

J. LAWRENCE COOK



This picture used to hang
in the foyer of JLC's apartment at 409 Edgecombe Avenue in Manhattan and,
according to Dr. J. L. Cook, dates from the early 1930's

An Autobiography of the Early Years **Part 1 of 2** **1899 -1910**

Transcribed from his comments taped in 1972

Edited and annotated by his son

Jean Lawrence Cook M.D.



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Note: Mike Meddings of Staffordshire UK, who produced a series of Jelly Roll Morton roll transcriptions in the 1970-80's, was recently contacted by J. Lawrence Cook's son Dr. Jean Lawrence Cook, M.D. (retired). Dr. Cook was impressed by Mike's comprehensive website showcasing his father and other music luminaries (found at <http://www.doctorjazz.freeseve.co.uk>), and asked Mike to phone him at his residence in France. After a long conversation, Dr. Cook told Mike about his eldest niece, Dr. Lisa Fagg, who also lives in England and that he should contact her also. After doing so Mike was invited to visit Lisa and her husband Steve, for a Saturday lunch and get-together.

In the meantime, Mike was offered Dr. Jean Cook's reminiscences of his father in document format, transcribed from tape-recorded comments by his father. Mike was also shown private family photos never before seen by the public - some of which will be

reproduced in this serial. While some parts of this biography are quite similar to the ground-breaking JLC biography published in the 1973 AMICA bulletins, the Billings' only had the audio tapes to write the transcription - with incorrect phonetic spellings and geographical assumptions. Dr. Cook has embellished these early transcriptions with corrections, facts and references to back up this article. Dr. Cook happily gives his permission for AMICA to print this work.

Lisa and Steve Fagg will be attending the Player Piano Group annual dinner May 5th 2001 in Leatherhead, England. Mike Meddings has offered to be their host at this function. I too, will be in attendance and will be in a position to report back on the event to AMICA this summer. - Karl Ellison

JACOB LINCOLN COOK - MY FATHER

Early years in Athens (McMinn County), Tennessee



The Reverend Jacob Lincoln Cook, my father, was born in Athens, Tennessee, in May 1870¹ to George and Amelia Cook, former slaves² of Judge J. B. Cooke. Their former master was a member of one of the earliest families to settle in the area of McMinn County in Tennessee.

By the time Jacob Lincoln was eight years old both of his parents were deceased, but he had the good fortune to be "taken in" by two former slaves, "Aunt Huldy" and "Uncle Nelse" Gettys.³ They were caring foster parents and they believed strongly that education was the key to success for that first generation of freedmen to which my father belonged.

Jake, as my father was called, became a bright and industrious student, so when he completed his secondary school education the Gettys were able to bring him to the attention of a white physician, Dr. Parkinson.⁴ He was able to secure a scholarship for my father at Fisk University in Nashville, Tennessee. My father had a good singing voice, which enabled him to become a member of the famous Fisk Jubilee Singers.

After a short time at Fisk, just how long I do not know, my father entered Knoxville College in Knoxville, Tennessee.⁵ He worked to pay his expenses, and was also aided by donations from individuals back in his home town of Athens. In 1888 he received his bachelor's degree from Knoxville College and entered Allegheny Theological Seminary in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania to prepare for the Presbyterian ministry.⁶ On 9 April 1890 he was licensed as a minister by the Allegheny Presbytery, and with this credential returned to Athens to establish a United Presbyterian mission. Fresh out of seminary, he began holding services in an old dance hail.⁷

The School My Father Founded in Athens

In addition to starting his missionary congregation, my father, with a handful of dedicated co-workers (Miss Henrietta Mason, Miss Mary Byars, Miss Fannie Jackson, Mr. James Cleage and Professor Pitts),⁸ organized a small school, the Academy of Athens. It was located on a site

called Depot Hill and was funded by the Presbyterian Church. Only one year after its founding, my father's school had moved from its original three-room building to another twice as large.⁸ Most black schools in Tennessee at that time were of the one-teacher, one-room variety, making my father's school an exception. Eventually the Academy of Athens became recognized as one of the best schools for Blacks in the South.

My father headed the Academy of Athens until 1900 when he was appointed President of Henderson Institute in North Carolina.⁹ The Academy was destroyed by fire in 1925, twenty-two years after my father's death, and the Presbyterian Board of Missions decided not to rebuild it. Classes continued to be held in the United Presbyterian Church, where the Reverend C. H. Wilson was then pastor, and principal of the school. The need for a proper school to replace the burned down Academy was clear, and one was built with funds from McMinn County, the City of Athens, and the Rosenwald Fund (a national foundation for the support of Negro education). The new public school, which opened 10 December 1926, had six classrooms, an auditorium, five teachers in addition to the principal and 150 pupils enrolled in nine grades. Its original name, Athens Training School, was quickly changed to the J. L. Cook School in memory of my father's work as an educator in Athens, and it eventually became the J. L. Cook High School. It flourished until it closed during the desegregation of southern schools in the mid- 1960's.¹⁰

My Father Expands His Career as Pastor and Educator



In 1892 the congregation which my father began gathering in 1889 (while still a seminarian) was organized as the First United Presbyterian Church (USA) of Athens and began to worship in its newly constructed building on North Jackson Street, across from the Tennessee Wesleyan campus.¹¹ On 31 March 1893, Reverend Jacob Lincoln Cook, who had been a "stated supply" minister (a minister appointed and supported by

the regional Presbytery), was ordained by the Tennessee Presbytery and became the "called" pastor of his Athens church. He also continued to head the Academy of Athens until 1900, when he became the first colored president of Henderson Normal and Industrial Institute, in Henderson, North Carolina.

My Mother, Zella Cornelia Lawrence



"Zella and her sisters - Zella is on the far right."

The family background of Zella Cornelia Lawrence (Cook), my mother, was very different from her husband's. Zella's father, Job, was the son of John Lawrence, a plantation owner in Tennessee, by his slave Miranda.¹² Born in 1852, Miranda's son became Job Lawrence after Emancipation. In 1876 he graduated from Maryville College in Maryville, Tennessee. He then went to Howard University to prepare for the ministry, and in 1879 was ordained by the Presbytery of Kingston, Tennessee. Reverend Job Lawrence's early ministry mainly involved establishing churches along the foothills and in the valleys of the Great Smoky Mountains. Later, from 1896 to 1910, he pastored Mt. Tabor Presbyterian Church in Columbia, Tennessee.

Job Lawrence married Missouri Ann Wallace in 1876. My mother, Zella Cornelia, born in 1880, was one of their nine children. Missouri Ann was "white" by nature and "colored" by nurture. But that is another story. (See appendix).

My Father's Marriages and His Children

The Rev. Jacob Lincoln Cook was married three times and fathered four children. After his first wife, by whom he had a daughter, died, he married my mother. I was an infant, her only child, when she too died and left my father once more a widower. The two boys born of my father's third marriage died in infancy. I was not quite four years old when my father, a widower for a third time, died on 6 July 1903.

First Marriage

My father's first wife was named Pocahontas Gibson. The memory has been handed down in our family that she was a descendant of her namesake, the Indian Princess Pocahontas who is believed to have helped save the life of the English adventurer John Smith.

My half-sister, Amelia Beatrice Cook (Prillerman), my father's only child from his marriage to Pocahontas Gibson, was born 24 March 1894 and died 3 March 1970. She is survived (1972) by her husband Delbert Prillenman, five sons, one daughter, many grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

Second Marriage

After the death of Pocahontas, the Rev. Jacob Lincoln Cook married my mother, Zella Cornelia Lawrence, then only eighteen years old. But Zella was a bright young woman and had completed her secondary education. She was studying voice in Boston when my father met her. They were married in 1898, five years after my father's ordination.



My mother was born 22 February 1880 and died of typhoid fever on 27 September 1900. I was her only child, born 14 July 1899, so I was little more than a year old at the time of her death. I have no recollection of her, and as mementos just a picture or two and a silver butterknife inscribed "Zella" on the handle.

		Hawkins William	5- Nephew	B	M	Mar	1847	3	0	0	
93	102	Cook, Jacob L	Head 2C	B	M	Mar	1870	30	M	2	1
		—, Zella	Wife	B	F	Feb	1880	20	M	2	1
		—, Amelia	Daughter	B	F	Mar	1893	7	d		
		—, Lawrence	Son	B	M	July	1899	10	d		
94	103	Duckson Amos	Head 2R	B	M	Dec	1831	68	M	32	
Tennessee											
Tennessee			Preacher	0		is	yes	yes	0	F	H
Tennessee						is	yes	yes			
Tennessee											
Tennessee											
Virginia			Gardner	0		is	yes	yes	yes	0	F

My parents lived in Athens, Tennessee, from the time of their marriage until the summer of 1900 when my father became the Principal of Henderson Normal and Industrial Institute in Henderson, North Carolina.

My father's work required him to travel frequently between Athens and other cities, in and out

of the state, lecturing as a Christian educator or fund-raising for the Athens Academy. My very young mother traveled too, between Athens and Columbia, Tennessee, where her parents lived.¹³ Still, she found time, in addition to caring for me and Amelia, to give piano lessons and sing with a group called the Choral Glee Club of Athens.

Third Marriage

My mother's death occurred only a few months after the family moved to Henderson, North Carolina. My father was left with two children to be cared for, so after a proper interval he was married a third time, to a young woman Amelia and I came to love and whom we called "Mama Anna." This marriage produced two boys, both of whom died in infancy.

Death visited my father twice more, taking Mama Anna first, then him. She died on 9 February 1903¹⁴ and he died on 5 July the same year.¹⁵ More than once my father was advised to make a will. To this advice he would respond, "I'm not getting ready to die, I'm getting ready to live." Therefore, when he died at the early age of thirty-three he left no will.

Amelia and I are Separated

My mother's elder sister Gertrude (Aunt Gertie) was a young teacher at my father's school in North Carolina when he died. Aunt Gertie assumed the responsibility of finding someone to care for her brother-in-law's two children. She arranged for me to live with her parents, my maternal grandparents, in Columbia, Tennessee.

Pocahontas Gibson, Amelia's mother and my father's first wife, was the daughter of Phoebe, a former slave and her husband Harrison Gibson. When she married Gibson, Phoebe already had a daughter named Rachel, fathered by her master when she was still a slave. In 1903 Rachel, Amelia's half-aunt, was married (to a Mr. Perry) and living in Whitville, Virginia. Aunt Gertie was able to arrange for Amelia to go live with her half-Aunt Rachel Perry and her husband in Whitville. Rachel Perry was a crafty woman, and in the absence of a will she was able to acquire most of my father's property and personal belongings.

First Amelia and I were orphaned, then we were separated, not to see each other again for 15 years when I was 19 and she was 24. We missed growing up together, but we did keep in touch by mail.

COLUMBIA, TENNESSEE 1903-1907

The manse, in which the Lawrence family lived, and Mt. Tabor Presbyterian Church, which my grandfather pastored, were small wooden structures next to each other. They have now been replaced by brick buildings on the same site.

When I joined them the Lawrence family, in Columbia, Tennessee consisted of Grandma (Missouri Ann Wallace Lawrence). Grandpa (Job Childs Lawrence), and six of their nine children. Zella Cornelia (my mother) had died, Leonora ("Aunt Nona") was living in Chattanooga, Tennessee, and Gertrude Miranda ("Aunt Gertie," age 21) was teaching at the Henderson Institute in North Carolina. The six at home were Lamar Westcott (age 19), Grace Amelia (age 16), Herman Holsey (age 14), Charles Radford (age 11), Harriet Geraldine

("Geral," age 5) and Lucille Wallace (age 1).

Grandma was an excellent cook, and I liked everything she prepared (including chitterlings), except okra, and cornbread (unless it was made with pork crackling). I especially liked Grandma's pies (she actually put small pieces of meat in her mincemeat pies). Lemon custard was my favorite. I can remember being ill in bed when I was 7 years old, and Grandma promising that on my next birthday she would bake a lemon pie especially for me.

I lived in Columbia, Tennessee, with my grandparents from the time I was 4 until Grandma died, two days before my eighth birthday in 1907. During those four years I always looked forward to Sunday, a special day centered on the church. I remember that Grandma used to cook dinner on Saturday and warm it on Sunday, so she would not have to do a weekday task on the Lord's Day.

First thing after Sunday breakfast, Geral and I went through the comic sheets in the Nashville Banner. At 10 o'clock we went next door to Sunday School (Lucille was only 1 year old when I went to Columbia to live) at Mt. Tabor, and at 11 o'clock to the worship service that Grandpa led. When I became old enough, I went across the street in the afternoon to a service in the Episcopal Church. I enjoyed the pageantry of the Episcopal service, and the fact that at Christmas they gave children fancier presents than Mt. Tabor could afford.

Grandma's Reed Organ

Grandma played the organ for the Sunday School and at the 11 o'clock church service. She also baked the bread and made the blackberry wine that we used for Communion Service. Only she knew where she stored the wine.

The church's old reed organ was often out of commission, the most frequent problem being with the straps on the pedals. They would often break, usually one at a time, fortunately. I always sat near the organ, and if a pedal broke down and Grandma couldn't continue the music with just one pedal, I would crawl beside her foot and pump the loose pedal like mad by hand. I felt important. If the second strap broke the music stopped for that service.

Preaching to the Empty Room

Like all children I thought about what I'd like to be when I grew up and imagined myself in uniform as a fireman driving a horse-drawn engine, or a policeman. Eventually I outgrew these careers and began to think about following in my father's footsteps as a minister. Of course I had a live-in role model in Grandpa. At an early age I would take a Bible, prop it in a chair as if it were on a pulpit and read a verse or two, then preach a little sermon to an empty room in our house.

After I learned to play a tune which we called "Coonjine Baby" on the black keys of the piano, I became more attracted to music, and this attraction became strengthened when Grandma taught me to play "Jesus Lover Of My Soul."

We had a rule in our house that on Sunday no popular music could be played, so I made up a

tune of my own called "Today is Sunday, this is a Sunday Song." The title was to protect me from being called away from the piano for playing worldly music. I had no melody or harmony and fumbled over the keys, but I do think I had the beat.

School in Columbia, Tennessee

Grandma had already begun teaching me to read when at age five I entered what was called the "primer" grade, equivalent I believe to today's kindergarten. I had great affection for Mrs. Phoebe Armstrong, my very first teacher, a lady we will return to later on in this story.

Reverse Discrimination

One day a sign appeared in the window of an empty store inviting everyone to a showing of the first movie to come to Columbia, "The Great Fire." The showings were free, there were no seats and the standing audience was not segregated. Later, a second free movie called "The Great Train Robbery" was shown in a vacant building near a store, which had a window display of player pianos. Until then, the only self-playing piano I had ever seen operated using a cumbersome device called a Pianola. The Pianola was a playing mechanism, which had to be pushed up to the piano so that its felt-covered "fingers" could strike the keys.

My third movie was "The Crucifixion." This time there was a charge for admission, there were chairs, and the audience was segregated. Grandpa, being a minister, received complimentary tickets as did other ministers, black and white, for himself, Grandma, Geral, Lucille and me. The Whites sat in front of the big sheet, which was used as a screen. The Negroes sat back of the screen, which of course made it necessary not only for us to view the action in reverse, but also to read the titles backwards.

Grandma's Death, 12 July 1907

Not long before my eighth birthday, the one for which she was going to bake me a lemon pie, Grandma became very ill. Her two eldest daughters, Leonora and Gertrude, came to help take care of their mother. During the early hours of July 12, two days before my birthday, they came through the house and quietly awakened us all saying, "Mama is dead, do you want to see her?" We all went to Grandma's room where she lay with her eyes open. My beloved grandmother was buried on my eighth birthday.

Grandpa was now left with no one to take care of me and his two youngest daughters. Aunt Nona, who lived in Chattanooga, agreed to take on the responsibility. All three of us went to Chattanooga to live with her and her husband, and their only child, Lavetta Mae. My aunt Harriet Geraldine(Geral) was 9 years old, I was 8 and my aunt Lucille was 5.

CHATTANOOGA

We arrived in Chattanooga one afternoon, a few weeks after Grandma's funeral. Aunt Nona and her husband, Hugh Keith, met us and drove us to a wooded area on the outskirts called Rosstown. Their house was quite isolated in the woods, it had no number and it was on a path, not a street. Their mail was delivered to the house of a family named Thornton, which was on the postman's route.

The Keith house was on a slope and overlooked a brook whose water was not suitable for drinking. Their drinking water was gotten from a place called Indian Spring, so named because a community of Indians lived nearby.

On the way from the Chattanooga railroad station to the house, Hugh Keith¹⁴ began an abusive argument with Aunt Nona, something I had never seen in my family before. I must have reacted to it in a way that displeased Hugh Keith, because when we arrived at the house he jerked me out of the carriage and beat me. I had never been beaten before. Then he ordered me to take a bucket and fetch drinking water from Indian Spring. Along the mile and a half to the spring I passed only one other dwelling. It was night, and I was a frightened child, alone in the dark in a strange place.

Hugh Keith was not only a wife-beater, but at times he would even draw his gun and threaten to use it. I can vividly remember Aunt Nona begging him not to shoot. Looking back, I think he may have threatened her just to hear her pleading.

If Geral, Lucille or I made Hugh Keith cross, he would use a cedar limb to give us a beating and he really seemed to enjoy hurting us. His daughter Lavetta would get lighter beatings, with a peach tree limb. Among ourselves we children called him "the meanest man in the world."

We made our own entertainment at home. Aunt Nona played the guitar for us and she enjoyed singing ballads and hymns. Hugh sang too, mostly Tennessee country music. The best times of all were had when Aunt Gertie visited and sang beautifully for us, accompanying herself on the piano.

Hugh Keith had a horse-drawn hack, which he used to transport patrons from the Chattanooga railroad station to their destinations. He always had his bottle of whiskey and his gun with him.

First School Vacation in Chattanooga, Herding Cows

During the summer after my first school year in Chattanooga, I was expected to take a job. Out in Rosstown there was really only one job available to colored kids my age, and that was herding cows. Every morning, except Sunday morning, it was the herder's job to go to the home of the people who owned the cows and drive the animals to a grazing pasture. The herder brought the cows back home in the afternoon, in time to be milked before the owners sat down to dinner.

The first two cows I herded belonged in fact to Hugh Keith's parents. The standard pay for herding was 25 cents a week per cow, paid every two weeks. After my first two weeks of herding I went to collect my pay, which should have been \$1.00, but Hugh Keith's parents would only pay me 35 cents. When Aunt Nona complained on my behalf, her husband's response was in character. He forced me to herd his parents' cows thereafter for nothing.

Fortunately I got three more cows to herd which belonged to a white family living just across the road from Hugh's parents.

The cows grazed peacefully, and we barefoot herders roamed about, watched them, and kept an eye out for snakes and other hazards to bare feet, like thorns. When it came time to go home, each herder guided a lead cow, one which the other animals would follow.

We herders only had a problem when the cows held what we called a "prayer meeting." Sometimes a butcher would come into the woods to slaughter a steer. If a cow smelled the fresh blood, she would give a loud mooing signal, calling all the cows within hearing to follow her to the killing site. Once there, they would mill around, mooing mournfully. We herders just had to wait until the "prayer meeting" was over before we could lead our cows back home.

My earnings were turned over to my aunt, so I did not profit personally from my herding job. I was quite happy to give the money to Aunt Nona, who really needed it, and even happier when she gave me a nickel or two for myself. I wonder how much of my little earnings Hugh Keith took away from her?

Life in Chattanooga

Grandpa, back in Columbia, did his very best to provide for his daughters and grandson in Chattanooga. He would send a money order when he could, and when Spring and Fall arrived, he did not fail to send Aunt Nona money to buy us clothes. Grandpa was not aware that Hugh Keith appropriated most of it for himself

When Grandpa shared in a slaughtering he would send us a big box of salted-down meat. Hugh Keith would divide most of it among his friends; nevertheless it was a great help to Aunt Nona. Since Hugh Keith pocketed most of the money Grandpa sent, Aunt Nona could rarely afford to shop for our clothes in the regular stores. Instead, she would go into Chattanooga and find a rummage sale. I remember clearly that once she bought me a pair of blue knickerbockers for five cents. I used to tell the story of the five-cents knickers to my own children, who I believe suspected I was making it up for their enjoyment.

We went barefoot all summer, except on Sunday. However, when the weather turned cold, we all needed shoes and Aunt Nona never had enough money to buy them for cash. Fortunately there was an itinerant vendor who made his rounds in poor neighborhoods, both white and black, from whom Aunt Nona could buy shoes and pay for them in small weekly installments.

My Uncle Lamar had a good job, one which required him to pass for white, in a Pittsburgh clothing store. Once in a while he sent us a box of "irregular" garments. Although Hugh Keith would appropriate some of the clothes and sell them, we always were excited when a box arrived from Pittsburgh.

I Experience Racism

My favorite playmate in Chattanooga was white, and it was from him that I learned about slavery. He used to visit my house to play, and I visited his, which was across the road from Hugh Keith's parents. Three of the cows that I herded (the three for which I was paid) belonged to his family. One day when he was at my house, he told me that his parents did not want me to

come play with him any more, saying: "We used to have his kind of people as slaves. We are better than they are...but he can still come to the back door to collect his money for the cows." Our friendship managed somehow to survive this restriction.

Our Sunday Routine

Every week Geral, Lucille, Lavetta and I would take our Saturday night bath in a zinc washtub, and on Sunday morning would put on our best clothes to wear to Sunday School and church. We walked a long way from Rosstown to a place appropriately named Churchville, occasionally accompanied by Aunt Nona. Hugh Keith never joined us.

Before we left for Sunday School, Aunt Nona gave each of us two pennies. One was for the collection plate at Sunday School, and one was for church. If we were given only one penny. We knew we were expected to come home after Sunday School and not stay for church.

A Fiery Christmas in Chattanooga

At Christmas-time, our church had a large decorated tree on which the Sunday School teachers would hang gifts for the children. Each child's gifts were in a labeled bag or stocking, and it was thrilling to march up to the tree when your name was called and have Santa Claus hand it to you. We would be given a thoughtfully selected, inexpensive toy, fruit, nuts and candy.

The church did not have electricity, so the Christmas tree was lighted with candles. One year, while Santa Claus was busy getting things organized, the tree caught fire. Although he used the pails of water and sand, which were on hand for just such an emergency, Santa Claus could not put out the flames. Worse yet, his beard caught on fire. The nearest fire department with its horse-drawn equipment was far away, but neighbors came to the rescue with more pails of water. The Sunday School teachers, mainly ladies, evacuated the children, and the fire was put out before there was any real damage to the church building. We children then went back in and some of us cried when we saw the burned remains of our pretty Christmas tree and our presents. The teachers assured us that we would have another tree, and another party with presents very soon. They kept their word.

COLUMBIA AGAIN Summer 1910, We Get Away From Hugh Keith

I have written enough about Hugh Keith for it not to be surprising that a time came when Geral, Lucille and I wanted nothing more than to get away from him. Geral, then 13 and the oldest, wrote a letter to Grandpa describing our unhappiness and took it down to the Thorntons' house (where our mail was delivered). I still remember the address. 216 Watkins Street. Mrs. Thornton gave Geral a 2-cent stamp. Perhaps Mrs. Thornton sensed the importance of the letter this young girl was so anxious to send to her grandfather when she assured Geral it would be mailed. When Grandpa received Geral's letter he wasted no time having us put on a train back to Columbia.

The day before we left Chattanooga the little frog I had raised from a tadpole died. I buried him in a strawberry box and made a tiny tombstone. It was even harder to tear myself from that little grave than it was to leave my kind Aunt Nona and her daughter Lavetta.

Mrs. Alexander's House in Columbia

Things had changed for Grandpa during our three years away from Columbia. He had been replaced as pastor of Mt. Tabor Presbyterian Church, and consequently no longer lived in the manse. He had been retired by the Presbytery with only a small pension and had taken a room in a large two-family house owned by Mrs. Alexander, an aged widow. A family named Peppers rented half of the house, and both Grandpa and the widow Alexander lived in the other half. Grandpa arranged with Mrs. Alexander for the three of us to live with him. Geraldine and Lucille slept in the finished part of the large attic, which was provided with a coal-burning stove. I slept in the unfinished part, without heat, and with the earthy aroma of root vegetables stored there in the cool.

Mr. Peppers was a cook for a white school, the Columbia Military Academy. We were always glad when we saw him returning home in the evening with a bundle under his arm. This meant he was bringing leftovers from the Academy kitchen, good things to eat which he always shared with our family.

Mrs. Alexander had peach trees, apple trees, a cherry tree and a mulberry tree on her property. We planted corn, beans, turnip greens, white potatoes, sweet potatoes, and tomatoes, so we never wanted for fruit or vegetables.

At one end of her property there was a floor-less cabin, a sad reminder of the days of slavery, which Mrs. Alexander rented to an old woman for seventy-five cents a month.

Mrs. Alexander's house was just outside the Columbia city limits, in a place called Happy Hollow. Our houses were not numbered, and we picked up our regular mail at the post office general delivery window. Since all the local residents knew one another, important messages like telegrams and special delivery letters, which were brought by the letter carrier, always reached the proper destination, even without house numbers.

Two Women Who Change Grandpa's Life, Phoebe Armstrong and Mary Williams

Mrs. Williams was a widow, and she had two daughters. They lived in a corner house, not very far from the heart of town in Columbia. I recall it as a large, frame house supported on pillars, with a restaurant, run by Mrs. Williams, on the ground floor.

Mrs. Williams's restaurant business thrived and she was able to buy more property next door to the largest Negro church in Columbia. She built a new frame building on the property and moved her restaurant out of her home and into it.

The older of Mrs. Williams's two daughters was named Mary. A rumor started that Grandpa, now a 55-year-old widower, was overly friendly with her. I do not doubt that Grandpa was attracted to Mary, but it would have been totally out of character for him to have what nowadays we would call "an affair."

Mrs. Phoebe Armstrong, who had been my very first schoolteacher, turned out to be a

gossipmonger. I do not know what her motives were, but she was the disseminator of the scandalous gossip about Grandpa and Mary Williams that culminated in his departure from the pulpit at Mt. Tabor and his retirement from the active ministry.

Grandpa's Ups and Downs in Business

Heaven only knows how they managed it, but Grandpa and a Mr. Simmons, inspired perhaps by Mrs. Williams's success, got together enough capital to open a small café-restaurant together. They served good, simple meals and had a soda fountain, as well as a counter with candies, stationery and notions. Their rented location on Main Street was in the Colored Oddfellows Building, which marked the division of the city into white and colored areas.

The Simmons and Lawrence Restaurant was in a neighborhood nicknamed "Mink Slide." I am told that dealers in "moonshine" liquor used to do business there, and that when they heard revenuers were about they would slide down a pole "like a mink or a fireman" to make a getaway. A colorful but not too credible story.

One of my most vivid memories of Grandpa's café concerns the night that Booker T. Washington came to Columbia to give a lecture at the (whites only) Opera House. A banquet was held for him in our restaurant. After the banquet Washington gave a talk to a colored audience in the Oddfellows Hall before going to the Opera House to address a white audience. I learned years later how skillful a lecturer Booker T. Washington was, so I am sure he was able to arouse support from both audiences for his school in Tuskegee, Alabama. My uncles Herman and Charles both graduated from Tuskegee Institute.

Uncle Herman studied masonry at Tuskegee Institute, but he could not find work in his trade when he returned to Columbia and he had to take a job driving a grocery wagon. One day he announced to Grandpa that he was leaving home to try his luck in Chicago. An even greater blow than Uncle Herman's leaving home came when Mr. Simmons, Grandpa's business partner in the restaurant, also decided to travel north. Grandpa could not make a go of the restaurant alone, and eventually it closed.

Uncle Herman got a job in Chicago, not as a mason but in the post office. He is retired from that service now (1972) and lives in Pasadena, California.

Grandpa's Jobs

After his restaurant went out of business, Grandpa held several jobs at once. He cleaned offices at the Phoenix National Bank, took care of a lawyer's vegetable garden on a sharecropping basis, and worked in a local canning factory. In the summer he prepared tomatoes for canning, and in the fall it was sweet potatoes. At the end of the work day I picked up Grandpa at the cannery, riding on our horse Harry, and we would return home riding double on Harry. After dinner it was my chore to go and clean the offices for Grandpa.

The "Colored" County Fair

The white people had a county fair in Columbia every year, and when it ended some of the concessions and decorations remained for the "colored" fair, which followed. I recall that one of

the attractions for us was a couple of automobiles in which we could take a ride around the racetrack for ten cents.

Train Wreck Sales

Train wrecks, which fortunately damaged freight much more often than they hurt people, were not infrequent in our part of the state. Mr. Wolf, proprietor of Wolf's Bargain Store, had a "train wreck sale" every year, featuring wreck-damaged goods at very low prices to attract customers into his store. Some years he did not have enough wreck-damaged goods, so Mr. Wolf would damage some of his stock himself, to produce "train wreck" sale items. Some of us youngsters earned money distributing his handbills for the sale, but he usually gave us more handbills than there were people in Columbia and we had to dispose of the extras discretely.

Chain Gangs

The sight of chain gangs working was a familiar one. The gangs were segregated, white and black, and they mainly worked on the roads, breaking and tailoring rocks. The prisoners rode in a truck to their worksites, and the familiar heavy iron ball was attached after they arrived.

My Cousin is Killed, A Victim of Racism

Serious racial conflict did not occur often in Chattanooga or Columbia. But there was one serious race riot in Columbia during which a first cousin of mine, along with two other black youths, was apprehended and put in jail. All three were in the same cell, unarmed and locked up, when a cop came by and shot them dead, in cold blood, like animals trapped in a cage. This cousin was my Aunt Grace's first child.

'Possum and Sweet Potatoes

One opossum in the chicken house could kill three of our birds during the night. Sometimes we could tell when an opossum was prowling or killing, because the chickens made enough noise to awaken us. When this happened. Grandpa would get out his hunting rifle, and the visiting predator would usually become a delicious dinner of 'possum and sweet potatoes.

A Puzzling Letter from Miss Mary to Grandpa

Eventually even we children became aware that Grandpa was courting Miss Mary, and we resented it because of our strong attachment to Grandma's memory. Maybe others in the family resented it as well. I just could not imagine Grandpa being married to someone other than Grandma!

One day one of us children came across a letter to Grandpa from Miss Mary. I do not know how it happened to come into our hands, but it did, and we read it with Mrs. Alexander. It began: "My dear husband..." We didn't know how to understand that salutation.

About My Name

I grew up as J. Lawrence Cook. My grandparents explained to me that my father wanted me to be named Jacob Lincoln Cook, Jr., but that my mother did not much care for the names Jacob or Lincoln. My father suggested that as a compromise I just be given the initials "J. L." temporarily. Papa always signed his own name "J. L. Cook" unless he was required to write it

out in full, so I suspect he thought that some time in the future I would replace my "J. L." with his names. After my parents died, some family members called me "Lawrence," and others called me "Jake." I was told that my mother had a liking for "Jean", the French equivalent of "John", but that she hesitated to give her son a name that was considered feminine in her society.

I have always signed my name "J. Lawrence Cook", but when I registered for the draft during World War I had to provide a first name. Well, then and there I decided that since my mother liked "Jean", that would be my official name in the Draft Board's records. My Uncle Herman, who is still living (1972), is the only person who calls me "Jake".

Photo Credits: Dr. Jean L. Cook, Prof. Alan Wallace

Footnotes:

[Acronyms used in this series]

TCHS - Tennessee County History Series

UPD58 - United Presbyterian Directory 1958

EUIJC - Eulogy for Jacob Lincoln Cook

WWPM - Who's Who in Presbyterian Missions

HFUPC - History of First United Presbyterian Church, Athens, TN

HJLCS - History of J. L. Cook High School, Athens, TN

BIGSLL - Balm in Gilead by Sara Lawrence Lightfoot

HHLORIG - Herman H. Lawrence, "Origins of the Lawrence Family"

PCUSADH - Presbyterian Church USA Department of History

1. Date obtained from United States Census 1900

2. After the Occupation of Tennessee by the Federal armies in 1862, Andrew Johnson was appointed military governor by President Lincoln, and he was confirmed on 3 March 1862. On 22 September 1862 (after the Confederacy's crushing defeat at Antietam, Maryland) a preliminary proclamation declared that all slaves in any part of the Confederacy in rebellion against the United States on 1 January 1863, should be forever free. This proclamation did not apply to the four Border States (Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky and Missouri) or to those parts of the Confederacy under the control of the Federal armies. On 1 January 1863 Lincoln issued a second proclamation that confirmed the first and announced that the former slaves would be received into the armed forces of the United States. As President, Lincoln could issue no declaration of freedom; as commander-in chief of the armies and navies of the United States he could issue directives only as to the territory within his lines; but the Emancipation Proclamation applied only to territory outside of his lines. Therefore it did not apply to George and Amelia Cook.

On 22 February 1865 (before Lee's surrender on 9 April 1865) slaves were freed by an amendment to the state constitution, ratified on that date by a vote of the people. It was then that the bondage of George and Amelia ended. Since their only child was not born until 5 years later, they may have been married after 22 February 1865 as free persons.

On 25 February 1865 Negroes were given suffrage, a privilege they were actually not permitted to exercise.

On 24 July 1866 Tennessee became the first Confederate state to be readmitted to the Union, after ratifying the constitution of the United States with amendments, declaring the ordinance of Secession void.

3. EUJLC states: "Rev. J. L. Cook's mother died when he was only eight years old." Note that no mention is made of his father.

TCHS states (p.87): "Cook's parents had been slaves of one of the earliest settlers, Judge J. B. Cooke, but died when Jake was a young child."

In TCHS we find "...Uncle Nelse (sic) and Aunt Huldy Gettys who had been slaves for the Getty family."

In EUJC we read that "...an old gentleman by the name of Uncle Nelson (sic) Gettys...took him into his home and cared for him"

There is a story I remember my father telling when I was a child about his "grandfather" who bought himself and his wife out of slavery. The following story appears in TCHS: "When James Gettys fell on hard times he was forced to sell Nelse (sic). He was purchased by the Reverend Edwin Attlee who did not believe in slavery, but was a friend of Gettys. Attlee immediately arranged a job going through the area buying poultry and eggs so that Nelse could buy his freedom ..." We also read in TCHS that "...although the Civil War came before the debt was paid in full, Nelse stayed with Attlee until it was paid in full. He later, with his wife, was responsible for taking in and raising the orphan boy, IL L. (Jake) Cook."

4. In the 1880 Census of the City of Athens, McMinn County, Tennessee, a John Parkinson is enumerated. He was a white male physician, age 38. His wife was named Fanny and there were two children, Annie and James. In the 1900 Census of Athens, John Parkinson is again enumerated; a white, widower, physician with a daughter named Annie. One wonders what happened to the son.

5. Presbyterian colleges established for the education of freedmen in Tennessee included Knoxville College at Knoxville, Bethel College at McKenzie, King College at Bristol and Maryville College at Maryville.

PCUSADH provides this information: "The United Presbyterian Church North America's work with freedmen began full-force immediately after the Civil War. In 1865 the Committees on Education and Freedmen Missions called on the General Assembly to establish more schools for freedmen, particularly with the intent of training African-Americans to teach and proselytize themselves. This led to the establishment of Knoxville College, their flagship school. The teachers produced by Knoxville were utilized in the establishment of other mission schools in the South. In September of 1889, Athens Academy was begun with two teachers, Henrietta Mason and Mary Byars, both graduates of the Knoxville program."

UPD58 gives the following educational and career summary for Jacob Lincoln Cook; "Knoxville College 1888; Allegheny Seminary; licensed by Allegheny Presbytery, 9 April 1890; ordained by Tennessee Presbytery 31 March 1893; principal Academy and pastor Athens, Tennessee 1893-1900; stated supply and president Normal and Industrial Institute, Henderson NC, 1900-1903; died 6 July 1903."

6. PCUSADH informs: "Allegheny Theological Seminary of the United Presbyterian Church was originally established by the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. In 1824 a committee was appointed to plan for the establishment of a seminary. Pittsburgh was designated as the location and the Rev. Dr. Joseph Kerr was selected as the first professor. The first students only attended four months a year while the rest of their studies were conducted under their presbyteries. When, in 1831, the Rev. Dr. John Pressley was selected as the new professor, the school was moved to Allegheny City. In 1843 the faculty was increased to the size of three and the school's first buildings were constructed in 1851.

The Associate and Associate Reformed Presbyterian Churches reunited in 1859 to form the United Presbyterian Church of North America (UPCNA) and thus control of the seminary passed to the new church body. The seminary continued to prosper until the turn of the century when state-supported schools and private institutions began to put pressure on denominational institutions. The minutes of the General Assembly from 1900 to 1912 show that enrollment steadily declined and leaders in the denomination grew increasingly concerned. In 1912 or 1913 the seminary changed its name to Pittsburgh Theological Seminary. In 1930 Pittsburgh and Xenia Theological Seminaries were joined and named, quite creatively, the Pittsburgh-Xenia Theological Seminary. This joint institution would continue until the UPCNA and Presbyterian Church USA merged in 1958, and Pittsburgh-Xenia Seminary was joined with Western Theological Seminary to create Pittsburgh Theological Seminary."

7. EUJLC states "...He established the U. P. Mission in Athens in 1889. The old dance hail where the U. P. Church now stands was used for a place of worship. ..."

8. Names from EUJC. Also from EUJLC "...he succeeded in getting a three-room school building on the site now occupied by J. L. Cook High School ... soon after, a new site was purchased, the old Henderson place on which was an old building of about six rooms. A little later on a new and more modern building of two stories was erected. ..."

HFUPC records "...The Athens Academy, a United Presbyterian Mission School for black students was erected on a lot on the corner of North Jackson and Green Street, where now stands the home of the family of the late Rev. C. H. Wilson. ..." Rev. C. H. Wilson served 50 years as pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church (USA), Athens, TN.

PCUSADH informs that "... in September of 1889, Athens Academy was begun with two teachers, Henrietta Mason and Mary Byars, both graduates of the Knoxville College program. In its first year enrollment reached 132 and average attendance was 65. In 1896 the enrollment at Athens was 199 students, with 156 students typically attending. Soon after the school was founded, the Rev. J. L. Cook took a leading role in the establishment of a Sabbath School. It was expected that he would return upon the completion of his seminary studies and help organize a church. The second year, enrollment reached 141, with an average attendance of 106 in its first month. They hired an additional teacher and added an additional room to their facilities. Cook then assumed full-time mission work, visiting house to house. They also moved their Sabbath School to a larger building and its size quickly reached 75 students. By 1891

Cook was teaching two or three classes a day, overseeing the operations of the school and trying to organize a congregation."

HFUPC: "The First United Presbyterian Church of Athens, Tennessee was organized in 1889 in an old dance hall building on the corner of North White Street and an alley, now known as Roy Street. The present church building and manse were erected in 1892 on this property under the ministry of J. L. Cook, a native of Athens. The manse was torn down in 1983.

The Reverend J. L. Cook, a forceful and eloquent speaker, attracted many of the young people from the other churches, and many of them joined, forming the first congregation. Nearby Grant University (now Tennessee Wesleyan College) was very friendly toward the Rev. Cook and his work; therefore his efforts were rewarded rapidly. Rev. John Arter served as pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church and as principal of the Athens Academy from 1900 through 1905. The Rev. D. F. White served from 1905 through 1908, and in 1908 the Rev. John Brice came to the church as pastor and principal. At the same time, Rev. C. H. Wilson came to Athens as the Rev. Brice's assistant. In 1911, when the Rev. Brice was called to a church in Indianapolis, the Rev. Wilson became pastor of the church and principal of the Athens Academy.

The Athens Academy burned in 1925, and classes were held in the Presbyterian Church until the city and county took responsibility for the education of the black community and built a school for black students. Shortly after, the school was named J. L. Cook School. Professor Nash, who was a teacher at the Academy and an elder of the First United Presbyterian Church, became the first principal of the J. L. Cook School. In 1953, when Mr. Nash retired, Professor E. Harper Johnson, a member and elder of the First United Presbyterian Church became the second principal of J. L. Cook School until it closed in 1966".

PCUSADH: "...Soon after the school (Athens Academy) was founded, J. L. Cook took a leading role in the establishment of a Sabbath School. It was expected that he would return upon the completion of his seminary studies and help organize a church. The General Assembly noted that this was the first attempt by an ordained 'colored' man to organize a UPCNA church."

9. WWPM lists only two positions held with the Mission Board: Principal, Bristol School, Athens, TN 1893-1900; President, Normal and Industrial School, Henderson, NC 1900-1903. There is no mention of Bristol School in any other documents. Henderson, NC is in northeast NC, near the Virginia border.

10. HJLCHS: "... The City of Athens, and McMinn County met in a joint meeting to discuss plans for building a school for Blacks. After the building was completed, it was voted upon unanimously to name the school after Rev. J. L. Cook. J. L. Cook School opened December 10, 1926 under the principalship of Professor W. E. Nash who was assistant principal of the Athens Academy. Under his leadership the school advanced from 9th grade to a full four year accredited high school. Within three years the enrollment increased from 150 to 350 students. He made education possible for children throughout the Southeast by providing boarding

facilities for boys and girls in two dormitories. He instituted the first bus program in the county. The Cook School's Athletic Program was recognized throughout the state. The school Glee Club and Band were started under his leadership. The faculty members were of high caliber and instilled in their students the right quality of education. The Elementary Department was operated by the city and the High School Department was operated by the county. The W. E. Nash Scholarship was established to help worthwhile students attend college. The first building consisted of ten rooms and an auditorium. Professor W. E. Nash retired in 1953, after serving as principal for 27 years. ..."

11. "Across from the Tennessee Wesleyan Campus" is from TCHS. In 1999 the address of the First United Presbyterian Church of Athens, TN is listed (Internet) as 321 N. Jackson Street, Athens, TN 37303-3617. EUJC contains the statement "...Uncle Nelson Gettys, who owned the property on which the church and parsonage now stands (sic)..."

12. BIGSLL (p. 121) Quotes Charles Lawrence II - "Apparently it was common knowledge that Job was the son of a master named Wallace.... When Wallace, my great-grandfather, lost everything he had in gambling, He sold my grandfather Job and his mother to his brother. He gave Job a silver dollar, and earned his undying enmity." BIGSLL continues: "The jaw of Charles II tightens as he speaks these bitter words. After the Civil War, Job found a job working as a houseboy for a man named Lawrence who was a paint entrepreneur. The Lawrence family 'was very good to him,' and he decided to take their name as his own."

However, in HHLORIG we find: "A slave, Miranda, bore a boy child for her master, John Lawrence, on a plantation in Tennessee. Job Childs Lawrence was his name according to the Family Bible. The date of his birth, November 21, 1852."

13. The report of the Henderson Institute to the Board of Freedmen's Missions for the year 1903 noted the death of Anna B. Cook, wife of the Rev. J. L. Cook on 9 February 1903, "leaving a babe only a few hours old." Jacob Lincoln Cook is enumerated in the 1900 census, and on 1 June of that year he lived in Athens, Tennessee, in a house he owned mortgage-free, with a family consisting of wife Zella and children Amelia and Lawrence. The census notes that J. L. Cook was born in May 1870, and that Zella had been married for two years. J. Lawrence Cook's tape states (*with a tone of uncertainty*) that Zella was buried (and presumably died) in Henderson, North Carolina. If she died in Henderson she must have moved there with her husband some time during the four month period between 1 June 1900 and her death on 27 September 1900.

14. PCUSADH notes that the report of the Henderson Institute to the Board of Freedmen's Missions for the year 1903 and the General Assembly minutes of 1903, both noted the death of Anna B. Cook, wife of The Rev. J. L. Cook.

The General Assembly minutes of 1903 report: "We are called upon to record the death of Mrs. Anna B. Cook...which occurred 9 February 1903, leaving a babe only a few hours old. Mrs. Cook was principal of the Training School Department. We bear willing, cheerful, testimony to

her noble Christian life and to the faithfulness and unusual ability and skill with which she managed the department. She was one of our most efficient and valued teachers and missionaries. Her place will be hard to fill. Her husband, the Rev. Jacob L. Cook, has suffered a very serious breakdown of his physical health. This was occasioned by the great sorrow that came upon him and by overwork as the principal of the Institute and pastor of the congregation. He has been laid aside from all work for several weeks."

PCUSADH also notes that "In 1904 the Board of Freedmen's missions reported: 'It is with profound sorrow that we record the death of the Rev. J. L. Cook, which occurred at Henderson, North Carolina, on the 5th day of July, 1903. Brother Cook was graduated at Knoxville College, June, 1888; studied theology in Allegheny Seminary; was licensed by the Allegheny Presbytery 9th April, 1890; ordained by the Presbytery of Tennessee 31st March 1893. He was principal of the Academy and pastor of the congregation in Athens, Tennessee 12 April 1893-25 June 1900; stated supply and Principal of the Henderson Normal Institute, Henderson, North Carolina, 1 August 1900-5 July 1903. The work of the Church among the freedmen has suffered in his death a severe loss. He was most devoted to the work, self-denying and consecrated; he labored beyond his power that he might make known the riches of God's grace to his own people. He received his reward early. Many will mourn his early departure.'"

15. In the 1900 Census of the City of Athens, McMinn County, Tennessee a Phillip Keith is enumerated. He was black, married, age 44 (born May 1856) and his profession was "drayman." His wife, Hattie, was born in 1867. He had a son born in February 1882 (age 18), an unmarried drayman whose first name was Hugh. If this is the Hugh Keith who later married "Aunt Nona" and went to live in Chattanooga, he would have been 28 years old at the time JLC went to live with his family there. Phillip Keith also had a daughter, Sarah age 16, and another son, Clyde age 4. Other Keith families are found in this census, one with a member named Keith, whose age does not make him a candidate for Leonora Lawrence's husband.

Appendix: Missouri Ann Wallace

The following is from J. Lawrence Cook 's verbatim (unedited) autobiography:

"My maternal grandmother was white. Her father, whom I shall call Mr. X, the lawyer, decided to go into politics. When he first started campaigning he learned that his sweetheart was pregnant. When the baby was born, they decided that this situation would create a scandal which might ruin his chances for a political career. So they gave the baby to an Indian-type Negro woman slave whose name was Wallace. In growing up, this child became psychologically a Negro. She was named Missouri Ann Wallace. Mr. X married the same sweetheart shortly after he began to achieve success with his political efforts. I do not know if they had other children, but I do know that they did have one daughter who also lived in Columbia, Tennessee who exchanged visits with my grandmother. He succeeded in reaching some of the highest elective offices obtainable in the State."

"When Missouri Ann grew into young womanhood she married the Reverend Jacob Childs Lawrence on 21 December 1876. The X's became wealthy and in their declining years after retirement from office, they, perhaps prompted by the feeling of guilt, drove up to the modest Lawrence home in a fine carriage and invited Missouri Ann to come and live with them in the luxury of their world. She declined and I've been told that her answer went something like this: "I was raised as a Negro and that's what I am. They love me and I love them. I've married a Negro and my husband and I love each other dearly. We shall raise a family and we shall all live together as Negroes."

"The X's left in great disappointment, but they offered Missouri a large sum of money which she accepted. I suppose she reasoned that this money would be very helpful in moving from Grandpa's church assignment in Maryville to Columbia. In his new assignment to Mt. Tabor Presbyterian Church."

The following is transcribed from Herman Holsey Lawrence 's oral history of the Lawrence family:

"After school one day I went into a drugstore and was shown to the store owners Will and John Lawrence, Jr., half brothers of Job, as one of Job's boys...(blank)...she was born September 2, 1859, Missouri Ann. After World War 2, I learned that Missouri Ann was an illegitimate child and that her father was a member of the famous Taylor family of Tennessee. Robert Love Taylor, a Democrat, Alfred Taylor, a Republican. Each was Governor of Tennessee in their respective periods. Their election campaign(s) were known as "the War of the Roses", a highlight in Tennessee political history. White Rose was Bob, Red Rose was Al. From infancy Missouri Ann lived in the house of the second President of Maryville College, where she lived until she was about 7 years of age and old enough to go to school. A daughter of the college president resented the illegitimate child, and an Indian woman, Caroline Wallace, was hired to raise this girl. She lived in the Wallace household until she married. Caroline, the Indian woman, lived in the Lawrence household until she died. We children knew her as our grandmother.

"Lamar Lawrence, fourth child of Missouri Ann and Reverend Job Lawrence, remembers that when he was about 4 years old a carriage driven by a coachman who sat up high above the carriage occupants arrived at our home in Knoxville, Tennessee. The carriage contained two (*women governesses?*) who asked Lamar his name. 'The one told him to call his mother. This he did. As his mother was not near the door she did not hear him ... them talking to the boy. Mother came to the door and was asked if she was Missouri Ann. She replied 'Yes ...Why do you ask?' She was told 'Your father has sent for you to come to live with him in the State House in Nashville. However, you must disown your husband and children, as none of them will be accepted by your father.' The women then displayed huge sums of money. "This will pay up all obligations you may have." Missouri Ann's reply was 'When I needed a father, he was not near me. Now I have a good, honorable husband and a family of lovely children. I do not need my father's help. This you may tell him ...Good day.' They departed and no more was ever heard from her father.

"Missouri Ann's mother was a Caucasian woman. We think she was a daughter of the second President of Maryville College and bore Missouri Ann out of wedlock, with Governor Robert Love Taylor as father."

"When we lived in Columbia, Tennessee, mother Missouri Ann used to visit, upon invitation, and have tea with, Mrs. J. P. Street, a daughter of the second President of Maryville College. Mother used to tell of how she and Mrs. Street played on the hearth in the home of Mrs. Street's father, second President of Maryville College. As very small children....Charles...as very small children."

"Also, I remember when one of Mrs. Street's little grandsons was born, her little granddaughters insisted that Charles, my younger brother, and I come in to see their baby brother. This we did as we had gone with our little wagon and buckets to collect the swill from the Streets' kitchen to feed our hogs."

"Missouri Ann Wallace Lawrence, a devoted wife and mother, died July 12, 1907, leaving her husband and eight surviving children to mourn her ...(*unintelligible*)... Reverend Job Childs Lawrence continued to serve his Father God and humanity until July 11, 1919."

J. Lawrence Cook 's unedited tapes record:

"As a final gesture in their effort to ease their consciences, the X's (i.e. the Taylors) saw that grandma Wallace was buried in a 'white' cemetery in Maryville, Tennessee." This statement, however remains to be confirmed (*Editor*).

The following is from "Balm in Gilead" by Sara Lawrence Lightfoot (great-granddaughter of Missouri Ann Wallace):

Page 121 - Quoting Charles Lawrence II: "The legend is that there were two brothers who were leading politicians in Tennessee; one of them was Missouri Ann's father.... The president of Maryville College had a daughter, and she had an illegitimate child out of an affair with the promising young politician. The child was Missouri Ann. The president's family was deeply

embarrassed by their daughter's promiscuous behavior and the child it produced, and the politician worried that the public humiliation might compromise his career. The baby was secretly given away to Grandmother Wallace [no relation to Job's father and master], a kindly old slave lady who raised Missouri Ann as her own."

"From birth, this white girl was raised 'colored' and was therefore honored and pleased to marry Job, the handsome, industrious 'coed' [so-called because he was a black student in Maryville College, which 'co-educated' black and white students] who proposed to her. Many years later, when Job and Missouri Ann already had several children, a fancy horse-drawn carriage drew up to their front door. 'The carriage belonged to the governor, who wanted his daughter, Missouri Ann, to come and live with him.' The young politician, who had fathered the illegitimate child, had realized his ambition to become governor of Tennessee. When he descended the steps of the gilded carriage and offered his daughter the chance to 'come home,' Missouri Ann looked at him in horror and her children grew quiet and still as stones. She hid her bitterness behind a simple response. She *was* home. She knew of no other home. These people were her family. 'She said she was happily married and she would not go.' Missouri Ann walked into her house with her back to the governor's carriage as it drove away."

The following is from TCHS:

"The Taylor story is one of the most famous in Tennessee history. Robert Love Taylor (note above that Herman Holsey Lawrence names Robert as the father of Missouri Ann) and Alfred A. Taylor became governors of the state. Bob was a Democrat and Alf a Republican. Since they were 'roses from the same garden,' their campaign came to be known, with reference to the old feud between the houses of York and Lancaster, as 'The War of the Roses.' The men's humor, skilled oratory, and musical ability turned out campaign crowds numbering in the tens of thousands. Bob's campaign song was 'Dixie' and Alf's 'Yankee Doodle.' Bob won by a narrow majority, eventually served three terms, and went on to be a senator and a representative. Alf then served one term as governor and three as congressman. Before their deaths, they toured the nation appearing before large audiences as 'Yankee Doodle and Dixie'."

[This section is optional, at your discretion Robin - Karl]

Next Installment:

1911	<ul style="list-style-type: none">♦ 14 July, JLC's twelfth birthday.♦ JLC goes to Snow Hill instead of CPS.♦ JLC enters Seventh Grade at Snow Hill.
1912	<ul style="list-style-type: none">♦ 14 July, JLC's thirteenth birthday.♦ JLC enters Eighth Grade at Snow Hill.
1913	<ul style="list-style-type: none">♦ 14 July, JLC's fourteenth birthday.♦ JLC enters Ninth Grade at Snow Hill.
1914	<ul style="list-style-type: none">♦ 14 July, JLC's fifteenth birthday.♦ JLC enters Haines Institute in Tenth Grade.
1915	<ul style="list-style-type: none">♦ 14 July, JLC's sixteenth birthday.♦ JLC enters Eleventh Grade at Haines Institute.♦ JLC returns to Columbia for summer vacation.
1916	<ul style="list-style-type: none">♦ 14 July, JLC's seventeenth birthday.♦ JLC goes to work for the summer in South Egremont, Massachusetts.♦ JLC enters Twelfth Grade at Haines Institute.
1917	<ul style="list-style-type: none">♦ 6 April, United States enters World War I.♦ 14 July, JLC's eighteenth birthday.♦ JLC works in Chicago and registers for the draft.♦ JLC attempts to enter SATC (Student Army Training Corps) at Fisk University without success.♦ JLC enters first "Junior College" year at Haines Institute.
1918	<ul style="list-style-type: none">♦ 14 July, JLC's nineteenth birthday.♦ JLC meets Edith Louise Bascomb on returning to Haines in the Fall for his second "Junior College" year



"That's Athens, Tennessee!"