

ETOWAH VALLEY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

Volume 30, 1999

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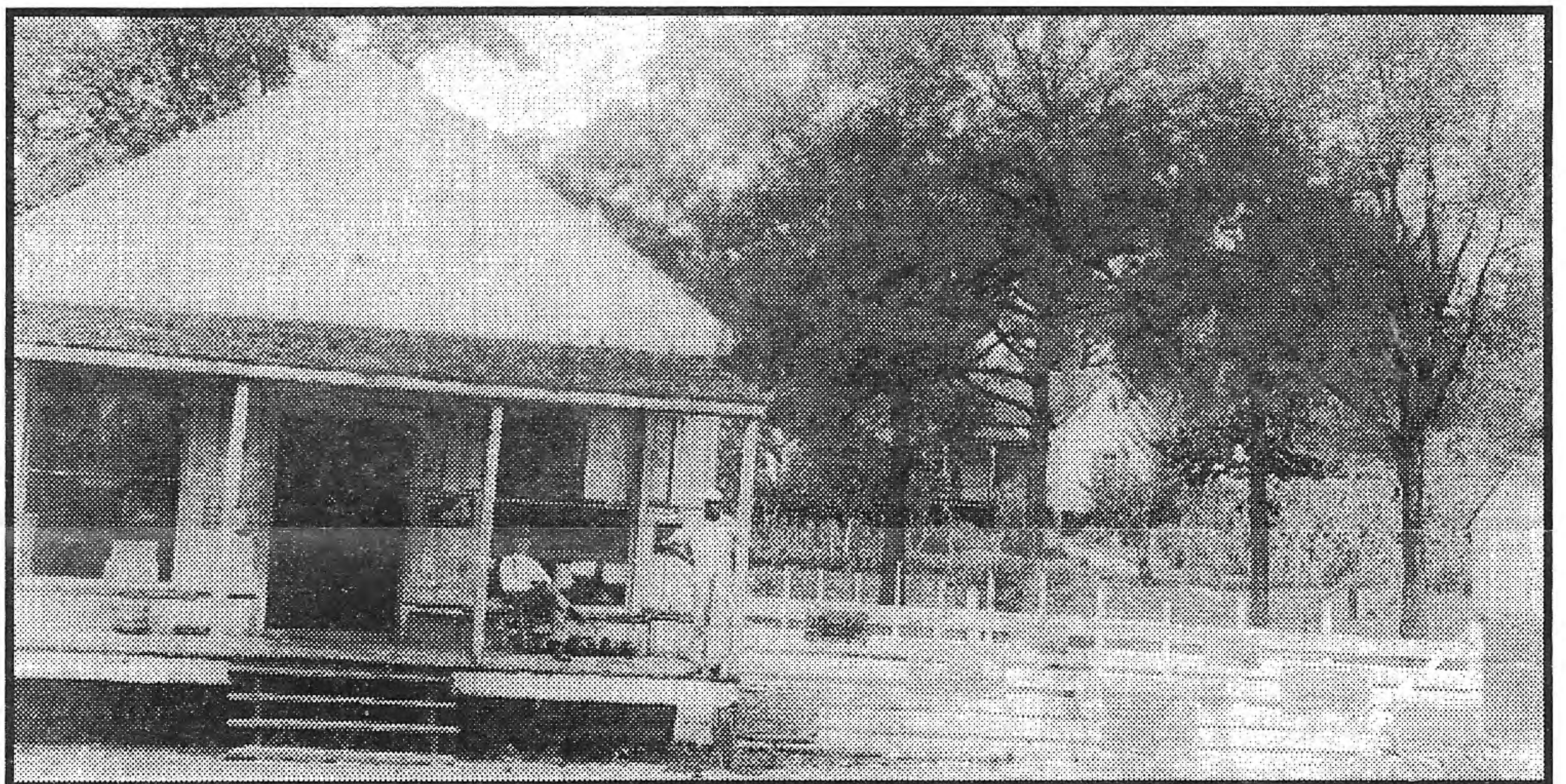
Doug's Place Surrounded by Railroad History

By Mae F. Barrena

The same concrete supports the building (tho' it does lean a bit) once known as Union Paris' General Merchandise Store. Though the cottonwood tree Lydia Paris hid behind to dodge bullets is gone, the dirt may yet be kin to the dust that once swirled around those hot Emerson days in the summers of the early 1900's.

Union Paris' was Emerson's meeting place. Miners would stand around on the porch waiting to 'catch a ride'. With their lunch pails full of pork & beans, crackers, and a few slices of hoop cheese, they were ready for work.

Union Paris bought the building in 1912, doing business until 1952 when Morris' Grocery & Café took over. It remained Morris' until 1994 when Doug Ferguson bought it. Doug, having realized that the metal alloy business he was in would soon become a thing



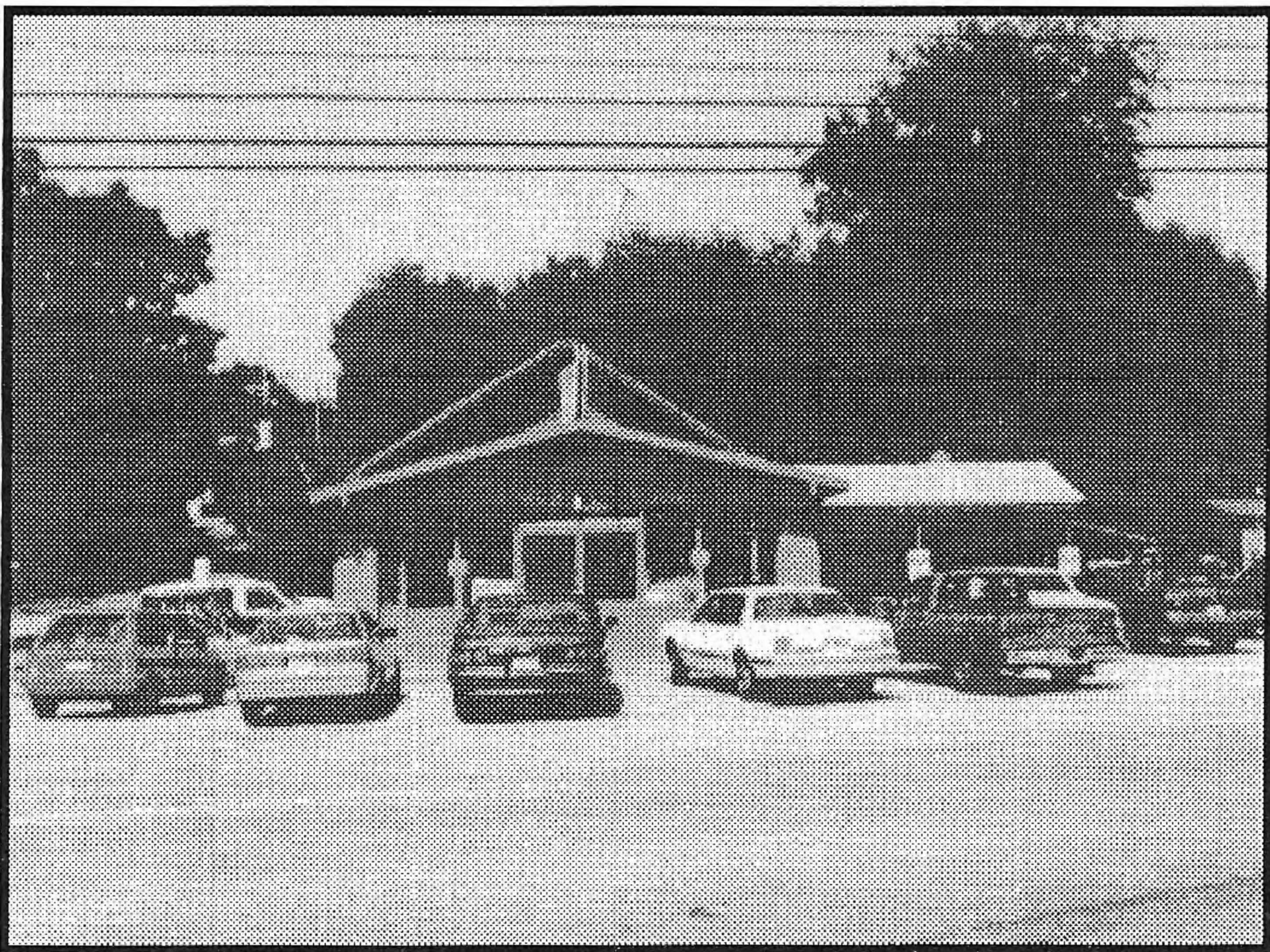
*Doug's Place Circa 1895: Owned
at that time by John C. Leonard
Photo courtesy of Doug Ferguson*

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Book Fund at \$4,000 and Rising

With a minimum goal of \$10,000, contributions continue to come in. Many new books ordered with these funds have already been received. A complete list of these books can be found elsewhere in this newsletter. Many thanks to the following who have responded with either their donations or pledges (Alphabetically) Reba M. Allen, Wayne Black, Michael Bryson, John and Jane Burch in memory of John (Bud) Bridges, Barry Colbaugh, Nathan Dean, Walter Detamore in memory of Jackie K. Detamore, EVHS Family Tree Climbers, Michael Garland, Jodie Hill, Frank Jenkins, III, Anthony and Alice McStatts in memory of Lora Lusk Sanford, DiAnne S. Monroe, Richard Nix in memory of Martha Clyde Chitwood Evans, Bob and Mary Norton, David

and Chantel Parker in honor of Katie Mae and Gentry Parker, Carolyn Parmenter, Guy and Linda Parmenter, Matthew and Anthia Santini in memory of James Santini, Jerry and Patricia Simmons in memory of Warren H. Alday, Warren and Anne Sims, Mary Siniard in memory of Sam H. Siniard, Sr., Sons of Confederate Veterans—Camp 670 in memory of Col. William Henry Stiles and Col. Warren Akin, Darryl F. Starnes in memory of Lt. Col. William W. Rich, James B. and Dianne Tate, Keith and Susan Taylor, Boyce Thomas in memory of Hayne Haigler, Edwin M. and Eleanor M. Thomasson, Norton and Doris Tumlin, Carolyn Ward in memory of Louise Ward, George and Kathy Willis and David and Floy White.



Doug's Place Today

of the past, decided to try the restaurant business; 'Doug's Place' was born.

Doug will be the first to tell you how amazed he is that he has never had to close for any breakdown: plumbing, heating, leaks or other problems many 100-year-old buildings have.

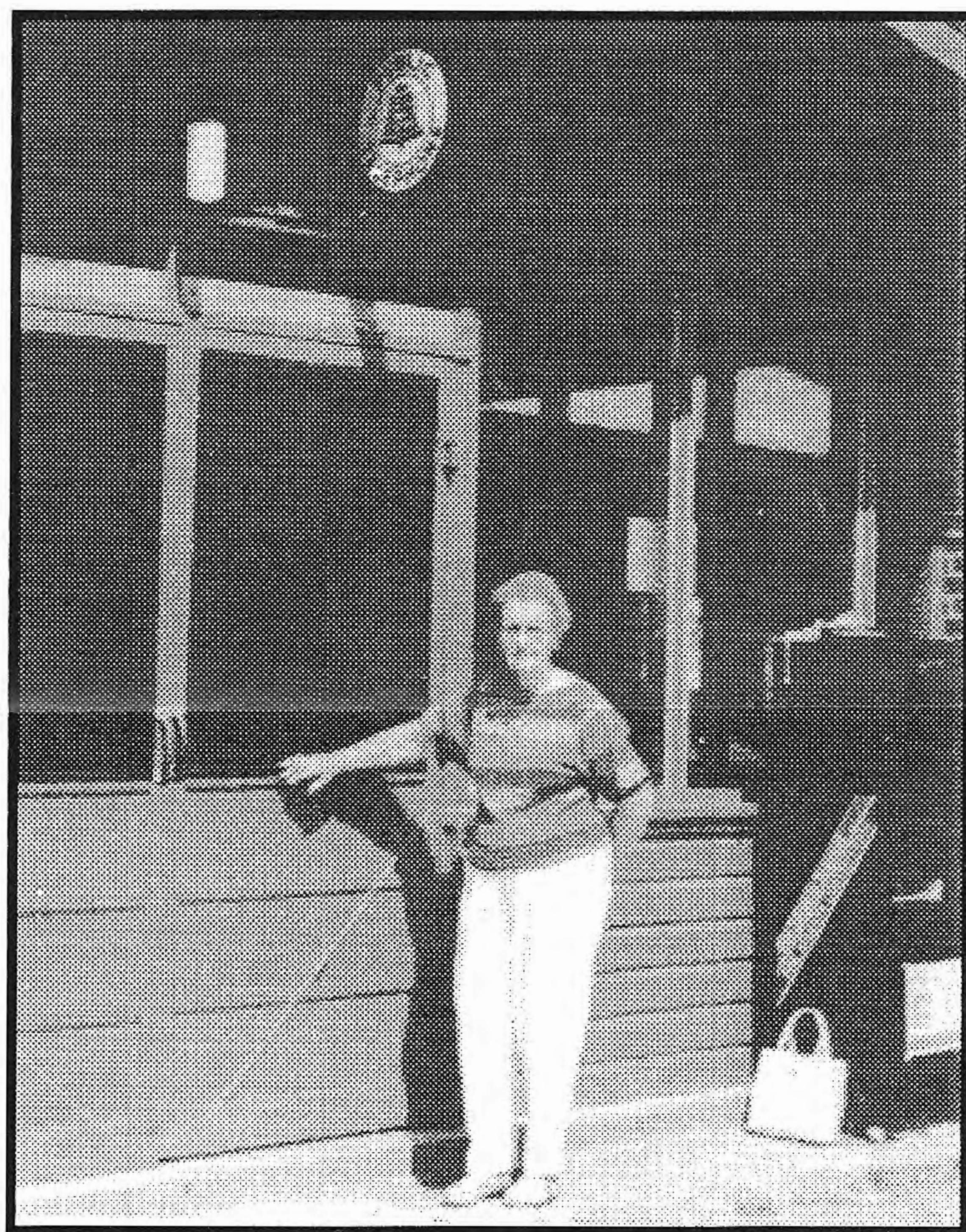
Doug is a well-disposed, approachable guy who, though busy running his restaurant, still takes time for others. He says that even though his blood pressure and nerves have suffered, his life has changed for the better; his biggest reward comes from working with his family. Emerson has always been his home, and he remembers that as a small boy he delivered newspapers so thin that he could carry a big stack over one arm.

As you walk through Doug's front door it becomes evident that time has contained itself within the walls. Notice the original ladder on a rail, and that the floor you are standing on is like petrified wood. (Carpenters had difficulty in getting a nail through.)

Doug's is the place for a pleasant repast. And his secret for success? A recent article quoted him as saying, "We try to do it like people used to do. Most people don't have time to cook anymore, so we prepare foods the way their parents did." Stop in for good food and a lot of history. Have a look around at the many pictures on the wall portraying Emerson and its people. Above the register, to the left is a framed picture of Doug's great, great grandmother and grandfather dated 1870. In the corner to the right, before stepping down to the non-smoking section, is a bookshelf holding, among others, 'The Georgia's Conservancy's Guide to the North Georgia Mountains'. Downstairs, on a small chest of drawers—a nice homey touch—are pictures of Doug's loved ones. On the shelf above, Byron Herbert Reece's 'Ballad of the Bones'; Web Garrison's 'A Treasury of Georgia Tales, Charles Phillips & Alan Axelrod's 'My Brother's Face' and volumes of works by Carl

Sandburg. One dining area wall has several pictures depicting scenes from the Civil War; another has five framed pages detailing Emerson's history. Adjacent to it is a framed photo of 'The General in Emerson'.

Lydia Paris, 83, worked behind the counter in her father-in-law, Union Paris' store. When I approached her for an interview, her eyes lit up at the chance to share her memories of the old days in the store and in Emerson. She began. "Shoes were stocked on shelves and we used a ladder on a track that went across the room to get to them. Sometimes the kids would ride it. In the back, where they're doing the cooking now, used to be a huge door. They delivered groceries by horse and wagon. The driver was a colored man and he had a peg leg. He drove that



Lydia Paris

wagon up to that door; there would always be bales of stuff, and so they had to have a big opening, to put groceries inside. They also carried mostly cotton dresses, yard goods, and all kinds of feed; all sorts of tools, and things for people to use on the farm and things for repairing."

"As far back as I can remember that Coca-Cola sign's been on the side of the store—and it's still there. Even made it through the bad hailstorm we had one year. I remember looking down toward the store and the hail was so big it was killing animals outside; the biggest hailstones I ever did see. I stood in my kitchen and watched the lightning just a playing on the outside."

"Union Paris' store was where men congregated. There was a big black stove in the back and in the winter they'd gather around the fire's cherry red glow and talk, and laugh and well...just, enjoy each other. When

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men came in and used bad language, Mr. Paris would tell them they had to stop talking like that with ladies present, and if they didn't stop he'd pick 'em up by the seat of their britches and throw them out."

"I never will forget one time there was a man playing checkers with my husband, Clarence, and the man was using talk that Mr. Paris (Did I tell you his middle name was Excel?) didn't want him using in the store. Mr. Paris kept telling Clarence, he'd say, 'you know, put him out, put him out!' But Clarence wouldn't do it; he just kept sitting there playing. He just didn't want to do that, you know. So finally Mr. Paris got on Clarence so rough that he got up, and got the man, took him outside and, I think, gave him a lick or two on the far side of the store, and came back in. And I thought to myself, there is no sense in people going to see a Wild West Show, when they could just do it right here."

"I started from the house one day, going to the store. There used to be a big cottonwood tree just outside. Come Saturday, most times people brought guns and there was shooting going on. Well I made it just behind that cottonwood tree when a bullet just went whizzing right by me. And that was just going from the house down to the store. Well, it wasn't like that every day but it was on Saturdays. They'd come in from the country and be drinking and have their guns, and you know, that was their way of having a good time, I reckon." Laughing, while nodding, she continued. "It was pretty rough."

When I asked Lydia if living in a rough and tumble mining town scared her, she replied, "Didn't bother me too much back then, I was young and I could run fast."

Lydia talked about how the store once looked. "When you come in, they had a regular showcase with candy. And oh, those 'Jawbreakers'. They were good, too! On the back

wall, they had canned goods. They had scales, ole timey looking scales. And then down at the end was a table and on it a big round of cheese they just cut off from when anybody

wanted some. Union Paris kinda' had to guess the amount, but he got pretty good because he'd been doing it so long. There were barrels of pickles, flour came in sacks, and women used those sacks to make their children's clothes out of." I asked her what she thought of Doug's Place. "I eat there, and like it. These days there's such a crowd, but I wait. And since I eat so little, and it's just me, I feel bad because I take a table," she said.

I went to a few full tables that day, asking folks what they knew about Emerson.

Edwin Hamilton, 84, a regular customer, remembers when men sat on the bench, in front of Union Paris' store. "People bought stuff there on credit. Emerson townsfolk depended on mining for a living. Oh, there was a lot of fighting—fellows scrapping all the time."

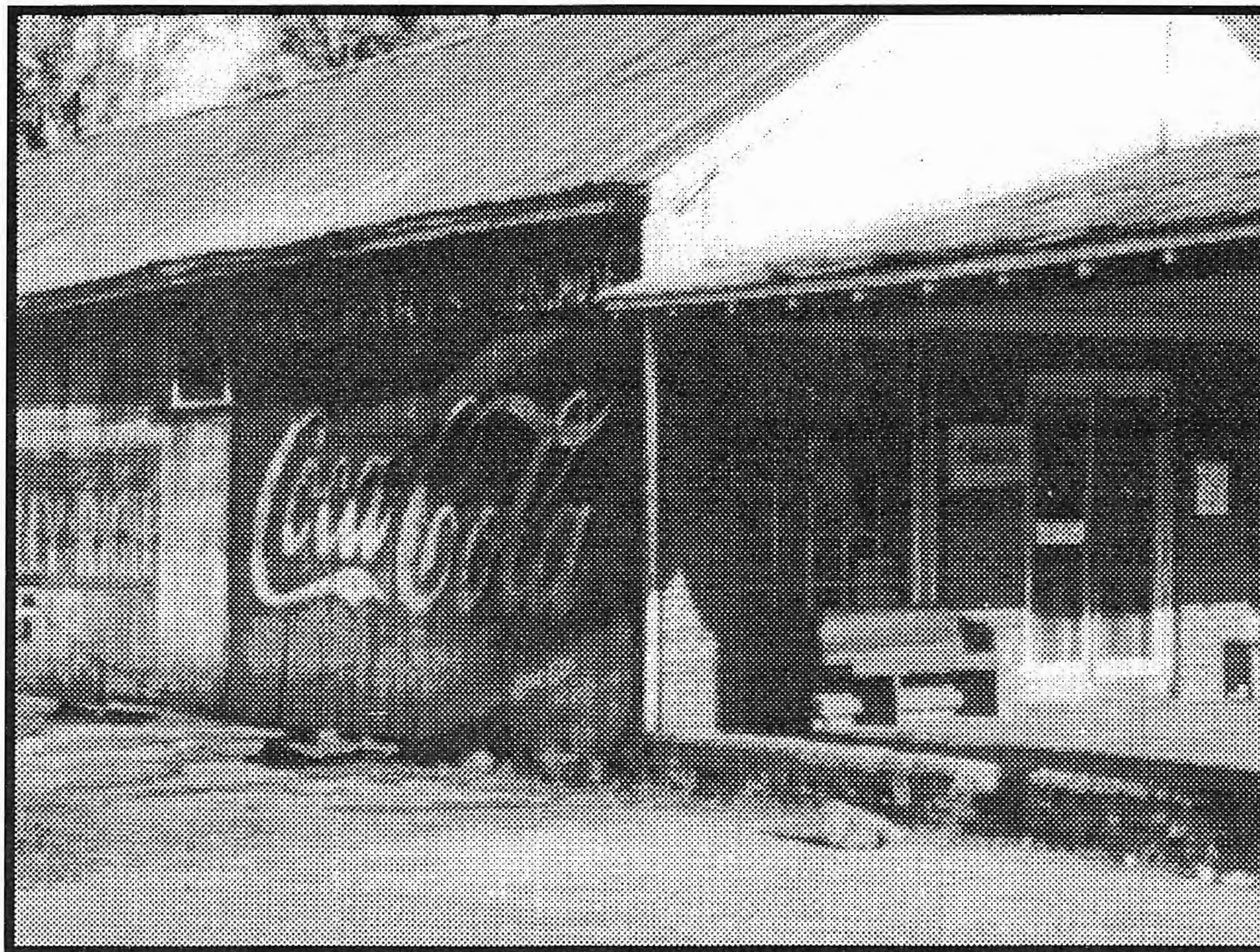
I spoke to Sandra Meadows, another regular: "Why I was here in April of 1962, when 'The General' came through, but it was Morris' then. I asked if she knew that the 'Great Locomotive Chase' had passed by here, when

the area was called Stegall's Station. She said that yes she knew they renamed it Emerson in honor of Governor Brown, then continued. "Now I don't know too much about the Civil War part of it, but I sure was excited to ride into Cartersville on a historical train." While speaking to Joe Head author of 'The General, the Great Locomotive Dispute', I found that Brown had been responsible for resurrecting Georgia's railroads.

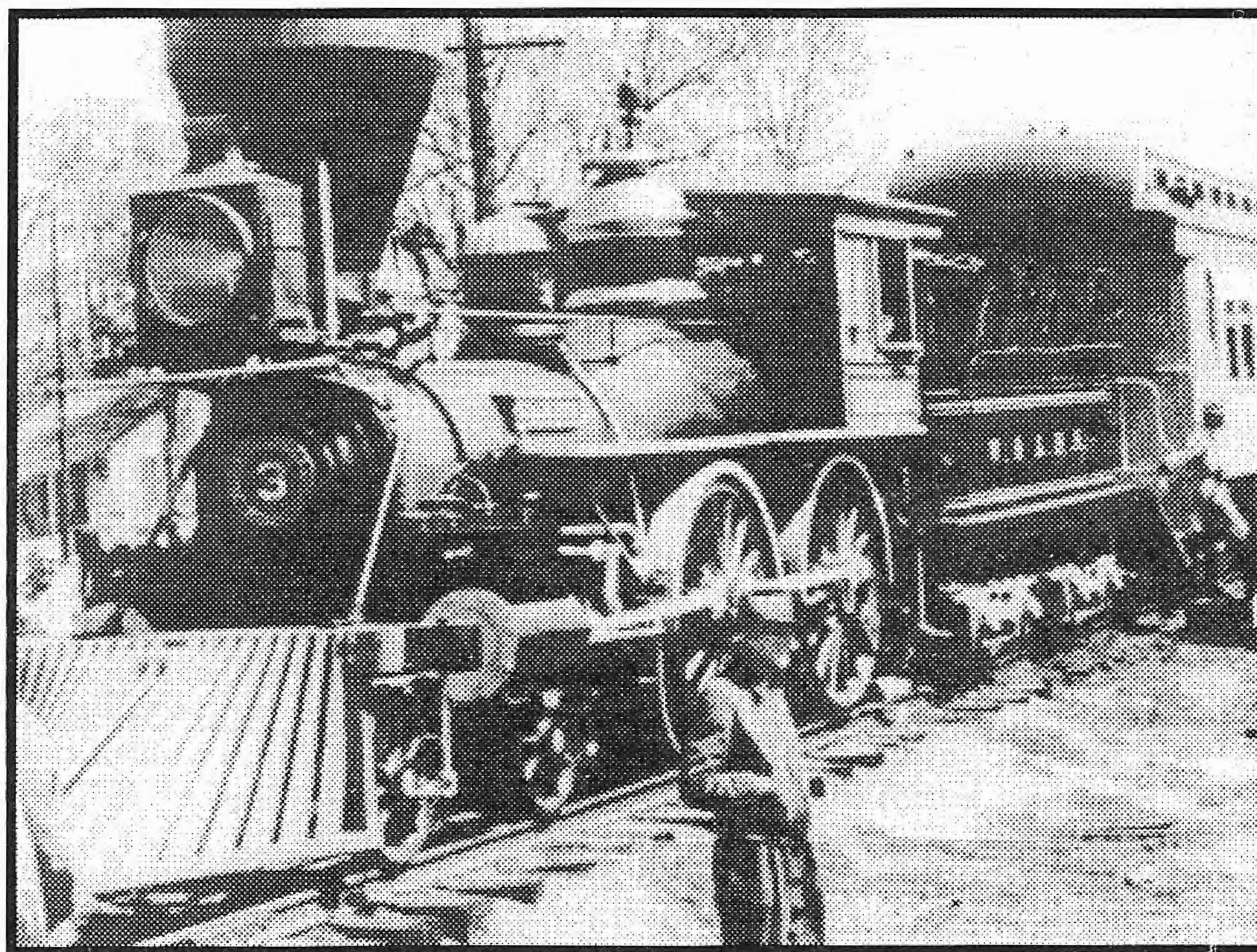
Fire Chief Bill Popham still has his ticket from the ride. He remembers when Morris' sold hamburgers for 25 cents and hot dogs 15, and

on Saturday, they were only 10.

And so it was that history reclaimed the rails that April



View of south side of store. Note "U.E. Paris Gen. MDSE" over Coca-Cola sign



"General in Emerson"

Photo courtesy of Doug Ferguson

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day in '62, a hundred years after one of the most daring attempts to help shorten the Civil War began at the Big Shanty in Marietta, Georgia. The following is from 'The Great Locomotive Chase' by Craig Angle and relates to repair crew foreman Jackson Bond's account of part of the chase. "[We] noticed a rail missing on the west side of the track [a mile and a half from the river, at a place known locally as McGuire's curve near Stegall's Station which served nearby mines]. Coming upon this gap in the track rather suddenly the crew aboard the car jumped off. Steve [Stokely] fell rather than jumped, and landed in the ditch in such a manner as to run the barrel of his long rifle nine inches into the mud. The car never [jumped the track] at this break, for [I and my] partner held up our side—the side of the missing rail—until the car cleared the gap."

According to Joe Head, The 'Great Train Wreck' of September 1863 involving the Senator and the Chieftain may be more of Emerson's exclusive claim to railroad fame than the 'Chase'.

John Stover indicates in his book 'Railroads of the South' that Sherman had to repair tracks in order to get from Chattanooga to Atlanta. It further states "...wrecks were not infrequent on many of the Southern lines and were usually blamed on the general dilapidation of rolling stock & trade." So, was it the tracks, or lack of kerosene lamps, or was it the carbon black night without so much as a scratch of moonlight that led to the train wreck of Sunday, September 13, 1863? The Northbound Senator was carrying troops to Chickamauga, and the Southbound Chieftain troops from the battlefield. The fatal collision occurred a quarter mile from what is today Doug's Place, in the deep cut (railroad builders had to minimize steep grades in hilly terrain).

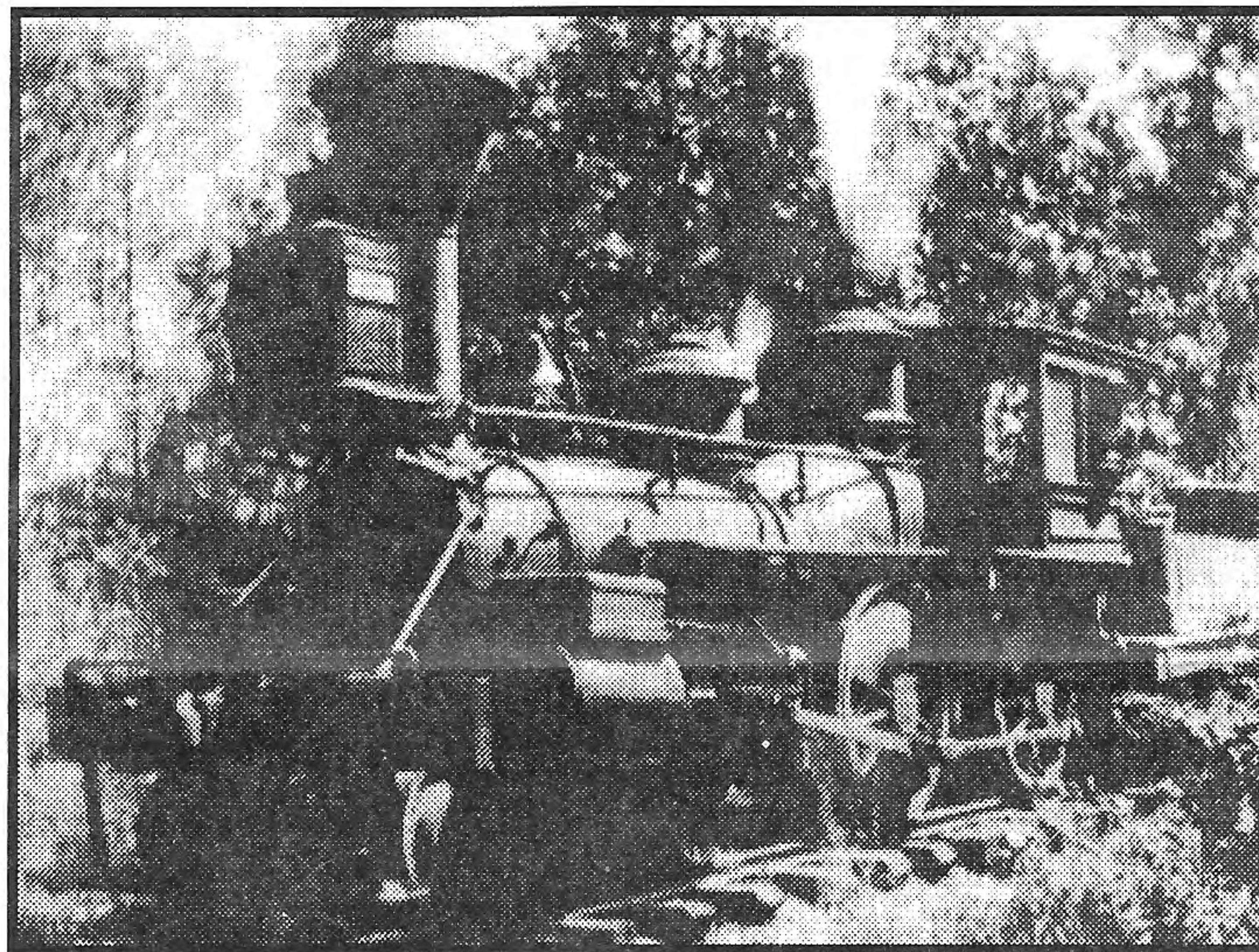
Curt Ratledge, in his work "On the Western & Atlantic Railroad to

Chickamauga: the head-on collision between locomotives 'Senator' & 'Chieftain'" states that several of the troops aboard the Chieftain were from the Kentucky and Alabama Infantry; those of the Tennessee Infantry were aboard the Senator. He also noted eighteen were killed and seventy-five hurt. Eleven days after the collision, the dead were taken to Marietta and buried. Following is the news piece from the September 15, 1863 Atlanta Intelligencer .

TELEGRAPHIC

Special to the Atlanta Intelligencer from "290" Marietta, Sept. 15—

Sixty-six of the wounded and fourteen of the dead, by the railroad collision, arrived here last night. "290" Approved by Captain Commanding Post. Reports of the Press Association.



'Texas' in Emerson

Photo courtesy of Col. James G. Bogle.

The following copied from reverse of photo of TEXAS under steam at Emerson, GA. Copied by Carson's photo service, Ponce de Leon Ave. Atlanta March 8th, 1967 per permission of Mrs. Kurtz. In Mr. Kurtz hand: L.E. Menkee at or near Emerson, Georgia, between Sept. 21 and 25, 1903. I had the photographer go down to Emerson from Cartersville, to make this and another photo of the engine. Menkee wrote me that the engine was in use on a spur track to a corn mill. Years later, I saw traces of where the track was - it seemed to lead to a mill on Pumpkin Vine Creek. The Supt at Atlanta of NC & StL had informed me that the old TEXAS was at Emerson. GA used on a little branch. I secured Menkee's address - the nearest photographer was located at Cartersville and had him go down to Emerson to take this view of the engine, and a rear view. He located the famous old engine, not at Emerson, but at a corn mill 3 miles distant. In Captain Fuller's hand: This is the engine TEXAS of the Danforth & Cook make, as she was in 1862, except for the absence of the cow catcher, and the modernized smoke stack. This should be nearly exactly like the stack now on the GENERAL. The footboard before the front trucks should not be there, neither should the rods by which it is hung. It was with this engine, I ran the last 49 miles in the pursuit of the Andrews Raiders. She has the same stroke and the same size drivers as the GENERAL. Also the same size boiler.

Respectfully,
W A Fuller

Atlanta, Georgia, May 18, 1904

Note: this note from Capt. Fuller was in response to a query by Mr. Kurtz along with a 4 X 5 copy of this photo.
James G. Bogle, Atlanta, Ga. March 8th, 1967

The train wreck pulled out of the past the night of March 11, 1997 as DiAnne Monroe spoke to a group meeting of the Etowah Valley Historical Society. Mr. Guy Parmenter, one time EVHS president, local historian, and publisher of the Society's newsletter, and Mr. Joe Head, recall 41 people had gathered for the 'The Civil War Round Table' meeting. DiAnne told of the little known train wreck near Stegall's Station, now Emerson. Don H. Monroe provided a first hand account of the wreck as passed down by his great grandmother. Both Guy and Joe related the part of the story about how engines lay on their sides and how soldiers were begging for water. The voice of Don's father, the late O.H. Monroe was also heard on tape describing events as passed down to him. The dead from the awful wreck on the old Western and Atlantic Railroad were buried in Marietta.

And so, through pieces of experience, stories, and years of research, DiAnne brought Society's members closer to an historic event. In Joe Head's words, "an event

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that was scarcely recorded and became a forgotten episode in the war, belonged exclusively to the history of Stegall's Station."

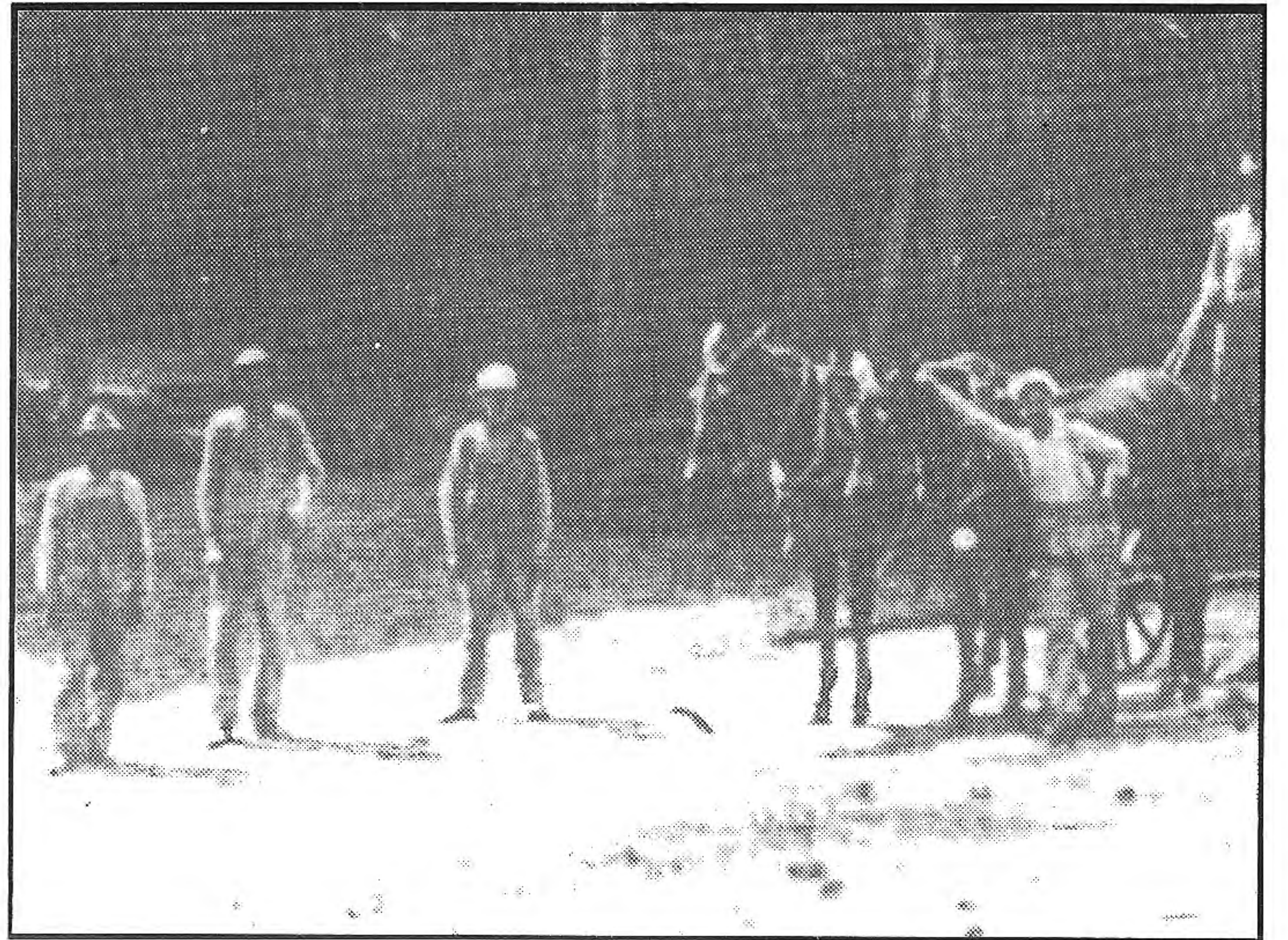
Elaborating on this, Joe continued. "The American Civil War was the first war to be fought on the shoulders of a railroad. Stegall's Station (now Emerson) was on the lifeline of the Confederacy and saw heavy rail traffic between Atlanta and Chattanooga. Many of the state-owned engines noted in the war traveled Western and Atlantic tracks through Stegall's Station. Perhaps the most famous of those were the locomotives, 'General' and 'Texas'."

For railroad enthusiasts, I offer the following, compliments of Joe Head, of what happened to the 'Senator and Chieftain' after the wreck of those two peacetime Dixie Flyers pressed into service only to become silent victims of that fatal collision. According to the annual report of inventory for the Nashville & Chattanooga and St. Louis railway list of rolling stock and trade and other property, in 1872 the 'Senator' was rebuilt by the Western and Atlantic and put back in service. In 1874, the 'Chieftain' was rebuilt and put back in service under the name 'E.G. Cabannis'.

Many years after the 'Great Locomotive Chase' the 'Texas' was stripped of its pilot and used as a switch en-

move to a big house!"

The following is an oral history account given me by Bill McCoy, Ensley McCoy's son: "The Jones Corn Mill was owned by A.D. Hamby from Atlanta who bought it from A.J. Smith. The railroad at that time was the NC & SL; they bought it from the Western & Atlantic. At the end of the line which started at Pumpkinvine Creek, was a lead mine." Bill wasn't clear on whether A.J. Smith or A.D. Hamby leased the 'Texas' engine. He goes on: "While Hamby owned the mill there would



Jones Corn Mill

Photo courtesy of Bill McCoy, son of Ensley McCoy. Shown second from left with his hand on his hip. Ensley worked four years from 1903 until the mill, located on Pumpkinvine Creek, burned in 1907.



Doug's Place Today

Standing (L-R) Melissa Ferguson and Doug Ferguson

gine for hauling freight. One of its most important functions at the time was transporting salt from Saltville, Virginia, during the Civil War. The 'Texas' ran a spur track to the Emerson Lumber Company off Red Top Mountain. Then in 1903, it shunted a small branch line in Emerson, which served some mines in the area. Doug's wife Melissa remembers: "My great, great grandmother told me about how Ensley McCoy drove the 'Texas' and that they had been living in a small house on mill property. But once he started pulling the 'Texas' they got to

be days when no one was there to watch over it. Well, one of those days, some workers pulled the 'Texas' up to where (pointing to the groove, or gully, in the roof in the picture of the corn mill he held) corn silks and leaves had always collected. The workers, probably not realizing there was still enough wood in the engine, fired it up with more wood. And when that thing puffed and started out of there it blew some of the coals out of the boiler right over into the groove where the silk and straw was. Caught the mill afire." Bill continued. "If my dad would have been there, instead of down by the creek fishing like they did when they was off work, he would have known where the 80 gallon bucket of water was kept. He would have run upstairs and poured water on when the fire first started."

I asked Bill where the 'Texas' went after it quit service to the Corn Mill. He explained: "I can't recall the year, but I remember my dad told my mother one day, 'Old Woman (he always called her that), my engine is gone—and the cars too.' I was seven years old at the time my dad recalled it had been twenty years since he pulled the 'Texas'. He hired a

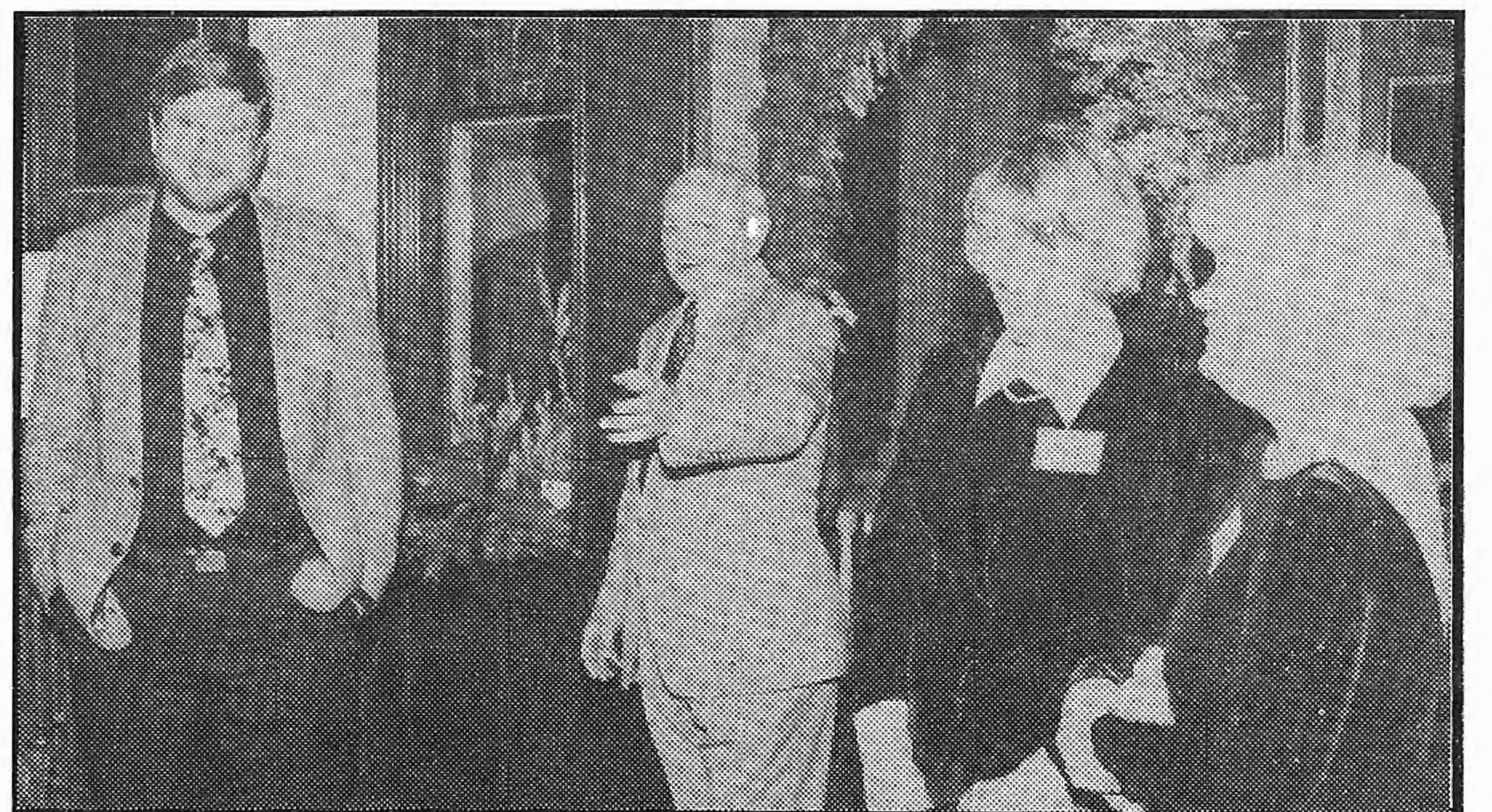
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December 5th Christmas Party at Roselawn

Christmas has come and gone once again. Although Saint Nick has gone back to the North Pole, the Christmas spirit was still very much alive at Roselawn House Museum on the evening of December fifth. The spacious halls and ornate rooms of this impressive nineteenth century home were filled to overflowing with all of the traditional holiday trimmings. In this inviting environment of tradition and celebration, the Etowah Valley Historical Society held its annual Christmas Dinner. Approximately eighty members of the Historical Society enjoyed a delectable holiday meal in the warmth of the Christmas cheer that filled each room of Roselawn that evening. Roselawn, the former home of the renowned evangelist, Sam Jones, was the perfect location for the spreading of this holiday cheer, for Roselawn was dedicated on Christmas Day in 1885. There could be no better place for lively conversation amongst friends than over tables filled with food and fun. We would love to see you at Roselawn for our Christmas dinner again this year, as the holiday evening has become an annual tradition of the EVHS.



Charles and Donna Puckett



*(L-R) David Parker, Don Johnson, Candy Antonio,
Michelle Wright*

car and carried our family to Atlanta to see the monkeys and elephants and all. But when my dad got there and got out of the car and saw that they had, at the end of the Cyclorama, an engine, he didn't look at no monkeys, elephants, or nothing. He just got up on that 'Texas' and crawled all over that engine all day long. And while he was jumping for joy he was telling us and showing us all about it, like the lever you had to pull for the steam, and how he called the 'Texas' ole 212, as that was its number. He told how it used to have on the front of it a big cross tie, but when they got it to the Cyclorama they put cow hooks on it and had them painted red, and they also wrote 'Texas' on the side of the engine. That 'Texas' wasn't written on it when it caught the 'General'. Later when they put the wall up of course they made a picture of the Civil War all around it." I asked Bill if his dad had gotten to see the 'General' when it came through Emerson. "My dad," he said, "was leaning up against that engine and when he told the engineer that he had pulled the 'Texas' at the corn mill the engineer said, 'git him up here I wanna take his picture.' And my dad had his picture taken beside the 'General'."

For the past four years, Doug's Place has been Emerson's meeting place. And I believe that if Doug had an old pitch black pot bellied stove in back, he'd be happy for folks to sit around it and rekindle history, reminiscing days gone by.

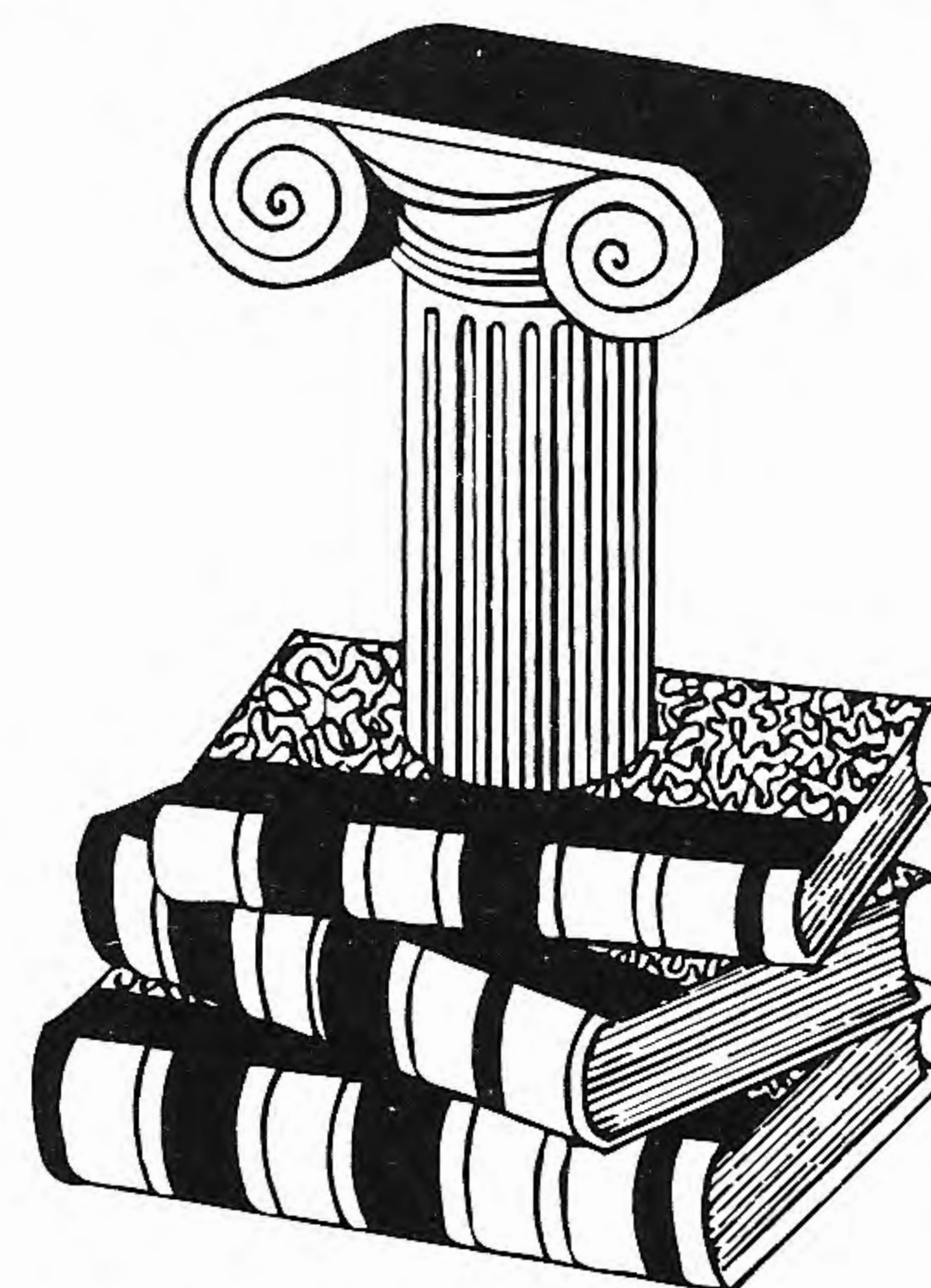
Folks enjoy the kind treatment and appreciation they get at Doug's. They love being recognized and respected. They come not only from all over the county, some from Marietta, approximately 20 miles away—nearly every day—to eat their meals in this friendly atmosphere. Judging from the big smiles on customer's faces as they leave, and how they pat their stomachs, one easily sees that eating at Doug's is enough to put anybody in a good mood.

Doug Ferguson is proud of his place and of Emerson. And that pride shows in his ongoing attempt to keep its history before people, to share its stories and pictures with them, and to listen with an open heart to anyone wanting to talk about Emerson. He remembers one day a group of school kids came by, and after lunch they stood around looking at pictures on the wall. When he began talking about railroad history, he saw the little girl whose great, great, great grandfather happened to be Ensley McCoy who drove the 'Texas' at the mills. Since it was obvious that she had no idea, he felt privileged to tell her.

50 New Books Purchased From Book Fund!

More Ordered.

- CORNERSTONE OF GA., A HISTORY OF SEMINOLE CO.
- HISTORY OF SUMTER CO., GA
- GLEANINGS OF GRADY COUNTY
- COTTON TO KAOLIN-HISTORY OF WASHINGTON CO., GA
- DECATUR COUNTY, GA PAST & PRESENT
- HISTORY OF LEE COUNTY, GA
- HISTORY OF WEBSTER COUNTY
- HISTORY OF HARALSON COUNTY
- GEORGIA'S LAST FRONTIER, A HISTORY OF CARROLL CO.
- CATOOSA COUNTY HERITAGE
- FIRST FAMILIES OF HENRY COUNTY, GA
- ALL KNOWN CEMETERIES OF CLAYTON CO., GA
- MONROE COUNTY, GA., A HISTORY
- WHITFIELD COUNTY, GA, CEMETERY RECORDS
- RABUN COUNTY GEORGIA AND IT'S PEOPLE
- THE HISTORY OF METTER AND CANDLER CO., GA
- PICKENS PAST: A PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF PICKENS CO.
- HISTORY OF COWETA COUNTY, GEORGIA
- DOUGLAS CO., GA., FROM INDIAN TRAIL TO I-20
- HISTORY OF PAULDING CO., VOL.1
- HISTORY OF PAULDING CO., VOL.2
- PIONEER HISTORY OF FORSYTHE COUNTY, GA.
- CHEROKEE PLANTERS IN GA., 1832-1838
- A HISTORY OF MARION COUNTY, GA., MOTHERLAND OF MANY
- FIRST HUNDRED AND TEN YEARS OF HOUSTON, CO., GA
- THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS, A SHORT HISTORY OF COBB CO., GA.
- HISTORY OF CLINCH CO., GA
- STEPHENS CO., GA. AND IT'S PEOPLE, VOL.1
- THE PASSING OF THE PINES: A HISTORY OF WILCOX CO., GA., VOL. I
- THE PASSING OF THE PINES: A HISTORY OF WILCOX CO., GA., VOL. II
- THE PASSING OF THE PINES: A HISTORY OF WILCOX CO., GA., VOL. III
- HISTORY OF CHEROKEE FAMILIES IN FORSYTH CO., GA.
- DAYS GONE BY IN ALPHARETTA & ROSWELL, VOL. I
- DAYS GONE BY IN ALPHARETTA & ROSWELL, VOL. II
- HISTORY OF GWINNETT CO., GA 1818-1943, VOL. I
- HISTORY OF GWINNETT CO., GA 1818-1943, VOL. II
- ROCKDALE COUNTY, GEORGIA HERITAGE
- PICKENS COUNTY HERITAGE
- HISTORY OF LAGRANGE AND TROUP COUNTY
- MORAVIAN MISSIONS AMONG SOUTHERN INDIAN TRIBES
- CEMETERY RECORDS OF BURKE COUNTY, GA
- CEMETERY RECORDS OF COLUMBIA COUNTY, GA
- HISTORY OF LAURENS COUNTY, GEORGIA, VOL. I
- HISTORY OF LAURENS COUNTY, GEORGIA, VOL. II
- MORGAN COUNTY HERITAGE BOOK 1807-1907
- EARLY DAYS OF THE GEORGIA TIDEWATER: MCINTOSH CO.
- THE HERITAGE OF UNION COUNTY, GA 1832-1994
- UNION COUNTY CEMETERIES
- DAWSON COUNTY, GA HERITAGE 1857-1996
- HISTORY OF WILKES COUNTY, GEORGIA



GA Trail of Tears Association

Met March 13th

The Georgia Chapter of the Trail of Tears Association met at New Echota State Park on March 13, 1999. The chapter needs members who can help them research "removal" fort sites, promote awareness of the organization and its goals and help raise funds to attain those goals. If you are interested in joining the chapter, please contact J.B. Tate at (770) 386-7944.

Remember to Mark Your Calendar!

April 11 – Genealogy Meeting - 2 p.m.
Sam Jones Fellowship Hall

April 20 – Membership Meeting - 7 p.m.
Bartow County Library

Etowah Valley
Historical Society
P.O. Box 1886
Cartersville, Georgia 30120

INSIDE:
Doug's Place
Surrounded by Railroad
History

Book Fund \$4000 and
Rising

and much more...
