

From the writings of Jewell Scott Voss, copied from her handwritten material during a visit in her home in Chula Vista, California, in July, 1988:

I propose to write a journal of my life, seeing it is always interesting to read the journals of others -- to see the names of people that lived in certain communities. Even if very few people are unremembered, the few that are are worth reading about. As I relate the things I remember that happened to me I shall record any history pertaining to people I know that they have told to me. I am now in my thirty-first year, this being 1942.

I was born in May, 1911, the 15th day. My mother was staying with her father, Rev. Jason Clark at that time. They were living at Lancing, Tennessee. My Grandfather Clark was in the Civil War. I was always proud to hear my mother tell about him being in Sherman's March to the Sea. It was on that march that grandfather saw the small boy sitting on a fence as they went along. He said to the passing soldiers: "What are youins'es coming down here to fight Weins'es for? Weins'es didn't do nothin' to youins'es." Another occurrence that was funny to my grandfather on this march -- one of the soldiers stole a small puppy dog from an old man. As the men moved away they could hear the whining voice of the old man say: "Give me back my little puppee." My Grandfather Clark was a Methodist preacher. He came to Tennessee from Michigan in about 1881. He came because of the ill health of Grandmother Clark. At that time they had ten children: Newton, Ida, Luther, Ella, Henry, Emma, Susan, Mary, Lester, and Alice. Newton was probably about 16 years old. Grandfather lived in Tennessee the remainder of his life. Grandmother died in 1913. Grandfather died in 1928. Three more children were born after they came to Tennessee: Jason, Grant, and Alta. The last named was the youngest and my mother, the 13th child. She was born on November 14, 1889.

My father, John Long Scott, is the son of Zachary Taylor Scott and Mary Jones Scott. My Grandfather Scott lived in Tennessee all of his life, but his ancestry were from Kentucky and Virginia. My father and mother were married on July 24, 1910 in Lancing. They lived with Grandfather Clark for two or three years. In 1912 they moved to Athol, Kentucky. They came back the same year and moved to the farm at Huffman with Grandpa Scott. I was about three years old and Caroline was two. Dorothy was born there in 1914. At this time my father was working on the farm. My grandfather being a surveyor he was away from home lots of the time. Sometimes my father hauled ties. He worked with a contractor when the railroad was being doubletracked. In February, 1916 John was born. In May of that year we moved to Indiana. We were up there for one year. Uncle Bill Scott, Dad's oldest brother, went with us, as Dad was already up there working. We stayed with a family named Hardan. They had a large farm. We later stayed with Whites. The same year we came back to Tennessee. I was old enough to go to school up there but Mama was afraid for me to go as I would had to have walked on a highway that had much traffic. The next year after we came back was a very cold winter. The kitchen wasn't ceiled. We children ate in the front room by a large heater. The water would freeze in the drinking glasses at the table in the kitchen. A man boarded with us named Harris.

I can remember Dad's sisters came to visit quite often. Eunice was home, Aunt Fannie lived in Georgia. Aunt Dora Woolfolk lived in Danville, Kentucky.

My father's oldest brother was Bill. Two of his brothers died while still very small children. They had membranous croup. After that my grandfather Scott would be very much alarmed when a child coughed croupy in the night. The other children (Dad's brothers and sisters): Dora, Laura, Mary, Fannie, Edith, Clarence, and Eunice. At this time, February, 1942, all are living except Bill, Laura, and Fannie. Bill died April 13, 1917. Mama said she remembered it being Friday the 13th. I was almost six years old. He had come over that day to help Dad tear down a log house that stood in our front yard. My Aunt Sylvia, his wife, said she had watched him out of sight which was "bad luck". He evidently had a "swimming of the head" while standing up on the wall of the old building. He just fell. He didn't live long after he was carried into the house. I had played with Uncle Bill's children ever since I could remember anything. They were jolly. We had many good times. On the day of the funeral boards were carried in and put on blocks for seats in our dining room-kitchen. I can remember the mourning and unpleasantness I felt. I thought I had to cry, too.

When I was seven years old I started to school. We lived on the farm at Huffman. Huffman got its name from the fact that a man by that name lived there years ago, had a lumber and quarry business and had a switch put in on the railroad there. We lived about one-half mile from the "switch". The place had a small shanty depot, a very small store, a section house (a house for the section foreman of the railroad repair or track men.) The section that included Huffman's Switch has been included in the places north or south of it. A school house that was also used for Sunday School. The school building was on one side of the track and the other buildings on the other. The trains made plenty of noise. We got used to stopping in the midst of lessons until the train roared past. The preacher must stop or be satisfied not to be heard.

Our place was located in a small valley. The railroad fill crossed the valley, separating our farm from our neighbors. The bother of the noisy trains from our house was barely noticeable. I always enjoyed seeing the train crossing the fill. A long freight would cover the fill one end to the other. A short passenger train would go scurrying across, blowing for the station.

My first teacher boarded with us. He was a gentleman with a cork leg. My mother fixed our lunch in the same cardboard dinner box. I would plod along beside him. I can vividly recall the squeak-squeak of the cork leg as we walked up hill, down hill, through the bars, and through the woods to the school. He never talked. From thinking about it now I think he must not have enjoyed his work so much. One could see oak trees on either side of the school building. The room was bare of any pictures or interesting things that might be found in a school room. I took the bareness for granted. I concentrated upon the pupils. I sat interested as the older ones said their lessons and wrote so easily upon the painted wall for a blackboard. How I wanted to be able to write at once. At recess we had wonderful times. Big girls made play houses and had little ones for their children.

We stayed at Huffman until I was about thirteen years old. We moved when we did because Mama couldn't stand the thought of the inadequate school. When school closed prematurely one winter she immediately made plans to move. We



moved to Lancing, about 25 miles away. I'll never forget how grandfather hated to see us go. He must have begged and cajoled. He finally said - "Got too fine to live in the country -- have to go to the city." All was much fun until the first day at school. It was the middle of the term which is a bad time to make adjustment anyway.

It is now 1972. I am in my 61st year. In fact I will soon be in my 62nd year, for it is February and I'll be 61 in May. Taking up the train of thought left 30 years ago! I remember vividly at least a few incidents as I entered the eighth grade at mid-term in Wartburg School. So many new things came all at once. Riding a bus to school was one. The very first day I remember my heavy coat made from material resembling an army blanket. It was a good coat and quite warm. I also had on a red hat. This hat was soft felt made by sewing strips together round and round beginning with the crown. My cousin, Reba Davis, was in the room. She sent a note up to me - "Jewell, take off your hat". I was so shy and in such a state I hardly dared look to the right or to the left. I guess I removed my hat. Right now I can't remember. Jesse Gunter was the teacher. This was coincidental, for he was good friend of Leon Neil who was my teacher in the one room school at Huffman, I guess in the seventh grade. I think Jesse married Leon's sister. I doubt that I ever actually felt at ease in that eighth grade room. Graduation came and Mama got me a pretty green voile dress for the event. This took place in May, 1925. I rode to the graduation with George Buxton. We didn't have a car. Mama and Dad evidently didn't go. Bernice would be about two years old. Russell  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , thereabouts. I guess it was hard for her to go places about then.

The following August we started high school. I started out with good grades. Made A's in algebra and I think in other subjects. The freshmen sat in the first two or three rows next to the wall in the old study hall in the building that burned when Bernice was in high school. When I attended that school this old building was still pretty much in its heyday. For the number in attendance it seemed nice to me. Everything was in this building -- even the gym -- located across the hall from the Study Hall. It was built on a little lower level. There was very little space for spectators, but they did have basketball games. The science department was at one end of the building and the Home Ec at the other end. Later I believe this gym was converted into a Study Hall and the Gym activities were moved to the old frame building -- still standing then -- the original school building.

The auditorium was upstairs with some classrooms off. The eighth grade room I first came to was upstairs in this building. Dad bought his first car while I was still in high school. I think I was about 16 years old. He insisted I learn to drive, which I did about the same time he learned. I recall vividly how I felt the first time behind the wheel. Theodore Jones was my teacher. I was pretty scared. It was on the road about even with Aunt Mary Saffell's. We went out to the Strawberry Farm. I was thinking, "this big machine -- I am responsible."

### OLD TIMES:

Mama said Grandma Clark (her mother) was from Pennsylvania. That she and Grandfather Clark met in Michigan after both families moved there. Grandpa came from Vermont. Grandma was born in 1849. (She was 64 when she died in 1913.) I (Jewell) remember one little incident. Mama took me into a room where Grandma Clark lay in bed and held me up to see her. Seems I can remember we had traveled from "somewhere" to "There".

### OLD REMEMBRANCES:

Riding on train to Lancing from Huffman Switch. Going to school at Huffman, with games in the large area in which we played. We loved to play ball, anti-over, kick the can, or shinny, hide-and-go-seek, steal base. When small we would play "house". The larger girls being parents to the small children. We gathered moss and padded our places to sit in the play house. We brought Vicks Salve jars from home and drank out of them. I can remember one long-sleeved striped dress I had, and I wore high-top shoes with rubbers in the winter.

Early Years - An interlude in Lancing, about 1920, 21. When I was about the fourth grade we lived for a year at Lancing in what we called the Hixon House. It was located on a bank by the railroad a little north of the depot toward the water tank. There was a steep jump-off down to the tracks where the southbound roared by and the northbound trains puffed slowly by. The way I recall there was no fence. Seems as though Mama would have been in hysterics for fear one of us would get on the tracks. I was 9, Dorothy would be 6, Caroline 8, John 4, Bill about 2. Was Russell born there? There was also a high back porch. What kept the toddlers from falling off? Seems there would be fear of hobos. Once in a while one did come begging. Mrs. Hixon lived in another part of the house. She often would say - "It's like a moving picture show to watch the family." Our part of the house wasn't very big. I wonder how we managed to sleep. I can't remember. Hershel Hixon used to hide under a little bridge we crossed on the way to school and bug us as we went by.

### SOME THINGS I REMEMBER ABOUT HUFFMAN AND INDIANA:

We must have gone to Indiana in about 1916. I remember the excitement of night travel on the train and taxi. Someone of us vomited in the taxi. It might have been me. Mama (Uncle Bill went along to help) must have had a hard time on that trip -- with four little children. I would be about 5½ (?), Caroline 4, Dorothy 2½, and John very young - 6 Mos. (?) Caroline was like a baby too. I guess Mama considered me (her oldest) as quite a big girl, and I must have been her feet for many a little errand - "Bring me a 'didie', etc, etc. When we were preparing to leave Huffman Aunt Sylvia and children (Uncle Bill's wife) were staying with Grandma and Grandpa. I had an old doll in a bad state so I decided to bury it. I chose a spot under the huge cedar tree in the front yard. (After we left my cousins dug it up). In Indiana we first lived in a large house with the Whites. It seemed large to me. We sometimes (?) ate with them. I remember eating with them -- large table full of people. My mouth came about to the edge of the table. I was too scared to eat. My plate

seemed very far away. I used to go up the road a short distance to visit a young couple. She let me play with her doll. Later we heard they both died from flu. We moved to another house where we probably had more privacy. I remember an inter-urban car passed in front of the house. I can remember the tracks, a road for cars, etc., also ran along side.

It wasn't very far by inter-urban into Indianapolis. Once Mama went into town shopping (probably near Christmas) and she took me and the baby (possibly all of us?) I can remember she left me holding the baby (John) while she went somewhere for a few minutes. John squalled and I probably cried too. I can remember people stopping and saying "poor little things". I also fell down in the wet entry way near a revolving door and broke a little glass lantern full of candy. This time, too, people said "poor little things". There were kind people in Indiana.

Aunt Edith also lived in the other side of this suburban (?) house. The Jewel Tea Man used to come. Mama bought coffee and other things. It was Christmas in Indiana that I was sure I heard Santa "tippentoeing" around the room at night. I had a toy automobile. We have a picture of me and Earl Rudy, each in a toy car.

Getting ready to return - Aunt Edith and family must have traveled with us. It was night but we were preparing to travel. I can still see Earl lying asleep on a pallet, in bright light, chewing gum.

#### AT HUFFMAN:

Running around the house on soft grass with bare feet, so cool to the touch, but Oh, beware the chicken manure! The large garden plot where Mama spent back-breaking hours. The gate where the cows came up to be milked. The path across the meadow that led up the hill to the huge spring that was almost ice cold in summer and steamed in the cold winter time.

#### LANCING INTERLUDE:

My teacher was Mrs. Glenna Kreis, later Ott. I really enjoyed having her as teacher. She must have had more than one grade. Thelma Saffell was in our room I believe. Once she was giving out some kind of sample -- like soap or toothpaste -- and Thelma went up and asked if she could have one to take home to Hale.

#### MORE ABOUT THE HIXON HOUSE:

When a train roared by it was literally like it was coming through the house, and when we first moved in one night we had just gone to bed and about to sleep and Mama said a train roared by and Dad jumped up and almost had his pants on before he waked up enough to realize what it was. The kitchen was nearest the tracks. We sure had to stop talking when one passed, and there were lots of them. Dad worked at the depot. The Hixon House had a painty, train-smokey smell. Cinders were all about -- small, fine cinders.



LANCING - 1924, 1925:

Riding the old bus to Wartburg - old school building. Living in Hixon House. Rainy, muddy day we move in. Sleep upstairs - bed bugs! No ceiling -- Dad does a temporary job of ceiling and steps. Puts in partition at chimney. Recall keeping warm by the old chimney. Clothes were hung up one night; we slept and someone took the croupe. When we first moved in the well didn't even have a pulley.

At Huffman - Riding around the house on the second-hand bicycle. (It eventually fell apart.) Hearing Grandma call the cows.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES:

Aunt Mary said that "speaking of talking in your sleep, once Charlie Bryant, her first cousin, aroused himself and muttered in his sleep. His aunt asked him what was the matter - 'Oh, he said, the rooster crowed and the button flew off!'"

Once Aunt Laura raised up and complained in her sleep. When questioned she cried, "Grandaddy swallowed a feather."

Dad went to the Phillipine Islands about 1900. He was there for two years. After coming back to the States he stayed one more year in the Army. He was stationed at Fort Wayne, Michigan, near Detroit. While there he saw some of the early model cars.

Children of Zachary Taylor Scott and Mary Patten Jones:

Uncle Bill born '72 (1872-1917)

Aunt Mary '73 (1873-1962)

Laura (1878-1936)

Dora (1880-1961)

John (1882-1961)

Fannie (1889-1931)

Edith (1892-1985)

Clarence (1896-1975)

Eunice (1899-1980)