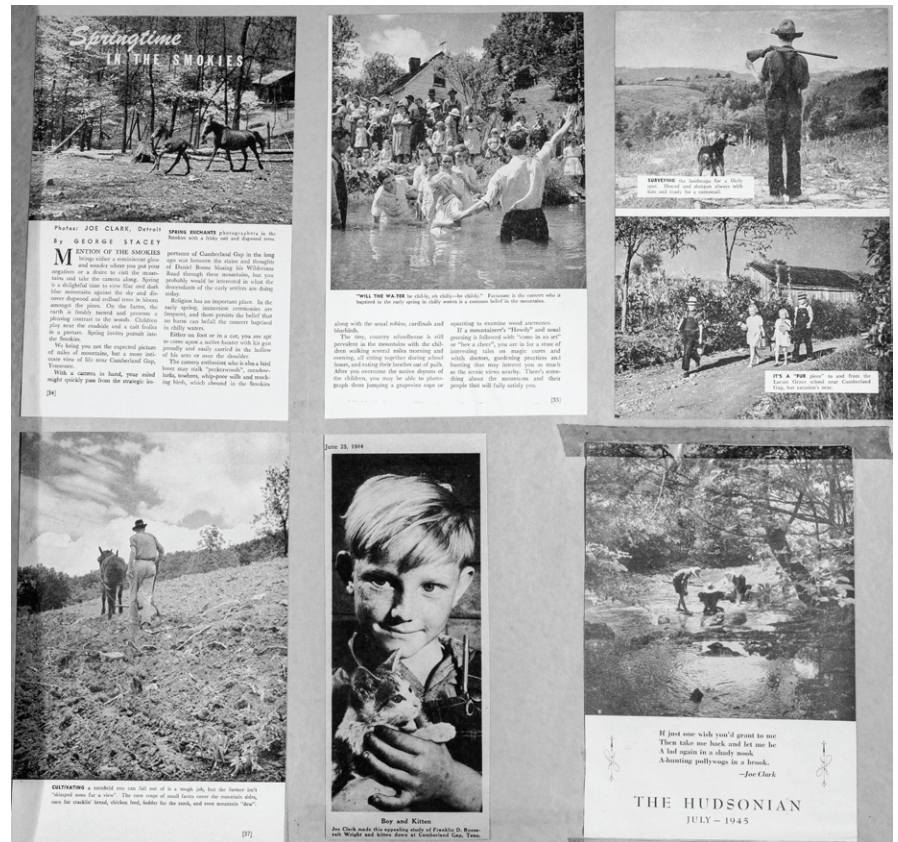
Religion has an important place. In the early spring, immersion ceremonies are frequent, and there persists the belief that no harm can befall the convert baptized in chilly waters.

Either on foot or in car, you are apt to come upon a native hunter with his gun proudly and easily carried in the hollow of his arm or over the shoulder.

The camera enthusiast who is also a bird lover may stalk "pecker woods", meadowlarks, towhees, whip-poor-wills and mockingbirds, which abound in the Smokies along with the usual robins, cardinals and bluebirds.

The tiny, country schoolhouse is still prevalent in the mountains with the children walking several miles morning and evening, all sitting together during school hours, and eating their lunches out of pails. After you overcome the native shyness of the children, you may be able to photograph them jumping a grape vine rope or squatting to examine wood anemones.

If the mountaineers "Howdy" and usual greeting is followed with "come in



and set" or "hev a cheer", you are in for a store of interesting tales on magic cures and witch doctors, gardening practices and hunting that may interest you as much as a scenic views nearby. There's something about the mountains and their people that will fully satisfy you. [35]

### Picture captions:

Spring enchants photographers in the Smokies with a frisky colt and dogwood trees.

"Will the water be chil-ly, oh chilly-be chil-ly." Fortunate is the convert who is baptized in the early spring in chilly waters is a common belief in the mountains.

Surveying the landscape for a likely spot. Hound and shotgun always with him and ready for a cottontail.

It's a "Fur piece" to and from the Locust Grove School near Cumberland Gap, but vacation's near.

Cultivating a cornfield you can fall out of is a tough job, but the farmer isn't

"skimped none fur a view". The corn crops of small farms cover mountain sides, corn for cracklin' bread, chicken feed, fodder for the stock, and even mountain "dew". [37]

### Boy and Kitten

Joe Clark made this appealing study of Franklin D. Roosevelt Wright and his kitten down at Cumberland Gap Tennessee.

If just one wish you'd grant to me  
Then take me back and let me be  
A lad again in a shady nook  
A-hunting pollywog's in a brook.

- Joe Clark  
The Hudsonian  
July - 1945

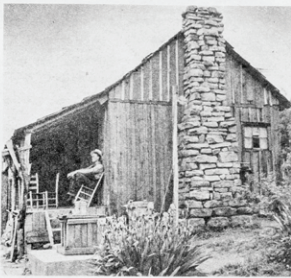
# You Can't Build Big Dam Without Heartaches for a Few



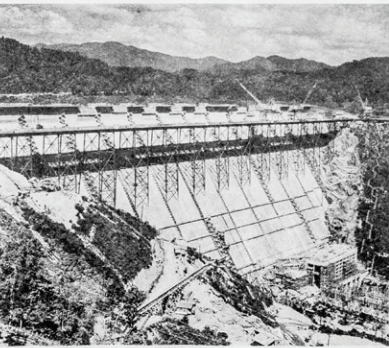
## Progress Brings Sadness to Hills

JAPAN soon will be completely obliterated. This very week water will begin backing up from TVA's new Fontana Dam. The little settlement in Graham County on the North Carolina side of Great Smokies National Park won't have to take any more ribbing about its name. It won't be there any more. The local pronunciation of Japan, N. C., is Jaypan. Hundreds of mountain families had to be relocated. Mrs. Callie Pilketon, whose great-great-grandpappie helped settle Japan, is one of many who have moved to higher ground. "I won't never be satisfied nowhere else," she sighed. "I've got a patch of land yan-side that ridge but it ain't like this good bottom land." Lumber from old house will help build new one. Many other mountain folk are reconciled to moving but they are sad just the same. The relocated cemeteries won't be quite as hallowed as the old ones. Be it ever so humble, there was no place like the old home in the valley, whose site now becomes a lake bottom behind TVA's 29th dam.

ABOVE — Dan Corbin was lucky in finding an upland farm for sale whose garden is fertile due to years of special care. But the surrounding acres are far less productive than the old valley farm which will be under water by the end of 1944.



RIGHT — Joe Birch has just got a good price for his bottom land which the big dam's backwater will cover. Still he leans back in a homesick revery even before he leaves that valley home.



The Fontana Dam, 480 feet high creating a new lake 29 miles long, begins to back up water this week. Building at base gives a good size comparison.



A few mountaineers threatened that any "furriner" who set foot on their land or tried to take it, would be shot. Friendly talks banished these resentments.

behind TVA's 29th dam.

### Picture captions:

Above — Dan Corbin was lucky in finding an upland farm for sale whose garden is fertile due to years of special care. But the surrounding acres are far less productive than the old valley farm which will be underwater by the end of 1944.

Right — Joe Birch has just got a good price for his bottomland which the big dam's backwater will cover. Still he leans back in a homesick revery even before he leaves that valley home.

-Photos by Joe Clark

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The Detroit News Pictorial  
October 29, 1944

## You Can't Build Big Dam Without Heartaches for a Few

### Progress Brings Sadness to Hills

Japan soon will be completely obliterated. This very week water will begin backing up from TVA's new Fontana Dam. This little settlement in Graham County on the North Carolina side of the Great Smokies National Park won't have to take any more ribbing about its name. It won't be there anymore. The local pronunciation of

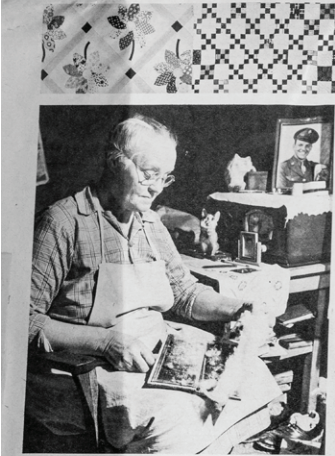
Japan, N.C. is Jaypan.

Hundreds of mountain families had to be relocated. Mrs. Callie Pilketon, whose great-great-grand-pappie helped settle Japan, is one of the many who have moved to higher ground. "I won't never be satisfied nowhere else," she sighed. "I've got a patch of land yan-side that ridge but it ain't like this good bottomland." Lumber from the old house will help build a new one.

Many other mountain folk are reconciled to moving but they are sad just the same. The relocated cemeteries won't be quite as hallowed as the old ones. Be it ever so humble, there was no place like the old home in the valley, who site now becomes a lake bottom



### Joe Clark's Camera Takes You Down to Cumberland Gap, Tenn., to Attend A Quiltin' Gatherin' at Aunt Nora's



1. After Aunt Nora and Uncle Wild have ginned the cotton for new quilts on a homemade cotton gin, Aunt Nora then crabs or combs it between two wire-studded boards to make it soft and fluffy. It is then arranged in batts or rolls for use.



2. Aunt Nora and her daughter, Julie, display some of their fine quilts. Left to right they are: Flower Garden; Ocean Wave and Friendship. Most quilting patterns go back to Colonial times.



3. Before the quilting actually begins, the squares have to be made. Here, Dorothy McCreary gets some pointers from Aunt Nora on how to piece squares for the Friendship quilt. The hearts are appliquéd with the feather or buttonhole stitch.



4. The quilt lining is stretched and tacked onto the quilting frame. Then the batting is arranged neatly and evenly on the lining. When not in use, the quilting frame is pulled up to the ceiling out of the way. Work can be resumed quickly.



5. After the top has been pinned securely to the batting and the lining, busy fingers ply the quilting stitch while the quilters exchange news and views on topics of mutual and neighborhood interest.



6. Aunt Nora and her daughter, Julie, display some other fine quilts. Left to right they are: Flower Garden; Ocean Wave and Friendship. Most quilting patterns go back to Colonial times.



By Joe Clark  
**QUILT-MAKING**, the antique art that is still an active American tradition, is very much alive with the southern mountain people. Old treasured designs are handed down—and new designs created and worked out in beautiful colors of pieced work or patchwork, in applique, or in combinations of both in one quilt.  
In these pictures we take you to an informal quiltin' gatherin' at Aunt Nora Treece's near Cumberland Gap, Tenn.  
**QUINCE** several persons may work together on a quilt, the squares the busy mountain women keep their fingers strong, while an aging or social relaxation of sewing.  
When neighbors call it is not unusual for the woman of the house to let down the quilting frame from the ceiling, where it has been wound up out of the way, and have her quilting friends continue willingly on the work.  
She usually has a few extra quilts in the home being saved for the day when a daughter or son marries. She takes pride in showing the quilts that mean so many hours of piecing, fine sewing, matching, and quilting.  
**THE** quilting of a single quilt takes from ten days to six weeks when done alone.  
The base or backing is usually a dull piece of muslin but may be feed sacks sewn together. The filling or batting may be a thin or even a fairly thick layer of cotton or wool or other soft material. The upper covering has the design which is tacked on through the filling and base into one permanent piece of quilting stitches.

### The Detroit News Pictorial September 5, 1943

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2. The quilt lining is stretched and tacked onto the quilting frame. Then the batting is arranged neatly and evenly on the lining. When not in use, the quilting frame is pulled up to the ceiling out of

the way. Work can be resumed quickly.

3. Before the quilting actually begins, the squares have to be made. Here, Dorothy McCreary gets some pointers from Aunt Nora on how to piece squares for the Friendship quilt. The hearts are appliquéd with the feather or buttonhole stitch.

4. After the squares have been made, they are sewed together into the top cover. The top cover is then spread over the cotton batting on the quilting frame. Aunt Nora and her guests are shown here working on a quilt in the half star pattern.

5. After the top is been pinned securely to the batting and the lining, busy fingers ply the quilting stitch while the quilters exchange news and views on topics of mutual and neighborhood interest.

6. Aunt Nora and her daughter, Julie, display some other fine quilts. Left to right they are: Flower Garden; Ocean Wave and Friendship. Most quilting patterns go back to Colonial times.



**Coronet Magazine**  
insert date and photo of cover here

**Joe Clark, H.B.S.S.**  
by Arvel W. Ahlers

Joe Clark ventures after the naturalness of the commonplace, nuzzling up to it slowly, trustingly, believing that the scenes which strike a nostalgic chord within himself will - if faithfully reproduced - strike a responding cord in others. Here is a photographic introduction to some of Joe's kinfolk; we'd sure like to go down there and sample some corn squeezins from Pappy's "coffee mill."

In case you are wondering about H.B.S.S., it stands for Hill-Billy Snap Shooter. This is one of the worlds most exclusive photo organizations. Clark is president, also Treasurer, in fact the one and only member.

JOE CLARK, the Hill-Billy Snap Shooter with the disarming grin, didn't launch a sensational career in photography of his own volition. He was literally picked up by his sparse sandy hair and dropped into it. And all because Joe liked to talk too much.

He was a janitor in the J.L. Hudson department store in Detroit when it happened. For months Joe had eased his loneliness into the big city by talking to anyone who would listen. Tennessee talk it was, filled with the wispy curl of cabin smoke, the splash of waterwheels and the moan of mountain wind. Balky mule talk and country store talk; talk of a homesick hillbilly. It never occurred to Joe that some people might doubt part of what he told them. His first inkling of this came one day when he was

ready to leave for vacation back home when a friend handed him a battered folding camera and three rolls of film. "Joe," he said, "let's see you bring back some pictures of that mountain country you're always lying about."

Never having handled a camera before, Joe enlisted the aid of his brother, "Junebug." The 4-foot mark on the focusing scale, they decided meant that the film registered everything beyond a point four feet in front of the lens. Adjusting the diaphragm aperture was equally simple. A small opening would naturally result in a small picture - a large opening in a large picture. Thinking to get the most for his friends money, Joe set the distance scale at four feet, opened the diaphragm wide, and shot three rolls of Cumberland landscapes.

Later the same day, when the woman who developed films in the village got the three blackend rolls out of her darkroom, Junebug held them up to the light. "My gawd," he said solemnly, "makes you dizzy just to look at them!"

Disappointed but not discouraged, Joe bought six new rolls of film and a pamphlet on photography. The next day he was snapping more mountain scenes, this time with the lens stopped down and the scale set for infinity.

The results were better. Joe's friends in Detroit liked the snapshots so well that he borrowed an enlarger and experimented by making bigger prints. Then, heedless of the odds against any magazine editor buying unsolicited snapshots from a rank beginner, he submitted them. The editors of Coronet bought three prints; National Geographic took one; six appeared on the covers of house organ

publications; and three found their way into newspaper rotogravure sections. With these sales serving as a shakedown flight, Joe took off on one of the most incredible photographic careers of the decade; a career studded with magazine photograph assignments, newspaper picture spreads, lectures, salons and, finally, his own studio.

There is nothing in Joe Clark's home background that contributed directly to the development of his latent artistic talents. He was born in a three room, board-roofed log cabin in the Cumberland Gap region of Tennessee. His parents, though typical hill country farmers, were fairly liberal in their views. Joe says: "They 'pert near had to be with nine kids in the family, and one grandpap a Confederate and the other a Yankee."

Helping to feed a family this size meant so many chores that there was little time left for Joe's schooling. Finishing the fourth grade, a fairly husky youngster of 14, he went to work as a laborer on the railroad section gang. Soon tiring of this, however, he decided that the most important man in the hill country was a carpenter - so a carpenter he would be. With the aid of his brothers, Joe built the five room bungalow in which some of his people still live.

The depression put an end the carpenter work in the Cumberland's and Joe migrated to Detroit in the wake of some of his boyhood friends. Carpenter work was equally hard to find here, however, and after a siege of illness he landed as a job as a janitor in the J.L. Hudson department store, in 1933. Realizing his educational handicap, Joe became an avid reader. When the late Arthur Brisbane advised him in his column that "the best way to learn is to write," Joe bought a typewriter and enrolled in a three months course in journalism. Finishing the course, he submitted a few paragraphs of homespun philosophy to a country newspaper in Tennessee. It was accepted and for the next three years his column appeared in each issue.

During the same interval, Joe became known to thousands of readers of the letterbox departments in two Detroit newspapers as the "Tennessee

Ambassador.” It was his letterbox fame plus a success with a folding camera that finally put Joe’s career on a paying basis.

Two of the items published in the letterbox departments after Joe’s vacation trip brought unexpected results. The first was a casual bit of homespun to the effect that: “When a woman tells a man that he is smart, it’s like giving him an aspirin for his headache.” A few days later Joe received a fan letter from a stenographer name Bernice who said briefly: “You are smart!” After a time the aspirin worked; Joe married her.

The second item, in which Joe asserted that selling pictures to magazine editors was surprisingly easy, brought an avalanche of 400 protests. In self-defense the letterbox editor asked Joe whether he had sold any pictures. Joe showed him a thin but solidly pasted scrapbook and left the newspaper office with an order for a double-page picture spread.

After that, the blue-chips fell Joe’s way in earnest and his janitor watchmen days were numbered. The double-page newspaper spread led to a 15 minute interview on the air. This in turn aroused the interest of his employers who gave him \$500 for some outdoor advertising shots of the Hudson store that he had made for fun. About the time Joe was ready to begin devoting his full energies to photography, the J.L. Hudson company (one of the world’s largest department stores) held their first one-man photographic exhibition - the one contributor, of course, being the Hill-Billy Snap Shooter.

Nowadays Joe divides his time between his own studio where he employs six people, and doing advertising photography for Detroit department stores, Graham Paige Motors, Michigan Broach, and numerous others. On the side he covers the State of Michigan for Acme News Syndicate and handles magazine assignments - most of the later take him back to his beloved Tennessee hills.

Considering the fact that Joe’s storybook photographic career seems to demand aggressiveness, it is startling to find that he is just the opposite.

Unassuming, open to criticism, he is modest concerning his achievements. He frankly admits that some of his pictures lack a center of interest, that others tell too many stories - or no story at all, and that others are straight reportage with no definite point of view of the photographer crackling up from the print. He admits, too, that some of the errors in his pictures might be eliminated if you were to take more time studying his subject matter and deciding what he has to say about it. It is characteristic of Joe that, realizing these shortcomings, he is enrolling with a fellow townsman, Michael Role, who is famous for his pictorial technique. (MINICAM, April, 1945.)

Yet in spite of their missing subtleties Joe’s hill country pictures continue to appeal to editors and readers alike. What strange magic is it that has lifted him from a snaphooter to a magazine photographer? Certainly not his print quality which, though good, is excelled by half the photographs that hang beside his in American salons. No, Joe’s prints owe their popularity the something else, something intangible yet real, something that might best be termed his “personal point of view.”

Joe never tries the stage a scene, to stick a jockey cap two sizes too large on a kid’s head, stick a riding crop in his hand, and stand him beside a rocking-chair horse. He doesn’t go into a mountaineers home and, after the fashion of some magazine photographers, throw 5,000 watts of light around the place until it resembles a downstage shot in a musical comedy. Instead, Joe ventures

after naturalness of the commonplace, nuzzling up to it slowly, trustingly, believing that the scenes which strike a nostalgic chord within himself will - if faithfully reproduced on film - strike a responding cord in others. He makes nothing of incongruity, nor does he try to coax it into every picture. He respects the quiet dignity of a pioneering people who become justifiably “riled” when outsiders try to make them look like ludicrous two-gun Luke’s out to marry off their wayward dotters. Out of his respect for their pride (and, incidentally, his own hide) Joe photographs them as they are, without makeup, artfulness, or props of any sort.

The picture entitled Hurryin’ to School in the Hill Country is one of the few candid camera shots Joe has made. The rapt expression on the smallest girls face would’ve been impossible to obtain had she suspected that Joe was hiding alongside the ridge trail. On the whole, though, he has two reasons for steering shy of candid shots; first, Mountain people resent them; and secondly, Joe has two missing teeth to prove it.

Joe is no gadget hound; for he believes in simplicity. Aside from a Speed Graphic he uses for advertising shots, his everyday equipment consists of a Rolleiflex chosen for its versatility, a tripod, tilt-head, light meter, flashgun and attachments, a sunshade, and one medium yellow filter.

One of his favorite methods of testing whether he has successfully captured the mood of the scene is to slip a large print of it into a stack of old prints and visit a restaurant. If he places the prints face up on the counter the



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"CITY SLICKERS got nothin on us. Hillbilly air-conditioning works out just fine."

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Whether or not he will try to sell, how-

ever, depends upon the basis for its popularity. A portrait of an aggressive looking man with an out-thrust chin and a thumb stabbing towards his own shoulder recently brought praise from those who saw in it the personification of all hitch-hikers. But Joe discarded the picture and made a new one with the model's thumb directed inward towards his chest. This time the first waitress to glance at the uncaptioned print said instinctively: "Who, me?" Which was precisely the title an advertiser had hired Joe to illustrate.

In spite of his fine disregard for "arty" phases of photography, Joe finds it difficult to explain the simple, basic technique he himself employs. His advice to the amateur who wishes to photograph such characters as Aunt China and Uncle Harvey; the matrons in *And Did You Hear?*; or any other type of plain, earthy people is this: "Be friendly and make 'em like you before you ask them to pose. Forget the dramatic and unusual, shoot the commonplace. Forget about sellin' the picture, too; you can worry about that later. Mood is what counts in character pictures so let your people wear what they want, sit where they want, and be doin' what they want. That way you are helpin' them to help you get their mood on film."

AUNT CHINA AND UNCLE HARVEY IN THE "PARLOR"

BY JOE CLARK

[77]

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Photo captions:

The Pause That Refreshes  
Saturday Night and Dal Gulley's Store  
"... And Did You Hear..."

Hurrying to School in the Hill Country  
Old Hands at New Work  
The youngest of the brood receives special attention from Granny and the kids. Note the girl standing on the left and the boy second from the right are "helping" the baby to drink her milk.  
"Old Mag, the mule I used to plow 'round the hillside, smiles pretty for the camera."

"City slicker's got nothing on us.  
Hillbilly air-conditioning works out just fine."

Aunt China and Uncle Harvey in the "Parlor"

## Home Folk around Historic Cumberland Gap

By LEO A. BORAH

With Illustrations from Photographs by Joe Clark from Three Lions

THIS is a simple story of a people humble in station yet proud in spirit—the descendants of the 18th-century pioneers whose “wagons broke down” at Cumberland Gap. With profound respect for honest poverty and wondering admiration for courage that laughs at adversity, I tell of these “hillbillies” as they are.

The mountaineers who live near Cumberland Gap in Tennessee, Kentucky, and Virginia ask no pity. Although some of them live at what the average American would consider hardly a subsistence level, they scorn charity. They are the most self-reliant people I have ever met.

Until the coming of the railroads and highways a few years ago they were isolated from the rest of the country, wresting a living from the rugged hills, cherishing the traditions and customs of their Scotch-Irish and English ancestors, happy despite the lack of almost everything regarded as necessities of life by more fortunate Americans. Only smugness can laugh at them, understanding laughs with them.

### “Just Ask for Joe”

When photographer Joe Clark, scion of one of the oldest Tennessee mountain families, learned that a GEOGRAPHIC writer was coming to visit his people, he wrote, “Tell him just to ask for Joe or Pappy’s Boy at Cumberland Gap, or if he’ll tell me when he is coming. I’ll have my brother Junebug meet him. All anybody needs to locate a Clark at Cumberland Gap is the first name” (page 74).

With no more information than that, I got off the Knoxville-Lexington bus at Cumberland Gap and stood beside my bag on the sidewalk. A car passed hurrying in pursuit of the vanishing bus. Just as I was picking up my bag to go in search of a hotel, the car returned.

“Are you from the GEOGRAPHIC?” a young woman in the car asked.

I said I was, and Joe Clark got out to greet me.

“We’ll go out to the house,” he said. “But first we thought we’d stop over at Brooks’ place to get a shower. You see, we don’t have running water at the farm.”

The young woman said, “I’m Mrs. Clark. Joe hasn’t got used to introducing his wife yet.”

Joe was apologetic. “We were just married a week ago today,” he grinned. Two mountaineer brothers operate a garage in Cumberland Gap. Here Joe stopped to have a leaky tire repaired.

“This is Junebug’s car,” he explained, “and it doesn’t carry a spare. Junebug has an order for some new tires, but they haven’t come in yet. It’s a little risky driving with only four tires, and all of ‘em about worn out.”

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“Well, mama,” said Joe, “this is Mr. Borah.” Joe’s mother is only 16 years older than her eldest son.

At a beautifully laden table in the kitchen I returned thanks at Joe’s request. There was a platter of beefsteak flanked by a half dozen dishes of vegetables, gravy, corn bread, and homemade butter. For a sweet there was a bowl of apple butter.

“We Grow ‘Most Everything We Use”

“How does raising alfalfa?” I asked Mrs. Clark.

“Well,” she said, “we sell some butter, but no one has told us what to do with the ration tickets we collect. We go along pretty well on our own.”

“We grow ‘most everything we use,” she said. “We grow ‘most everything we use.”

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Joe Clark, H.B.S.S., Is “Jailed for Wearin’ Shoes”

No honorary degree, the letter man “Bill Billy Soap Shooter.” Joe got his start at photography with Cumberland Gap pictures. “They were exclusive,” he says, “because my inkblot ran the mill.” Of course this bit of satire reflects the popular belief that hillbillies go barefoot. Actually the mountain people dress much the same as farmers in other parts of the United States.

“Let’s go over into the valley,” he would say.

“Can’t. You stay with us.”

If only the farmer’s wife and young children were at home, the woman would say, “When the meddles gits in from the fields, there’ll be quite a gabfest in. I wish you folks could stay and eat with us. We can get you all up for the night.”

The Home of a “Ridge Runner”

It was the same story wherever we went. One early afternoon we drove along a precarious road to a particularly ramshackle

farmhouse. This was the home of an elderly “ridge runner.” (Ridge runners are farmers who live on the poorest land where fields are hillides so steep that virtually all cultivation must be done by hand.) It was the poorest abode we had seen.

We stopped the car at the roadside and made our way through a gate and across a rocky field. To reach the house, we had to build over the creek just above the bridge—mountain ingenuity invention to take the place of a bathroom with running water!



A Family of Natural Musicians Furnishes Tunes for Molasses “Strif-offs” and Socials

Asking no pity, they perform for the sheer joy of making music. The boy in the center, an orphaned cousin of the others, plays any kind of stringed instrument he can get his hands on. The two girls sing while the boys accompany them on violin, banjo, and guitar.

Up a winding path we climbed to a dilapidated frame house. Chickens of all sizes, some pigs, and a dog were all over the yard. At Joe’s halloo the screen door opened on the porch and a middle-aged woman came out followed by several children of assorted sizes.

“Thought maybe you’d all be out in the fields,” Joe called. “Is your husband all right?”

“Yes,” the woman said, “he’s hyar. We all been workin’ a little in the corn patch and just come in for a late dinner. Won’t you all come in an’ eat a little?”

“No thanks,” Joe told her, “we just ate.” At this point a lank, wiry man, grizzled

of hair but straight as an arrow, came out of the house. Homemade hickory-bottomed chairs were brought, and we all sat down under some trees in the yard to “do a little shadin’.”

“Come hyar, Patty Rose,” the woman said to the youngest child, a pretty little girl. “Yer hair ain’t been combed nary a bit this day.” Then to us, “She’s been a wallerin’ in the field and is dirty as a pig.”

The while this conversation was going on, Patty Rose’s hair was neatly combed. She sidled shyly over to her father, who had tilted his chair against the shady side of a shed near the porch.

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE  
December 1943  
Page 741

## Home Folk Around Historic Cumberland Gap

by Leo A. Borah

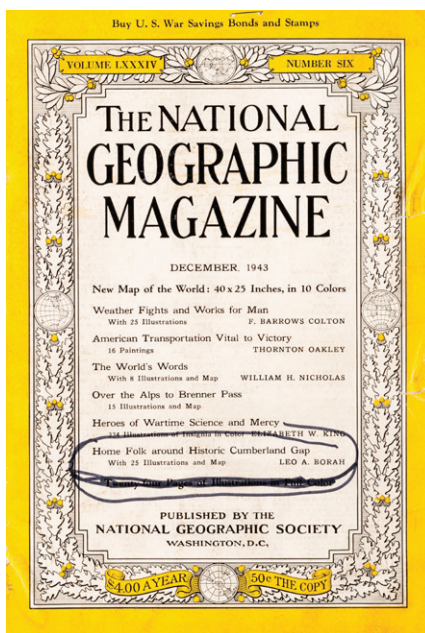
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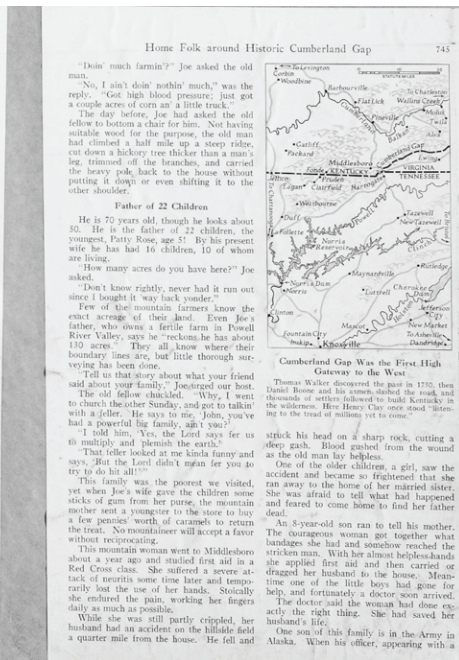
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The Country Store Is a Jolly Clubhouse

Here Wade Clark, father of the photographer whose pictures illustrate this article, sits on a piece of board laid over an empty sack and studies a book on cattle. Clark Brown, the proprietor, plays checkers with Bob Clark. The merchant's son "sifts" at the counter between his dad and uncle. Kinship in the mountain seat and snuff. The bearded counter and below shelves give only a slight idea of how merchandise is crowded into small space. Behind the stove are tables piled almost to the ceiling with all sorts of goods (page 744).



Home Folk around Historic Cumberland Gap

"Doin' much farmin'?" Joe asked the old man.  
 "No, I ain't doin' nothin' much," was the reply. "Got high blood pressure; just got a couple acres of corn an' a little truck."  
 The day before, Joe had asked the old fellow to bottom a chair for him. Not having suitable wood for the purpose, the old man had climbed a half mile up a steep ridge, cut down a hickory tree thicker than a man's leg, trimmed off the branches, and carried the heavy pole back to the house without putting it down or even shifting it to the other shoulder.

**Father of 22 Children**  
 He is 70 years old, though he looks about 85. He is the father of 22 children, the youngest, Patty Rose, age 5. By his present wife he has had 16 children, 10 of whom are living.

"How many acres do you have here?" Joe asked.  
 "Don't know rightly, never had it run out since I bought it way back yonder."  
 Few of the mountain farmers know the exact acreage of their land. Even Joe's father, who owns a fertile farm in Powell River Valley, says he "reckons" he has about 110 acres. They all know where their boundary lines are, but little thorough surveying has been done.

"Tell us that story about what your friend said about your family," Joe prodded our host.  
 The old fellow chuckled. "Why, I went to church the other Sunday, and got to talkin' with a feller. He says to me, John, you've had a powerful big family, ain't you?"

"I told him, 'Yes, the Lord says fer us to multiply and plensh the earth.'"  
 "That feller looked at me kinda funny" and says, "But the Lord didn't mean fer you to go try to do it all!"

This family was the poorest we visited, yet when Joe's wife gave the children some sticks of gum from her purse, the mountain mother sent a youngster to the store to buy a few pennies' worth of caramels to return the treat. No mountaineer will accept a favor without reciprocating.

This mountain woman went to Middleboro Red Cross class. She suffered a severe attack of neuritis some time later and temporarily lost the use of her hands. Stolidly she endured the pain, working her fingers daily as much as possible.

While she was still partly crippled, her husband had an accident on the hillside field a quarter mile from the house. He fell and

struck his head on a sharp rock, cutting a deep gash. Blood gushed from the wound as the old man lay helpless.  
 One of the older children, a girl, saw the accident and became so frightened that she ran away to the home of her married sister. She was afraid to tell what had happened and feared to come home to find her father dead.  
 An 8-year-old son ran to tell his mother. The outrageous woman got together what bandages she had and somehow reached the stricken man. With her almost helpless hands she applied first aid and then carried or dragged her husband to the house. Meaning one of the little boys had gone for help, and fortunately a doctor soon arrived. The doctor said the woman had done exactly the right thing. She had saved her husband's life.  
 One son of this family is in the Army in Alaska. When his officer, appearing with a

Cumberland Gap Was the First High Gateway to the West

Thomas Walker discovered the gap in 1750, then thousands of settlers followed to build Kentucky as the wilderness. Here James Ogle once stood listening to the tread of millions yet to come.

cabin. It turned out to be a trim white bungalow on the paved highway.

As we stepped across the cool porch into the comfortable living room, the young looking woman came from the kitchen to greet us.

"Well, mama," said Joe, "this is Mr. Borah."

Joe's mother is only 16 years older than her eldest son.

At a bountifully laden table in the kitchen I "returned thanks" at Joe's request. There was a platter of beefsteak flanked by half a dozen dishes of vegetables, gravy, corn bread, and homemade butter. For a sweet there was a bowl of apple butter.

"We grow 'most everything we use"

"How does rationing affect you?" I asked Mrs. Clark.

"Well," she said, "we sell some butter, but no one has told us what to do with the ration tickets we collect. We get along pretty well on sugar and meet. There are so many of us that we have points enough for all we have to buy. We grow 'most everything we use."

As Joe and his wife and I started out that afternoon, Mrs. Clark urged me to come back to stay the night. She had prepared the "best room" for me, but if I stayed Joe and his wife would have to move into other quarters. I refused to oust the bride and bridegroom from

their proper place and insisted on going to town for the night.

No matter how humble a home or how meager the sleeping space, every mountaineer we visited invited us to come in and stay.

To Joe's city-bred wife the formula her husband used in taking leave of the farm folk was a source of amusement. She could not understand why Joe just doesn't say goodbye. Instead, he went through sort of a ritual.

"Let's go over into the valley," he would say.

"Can't. You stay with us."

If only the Farmer's wife and young children were home, the woman would say, "When the men folks git in from the fields, they'll be quite a gatherin' in. I wish you folks could stay and eat with us. We can put you all up for the night."

### The Home of a "Ridge Runner"

It was the same story wherever we went. One early afternoon we drove along a precarious road to a particularly ramshackle farmhouse. This was the home of an elderly "ridge runner." (Ridge runners are farmers who live on the poorest land where fields are hillsides so steep that virtually all cultivation must be done by hand.) It was the poorest abode we had seen.

We stopped the car at the roadside and made our way through a gate and

across a rocky field. To reach the house, we had to cross a creek by a narrow plank bridge. A rakishly tilted building for family use was built over the creek just above the bridge - mountain ingenuity's invention to take the place of the bathroom with running water!

Up a winding path we climbed to a dilapidated frame house. Chickens of all sizes, some pigs, and a dog were all over the yard. At Joe's halloo the screen door opened on the porch and a middle-aged woman came out followed by several children of assorted sizes. "Thought maybe you'd all be out in the fields," Joe called. "Is your husband about?"

"Yes," the woman said, "he's hyar. We all been workin' a little in the corn patch and just come home fer a late dinner. Won't you all come in an' eat a little?"

"No thanks," Joe told her, "we just ate."

At this point a lank, wiry man, grizzled of hair but straight as an arrow, came out of the house. Homemade hickory-bottomed chairs were brought, and we all sat down under some trees in the yard to "do a little shadin'."

"Come hyar, Patty Rose," the woman said to the youngest child, a pretty little girl. "Yer har ain't been combed nary a bit this day." Then to us, "she's been a wallerin' in the field and is dirty as a pig."

The while this conversation was going on, Patty Rose's hair was neatly combed. She sidled shyly over to her father, who had tilted his chair against the shady side of the shed near the porch.

"Doing much farmin'?" Joe asked the old man.

"No, I ain't doing nothin' much," was the reply. "Got high blood pressure; just got a couple of acres of corn and a little truck."

The day before, Joe had asked the old fella to bottom a chair for him. Not having suitable wood for the purpose, the old man had climbed half mile up a steep ridge, cut down a hickory tree that grew thicker than a man's leg, trimmed off the branches, and carried the heavy poll back to the house without putting it down or even shifting it to the other shoulder.

### Father of 22 Children

He is 70 years old, though he looks about 50. He is the father of 22 children, the youngest, Patty Rose age 5! By his present wife he has had 16 children, 10 of whom are living.

"How many acres do you have here?" Joe asked. "Don't know rightly, never had it run out since I bought it 'way back yonder." Few of the mountain farmers know the exact acreage of their land. Even Joe's father, who owns a fertile farm in Powell River Valley, says he "reckons he has about 130 acres." They all know where their boundary lines are, but little thorough surveying has been done.

"Tell us that story about what your friend said about your family," Joe urged our host.

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"I told him, 'Yes, the Lord says for us to multiply and 'plemish the earth.'"

"That feller looked at me kinda funny and says, 'But the Lord didn't mean fer you to try to do hit all!'"

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One son of the family is in the Army in Alaska. When his officer, appearing with a bad haircut done by a fellow officer, asked the mountain boy how it looked, the boy replied, "It looks like a haystack the cows had been at."

"Maybe you could do better," the officer suggested.

"Reckon I could," said the mountain boy. He found a pair of scissors and gave the officer a fairly respectable haircut, though he had never done any barbering before. Now the mountain boy is making about seven dollars a day



Joe Clark, H.B.S.S., Is "Jailed for Wearin' Shoes"

No honorary degree, the letters mean "Hill Billy Snap Shooter." Joe got his start at photography with Cumberland Gap pictures. "They were exclusive," he says, "because my kinfolk ran the stills." Of course this bit of satire ridicules the popular belief that hillbillies go barefoot. Actually the mountain people dress much the same as farmers in other parts of the United States.

"Let's go over into the valley," he would say. "Can't. You stay with us." If only the farmer's wife and young children were at home, the woman would say, "When the menfolks git in from the fields, there'll be quite a gatherin' in. I wish you folks could stay and eat with us. We can put you all up for the night."

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in his spare time cutting hair for the whole camp. He recently wrote his wife asking her to get him a pair of clippers.

"I should think they'd have clippers in Alaska," old John said as he told us the story. "Seems like they ought a have more things up north than we do."

Native ingenuity is the mountaineer's salvation. One of John's boys, a lad of about nine, told us about a little wagon he had made. He sawed some segments off the end of a log to make wheels and used sticks for axles and tongue. The wagon body was a miniature hayrack made of sticks.

"He hitched the calf to his wagon the other day," his mother told us. "Hit shore was funny. Thet thar calf tuk up the holler and scattered that wagon all over the place. The boy didn't dast tell his pa at first; he was afraid his pa wouldn't like it."

"I was a goin' to get on an' ride," the boy put in, "but that calf hit didn't give me no time. Hit shore high tailed it with that wagon."

"But I fixed the wagon back, all ceptin' one wheel. I had lots more



82  
Cutting the Sorghum Cane Is a Family Affair  
Father and mother and the girl chop off the stalks and pile them on a sled. An ox or mule at the head is ready, young brother follows around and drives the head to the press where the juice is extracted and poured into the kettle or vat in which it is boiled down.



83  
As the Cane Juice Is Boiled Down and "Lasses Is Nearly Done," the "Stirring-off" Guests Sample It with "Sop Sticks"

wheels, but I couldn't find that'n." Thoughts of the adventure of the calf and the wagon overcame the boy's shyness, and he and his younger brother showed us a slingshot they were making.

The parents were "mighty glad" their neighbor's daughter was fixin' to get herself married." She was "agettin' herself a good man," they said.

Upon inquiry we learn that the girl is 12 years old and the "good man" 19. Child marriages are the accepted custom in the hills, particularly on the Kentucky side of the Gap.

Over in a mountain forest fastness known locally as "South America," a 75-year-old man was talking to Joe in his backyard one day when a young girl - evidently about 16 - came out to hang up some clothes.

Someone asked, "Who's that?"

"Oh, that's my wife," the patriarch said. "I had three die on me and this time I figured I get me one that'd last me as long as I live."

The farm of the big family man on the Kentucky side of the Gap was rough, rocky timberland, almost worthless for farming.

On better farms we found better conditions, more prosperous people. These folks reflect their surroundings. As land goes up in elevation, it goes down in fertility and its tillers go with it.

### Electricity in Humble Homes

All the mountain people need is opportunity. Now that T.V.A. electric power is available at low rates, many of the valley farmers and even some of the mountain dwellers have electric lights.

Mrs. Clark has an electric washing machine, electric iron, electric refrigerator, and a good radio. For my comfort she had placed an electric fan in the room she had prepared for me. She is only waiting the necessary priorities to obtain an electric pump and install a bathroom with running water.

Eagerness for the better things of life is not confined to the most prosperous families. On the porch of a mountain shack with the roof swayed almost to the point of collapse, we saw a new electric washer in operation.

With pride Mrs. Clark showed me her pile of NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINES and commented on several of the articles. Joe Clark had little early education. He finished the fifth grade by going to school three months each winter. When he was 14, he became ambitious to learn carpentry and took a correspondence course in the trade. With a few tools bought by mail order he set to work, and, his elder half-brother helping him, built the fine bungalow his parents now occupy.

"We lived in a lot of houses in the valley before that," Joe told me; "we even lived in Middlesboro for a while, but this one's the first house we ever had that had a roof tight enough to keep me from seeing the stars when I was in bed. Most of our houses were just log cabins.

"After we built our house, we hired out to build a schoolhouse. I got 10 cents an hour - a dollar a day for that work and I certainly thought I was in the money."

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Junebug (nickname for Junior; he is Wade Clark, Jr.) and one of his sisters have finished high school. Junebug had one year at Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap (page 767) and the sister three. The sister led her class in everything. She dropped out of college at the end of her junior year to take a business course. Just now she is secretary to an Army general. The area around Cumberland Gap was all a trackless wilderness 50 years ago. Even now conditions a few miles from the highway are those of the backwoods. To the W.P.A. goes credit for opening the door of progress to many mountain people by making passable side roads connecting with the main highways.

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As the heroine of this story I unhesitatingly select "Aunt" Nora, who lives on a 93-acre hill farm perhaps 15 minutes' drive from the Clark's. Aunt Nora's claim to distinction is best summed up in the words of the neighbor, "I reckon they ain't nothing Aunt Nora can't do if she puts her mind to hit."

Aunt Nora's husband, "Uncle" Wiley, suffered a paralytic stroke four years ago and since that time has been an invalid. He can shuffle about the house, but is unable to do any work. With





Photograph of Her Soldier Son at Side, Aunt Nora Cards Wood

She had not heard from him in the month before this picture was taken, but a few days later he wrote from North Africa that he would be back in time for Christmas. With the aid of her other children, two girls and two small boys, she works a 3-acre farm. Her husband is an invalid (page 749).

had hauled done by a fellow officer, asked the mountain boy how it looked, the boy replied, "Hit looks like a haystack the cows had been at."

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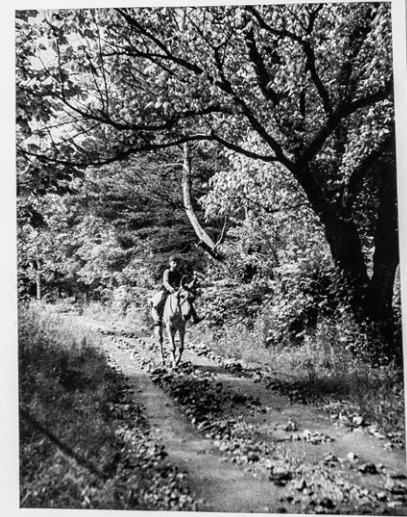
Singing Hymns, Primitive Baptists Wash One Another's Feet

This service at Simonon Chapel is a solemn religious ceremony based upon the ritual custom of the Last Supper. Among the hill folk religion is taken seriously, but fanatic cults find few followers (page 748).

he became ambitious to learn carpentry and took a correspondence school course in the trade. With a few tools bought by mail order he set to work, and, his elder half brother helping him, built the fine log house his parents now occupy.

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Carrying a "Tum" of Corn to Mill Is a Lark for a Hill Boy

Riding bareback with the full sack balanced behind him, he guides his horse down Mill Hollow on a "road" which is slow at times but not of a coming stream (page 750). Daily mail deliveries have been made over this route for 40 years, though, as Miller Jim says, "the going is a little tough in places."

great effort he can say a few words in a whisper.

There are five children in the family - a son 22 years old, two grown daughters, and two little boys, 14 and 11. With the eldest son at home, the farm work was taken care of; but when he was drafted, all the toil fell on the women and children.

"It just broke us up when they took Ray," Aunt Nora said. "The board wouldn't even listen when I told him how much we needed Ray to work the farm. You see, I'm kinda crippled. I have just one ankle on my right foot [she has a stiffened ankle joint], and I can't get around to work in the field. The girls and the two young boys have all the farmin' to do."

Joe got out his camera to take Aunt Nora's picture as she sat talking to us.

"Don't you go taken my picture, Joe Clark," she said. "My har ain't been combed this day." The eternal feminine!

She went into the house and got a comb. While she was putting her hair in order, Joe stamped the picture.

Uncle Wiley, roused by the sound of conversation, hobbled out to the porch. "He's been sleeping most of the day," Aunt Nora said. "Seems this warm weather makes him drowsy."

Uncle Wiley was dressed in overalls, the invariable mountain costume. They were faded from much washing but spotless. Everything about Aunt Nora's house was clean, though the place showed marks of poverty.

"How is Viola?" Joe asked.

"She got a ketch in her leg yesterday settin' 'baccy," Aunt Nora answered.

"Reckon she worked it out, though. She an' her sister an' the boys is gone alookin' for wild strawberries. They can't finish settin' the 'baccy till hit rains."

"I'd like to see you and Uncle Wiley gin some cotton," Joe suggested.

### A Homemade Cotton Gin

Obligingly Aunt Nora brought out a homemade gin, and she and Uncle Wiley, sitting with the contraption supported between their chairs, turned the handles and removed the seeds from a handful of cotton grown on the farm. The gin is a simple device - two rollers set close together and turned by hand cranks in opposite directions so that the cotton, which Aunt Nora fed between them, was slowly cleaned of seeds. "Some folks has 'brought-on' [factory made] gins," Aunt Nora explained, "but a friend of ourn made this'n."

Joe's wife had never seen raw cotton before, and had not known how seeds are embedded in the fiber.

"Mama got in a hurry once," Joe told her with a twinkle, "and made a comforter without taking out the seeds. She put it on my bed and that night rain came through the roof and the cotton sprouted and grew right up the rafters. We had to pick it before breakfast!"

Before they had left Detroit for their

honeymoon trip to Tennessee, Joe had led his bride to believe she would be lodged in a one-room log cabin with straw pallets for beds, and the family sleeping end to end around the walls. She had therefore learned to discount his hillbilly stories.

After the ginning, Joe suggested a wool carding picture. He wanted to take this by flashlight within doors, with Aunt Nora sitting in front of a picture of her soldier son (page 748).

"Now, Joe," Aunt Nora protested, "you ain't agoin' to go in thar. There ain't nary a bed been made in this house yit today, 'cause I been workin' in the garden all mornin'."

Joe said he wouldn't look at the beds, and Aunt Nora relented. She got out her homemade wool carders and some wool clipped from her own sheep. Placing a bunch of wool on one toothed carder, she combed it with the other, making soft, fluffy wisps ready for spinning.

As she seated herself on a chair facing a chair on which he had placed the lower carder, Joe said, "now someone say something to make Aunt Nora smile."

Her face lighted. "Joe Clark," she laughed, "you're enough to make a body laugh anytime 'thout saying' anything."

After the photograph had been taken, Joe gathered up the used flashlight bulbs and handed them to Aunt Nora.

Flashbulbs for Nest Eggs



No Track Coach or Fancy Equipment, but It's Fun  
Pupils of a mountain school practice fish jumping over a piece of grapevine. At the first contestant "wins the race" others wait their turn.

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In Pouring Rain the Two Miles Home from School Seem Doubly Long  
Mountain districts around Cumberland Gap seldom provide transportation for pupils, and many children have to walk long distances over bad roads. Nevertheless, the attendance record is remarkably high. The coming of the paved highway started a work of trail building.



Locust Grove Pupils "Choose up Sides" for a Ball Game  
The leader who gets top grip on the ball wins first choice. At the same time, several two of the onlookers raise their hands and shout, "Me first!"



Homework Makes Prize Pupils  
By the light of an oil lamp set on an old trunk two mountain lads prepare their lessons for the next day. Educational advances reached the remote mountain districts only a few years ago.

"She's only one who found a use for use flashbulbs," he said to me. "She uses 'em for nest eggs in place of the china ones she used to get at the store."

"Yes," said Aunt Nora, "they're right good nest eggs. I tried 'em first on the turkeys, and they like 'em fine. Now I put 'em in the chicken nests, too."

The 11-year-old boy had made a toy wagon with thin segments of log for wheels and a hay rack body. Every morning he used this handy vehicle the hall "pusley" and other weeds to the pigs.

As we are about to leave the place, a neighbor drove up in a light truck. Five or six children were with him. He wanted to borrow Aunt Nora's "gig to do some fishing."

"If you want that gig," Aunt Nora told him, "you'll have to wade out in the middle of the duck pond to get it. One of the boys throwed hit in thar last week."

The fishermen waded out and retrieved the gig - a stick with a sharp spike attached to one end. The idea of gigging is to attract the fish the surface by use of a lighted lantern and then spear them.

"You'll not get any fish in that lake tonight," Aunt Nora said. "Water's been muddy ever since that rain Saturday."

"Well, Aunt Nora, we have to be going," said Joe. "Can't you come along with us?"

"Reckon not," Aunt Nora said. "The girls and boys will be back with some strawberries, and I promise to cap 'em. Y'all better stay and have some shortcake. Or if they don't find no berries, I made some fresh apple butter."

Joe had showed me Aunt Nora's apple butter apparatus - a long pole fitted with a stirring paddle attached at a right angle. The apple butter is cooked outdoors in an iron pot over a bonfire, and stirring is done from a distance so that the welder of the stirring stick may escape burning when the kettle spits.

Aunt Nora seems to me the finest type of mountain woman. Uncomplaining, she and her daughters and little boys are actually farming 93 acres of land. Most of the furniture and the utensils they use are homemade. They work early and late and have little time for play; yet somehow they have real fun.

The older daughter, who has had little schooling, is like her mother in speech and manners; the younger has gone through high school and is just as modern as a city-bred girl. Yet both have buckled down to do a man's work.

Aunt Nora had not heard from her soldier son for several weeks, and she thought he might have been sent overseas. Two weeks after my visit she received a letter from him. He wrote from North Africa, "Hang on to everything, because I'll be back to help take care of it."

### "Of Such Stock is the True American"

These are the sort of Americans that conquered the wilderness. All they need is opportunity. If opportunity is not offered, many of them make it for themselves. Such people scorn charity and condescension. They are proud of the strength that is in their heritage and resent being held up to ridicule as curiosities. When progress comes within their reach they seize upon it eagerly.

Aunt Nora has no electricity, but she does have a washing machine driven by a gasoline motor. She raises broomcorn and makes her own brooms, fashions chairs with splint bottoms, takes care of her garden despite her lame ankle, makes her own bedding, keeps her family clean and happy. Until a few years ago she spun and wove all the cloth for clothing. She asks no favors. Of such stock is a true American.

We went over into the hills on the other side of Powell River Valley the next day to see Jim, the miller. As we turned off the highway on a dirt road, Joe remarked, "When I was a boy the only way to get through these hills was on horse or mule back. This road the W.P.A. built isn't much, but we can drive over it."

The "road" became rougher as we went along, and I shuddered at the thought of Joe's four badly worn tires.



"Boy! Won't Jane Jump When We Put That Down Her Back?"

Sent in the name for a bucket of water for the school, two boys find a little hand that gives them an idea for a prank. The question is whether to put it in the teacher's desk or use it to scare the girls. "Don't you go takin' my picture, Joe Clark," she said. "My hair ain't been combed this day." The eternal feminine. She went into the house and got a comb. While she was cutting her hair in order, Joe snapped the picture. Uncle Wiley, roused by the sound of conversation, hobbled out to the porch. "He's been sleepin' most of the day," Aunt Nora said. "Seems this warm weather makes him drowsy." Uncle Wiley was dressed in overall, the inevitable mountain costume. They were laded from much washing but speechless. Everything about Aunt Nora's house was clean, though the place showed marks of poverty. "How is Vida?" Joe asked. "She got a fetch in her leg yesterday settin' baccy," Aunt Nora answered. "Reckon she worked hit out, though. She an' her sister

an' the boys is gone abackin' for wild strawberries. They can't finish settin' the baccy till hit rains." "I'd like to see you and Uncle Wiley gin some cotton," Joe suggested. A Homestead Game Gin Orlightly Aunt Nora brought out a home-made gin, and she and Uncle Wiley, sitting with the contraption supported between their chairs, turned the handles and removed the seeds from a handful of cotton grown on the farm. The gin is a simple device—two rollers set close together and turned by hand cranks in opposite directions so that the cotton which Aunt Nora fed between them was slowly cleaned of seeds. "Some folks has 'brought on' [factory-made] gins," Aunt Nora explained, "but a friend of ours made this."



"To the Foot of the Class You Go"

The boy who has just "maded his word" in the Friday afternoon spelling bee at Laurel Grove is shown to his forty pupils by a girl competitor. Among cherished memories of "the days of old sport," the old-fashioned "spelling-down" takes high rank. Joe's wife had never seen raw cotton before, and had not known how the seeds are imbedded in the fiber. "Mama got in a hurry once," Joe told her with a smile, "and made a comforter without taking out the seeds. She put it on my bed and that night rain came through the roof and the cotton sprouted and grew right up to the rafters. We had to pick it before breakfast!" Before they had left Detroit for their honeymoon trip to Tennessee, Joe had led his bride to believe she would be lodged in a one-room log cabin with straw pallets for beds, and the family sleeping end to end around the walls. She had therefore learned to discount his hillbilly stories. After the gaming, Joe suggested a wood-carving picture. He wanted to take this by flashlight within doors, with Aunt Nora sitting in front of a picture of her soldier son (page 748). "Now, Joe," Aunt Nora protested, "you ain't a-goin' to go in there. There ain't nary a bed been made in this house yit today, 'cause I been workin' in the garden all mornin'." Joe said he wouldn't look at the beds, and Aunt Nora relented. She got out her home-made wood carver and some wool clipped from her own sheep. Placing a bunch of wool on one toothed carder, she combed it with the other, making soft, fluffy wools ready for spinning. As she sat on a chair facing a chair on which she had placed the lower carder, Joe said, "Now someone say something to make Aunt Nora smile."



"Fater Digging" Is a Busy Time in the Hills

Although tobacco is the main money crop, the farmers raise many vegetable and fruits. Land in the valleys is fertile and suitable for diversified agriculture that on the ridges produces barely enough for subsistence. As the ground rises, property falls (page 749). Her face lighted. "Joe Clark," she laughed, "you're enough to make a body laugh any time these days." After the photograph had been taken, Joe gathered up the used flashlight bulbs and handed them to Aunt Nora. Flash Bulbs for New Eggs "She's the only one who ever found a use for used flash bulbs," he said to me. "She uses 'em for nest eggs in place of the china ones she used to get at the store." "Yes," said Aunt Nora, "they're right good nest eggs. I tried 'em first on the turkey, and they like 'em fine. Now I put 'em in the chicken nests, too." "The 11-year-old boy had made a toy wagon with thin segments of log for wheels and a hayrack body. Every morning he used this handy vehicle to haul 'pushey' and other weeds to the pigs. As we were about to leave the place, a neighbor drove up in a light truck. Five or six children were with him. He wanted to borrow Aunt Nora's 'gig to do some fishin'." "If you want that 'gig," Aunt Nora told him, "you'll have to wade out in the middle of the duck pond to get it. One of the boys throwed hit in thar last week." "The fisherman waded out and retrieved the 'gig—a sick with a sharp spike attached to one end. The idea of rigging it to attract the fish to the surface by use of a lighted lantern and then spear them." "You'll get all any fish in that lake tonight," Aunt Nora said. "Water's been muddy ever since that rain Saturday." "Well, Aunt Nora, we have to be going," said Joe. "Can't you come along with us?" "Reckon not," Aunt Nora said. "The girls and boys'll be back with some strawberries, and I promised to cap 'em. You all better stay an' have some shortcake. Or if they

Up and up the forest trail wound past rail-fenced fields of tobacco and corn, occasional log cabins, and frame houses. Tobacco setting and corn hoeing were underway, and whole families - husbands, wives, and youngsters - were busy in the sun-drenched fields.

Once we paused while Joe took a picture of three men cradling, binding, and shocking wheat. One man rhythmically swung the heavy cradle, a scythe with wooden pieces above the steel cutting blade to catch and hold the falling wheat.

After each stroke he tossed the cutting to the binder, who gathered up and quickly tied it into a bundle with a wisp of green stalks. The third man stacked these bundles in neat shocks built to turn rain. No modern labor-saving machinery here. The hand cradle had been made by the mountain blacksmith.

### A Labor-saving Tobacco Setter

In a roadside field a man and his wife and little daughter were setting tobacco. They used an ingenious adaptation of the hand corn planter to save the back-breaking toil of crawling on hands and knees to put out the plants.

The device looks something like a bellows, with a chute for plants on one side and a water container on the other. The two parts were hinged together at the bottom like a V, with metal points

for breaking the soil. As a man struck the point into the ground, his wife dropped the plant into the chute near the left handle.

The man then and spread the handles apart, releasing water from the container on the right into the hole made by the points. At the same instant the plant dropped into the hole, the handles were pushed together, and the planter was lifted, the point pushing earth around the roots.

"That's a new one on me," said Joe. "I always had to crawl on my hands and knees to set tobacco. Well let's go over to the valley."

"Can't now, we've got to get the 'baccy in. Looks like rain. Stay with us."

It was a regular parting ceremony. How these people could have accommodated three overnight guests I could not guess, but Joe assured me that they would take care of us if we wished to stay. They would give us their own beds and make shift as best they could for themselves.

Our road began to wind down the ridges. Soon it turned boldly into a running creek, and the car splashed along the water for several hundred yards (page 750). "The creek made as smooth a road as a farmers could dig in the hillside," commented Joe. Nobody was in sight as we stopped the car in front of the miller's house, but the front door was open. We walked down a sharp incline through the tree shaded

front yard to the wide, cool porch. At Joe's hail Jim, the old miller, appeared.

"Howdy, Joe," he said.

Joe introduced his wife and me.

"How'd you get such a good-looking woman?" The miller asked.

"Did my courtin' in the dark," Joe replied.

"Ain't grindin' today," the old gentleman said. "Help's hard to git, and I don't grind any day but Saturday. There's a customer now with a 'turn' [a sack of corn to be ground], but he won't stop today. [A man was passing with a sack of shelled corn slung over his shoulders.] Got me a new hog. Want to see her?"

He produced a registry certificate which showed that the sow was a fine Herford.

Leading us around the house, he gave a hog call, and the splendid brood sow came grunting to the rail fence.

"Shall make a lot of meat for you this winner," Joe remarked.

"Deed she won't," the miller started. "I paid \$50 for her. Give her two years, and her pigs'll make all the meat I need."

### Blooded Cattle and Fancy Chickens

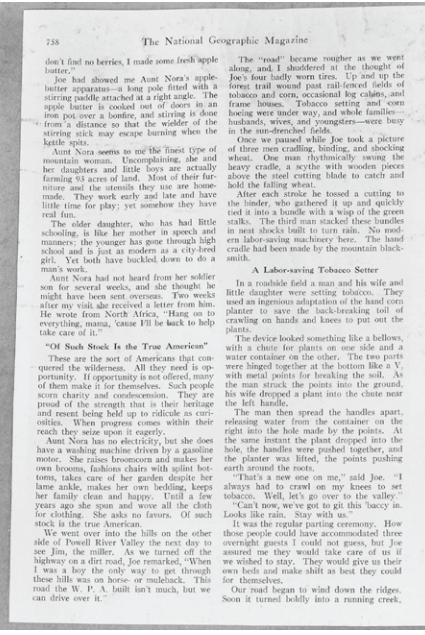
These mountain people take pride in their stock. Even on the infernal ridge farms, blooded cattle and fancy chickens are common.

The Miller has a hobby. He sets hens on the eggs of wild mallard ducks.



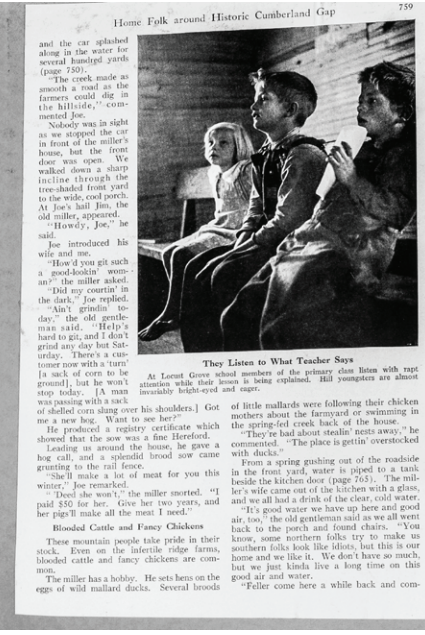
Home Folk around Historic Cumberland Gap 757

Hill Folk Worship in True Fellowship at Leatherwood Church  
From miles around they come—men, women, children, and babies in some—some in cars, buggies, or wagons, others on horseback or alone, and make a day of it. Service is at 10, but the “gathering” starts much earlier. Neighbors who address one another during the week get together. After meeting there is a picnic dinner under the trees. Despite the lack of an organ, the music is “on the lot.” The leader, standing the pulpit with a tuning fork. Hill folk nowadays sing modern tunes from paper-bound Sunday School hymnals (page 760).



The National Geographic Magazine

“Of Such Stock Is the True American”  
These are the sort of Americans that conquered the wilderness. All they need is opportunity. It is not offered, many of them make it for themselves. Such people scorn charity and condescension. They are proud of the strength that is their heritage and resent being held up to ridicule as curiosities. When progress comes within their reach they seize upon it eagerly.  
Ann Nora has no electricity, but she does have a washing machine driven by a gasoline motor. She raises broomcorn and makes her own brooms, fashions chairs with splint bottoms, takes care of her garden, despite her lame ankle, makes her own bedding, keeps her family clean and happy. Until a few years ago she spun and wove all the cloth for clothing. She asks no favors. Of such stock is the true American.  
We went over into the hills on the other side of Powell River Valley the next day to see Jim, the miller. As we turned off the highway on a dirt road, Joe remarked, “When I was a boy the only way to get through these hills was on horse or muleback. This road the W. P. A. built isn’t much, but we can drive over it.”  
The reason for this plain talk was not hard to guess. A few weeks earlier an amateur photographer had come to the mountains with a lot of comic-strip hillbilly “properties,” such as ragged overalls, peak hats, corncob pipes, and liquor jugs. He had tried to induce the farmers to pose for him in supposedly typical hillbilly style. Naturally, the miller had resented the smart aleck and his attempt to picture of the mountain folk in ridiculous attire.  
The miller’s family have operated mills on the same creek for a hundred years or more.  
Our host’s father and grandfather had ground grain here before him (page 761).  
“We don’t have much trouble getting’ along,” the old gentleman commented. “We have all the good meat and butter and eggs and vegetables and flour we can use. Rationing don’t bother us much.”  
The miller has a son in military service. The boy quickly demonstrated mechanical ability and won a promotion as an Army engineer. As the miller talked, I remembered that it was these mountain people who, by siding with the Union, split the South and probably had much to do with the preservation of the United States as a nation.  
Despite lack of formal education, Miller Jim is a sound and intelligent thinker. He has a keen sense of humor



Home Folk around Historic Cumberland Gap 759

They Listen to What Teacher Says  
At Least Grove school members of the primary class listen with rapt attention while their lesson is being explained. Hill youngsters are almost invariably high-eyed and eager.  
and the car splashed along in the water for several hairpin yards (page 750).  
“The creek made as smooth a road as the farmers could dig in the hillside,” commented Joe.  
Nobody was in sight as we stopped the car in front of the miller’s house, but the front door was open. We walked down a sharp tree-shaded front yard to the wide, cool porch. At Joe’s bid, Jim, the old miller, appeared.  
“Howdy, Joe,” he said.  
Joe introduced his wife and me.  
“How’d you git such a good-looking woman?” the miller asked.  
“Did my cousin in the dark,” Joe replied.  
“Ain’t grindin’ today,” the old gentleman said. “Help’s hard to git, and I don’t grind any day but Saturday. There’s a customer now with a turn [a sack of corn to be ground], but he won’t stop today. [A man was passing with a sack of shelled corn slung over his shoulders.] Got me a new hog. Want to see her?”  
He produced a registry certificate which showed that the sow was a fine Hereford.  
“Landing us around the house, he gave a hog call, and a splendid brood sow came grunting to the rail fence.  
“She’ll make a lot of meat for you this winter,” Joe remarked.  
“Does she won’t,” the miller snorted. “I paid \$50 for her. Give her two years, and her sign’ll make all the meat I need.”  
Blooded Cattle and Fancy Chickens  
These mountain people take pride in their stock. Even on the infertile ridge farms, blooded cattle and fancy chickens are common.  
The miller has a hobby. He sets hens on the eggs of wild mallard ducks. Several broods

Several broods of little mallards were following their chicken mothers about the farmyard or swimming in the spring-fed creek back of the house. “They are bad about stealing nests away,” he commented. “The place is getting’ overstocked with ducks.”

From a spring gushing out of the roadside in the front yard, water is piped to a tank besides the kitchen door (page 765). The Miller’s wife came out of the kitchen with a glass, and we all had a drink of the clear, cold water.

“It’s good water we have up here and good air, too,” the old gentleman said as we all went back to the porch and found chairs. “You know, some northern folks try to make us southern folks look like idiots, but this is our home and we like it. We don’t have so much, but we just kinda live a long time on this good air and water.”

“Feller come here a while back and complained about how rough the country is. Well, it is a little rough, but we’ve had daily mail delivery on this road for 40 years. You ain’t hardly got out of the sooburbs here. That feller had no business complainin’ about a rough country. He was born up thar in the briars where he had to swing on a grapevine to git out of his pappy’s front yard.

“I don’t hold with fellers going away to the cities an’ then comin’ back and throwin’ down on the place where they was born.”

“The men then spread the handles apart, releasing water from the container on the right into the hole made by the points. At the same instant the plant dropped into the hole, the handles were pushed together, and the planter was lifted, the points pushing earth around the roots.  
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It was the regular parting ceremony. How those people could have accommodated three overnight guests I could not guess, but Joe assured me they would take care of us if we wished to stay. They would give us their own beds and make shift as best they could for themselves.  
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“You should a been over to the cemetery Decoration Day,” she said. “Hit was the best day we ever had, finest singin’ I ever heard and good speakin’.

All the folks from around here was there.”

On our way back to the highway we passed the cemetery. Tables and a speaker’s stand had been erected near the road. Near by was a lodge hall. Fenced against straying stock was a cemetery, graves still covered with wilting flowers placed there a few days earlier. Mountain folk are never lonely or forsaken even in death.

### Feuds in “South America”

Much of this mountain area has been feud country. Even now, clan hatred sometimes cause violence, but the days of general lawlessness are past. Perhaps

and a deep scorn for people who put on airs. Like all the other mountaineers I met, he is genuine through and through.

Declining the invariable invitation to stay overnight, we took to the road again and, chugging up the hills, soon came to a white farmhouse set in a yard bright with roses and larkspur.

The “menfolk” were all in the fields, “Aunt” Tilda, who came to the door, told us, but if we’d stay for supper and overnight, there would be quite a “gatherin’ in.” She apologized for not shaking hands, saying she had been feeding the chickens.

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the worst of the feud country of this area in earlier times was the isolated mountain pocket "South America," about 20 miles from Middlesboro, Kentucky.

Here lived and ruled "King" or "Wild Bill" Henderson. After conviction as a participant in several fatal shooting affrays, Henderson was sent to the penitentiary for life.

Hiram Frakes, a struggling preacher from Indiana, a man of little schooling who had studied hard to become an ordained minister, visited Henderson in prison and converted him.

Because of his genuine change of heart and through petitions of Frakes and others, Henderson was pardoned after serving a few years. He went back to his "South America" home.

There Frakes was working among the people. He told Henderson the greatest need of the community was a school. Determined that his children should have better opportunities that he himself had enjoyed, Henderson gave Frakes his farm to start school and moved to a poorer place.

Frakes and some of the mountain people built the schoolhouse and organized a school district. The county then was obliged to furnish a teacher. Frakes himself had insufficient education to teach the three R's. In the mountain districts the county authorities are slow to establish schools. It is only when the residents take the

initiative and build schoolhouses that public education is assured.

Naturally Henderson in his "blockading" (moon shining) and feud war activities had made many enemies. Some of them waylaid him not long after his return from prison and shot him through the body. Near death for weeks, he finally recovered and went on as Frakes' strongest supporter.

Henderson's second wife had an illegitimate son born before she married Henderson. This "woods colt" hated his stepfather, and one day after the old man's recovery from the wound received from ambush the two quarreled. The stepson shot and mortally wounded Henderson while the wife looked on unconcerned.

Henderson's 11-year-old daughter and eight-year-old son witnessed the shooting. As the old man fell, the girl fled the place and ran for miles through the brush to report to the authorities. The little boy did what he could for his father, pillowing the dying man's head on his hat.

The girl, clothing torn to rags by the briars she had run through, reached the sheriff. The murder was caught, convicted, and sentenced to life imprisonment. At the trial the testimony of the little boy so moved the crowd in the courtroom that there was not a dry eye in the place as he left the stand.

Frakes took Henderson's young

children into the dormitory he had built on the school grounds. Today the daughter, a college graduate, teaches school in the very mountains where her father was murdered.

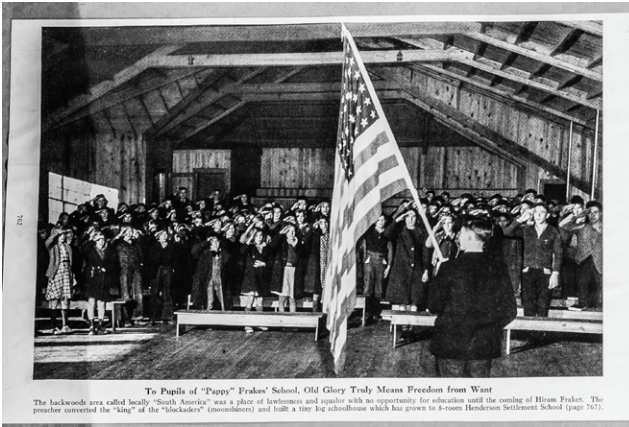
Hiram "Pappy" Frakes is an unassuming, earnest man with a noble mission in life. He cares for about 30 homeless or orphaned children, sends them to the school he started, and brings them up to be Christian gentlefolk.

His original one room school has grown to an eight room consolidated school with seven teachers. Four of the teachers are graduates of the school (pages 762, 763).

After the pupils have been graduated from Pappy Frakes school, many of them go to Berea College and work their way to degrees in the arts and sciences. Berea, through its home industries and farm activities, give such students opportunity to earn all expenses while attending college.

Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap is another college attended by mountain folk. At Lincoln noble industries are carried on. Instead, the school farms a large tract of land, offering students jobs in the field to help pay for their schooling. This is the school said to have been founded in response to a plea by Abraham Lincoln to educate his people.

I visited the University at the invitation of President Stuart W.



To Pupils of "Pappy" Frakes' School, Old Glory Truly Means Freedom from Want  
The backwoods area called heady "South America" was a place of hardship and struggle with no opportunity for education until the coming of Hiram Frakes. The preacher converted the "king" of the "blackbirds" (smoothbills) and built a tiny log schoolhouse which has grown to 8-room Henderson Settlement School (page 767).



"Pappy" Frakes' Children Learn "Singing Games" and Old-time Dances  
For years it has been a custom of the preacher who founded Henderson Settlement School in "South America" to hold a party for the young folk every Saturday night, winter and summer. His theory is "Give them a chance to enjoy themselves and they'll keep out of mischief of their own accord."

McClelland and Vice President Robert L. Kincaid. On a spacious campus with fine buildings, the school offers standard higher education courses as well as primary and high school training for youngsters who have not had access to graded schools.

Campus life is much the same as at old colleges in the East. There are fraternities and sororities, and the students enjoy a happy social life. Many of them work their way through. At luncheon one day in the college dining hall one of the girls seated at my table reminded me that she had served dinner to the Clark's and me at the Cumberland Gap restaurant the night before.

Although there is no mountain handcraft in the generally accepted sense at Cumberland Gap, the hills are full of homemade things. The people cannot often go to the store and buy what they need, and for that reason they have learned to make all sorts of articles. Every house has its patchwork quilts, hand-woven coverlids, hand bottomed chairs, home-woven rag rugs. No one makes souvenirs to sell, but the country is a treasure house of genuine folk handcraft.

As in pioneer days, these people make Sunday a day of rest and worship. Services in the little log churches scattered through the mountains begin at 10 A.M., but the "gathering in" starts at 6 A.M., when families begin to arrive by all sorts of conveyances from automobiles to saddle horses or mules. They bring along their lunches and make a day of it.

### The "Foot-washin'" Ceremony

One of the most interesting services is the "foot washin'" of the primitive Baptists. This ceremony takes place once a year. There was one not far from the Clark's home the Sunday I was there (page 749).

In the communion service bread and grape juice are taken first, and then enamelware washbasins of water are brought out for the "foot washin'." While hymns are sung, the worshipers wash one another's feet as the Bible records Christ washed the Disciples' feet at the Last Supper. Men sit on one side of the church; women on the other. The men wash the men's feet; the women, the women's.

Nowadays the hymns used are mostly modern, the catchy tunes published in new Sunday school music books (page 757). The tunes of yesterday, however, were directly from the old Georgian chants. Many of the mountain people still speak the Elizabethan English of their pioneer ancestors.

Jean Thomas, "the Traipsin' Woman" of Ashland Kentucky, has made a collection of these old hymns and ballads, and has held several annual folks singing festivals at the Traipsin' Woman Cabin in the mountains near her home.

No such elaborate gatherings are conducted at Cumberland Gap. Several sects are represented among the people, Methodist and Baptist predominating. There are, of course, some extremist congregations who go in for the weird practices, such as letting snakes bite them to prove their faith, but these people are as much a curiosity to most

of the mountaineers as to city dwellers.

The "hillbillies" are just normal, likable, honest Americans. Considering their lack of advantages, their centuries of isolation, the poor quality of the soil many of them till, I marvel at their success in life. A visit among them makes a man who is honest with himself search his soul and wonder whether under similar circumstances he could do as well.

One of the most interesting sites in the mountains is the typical general store. We visited several. Joe Clark said he was taking me to see them so that I wouldn't think he had posed his store pictures (page 744).

A boyhood friend of Joe's is the proprietor of the first one we saw. It is a low frame structure located at a turn so sharp that motorists are obliged to slow down before passing it.

"Gives 'em time to think if they need something," the storekeeper told us.

How the storekeeper ever finds anything in that hodgepodge is beyond me. Dresses, overalls, machinery, foodstuffs, hats, shoes, harness, plows, pumps, clocks, farm tools, electric fans - everything imaginable is piled on counters or on the floor. There is an iron coal stove somewhere near the middle of the room and close by a checkerboard on which customers on cold winter days play checkers with pop bottle tops for "men."

The proprietor showed us his device for handling ration coupons. He had a carton of empty glass jars, with slots cut in the top and labeled according to the type of coupon each was to receive.

"It's hard to get merchandise these days," he sighed, looking dolefully at the



**Page 742. Joe Clark, HBSS, is "jailed"**

had been erected near the road. Near by was a lodge hall. Fenced against straying stock was the cemetery; graves still covered with willing flowers placed there a few days earlier. The mountain folk are never kind or forsoke even in death.

**Fends in "South America"**  
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On our way back to the highway we passed the cemetery. Tables and a speaker's stand

tons of goods piled about. "Can't even get any sweet candy, except some stuff that taste as if it was half sawdust."

Joe asked him if he had anything cold drink, and he produced three bottles of pop from a huge electric refrigerator.

"Got any alarm clocks?" Joe asked, noticing several clocks on a shelf above the counter.

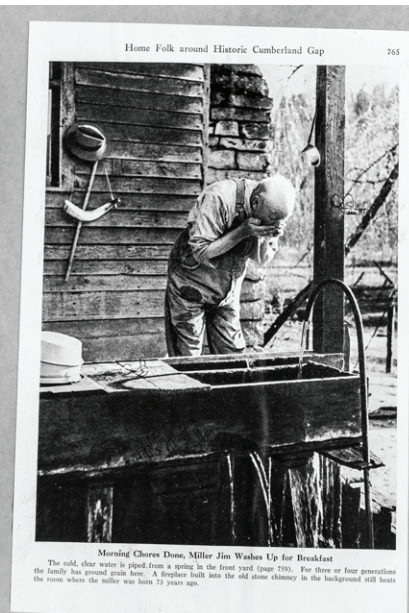
"No, just regular clocks. That'n's electric."

Everywhere I turned I saw evidence of the progressive spirit of these mountain folk. They like to try new things. One family living in an abandoned mine on a wild hillside near Middlesboro had a shiny new automobile parked under a tree at the entrance of their dugout home!

Roads and schools are opening up the fastness. In another decade the mountain folk will have advanced till they are on an opportunity level equal with residents of more favored regions.

Then let people who have been taking the gifts of science and invention as matter of course look to their laurels. The hillbilly who can meet life smiling with nothing save what he can wrest from the backwoods will go a long way once he has advantages of modern civilization.

**Photo captions**  
**Page 742. Joe Clark, HBSS, is "jailed"**



**Page 743. A Family of Natural Musicians Furnishes Tunes for Molasses "Stir-offs" and Socials**

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**Moving Chores Done, Miller Jim Washes Up for Breakfast**  
The cold, clear morn' is spiced from a pine in its first yard (page 743). For three or four generations the room where the miller was born 75 years ago.

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Of course this bit of satire ridicules the popular belief that hillbillies go barefoot. Actually the mountain people dress much the same as farmers in other parts of United States.

**Page 743. A Family of Natural Musicians Furnishes Tunes for Molasses "Stir-offs" and Socials**

Asking no pay, they perform for the sheer joy of making music. The boy in the center, an orphaned cousin of the others, plays any kind a string instrument he can get his hands on. The two girls sing while the boys accompany them on violin, banjo, and guitar.

**Page 744. The Country Store is a Jolly Clubhouse**

Here Wade Clark, father of the photographer whose pictures illustrate this article, sits on a piece of board laid over an empty nail keg and studies a book on cattle. Clark Bruce, the proprietor, plays checkers with Bob Clark. The merchant's son "kibitzes" at the contest between his dad and uncle. Kinship in the mountains is far-reaching. Most families are related somehow; and even when no blood tie exists, elderly people are called aunt and uncle. The heaped counter and

laden shelves give only a slight idea of how merchandise is crowded into small space. Behind the stove are tables piled almost to the ceiling with all sorts of goods (Page 748).

**Page 745. Cumberland Gap Was the First High Gateway to the West**

Thomas Walker discovered the pass in 1750, then Daniel Boone and his axmen slashed the road, and thousands of settlers followed to build Kentucky in the wilderness. Here Henry Clay once stood "listing to the tread of millions yet the come."

**Page 746. Cutting the Sorghum Cane is a Family Affair**

Father and mother and the girls chop off the stalks and piled them on a sled. As soon as a load is ready, young brother swings around and drives the load to the press where the juice is extracted and poured into the kettle or vat in which it is boiled down.



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Home Folk around Historic Cumberland Gap

767

"Touch Me and You Get the Boy"

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children, sends them to the school he started, and brings them up to the Christian gentleman. His original one-room school has grown to an 8-room consolidated school with seven teachers. Four of the teachers are graduates of the school (page 752, 763).

After the pupils have been graduated from Poppey Fork's school, many of them go to Berea College and work their way to degrees in the arts and sciences. Here, through its home industries and farm activities, gives such students opportunity to earn all expenses while attending college.

Lincoln Memorial University at Cumberland Gap is another college attended by mountain folk. At Lincoln no home industries are carried on. Instead, the school farms a large tract of land, offering students jobs in the fields to help pay for their schooling. This is the school said to have been founded in response to a plea by Abraham Lincoln to educate his people.

I visited the university at the invitation of President Stewart W. McClelland and Vice President Robert L. Kincaid. On a spacious campus with fine buildings, the school offers standard higher education courses as well as primary and high-school training for youngsters who have not had access to graded schools.

Campus life is much the same as at old colleges in the East. There are fraternities and sororities, and the students enjoy a happy social life. Many of them work their way through. At lunch one day in the college dining hall one of the girls seated at my table reminded me that she had served dinner to the Clarks and me at the Cumberland Gap restaurant the night before.

Although there is no mountain handicraft in the generally accepted sense at Cumberland Gap, the hills are full of homemade things. The people cannot often go to the store and buy what they need, and for that

reason they have learned to make all sorts of articles. Every house has its patchwork quilts, hand-woven coverlets, hand-bottomed chairs, home-woven rag rugs. No one makes the sovents to sell, but the country is a treasure house of genuine folk handicraft.

As in pioneer days, these people make Sunday a day of rest and worship. Services in the little log churches scattered through the mountain begin at 10 a. m., but the "gatherin' in" starts at 6 a. m., when families begin to arrive by all sorts of conveyances from noisily to saddle horses or mules. They moving along their benches and make a day of it.

**The "Foot-washin'" Ceremony**

One of the most interesting services is the "foot washin'" of the Primitive Baptists. This ceremony takes place once a year. There was one not far from the Clarks' home the Sunday I was there (page 749).

In the Communion service bread and grape juice are taken first, and then emulsified washbasins of water are brought out for the "foot washin'." While hymns are sung, the washbasins wash one another's feet at the Bible records Christ washed the Disciples' feet at the Last Supper. Men sit on one side of the church, women on the other. The men wash the men's feet; the women, the women's.

Nowadays the hymns used are mostly modern, the catchy tunes published in new Sunday school music books (page 757). The tunes of yesterday, however, were directly from the old Gregorian chants. Many of the mountain people still speak the Elizabethan English of their pioneer ancestors.

John Thomas, "the Traipin' Woman" of Ashland, Kentucky, has made a collection of these old hymns and ballads, and has held several annual folk singing festivals at the Traipin' Woman's Cabin in the mountains near her home.

No such elaborate gatherings are conducted at Cumberland Gap. Several sects are represented among the people, Methodist and Baptist predominating. There are, of course, some extremist congregations who go in for weird practices, such as letting snakes bite them to prove their faith, but these people are as much a curiosity to most of the mountaineers as to city dwellers.

The "hillbillies" are just normal, likable, honest Americans. Considering their lack of advantages, their centuries of isolation, the poor quality of the soil many of them till, I marvel at their success in life. A visit among them makes a man who is honest with

himself search his soul and wonder whether under similar circumstances he could do as well.

One of the most interesting sights in the mountains is the typical general store. We visited several. Joe Clark said he was taking me to see them so that I wouldn't think he had posed his store pictures (page 744).

A lifelong friend of Joe's is the proprietor of the first store we saw. It is a low frame structure located at a turn so sharp that motorists are obliged to slow down before passing it.

Gives ten times to think if they need something," the storekeeper told us.

How the storekeeper ever finds anything in that hodgepodge is beyond me. Dresses, overalls, machinery, foodstuffs, hats, shoes, harness, plows, pumps, checks, farm tools, electric fans—everything imaginable is piled on counters or on the floor. There is an iron coal stove somewhere near the middle of the room and close by a checkered board on which customers on cold winter days, play checkers with pop bottle tops for "men."

The proprietor showed us his device for sweet customers on cold winter days, play checkers with pop bottle tops for "men."

It's hard to get merchandise these days," he sighed, looking dolefully at the tons of goods piled about him. "Can't even get any sweet candy; except some stuff that tastes as if it was half sawdust."

Joe asked him if he had anything cold to drink, and he produced three bottles of pop from a huge electric refrigerator.

"Let any alarm clocks?" Joe asked, noticing several clocks on a shelf above the counter.

"No, just regular clocks. That's electric."

Everywhere I turned I saw evidence of the progressive spirit of these mountain folk. They like to try new things. One family living in an abandoned mine on a wild hillside near Middleboro had a shiny new automobile parked under a tree at the entrance of their dug-out house!

Roads and schools are opening up the fastnesses. In another decade the mountain folk will have advanced till they are on an opportunity level equal with residents of more favored regions. Then let people who have been taking the gifts of science and invention as a matter of course look to their laurels. The hillbilly who can meet life smiling with nothing save what he can wrest from the backwoods will go a long way once he has the advantages of modern civilization.

other children, two girls and two small boys, she works a 93-acre farm. Her husband is an invalid (page 751).

**Page 749. Singing Hymns, Primitive Baptists Wash One Another's Feet**

The service at Simmons Chapel is a solemn religious ceremony based upon the scriptural account of the Last Supper. Among the hill folk religion is taken seriously, but fantastic cults find few followers (page 768).

**Page 750. Carrying a "Turn" of Corn to Mill is a Lark for a Hill Boy**

Riding bareback with a full sack balanced behind him, he guides his horse down Mill Hollow on a "road" which is also at times the bed of a running stream (page 759). Daily mail deliveries have been made over this route for 40 years, though, as miller Jim says, "the going is a little rough in places."

**Page 751. No Track Coach or Fancy Equipment, but It's Fun**

Pupils of a mountain school practice high jumping over a piece of grapevine. As a first contestant "clears the bar," others wait their turn.

**Page 752. In Pouring Rain to Two Miles Home from School Seem Doubly Long**

Mountain districts around Cumberland Gap seldom provide

transportation for pupils, and many children have to walk long distances over bad roads. Nevertheless, the attendance record is remarkably high.

The coming of the paved highway started a rush of trail building.

**Page 753. Locust Grove Pupils "Choose Up Sides" for a Ball Game**

The leader who gets top grip on the bat wins first choice. As the issue is decided, two of the onlookers raise their hands and shout, "Me first!"

**Page 753. Homework Makes Prize Pupils**

By the light of an oil lamp set on old trunk two mountain brothers prepare their lessons for the next day. Educational advantages reached the remote mountain districts only a few years ago.

**Page 754. "Boy! Won't Jane Jump when We Put That Down Her Back!"**

Sent to the spring for a bucket of water for school, two boys find a little lizard that gives them an idea for a prank. The question is whether to put it in the teacher's desk or use it to scare the girls.

**Page 755. "To the Foot of the Class You Go"**

The boy who had just "missed his word" in the Friday afternoon spelling bee at Locust Grove is shown to his

lowly place by a girl competitor. Among cherished memories of "the days of real sport" the old-fashioned "spell down" takes high rank.

**Page 756. "Tater Digging" is a Busy Time in the Hills**

Although tobacco is the main money crop the farmers raise many vegetables and fruit. Land in the Valley is fertile and suitable for diversified agriculture; that on the ridges produces barely enough for subsistence. As a ground rises, prosperity falls (page 749).

**Page 757. Hill Folk Worship and True Fellowship at Leatherwood Church**

From miles around they come - men, women, children, and babies in arms - some in cars, buggies, or wagons, others on horseback or afoot, and make a day of it. Services is at 10, but the "gatherin' in" starts much earlier. Neighbors who seldom see each other during the week get together. After meeting there is a picnic dinner under the trees. Despite the lack of an organ, the music is "on the key," the leader sounding the pitch with a tuning fork. Hill folk nowadays sing modern tunes from paperback Sunday School hymnals (page 768).

**Page 759. They Listen to What the Teacher Says**

At Locust Grove school members of the primary class listen with rapt attention while their lesson is being



explained. Hill youngsters are almost invariably bright-eyed and eager.

**Page 760. Hitchhiking Is Better Than Walking**

Back in the hills children often trudge several miles to school through fair weather or foul. Joe Clark says he got through the fifth grade by going three months a year.

**Page 761. Jim's daughter June Sack the Meal as It Pours from the Mill**

Turned by power of a spring fed mountain stream, the millstones grind the neighbor's "turns" of corn. Help is hard to get in wartime, and the miller closes down except on certain days (page 759). As a hobby, he raises wild mallard ducks, which disport themselves on the mill pond in the backyard.

**Page 762. To Pupils of "Pappy" Frakes School, Old Glory Truly Means Freedom from Want**

The backwoods area called locally "South America" was a place of lawlessness and squalor with no opportunity for education until the coming of Hiram Frakes. The preacher converted the "King" of the "blockaders" (moonshiners) and built a tiny log schoolhouse which has grown to eight room Henderson Settlement School (page 767).

**Page 763. "Pappy" Frakes Children Learn "Singing Games" and Old-time Dances**

For years it has been a custom of the preacher who founded Henderson settlement school in "South America" to hold a party for the young folks every Saturday night, winter and summer. His theory is "Give them a chance to enjoy themselves and they'll keep out of mischief of their own accord."

**Page 764. A Comely Girl "Surrounds" Two Young Miners**

Near Cumberland Gap these boys work a small lead and zinc deposit. The principal mineral product of the region, however, is coal. Middlesboro Kentucky, just a few miles away being the center of the industry in that city the Chamber of Commerce building is constructed of

slabs of coal.

**Page 765. Morning Chores Done, Miller Jim Washes Up for Breakfast**

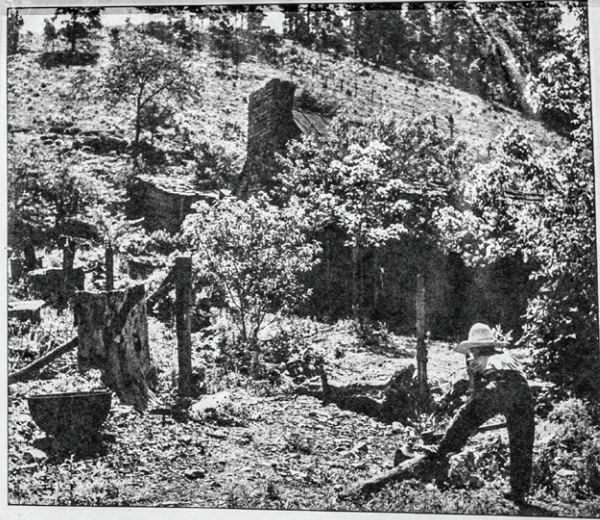
The cold, clear water is piped from a spring in the front yard (page 759). For three or four generations the family has ground grain here. A fireplace built into the old stone chimney in the background still heats the room where the miller was born 73 years ago.

**Page 766. Playing "Shoes in a Circle" by Moonlight is Mirthful Sport**

After sides are chosen, the competitors take off their shoes and mix them willy-nilly on the ground. A signal starts a wild scramble in which everybody tries to find and put on his own footgear. The team first properly shod wins.

**Page 767. "Touch Me and You Get the Boy"**

Among the most popular games of the mountain young people is "bronco tag." The girl who has her hands on her partner's waste must keep him between herself and her competitor or lose him. Old-time country fiddlers furnish the music.



Joe Clark, 305 W. Congress street, nominated as his pet picture of the year, "The Wood Chopper." When asked why, he said: "That boy is me. Not literally, of course. But that was my particular chore when I was a boy. Also that kettle at one side is the kind I used to keep stoked for the Monday washing, for making apple butter and boiling soap." Joe is a Cumberland Mountain boy who came to Detroit from Tennessee. For three years he worked at the J.L. Hudson Co. nights. On a trip home he carried a borrowed camera. The pictures he made aroused so much interest that he invested in a camera of his own. Now his work appears in many magazines. Joe has figured out that what he is really trying to do in his mountain pictures is to recapture his boyhood. There was no such "doodad" as a camera back in the mountains when he was a young 'un. But now he takes pictures of the "boy he used to be" and that's why he likes "The Wood Chopper" best.

### The Detroit News Pictorial October 28, 1945

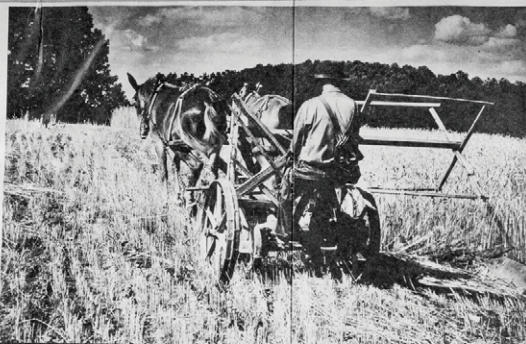
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For years, this homemade boat has been used to ferry children across the river to school. Here Columbus Whitaker takes two city visitors for a ride in it.



## Good Old American Self-Sufficiency



The farmer not only made this hauling sled, its materials grew on his own acres.



Vonnie Russell needed a chicken coop, made this one from saplings.



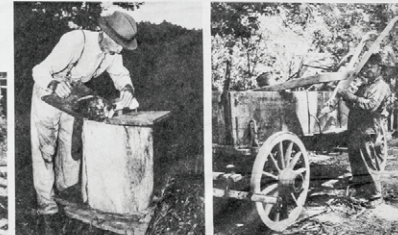
Virginia Clark and Junebug Clark, Jr. tend their water heater.



Aunt Nora Treece makes paper flowers to brighten home. Chairs, table also are homemade.



Otto Treece, 13, made his own wagon including the wheels.



Uncle John Wilson makes bee hives from sections of hollow logs. He has used them for years.



Columbus Whitaker made both wagon and plow.



Carl Collins drags a tobacco field with an implement of split logs made by his father.



Aunt Nora Treece has made her own brooms all her life.

### The Detroit News Pictorial August 12, 1945

## Good Old American Self-Sufficiency

This is a common mowing machine, not a binder. Ingenious John Hopper has added some homemade attachments the transformer mower into a reaper. 10 years from now most of the homemade devices shown on these pages will be museum pieces. These pictures were made in eastern Tennessee by Joe Clark, Detroit photographer, in the neighborhood where he grew up. Now TVA power is being used for chores that even modern Michigan is doing by more old-fashioned methods.

Implements for small farms designed by TVA engineers and made by local manufacturers are being produced at a price that even a two horse farmer can afford. Contour plowing, new cover crops that stop erosion and provide feed for cattle, super phosphate fertilizer

and new methods are transforming the economy. Here is a last look at homemade devices now in use that will soon be replaced by "store-bought" conveniences. The mountain folk for the first time have money to buy them.

### Photo captions:

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Vonnie Russell needed a chicken coop, made this one from saplings.

Virginia Clark and Junebug Clark, Junior 10 of their water heater.

Aunt Nora Treece makes paper flowers to brighten home. Chairs, table are also homemade.

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Uncle John Wilson makes beehives from sections of hollow log. He has use them for year.

Columbus Whitaker made both wagon and plow.  
- Photos by Joe Clark, 3513 Woodward, Detroit

Carl Collins drags at the battlefield with an implement of split logs made by his father.

Aunt Nora Treece has made her own rooms all her life.



**C•A•T**  
**MOUNTAIN**  
**STILLS**

pictures that tell a story  
JunebugClark@mac.com  
316.393.7180