

WILLS

WARREN CO, KY RECORDS

WARREN COUNTY, KENTUCKY (MARRIAGE RECORDS)

FROM A TYPED TRANSCRIPT:

UPCHURCH, PATSEY	& EARNEST, JAMES	BY HARRIS	22 FEB 1811
UPCHURCH, SALLY	& SNIDER, PETER	BY HIGHTOWER	20 SEP 1811
UPCHURCH, AVY	& WILLBANK, BERRYMAN	BY HOWARD	26 DEC 1813
UPCHURCH, AMBROSE	& DURNALL, MARY	BY HOWARD	2 MAR 1815

\* NOTE: REGARDING AVY UPCHURCH'S MARRIAGE: A "MARRIAGE INDEX" 1797-1900 DEPICTS HER GROOM'S NAME AS "BENJAMIN". A "MARRIAGE REGISTER" DEPICTS THE NAME AS "BERRYMAN". THE MARRIAGE BOND REVEALS IT AS "BERRYMAN WILLBANKS".

MARRIAGE BONDS

WE -- BERRYMAN WILLBANKS AND JOSEPH EARNEST, BOND.....MARRIAGE TO BE PERFORMED BETWEEN SAID BERRYMAN WILLBANKS AND AVY UPCHURCH.....BOTH ABOVE AGE OF 21 YEARS.  
BERRYMAN SIGNS BY MARK

NOTE: DID NOT LOCATE BONDS FOR ANY OTHER OF THE UPCHURCH MARRIAGES

GRANTOR-GRANTEE INDEX TO CONVEYANCES

NO UPCHURCH 1797-1860

} PLACED IN LAND RECORDS

WILLS 1821-1862

NO UPCHURCH

} PLACED IN WILL RECORDS

\* PLACED IN MARRIAGE FILE

Warren Co. Ky

Tax Book

1804 #2  
 Δ Upchurch, John 50  
 Δ ✓, David

3d class land

Water course  
 in whose name entries  
 Drake Creek B. Thompson

white made or 21  
 Hinner [HORSES]

1805  
 Δ Upchurch, David  
 Δ ✓, John 53

1806 (same)  
 1807  
 1808

Δ Upchurch, John  
 1809  
 Δ Upchurch, John  
 Δ ✓, David

1	1
1	1
1	1
1	1

WILL FILE - WILL BOOK A P681

WAYNE CO, KY

WILL OF  
JOHN U

XID-143

From Its 28 JAN 1991  
Cheryl Robin Abbott  
to RPU

HEAD OF THE GEORGE U XID-137  
/JOHN U SUBCLAN XID-143

NEW WILL BOOK A

New Bk A:208-209

Written: 28 Mar 1868  
Proved: 23 June 1873

Will of JOHN UPCHURCH (X)

XID-143

Being now about 70 years of age, but in good health..to my  
2 sons, Daniel G. & Henry Alvin Upchurch, all my land lying  
on Waters of Otter Creek, divided equally..residue divided  
among 5 daughters: Elizabeth Dishman, Nancy Dishman, Nelly  
Carter, Lucinda Hughs & Roena Carter.

Executor: son Henry A. Upchurch

Witness: John L. Sallee & Emsley A. Buttram

Δ + Δ

□ I. GEORGE U XID-137 [HEAD OF CLAN]

Δ A. JOHN U - XID-143

XID

- Δ 1. DANIEL G U - - - - - 429
- Δ 2. HENRY ALVIN U - - - - - 430
- Δ 3. ELIZABETH U - - - - - 431
- Δ MD REUBEN DISHMAN - - - - -
- Δ 4. NANCY U - - - - - 239
- MD BORRELL TREMONT DESHMAN - - 196
- Δ 5. NELLY U [ELEANOR U] - - - - 426
- MD JAMES H. CARTER - - - - - 425
- Δ 6. LUCINDA U - - - - - 427
- MD MORGAN HUGHES - - - - - 432
- Δ 7. ROWENA U - - - - - 428
- MD ROBERT CARTER - - - - - 433

WAYNE CO, KY

○ In a 30 JUL 2005 letter to RPU Robert Freddie Barr, Sr provided a 35 page packet of family history information. This extract concerns pages 2-20 which pertain to SW Wayne Co, KY. These pages <sup>CONCERN</sup> a homestead on LANGHAM CREEK and a mill on LITTLE SOUTH FORK of the CUMBERLAND RIVER. Details are given about the BLEVINS, HURT & ADKINS families who lived in the area in the early 1800's and beyond. This is the same general area in which George Upchurch settled in the 1810-1815 era having come from NC. These 4 families intermarried. A sketch of relationships:

I. ISAAC BLEVINS

md (?) - - - d 1962

A. - - BLEVINS (M)

This couple listed in Wayne Co, Cemetery Book - BLEVINS-DOBBS CEM ON Langham Fork Road. -  
ISAAC M. BLEVINS 8 JUN 1879 - 29 NOV 1948  
ALICE A. BLEVINS 30 OCT 1888 - 7 MAY 1962

1. JOHN BLEVINS - b abt 1943

MILL ALSO KNOWN AS "OLD MILL" "HURT-ADKINS MILL" "PESGAM MILL"

and came from Boston in 1950 to live with his GM Blevins in Langham Valley. He provides the details on the internet

I. JOSEPH HURT BOUGHT THE LSF MILL FROM THE ATKINS FAMILY IN 1881 + 3 ACRES

I. BENJAMIN ADKINS, SR - B built the mill on LSF in 1836 d 1939 came to KY from NC with Daniel Boone. Got a Telleco Land Grant on LSF JUL 1812 - md (?) CATHERINE STIGALL

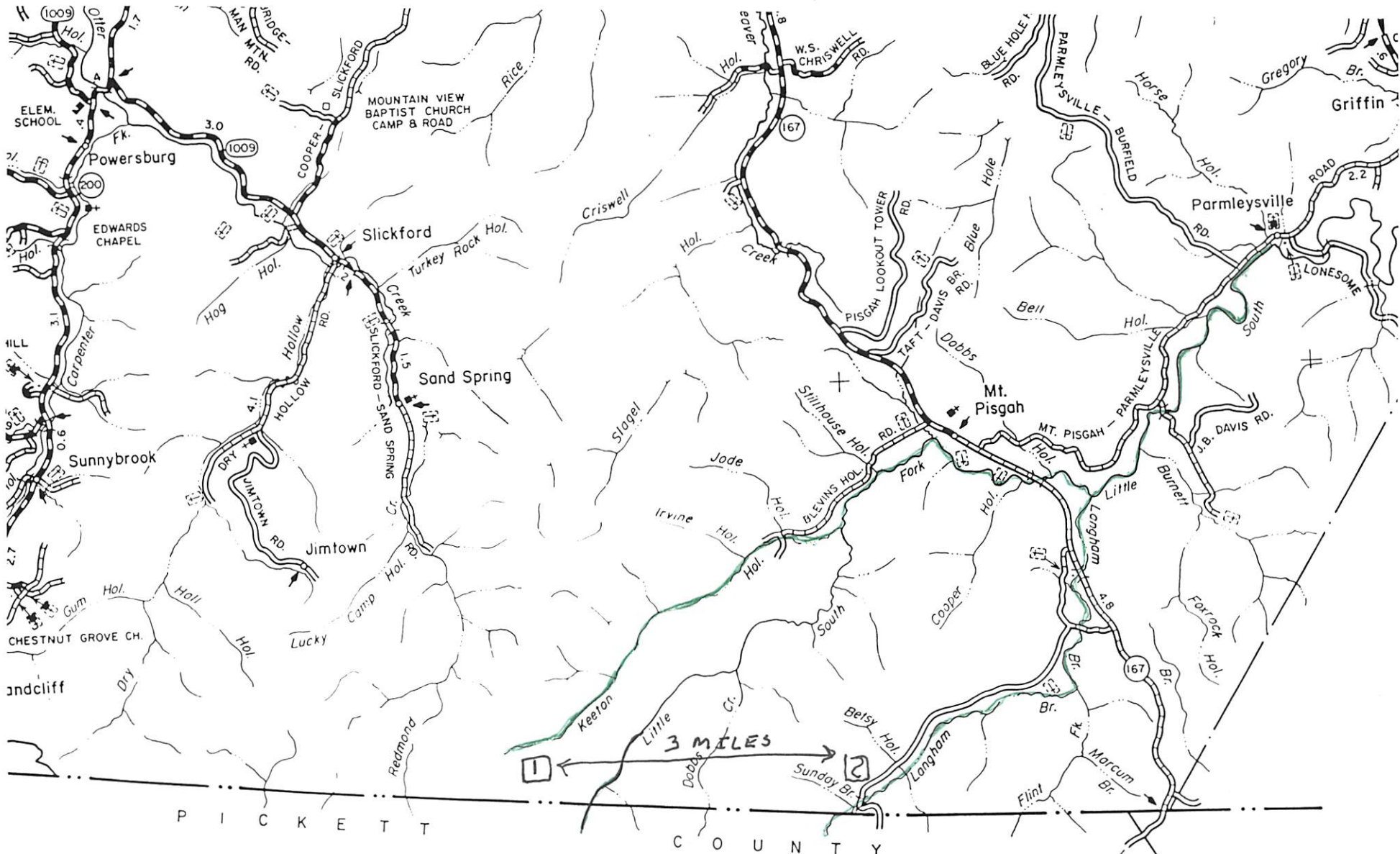
I. MATTHEW HURT BOUGHT THE LSF MILL IN 1916 & OPERATED UNTIL 1962

A. DELPHYN HURT (M)  
B. ALONZO HURT  
C. - - HURT (F)  
md (?) - - BLEVINS

A. BENJAMIN ATKINS, JR  
md 1853(?) Rachel Williams  
D/o Rachel U & GD/o George Upchurch

1. DOUGLAS BLEVINS  
(A COUSIN OF JOHN BLEVINS)

ITEM POSTED BY CRAIG NELSON



- ① GEORGE UPCHURCH HOME  
 ② BLEVIN HOME

PICKETT COUNTY

E N N E S S+ E E

JAMESTOWN, TENN.



NEWS posting on

SEE 3 stories behind this "Mountain Valley Farm." "A View from the Outside" "meets"

Wayne Co. KY Kin powered by MyFamily.com

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A Young Boy Comes Home to Wayne County, KY

<< Previous Next >>

Craig Nelson - May 23, 2004 View | Viewers Categories: Blevins, Sharp

A young boy, John Blevins, comes from Boston to live with his grandmother (Mrs. Isaac Blevins) on the family farm in Wayne County, KY. This story begins in 1950 when John was seven years old. John Blevins now resides in Bardstown, KY. Scroll the entire page.

From the John Blevins collection.

Attachments:



A Young Boy Comes Home to Wayne County, KY

Share Your Thoughts About This News Item: Click Here

Read what others had to say:

Lorna Gheen - May 23, 2004 Viewers | Reply to this item

Thanks for posting this one, Craig. When John first came to Wayne Co., things were still much the same as when many of my ancestors lived in the area. Barry - is that 200 year old house still standing? That was the original Washington Young (the "other" Youngs) home place, later owned by Elizabeth (Mrs. Hugh) Thompson Sharp? She said that "1790" was carved in the dobbing between the logs, and that once while she was away, someone came by and cut that section out. Thanks, Lorna

Barry Decker - May 23, 2004 Viewers | Reply to this item

Lorna, The house is still standing (to my knowledge anyway). The local bookmobile driver here in Wayne County (Glena Burk) is a Blevins descendent and she told me fairly recently that she drove by the house and looked at it. So I am almost positive it is still there. Unfortunately I haven't been there to see it but have seen pictures. I have also heard the story that somebody cut that particular piece out and stole it. What a shame. Barry

Lorna Gheen - May 24, 2004 Viewers | Reply to this item

Worldwi Travel Plan a s adventu trip to c world... www.jour

Free Inf DVD Frc RVing Sign up informa CD-ROM the... www.gorv

Galapac Families couples Contact family t Galapac Speciali www.lafr

Colorad Ranche: Interest vacatio flavor o West? F www.colo

Interesting - thanks, Barry. Edna and my Smith rels used to stop and visit with Elizabeth Sharp when she owned the place.

---

[Mel Walters](#) - Jul 3, 2004 [Viewers](#) | [Reply to this item](#)

Just wanted to tell you all the house is still standing or was a week ago and looks pretty much as it always did except there isnt the flowers in the yard and no big garden in front the road is better then Ive ever seen it goint up there I remember a time when it was almost impossible to ride a horse up there Mel Walters

---

[Ken Koger](#) - Jul 6, 2004 [Viewers](#) | [Reply to this item](#)

Mel - Do you know who owns the place now?

---

[Barbara England](#) - Sep 15, 2004 [Viewers](#) | [Reply to this item](#)

Thank you this is super

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[Diann Branscum Pondela](#) - Sep 16, 2004 [Viewers](#) | [Reply to this item](#)

Craig,  
What a touching story!  
This would be a great article  
to send to the Kentucky Explorer  
Magazine (with the photos)!  
I hope John sends it to them,  
Thanks for sharing this true  
story! Diann

---

[Charlene Holmes](#) - Jan 22, 2005 [Viewers](#) | [Reply to this item](#)

This story is in the Kentucky Explorer...

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[Scott Jones](#) - Sep 22, 2004 [Viewers](#) | [Reply to this item](#)

This would be a fine story for publishing in the Kentucky Explorer.

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[Mel Walters](#) - Jan 8, 2005 [Viewers](#) | [Reply to this item](#)

Ken I hadnt check this for a while no I dont have any Ideal who owns the place I think you all have the two houses mixed up the one that John' grandma lived in sits on the left side of the road going up to the other one but both houses are still standing

---

[Lorna Gheen](#) - Jan 8, 2005 [Viewers](#) | [Reply to this item](#)

Mel - If you scroll BACKWARDS, you'll see the part about the old Washington Young/Sharp house. It's before the part about the Blevins place... Lorna

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I'm grateful for how Ancestry.com has helped me expand my family network. I've made many breakth in researching my family lines. *Christine Rupert, Pennsylvania*



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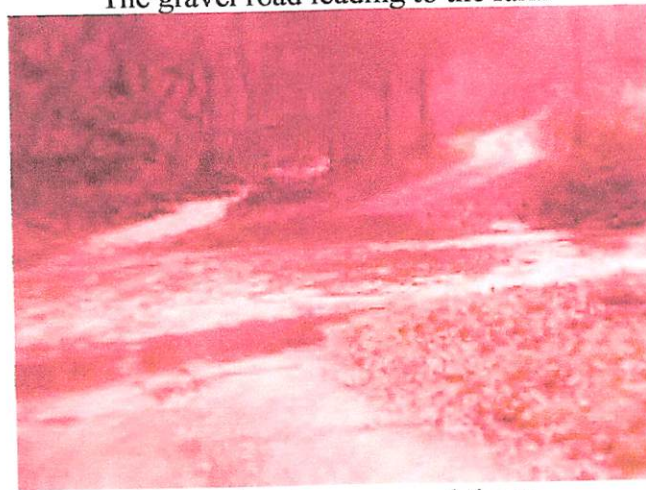
# Mountain Valley Farm

**In Southern Kentucky near Tennessee!**

[Email](#) us if you would like to hire us to develop a page like this for you.

This farm is at the head of Langham Fork. We have posted here [a description of the place](#) and [more](#), stories by John Blevins about growing up on Langham Fork in the 1950s.

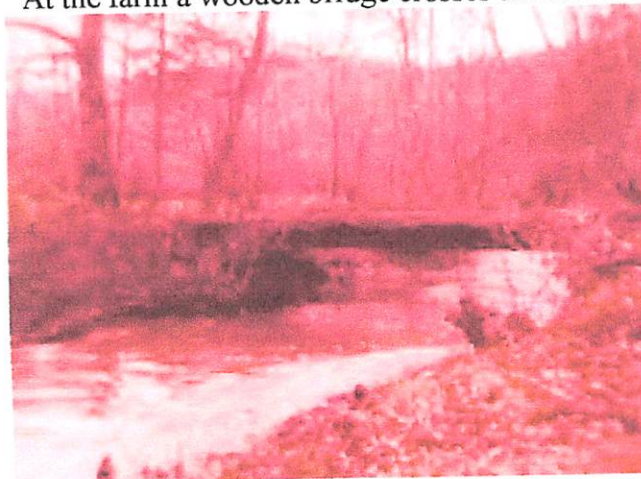
The gravel road leading to the farm



crosses the stream several times.

Below is a description of a 400 acre secluded mountain valley with springs, streams, cliffs, waterfalls, and a log house over 200 years old.

At the farm a wooden bridge crosses the creek.



## A Description of a Mountain Valley Farm

About 40 miles by road from our farm.

The place has been in the family for around 200 years. It once contained several thousand acres but now is only about 400 acres. It is in the Daniel Boone National Forest. One boundary adjoins a 12,000 acre state forest. It is just across the hill from the Big South Fork National Recreation Area which has, on the Big South Fork River, some of the best white water canoeing in the Eastern United States.

It is twenty miles by paved highway from the nearest town. After that the approach is either by driving up a steep mountain to the top of the Cumberland Plateau and then six miles of gravel forest roads and down a mountain into the quiet valley or three miles of rougher gravel road along the creek; part of the road being in the creek bed and crossing the creek two or three times; impossible during high water. The nearest neighbor lives about two miles downstream.



The valley is surrounded by steep forested mountains and high cliffs. Hemlock, pine, oak, cedar, hickory, and maple predominate. About 65 acres of grassland along the year round mountain stream attract deer, raccoons, foxes, possums, and all manner of wildlife. It is said that an occasional bear is seen.



Log cabin close up



(7)



The house is a log cabin said to have been built about 200 years ago. Water is from a mountain spring which rises from under a big rock about 75 yards from the house. The place has phone and electricity.

The spring gushes from the ground and supplies drinking water.



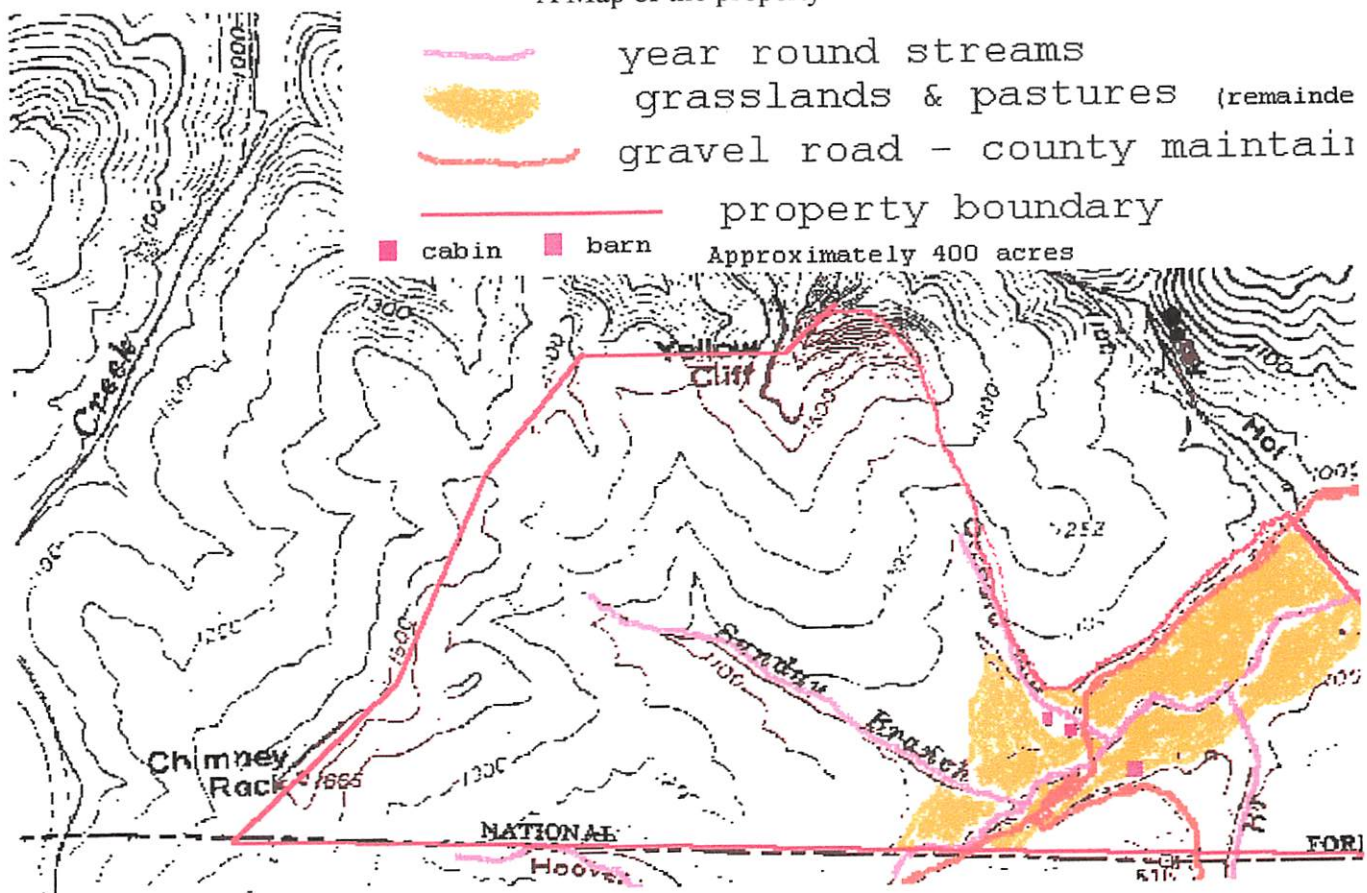
Log cabin with the Yellow Cliffs in the background



Another stream on the farm with some of the farm outbuildings



A Map of the property



We helped the family who owned this farm to sell it. The farm is now sold but we will leave this page on the web site for a while due to the interest it has created.

## A VIEW FROM THE OUTSIDE

### 1950: A Young Boy Comes Home to Wayne County, Kentucky



## Rural Kentucky marks a great change from Boston, Massachusetts

by John Blevins - 1999

Forty miles of bad road would not begin to describe it. The road was so bad that at times all the passengers had to get out of the car so the driver could maneuver over an obstacle. Frequently we had to stop to find rocks to put in the mudholes so the car could get through. For a seven year old boy, who had never been out of the big city, this was quite an adventure.

Due to problems with my stepfather I was being brought to live with my Grandmother in Wayne County, KY along Langham Fork in 1950. My grandfather had just been killed in a truck accident and everyone thought that it would be a good idea for me to go live with her as she was all alone, and before my stepfather killed me.

My Grandfather, Issac Blevins and my Grandmother



at our Langham Creek Farm.

After the struggle to get up there in a car, with at least the last 20 miles no more than a rut, I was left with my Grandmother in what to me was a completely alien environment. From the sophistication of Boston, MA , paved roads, TV, electric lights, movie houses, buses, telephones etc. I was dropped off in a time and place that seemed to be right out of the history books of the past century.

The first thing that I remember were all the different smells, the animals in the barn, the vegetables drying in the house, the smell of different foods cooked on a wood stove, the smells in the house where generations have lived. When night came I thought I had really gone back in time when my Grandmother brought out the kerosene lamps and lit them. We settled down to listen to stories on an old battery powered radio where I first got turned on to such classics as Mr. Keene, The Great Gildersleeve, Amos and Andy, One Man's Family, The Lone Ranger, Jack Benny and my favorite, Tales to Keep You



(10)

in Suspense. My grandmother always started cooking lunch at the same time her soaps came on , Helen Trent Ma Perkins and others that I have forgotten. We did not stay up to late as my Grandmother always got up at least an hour before dawn.

The farm was one of the biggest in the valley. Of course it was too much for an old lady and a seven year old boy to manage so she rented out the fields to neighboring farmers for shares of the crop. The farm was a delight for a young boy to grow up in, there were barns, cribs, abandoned log cabins and other old buildings to play in, a creek through the middle of it, full of fish, farm animals to pester, horses to ride, arrowheads in abundance in the fields and when I got a little older unlimited forests to hunt squirrels with a old .22 I found in the house. My cousins moved in down the road about the time I was 10 years old. They were a few years older than I was and together we would roam the hills at night when it got cold enough that we did not have to worry about snakes, after coons. At first all we could catch would be possums and we had a dog, who had a thing about skunks, but eventually we became pretty good coon hunters. There were just enough Copperheads and Rattlesnakes around to worry an old Grandmother and she never went anywhere without her walking stick. However given a choice her favorite weapon against snakes was a hoe, she did not subscribe to the policy that there were any good snakes.

Our water came from a spring that you reached by crossing Langham Fork on a rickety foot bridge. The spring was surrounded by a grove of huge Red Cedars, some of them more than 3 foot thick and close to 70 feet tall. Under them the spring flowed cool and refreshing as if through a darkened cathedral. People traveling along the creek would always stop there and rest because it was such a pretty place. We caught the tail end of a hurricane in 1961 and all the cedars were toppled into the creek. After we cleared the downed trees, the water seemed to have lost it's taste, so we started getting our water from a cave at another location on the property, but that water never seemed to be as good.

I guess the less said about our bathroom facilities, the better.

All supplies had to be carried on horseback from the nearest store located at Mt, Pisgah, three miles away. Being only 7 years old, I had to ride behind my Grandmother. Our supplies were put in saddle bags or in cloth bags and thrown across the horse. When I got older I would have to do this job myself as well as taking a turn of corn to the water powered mill located on the Little South Fork of the Cumberland, run by Matthew Hurt to be ground into meal. The meal sack was about 6 feet long and bleached to a whiteness that would almost hurt the eyes to look at it. The people of Wayne County let this mill fall down in the early 1980s and nothing is now left of it except the mill dam, it is a shame that people could not find it in themselves to preserve this important part of their history.

My Grandfather had been a lawyer at one time and had quite a collection of books and when I got older I found that his tastes paralleled mine and I spent countless hours reading his collection of Mark Twain, Zane Grey, and other authors that he had collected through a lifetime of reading, most of them from past generations. My Grandmother was well educated also, being a graduate of Cumberland College in Williamsburg, Ky. She had a beautiful Grand Piano which she loved to play. They did not live back there because they had to but because they wanted to. Most of the young people in the area had moved out and the people left were of the previous generation. These older people and the books from the past that I read did more to influence the person I would become than the people of my own generation.

My Grandmother raised almost all of her own food, meat from the hogs, her own vegetable garden, blackberries she gathered and canned, chickens she raised for meat, eggs and spending money to pay for things the farm did not produce like flour, salt and sugar. We would tell the mailman, Alonzo Hurt that we wanted to take chickens to town to sell on a certain date and he would show up with a chicken pen on the back of the mail truck and off we would go for Monticello with a load of chickens. At that time

(11)

we could order something from the Sears and Roebuck catalog and if it went out on Monday's mail you could go back to your mailbox on Friday and your order would be there. Try that now.

I loved all of my Grandmother's food but the salt pork. She killed all her own hogs and hickory smoked the meat in the smoke house. After the meat was smoked it would be brought down and packed in salt and for my tastes it was just too salty to eat. I was practically a vegetarian except for chicken until I got old enough to hunt and fish to put wild meat on the table. One year I talked her into killing a beef. I had visions of at least getting a Hamburger out of the deal. We had this old cow who wanted to fight everytime you got in the same field with her and after constant pestering, my Grandmother sent word to her brother who lived in Parmleysville to come up and help her butcher this cow. Her brother and I stepped in the field where the cow was and sure enough here she come at us and stopped about 15 steps away shaking her head, since it was my idea, I thought that I should do the honors, so I spatted her right between the eyes with a .22 rifle. She came about 5 feet off the ground, hit on all four feet and came at us like a freight train. My Grandmother's 70 year old brother passed me on the way to the fence and easily sailed over it, walking cane and all. After taking a more protected position we finally got the cow down where he could finish her off with an ax.

Not only did my Grandmother get meat from the hogs she also made her own lye soap from the fat. I remember her stirring the fat, lye and ashes together with a wooden paddle that looked as if it was going to be eaten away by the lye. Each Monday was wash day and it was my job to fill the old iron kettle she kept down by the creek and build the fire around it. She did all her washing in this kettle using the lye soap that she had made. The soap was not shaped into bars as we know it now but made into huge ovals like loaves of round bread. The soap did not lather up much but it certainly got the clothes clean and had a nice, pleasing smell to it.

School was a real experience. My Boston accent was a real attention getter. I had only gone to catholic schools with nuns, cafeterias, school buses and other trappings of a modern education and here I was going to a one room school house right out of the book we were reading in school about pioneer America. There probably were not a dozen children of school age in the whole community and we were all taught by one schoolteacher, who usually boarded with my Grandmother since our house was closest to the school. I couldn't get away with anything. All grades were in one room and the teacher would go to the students in one grade, start them on something and go around the room until all students were working on something. Then she would start all over again to see the results. As shocking as it might seem to people now, each school day started off with a prayer and a chapter being read out of the Bible. Then we would say the Pledge of Allegiance and start the school work. I do not believe that this had a bad effect on me, or any of the other children. Water was carried from a spring and all children drank out of the same dipper. Winter time I got the job of going to school a half hour earlier than the rest of the children to start the fire in the pot bellied stove. For this I was paid 10 cents a day. Some of the children had to walk over three miles to get to school, leaving long before dark on winter days and getting home after dark when school was out. School lunches were pretty well split between fried chicken and peanut butter and crackers, all carried in an old syrup bucket. At recess we played games such as tag, dodge ball and Annie over. Infractions of the rules and the teacher would send one of the older boys out to cut a switch and the teachers were not reluctant to use them to good effect.

We of course attended church every Sunday either walking 3 miles to Mt Pisgah or riding horses. For some reason most of the men sat on one side of the church and the women on the other. Some of the most beautiful singing I have ever heard came out of these services. Having only attended Catholic church, with all the pomp, ceremony and solemnity, I found these services to be interesting to say the least, and at least I could understand what was going on.

Every August there would be a big revival and we would walk to church in the evening and by the time

(12)

the services were over it would be dark. Everyone would start back up the valley together with their lanterns but the crowd would gradually get smaller as people dropped off to go to their homes. As my Grandmother and I lived the farthest up the valley we would eventually be walking by ourselves down a path through a dark tunnel of trees lit only by a flickering lantern light. For a child who had seen all the Wolfman, Werewolf and Dracula movies, these were heady times indeed. Of course the movies that I had seen could not compare with the Han't stories that I was hearing now. I believe that the older folks liked to see children with their hair standing on end. Each had their own assortment of tales about screams in the night, dragging chains, headless people, black panthers, boogers, meeting the Devil and other things that dwell just beyond our consciousness.

All good things must come to an end. By 1957, a road was built to Mt. Pisgah, 3 miles away and I rode a Jeep station wagon to the end of the road and caught a big yellow school bus to Monticello. Later that year, following the instructions of my science teacher, I stood in the dark of an October evening and watch Sputnik pass over head, a sign in the heavens that the world was changing. Change did come, that year we got electricity and 3 years later the road was completed to connect Monticello, Ky with Jamestown, Tenn. Things changed rapidly then. The way that people back there had lived for generations changed almost overnight. Why toil on a farm when you can just drive a few miles and get a job? Why keep the old ways when you can get whatever you want from a store? Why have horses and mules when cars and tractors will do? Why can vegetables and cure meat if it would be easier to get from a supermarket? Why have your corn ground in an old mill when you can just grab a bag off the shelf?

As traumatic as it was for me, I can imagine what effect it had on the older people to see the way of life of their parents and grandparents suddenly cast aside or considered quaint. Skills that they had learned from their ancestors suddenly had no value. Change of course is inevitable and necessary but change is usually gradual, but these people were thrust suddenly from the 19th century into the 20th.

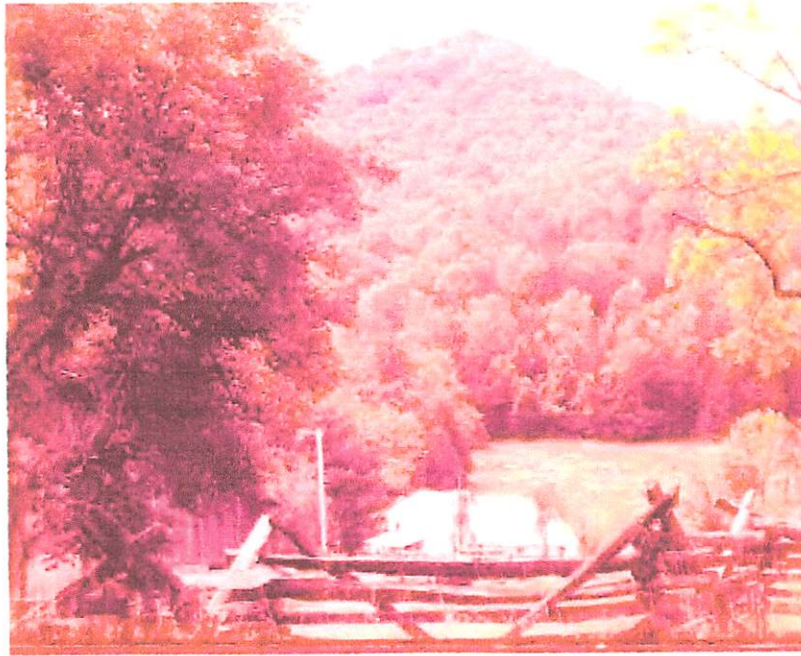
The farm got too much for my Grandmother she was in her 70s so in 1961 the farm was sold and she was moved into town to spend her remaining days in a subdivision. Six months later she was returned to the place she never wanted to leave and now would never have to leave again.

I go back to the farm occasionally and surprisingly little has changed. The split rail fences that completely surrounded the farm are gone. People from town thought that they would look better in their yards. The White Pine that I dragged home and planted in the front yard when I was 13 is now over 70 feet tall and two feet thick. This reminds me of how much time has passed but much of the rest of the place has changed so little it hurts. Due to a series of indifferent tenants, the house is starting to look a bit weary, but with a little imagination I can still see it as it was, and see a barefoot boy running over the fields in the gathering darkness as his Grandmother calls him in. A little valley that had been by passed by time, a pocket of the past that I was privileged to visit and watch disappear.

### The Farm House



(13)



at our Langham Creek Farm.

## Meeto

by John Blevins - 1999

High up on Parker Mountain just before it leaves Wayne County, Kentucky to enter Tennessee, Highway 167 makes a slight bend. If you investigated why the road did not continue straight, you would find a solitary grave marked only by a rough stone, with a single word chisled into it, "MEETO". Who was this person and why does he lie alone on this mountain overlooking Langham Fork?



Probably no one knows the true story and what I tell you may not be altogether accurate either, for many  
<http://www.webcom.com/duane/valley.html>

7/11/05

of the facts are lost in the mists of time. My Grandmother told me this story when I was but seven years old and the first big adventure of my life was to climb this mountain, that I could see from our front porch and find this Indian's grave along what was once was the main road between Monticello, Ky and Jamestown, Tenn. The road at this time was neither main nor much of a road. If Highway 167 had not been built the forest by now would have completely reclaimed the area, and the grave lost to the sight of man. As a child sitting by this man's grave, I could not understand why he felt he had to come back to the scenes of his childhood, but now that I am older and can begin to ponder eternity, the meaning becomes clearer. What follows is the story told me by my Grandmother, as near as I can remember it.

One cold winter night about the turn of the century, an old Indian man showed up at the home that my Grandfather would soon purchase. As was the custom of the time he asked if he could spend the night and over supper, told the following story:

When he was but a young child, he and his parents were forced to leave this country and move to Oklahoma, probably on the Trail of Tears, where he grew to manhood, prospered and raised his family. Always though, he felt a stranger in a strange land for in the back of his mind was his memory of the beautiful place that nurtured him as a child. He knew that he did not belong in Oklahoma with its dry grass and flat terrain for he was a child of green mountains, flowing streams and abundant game.. His wife was now gone and his children had lives of their own, so he decided to return, though old and full of years, to gaze once more upon the land that had planted these memories in his mind, and where his ancestors slept beneath its soil.

After supper the old man was shown to a room in the back of the house. Sometime in the night his spirit was called home to be with his Fathers. The neighbors got together, built a coffin, placed the old man in it and carried in a wagon to the highest mountain in the area where the Old Man could spend eternity gazing across the valley of Langham Fork, with Chimney Rock at it's head.

As far as I know, none of his relatives were ever found to tell them of the Old Man's fate and probably soon even his stone will not remain to mark the passing of a man. Few people knew of this grave and the story behind it and soon they also will be gone, therefore I felt it a duty to pass this story on to you, the readers of this web page, who share a love of this land as did Meeto, so that his passing and his love of this land may remain a little longer in our memories.

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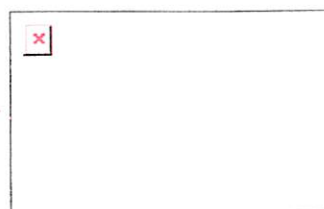
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**Last revised March 2, 1999.**

URL: <http://www.webcom.com/duane/valley.html>

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*Duane Bristow (oldky@webcom.com)*







Posted By: Craig Nelson

Date Posted: May 23, 2004

Description: The Hurt - Adkins Mill on the Little South Fork, very near Mt. Pisgah, KY. Also known as the Old Mill and the Pisgah Mill. This mill not only ground meal, it was also a local gathering spot for casual socializing for many, many generations of our ancestors. From 1916 into the early 1960's Math Hurt was the 'Miller'. Delphyn Hurt was Maths' son. From the John Blevins collection.

Date Taken: unknown

Place Taken: Mt. Pisgah, KY

Owner: John Blevins

Read what others had to say:

Craig Nelson- May 23, 2004

By: John Blevins ..... who as a young boy came from Boston to live with his grandmother, Mrs. Isaac Blevins, very near Mt. Pisgah, on the Little South Fork of the Cumberland River. The time period he relates is from the early 1950's to about the mid-to-late 1960's.

Three miles on the back of a mule was experience enough but now through the trees I could here a roaring that told me that I was about to experience something new. A little boy with his arms around his Grandmothers waist and sitting on a large turn of shelled corn. We had turned off of what to be charitable could be called a road, to a footpath that led beside the Little South Fork of the Cumberland. We were able to hear the water pouring over the dam and through the mill race long before we arrived at Hurt's Mill. The millhouse stood at one end of the dam made of dressed stones and overlooked a mill pond surrounded by huge trees and water that was so deep that it was a dark blue. Horses and mules were tied up to the rail fence beside the mill as everyone waited their turn.

Earlier that morning I had helped my Grandmother shell the turn of corn and put it across the mule's back. She led the mule to a convenient rock and got into the saddle and I got on behind, making our way through the mountains we arrived at the mill a couple of hours later.

Math Hurt , the miller, helped us get the turn of corn off the mule and taking it inside opened the sack and taking the Toll Dish, took his payment and poured it into one of the huge barrels that stood inside the mill. These barrels were made from a single log, hollowed out and were tall as I was. Math was a big man with a perpetual corn cob pipe and wore suspenders rather than a belt. and completely covered with meal dust Math was a great storyteller and always had

an audience listening to his tales.. The corn would be poured into a large hopper that sloped down to a small hole allowing the corn to come in contact with the grinding stones. These stones could be adjusted to vary the grind from coarse to fine by raising or lowering the turning rock against the stationary rock. The stones had to be taken out and dressed with a hammer and chisel occasionally and to have grooves cut in them for the meal to pour out. The stone for grinding corn was made from native stone, while the stone for grinding wheat was imported from France in four sections that had to be joined back together for use. Each stone measured about three feet in diameter and weighed about 500 pounds. Wooden gates would open up letting water in to spin a wooden turbine that had triangular cups in it to catch the water and turn the shaft that the grinding stones were attached to.

While the corn was being ground I had ample time to explore the surroundings, although still small, the river was the biggest I had seen. Langham Fork where our farm was, seldom was over waist deep even to a little boy, but here was deep water. Water that turned a dark blue, attesting to it's depth. Math Hurt's son Delphyn was shooting turtles above the mill dam with the first old Winchester rifle that I had ever seen, an 1892 Winchester in 32/20 caliber and that started a fondness for old Winchesters that I have to this day.

Many people were fishing in the pool beneath the dam. Fish were attracted by the sound of milling and would come to the dam knowing that some of the meal would be spilled and fall into the water. I guess fish and cornbread/cornmeal just naturally go together. People kept fishing poles at the mill to use on their weekly trips to have their corn ground. When I got older I always carried a fishing pole with me to try out for the monster fish that was supposed to lurk in the dark depths.

Benjamin Adkins, the builder of Hurt's Mill came to Kentucky from North Carolina with Daniel Boone and with his wife Catherine Stigall were among the first settlers in Kentucky.

In July 1812 Benjamin Adkins was given a Tellico Land Warrant for land on the Little South Fork of the Cumberland, near where Mt. Pisgah, Ky now stands and built a grist mill in 1836 that he operated until he died in 1839. The mill had what was called gunports on all sides of it and this may have been because Benjamin had seen his parents and 2 sisters killed by Indians and he had a severe head wound recieved in the same attack A strip of skin was said to have been removed from his head from a botched scalping attempt. This wound affected him in later life. However I believe that what is said to be gunports are actually slots cut into the logs to support joists for a floor or ceiling. The ports are not on the same level so I believe that this mill was built from the remains of an earlier mill that had washed away. The huge squared logs that the mill was built with, were 16 inches high, 8 inches thick and 16 or 36 feet long, and were covered with the carvings of generations, people who came there to have their corn ground could spend the time the miller took to grind the grain in tracing the carvings of their parents and grandparents in the

logs from which the mill was built, and they could also put evidence of their own passing in the logs. Numerous bullets were also embedded in the logs, testimony that all had not always been peaceful in this serene setting. The logs were covered in carvings that told of the history of the place, I found the initials of my father and grandfather on the logs and put mine there beside them. I found the names of people that I had heard my Grandmother speak about that had passed from the scene generations ago. The last man reputed to have been hung in Wayne County, Granville Pruitt had his name on the logs also

The mill remained in the Adkins family until 1881, it and three acres of land was bought by Joseph Hurt for \$300.00. The mill changed hands again in 1916 when it was bought by Matthew Hurt, though sharing the same last name, the men were not related. Matthew owned the mill until his death

The mill ground it's last in 1962 and in 1970 after the death of Math Hurt I attended an auction of his personal effects in the hope of buying his old Winchester rifle. However being newly discharged from the Army and with 1 small child and another on the way, I was soon outbid. Matthew's son Alonzo and Real estate broker B.G. Dunnington of Monticello bought the mill but soon sold it to an out of state buyer, Andrew Kanaby to settle the estate. Kanaby had plans to restore the mill but a spate of vandalism and arson in the area soon soured him on the idea.

Math Hurt's grandson and my cousin Douglas Blevins of Monticello, Ky tried valiantly to have the mill saved and restored, but it was not to be.

The mill had seen the passage of the Red Man and and the advancing of the White Man. When people came from across the mountains to clear the land and build an new civilization in the wilderness, it was there. When the Alamo fell it was new. When people wore Blue and Gray it fed them both. When the sons who grew to manhood in its shadow went to fight in foreign wars it watched them go and saw some of them return and the sorrow of the families of those who did not return. For 150 years it had withstood winter snows and spring floods, but on Aug 3 1994 the mill collapsed, felled not only by wind and storm but by neglect and indifference. Now even the remains have been carried away by time and tide and only the memories remain.

Fay Keith - May 9, 2005

Lorna, this is beautiful.. don't know how I missed this one lol.  
I love old mills, and would like to get this one enlarged and framed for my dining room wall.

Lorna Gheen - May 9, 2005

Kay - I love this picture, too. Too bad they let this mill fall apart. I have no idea why my name got on this pic. Believe it belongs to John Blevins and was posted by Craig Nelson. To clarify for all - You don't need permission to download photos for your personal use. You do need permission (from the



person posting the picture, NOT FROM THE SITE ADMIN) if you want to publish one of the photos, or put it on another internet site. I know Fay knows this, but some of the newer members might not. Lorna

Sue Hasty - May 12, 2005

It would be nice if an artist could paint this picture and sell copies, like the mill at Mill Spring. The Historical Society could make some money off this. Just a thought.

Sue

7-11-01



# Wayne County Historical Society

POST OFFICE BOX 320 • WAYNE COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING • MONTICELLO, KENTUCKY 42633

It is with regret that the Wayne County Historical Society has reached the decision not to publish the history of Wayne County. The reason being a lack of interest on the part of the people. There are approximately six thousand families living in the county and we had only 310 sending in their biographies with only 160 pre-sold books. This after two mass mailings, newspaper advertisements and word of mouth. Therefore please find a check for the amount of your deposit.

With your permission we will keep your biography and your picture on file for the possibility of a future publication. However your biography and/or picture will be returned upon your request.

If there are any questions concerning this decision please feel free to contact any member of the Wayne County Historical Society.

Again we regret that under the circumstances this decision had to be made.

Sincerely

Proctor Rankin, Treasurer

Glen A. Ramsey, President

REC'D 20 AUG 2001

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