

1966⁷

John Rainwater = born 1705 died 1777 - married Mary Fussell. She died 1780. There were 9 children born to them JAMES: JOHN: MILLEY: BETTY: MARY: WILLIAM: MOLLY: WINNIE: and SARAH.

I have no idea where they came from. First records I have they had moved from where I do not know to Edgecombe N.C. near the present Henderson, N. C. then moved with 2 of his sons to Surry County, N. C. It is from the son William I have traced my family down to the present. There are legions of the other Rainwaters, descendants of John and Mary as most of their nine children had children.

William Rainwater, son of John and Mary Rainwater, born 1756 married a Cherokee Indian woman (whost name and dates I have been unable to get). There were sons, JAMES: VINCENT: WILLIAM C: and perhaps NEWSOM: JOHN: MOSES: MATTHEW and JOSHUA could be sons of theirs. I have no record of daughters. It is from this son of James I start my line.

We do know that Vincent was married and had sons and daughters. At one time he lived in Jefferson County at Sandy Ridge and near his brother James.

An uncle, brother of my father Bradley (Brad), knew his great uncle Vincent, and at least 2 of Vincent's girls. I have forgotten their names. I don't recall hearing my folks say just where they lived but it must have been near his brother James, and my grandfather Eli. I have no knowledge of why they came to this country or when, and when they left. My impression now is that the girls must have been splinters. I do not think they lived out their days here. I am sorry I did not get some information while my father and uncle were alive. Old Vincent must have been some character. I remember a few funny little things my folks told me about him. One was about Vincent's old cow, named "Rabbitt". Seems she kept getting in their father's (Eli) corn so he sent Vincent word that if he didn't keep Rabbitt out of his corn he was going to kill her. This made the girls mad and they sent him word back by the boys to tell cousin Eli he could kiss Rabbitts _____. This made Eli so mad and amused the boys. They liked to tease him about it but had to keep out of his reach when the did. He (Vincent) called his cat "Keepin" (Keepling). I

suppose it was because he kept it as a pet and to catch rats, etc. He said one time that old Keepin' got into his lard and ate so much that everywhere he sat down it made a greasy spot. I would remember such crazy stuff instead of something more important. To this day my sister and I often refer to something as "Old Keepin" or "Old Rabbitt" and what to tell cousin Eli.

This is about all I know about Vincent, so I will take up James, the great granddaddy of us all. James Rainwater, born 1791, oldest son of William and "Cranny Cherokee" married Catherine (Katy) McCall, born 1795 in Ireland. Her parents were Scotch-Irish. She was 7 years old when they came to U.S. where they landed I do not know or why they came. They must have landed somewhere in the Carolinas as they made their way across country to around Cherokee. James and Katy were married (according to some records) in May 1809 in Rockingham, Richmond County, N. C. If this is true she certainly was a child bride. She always said she was 13 years old when her first child was born. He was Eli, my grandfather, born Nov. 1811. The following is the little I have been able to learn about James and Katy which is not all I would like to know and I seem to know more about Katy than James. My father remembered her and spent much time with her when he was small. She lived real close to his father, Eli, and was always a lone. He always regretted that he did not learn more about our people from her but he was too young to be interested. I, too, regret that I did not ask him more about things he probably could have told me. He could never recall if she told about her parents', their names or if she had brothers and sisters. She was small when they came to this country and probably had no idea of why they came here. The thing that impressed her most was the ship and the sea and it being so rough. Guess she was scared. Very likely she, at times, tell him of folks and he just forgot all about it. It would be so interesting to know why they came to the U.S. and how she met James, her husband and why they moved on to Sandy Ridge, Tennessee. We do know that the Indians (Cherokee) had lived, at one time, all along the French Broad River (which is now Douglas Lake) and in the Smoky Mountains. Long after they had left the French Broad country and were making their homes in the mountains they would come back during the summer and fish, make baskets, and hunt along the river. Each year fewer and fewer would come until they finally quit it. Daddy recalled when he was real small and at Granny's home some Indians stopped at her house and talked with her and that he couldn't understand them. She could talk to them and he said it all sounded like grunting

to him and he was afraid of them. She told him they were from over Lufty Creek. This is what she called the big creek that runs through the Indian town now known as Cherokee, N. C. and that she was talking to them about "our folks" and they would not hurt him. We presume that James' people were in the habit of coming to the French Broad and that he knew about the country and decided he would make his home here. They did not settle on any of the good rich river land. Perhaps it all had been taken by then, but they did settle near it, about 4 or 5 miles from where they settled to the river. It was mostly sandy land with lots of timber yet on it. There is a long ridge and pretty steep in places which was always called Sandy Ridge. The country is well watered with springs and creeks and the land good. The Rainwater farm was at one time a very good sized one but has been cut into smaller places and changed hands so much. James and Katy built them a small log cabin, pioneer style. The little old cabin is still standing. Katy lived in it all her life and after her death it was moved a little way to where it is now. The farm was divided up some way and her oldest son, Eli, moved it on to his land. I know where the house originally stood. It was in this little cabin she reared her family of 5 boys and one girl. Of course I never knew James and Katy or any of the children. I can barely remember the daughter Louisa. She didn't live so far from us but was real old when she died. I recall she was always sending word that she was going to come to see us but never got there, at least she never came after I was old enough to remember. When Katy's first child, Eli, (my grandfather) was a small boy James joined the army during the war of 1812 and left that poor girl, just a child herself, with a little baby to "fend" for themselves. There were none of their folks near her. How she made out I don't know. Daddy said she was a full blooded Scotchman, as independent as they come and not afraid of the devil himself. Hoot mon she didn't care if you paid her any mind or not. I have the greatest admiration for her wish I could have know her. Guess I have a lot of her in me. I am pretty independent myself. From some old records we have unearthed I don't think James was in the army too long. Seems he took sick and was returned home. He was in long enough that years later he did get a pension. After he came back home there were 4 more boys and the girl added to the family. Katy must have been a character, not a wild sort but just a real Scott-Irish, full of fun, a little close and thrifty too. Daddy told me lots of little things he thought were funny about her. She had her native brogue and a little different way of expressing herself. Seems she was very witty. If she liked you she did and if she didn't you knew it. I don't think my grandmother (Eli's

wife) liked her mother-in-law, Katy too well. She was good to her and helped Eli to look after his mother but they just didn't see eye to eye exactly. She said Katy wasn't as good to James as she ought to be. I didn't think he was as good to Katy as he could have been. He was too much Cherokee to settle down one place and be content. Just before the Civil War 2 of the boys (Youngest 2 I think) Sanford and Crawford took the notion they were going to Arkansas. They must have been yet single men as I can find no record of them having wives. The father, James, got the "fever" also. The Indian in them made them want to prowl about and no doubt they knew some of the Indians who had gone West before, anyway they all went. Granny Kate would not budge one step - she stayed on in her little cabin all by herself from then until she died. I never knew whether just these three went alone or if there were others going also. Don't know how they went. None of them ever came back to Tennessee. I am sure Katy heard from them now and then. Letters were few and far between back then and if she had any they were destroyed. Some way, some how which I never learned they did not know of the death of one of the boys. If I had been old enough to have asked questions I am sure daddy or his mother would have told us how they knew things. I have in my possession one scrap of a letter from John Sanford Rainwater to his mother Katy. How it ever escaped fires etc I don't know. It was written on a piece of paper which looks like it was torn from a book. There is no Post Office or date, no envelope. Starts out dear Mother and signed John Sanford. In this letter he says "father is in tolerably good health." Speaks of his children, some in school and a new baby, of his cotton crop and how he had hoped to come to see her, but due to his crop he couldn't then. I don't know if Katy could read or write. I doubt it. Daddy said she loved to sing and had a sweet voice and sang many religious songs. She was quite able in prayer and would get "happy" while praying and shout. She always wore bonnets and as she prayed she had a habit of pulling her bonnet string and the more she prayed and happier she got the more and harder she would jirk her bonnet string. He said his youngest sister was more like her in looks and ways than any of them and could imitate her perfectly. As children they would play "church" and this sister would always be Granny and do the praying like her. When his mother would catch them at it service was dismissed at once. He got such a kick of letting this and other things that happened about his Granny. His grandfather and uncles had gone to Arkansas before he was born and he never knew them and all his memories were after that. Katy had a name she called her husband James, where she got it and why I do not know. It was

"Jucker". They said when James and the boys took off for Arkansas she walked out into the yard and shading her eyes with her hand, peered after them and said, I'll take my last look at poor old "Jucker" and it was her last one as she never say him again. We great grandchildren use that expression if we think we are going to look at something perhaps the last time. We take our last look at old Jucker. Granny Katy had another expression she used a lot and we do it. When she started to make a statement or sentence she first said, "Hi my feller" then go with whatever she had to say. Some time after they had all left her she learned that a "tribe" as she called them were going to move into a little cabin close to her and she didn't want them. They were not desirable neighbors in her book. She got some other young neighbors boys to fix it so they couldn't move. This was a lark for the boys and they gladly did what she told them to do. They knew she would never give them away. It was just a little old log shack like setting up off the ground on some rocks at each corner. She planned it all for them and had them go after dark and ease the end of the house off the stones. Sometime next day she looked over to the old hut, acting as tho she knew nothing about what had happened and said, "Hi my feller, looks like it had knelt to pray." She knew she was rid of her would be neighbors. After she was left a lone she never seemed to let it worry her one bit. Eli looked after the place and she kept her a cow, a few hens, and had her a garden and always fattened her a hog. She called it a "Vig" instead of a pig. Got it when it was a tiny baby.

One time she thought she was eating lettuce for supper and instead she had gathered mostly poppies. Her garden had lots of them and they did look lots like the type lettuce she grew. She went to sleep and slept overly long. When she woke she said, "Hi my feller I had a long nap". She had a trade she worked at. How and where she learned it I don't know. She was a tailor, cut and made men's suits and all by hand. I doubt she ever saw a sewing machine. She knit men's socks. So she was always busy with her knitting and sewing. Dad said she would sit in her door the coldest, snowiest days and sew. I guess she did this so she could see and then she had a lot of curiosity too and wanted to see anything that passed, which wasn't much. I am sure but her house was right on the road. During the war she sold all her socks to a merchant and bought her coffee which she was very fond of and was hard to come by. Dad said he didn't like her socks too well as she didn't make the legs long enough. Her son's house was just a short way from hers and

sometimes she let her fire get out. She cooked on open fire place so did everyone and they rarely let the fire die out. Covered up some "seed" coals in ashes and then uncovered them, put some splinters of rich pine on them and started the fire to cook breakfast especially thru the summer. Many times she would take a cup and go to Eli's to get a few coals of fire. Most of the time when she did this she would ask them if they had any "Abe Link" coffee left and would have a cup with them. Daddy would go to his Granny's just to eat her corn bread and butter. She made her bread in a "little doddgers" and would split them and put butter on them and he would go out behind the house and lick the butter off the bread and go back for more butter.

James is $\frac{1}{2}$ Indian; his children $\frac{1}{4}$ and one of his sons, Eli, is my grandfather. Eli's children $\frac{1}{8}$ and his grandchildren $\frac{1}{16}$ of which I am one and proud of my Indian blood, wish I had more of it. A little bit about James and I'll have to leave him. I suppose he was a farmer of a sort. From Government records we know he did serve a while, at least, in the War 1812 and that he did get a pension many years after he had gone to Arkansas, and that he lost his sight after he went to Arkansas. He died out there and is buried out there. What he did out there for a living I do not know. The records show he was 80 years old when he applied for his pension. I don't know if he died before Katy and if so how and when she knew about it. There may have been other Rainwaters went to Arkansas and started the hord of them there now. I have tried every way I can think of to get more information on these 2 great uncles and their offspring. From the little I have been able to gather I am sure Sanford married and had children and grandchildren and on down the line. In fact I think he was married twice.

Two or 3 years ago I learned of some granddaughters who were real old and lived in Van Buran and Fort Smith, Arkansas. I think Crawford was married but these living descendants seem to know so little about their forefathers. My father use to hear from some Rainwaters and I saw letters from them written on stationery with BANK OF RAINWATER in great big letters across the top. They seemed to be right well off and were sure they were cousins of Dad's. I cannot remember the name of the town. I was sure he had some of the last letters from them but I could not find them. They have been destroyed. I recall they claimed to have the Indian blood and that they said the Indian way of naming the children was still practiced among them. There was one

named Cloudy Night and one who said he had been called Dogwood but buried the dog and used Wood. If I could only recall their address I am sure I could get much information from them. I find it is of no use to write these old ones that are left in Arkansas. They won't answer you and seem to know so little. I have a copy of a letter written 1961 by a woman who married a Rainwater, a grandson of Sanford. I find that old census records are not too reliable as they didn't do much of a job at it. Much of the information recorded was sort of second handed to start with and the spelling of names incorrect. For example the guy making the record got a family name and more than likely there would be children, grandchildren, as well as other relatives shown in the family with no explanation what the relationship, if any, was, I found this true in more than one case where I knew they were wrong. Daddy had a brother whose initials were C.C. but no one ever called him anything but Dunk. Most folks thought that was his name and had no idea who C.C. was. I've found him here, there and everywhere but the right place. It seems there has always been oodles of Rainwaters. I believe that the history and records I have compiled on James and Katy McCall Rainwater, their children, grandchildren, great grandchildren on down is about as near authentic as will be found. As I have said the 2 sons, Sanford and Crawford and their father James went to Arkansas we have very little on them. I shall not dwell longer on James and Katy and the 2 sons, but will take up the others and tell the little I know about them. Naturally I know more about Eli's clan than I do of the others as I am one of them. One thing I find all the way down the line of Katy's descendants is that they all have a little of her wit in them. I don't know of another tribe who keeps old words and expressions "old sayings" alive and handed them down from generation to generation. If a new one crops up it is kept alive and added to the old line. The Irish, bless them, are so jolly and have more fun than anyone else. They have a good time where and when ever they go, even at a good "Irish Wake." Who enjoys a good old Irish reel more? And who can do one prettier. On down the line thru my children there is nothing they enjoy more than music and dancing. It is as natural with us as ducks to water. We see no harm and mean none by it. We are all devout Methodist and Democrats and enjoy life. I know all Rainwaters are not Democrats and to me would be insulting to call them one but me and my tribe happen to be and so to each his own. No quarrel with anyone over his politics and religion. James' and Katy's children: Eli married Catherine Slover; Milas married Martha Proffitt (and probably a 2nd wife); William married Mary Catherine Blackwell ; Sanford - wife unknown (he

went to Arkansas with his father); Crawford-wife unknown (he went to Arkansas with his father); Louisa married James Burchfield. To Eli and Catherine Slover Rainwater were born 12 children: 1. Lucinda Angeline died as a baby; 2. John Slover - died as a baby; 3. James Carson - died as a baby; 4. George Alexander married (1) Lizzie Hill (2) Patsy Duncan; (George went to Rome, Georgia and returned); 5. William Harris married Dicy Reneau; 6. Rachel Catherine married Rhoten Swann; 7. Sarah Melissa single; 8. Camillas Cartwright (Dunk) single; 9. Mary Adeline married Robert Swann; 10. Martha Haynes married George Hance. Bradley (Brad) married Nancy Moore; 12 Still born boy. The first three of these children died within 3 weeks. The youngest of the 3 about 3 weeks old. All others except the 12th one lived to be grown. C.C. (Dunk) and Melissa never married. George A. and Lizzie Hill had 3 children: 1. Lucy; 2. Tommy; and 3. Ralph. Georee A. and Patsy Duncan had no children. (Lucy will be 99 years in October 1966 (very feeble now). Tommy married Bud Foust - children: (All three are dead). Ralph married Jessie Fox - no children - Ralph died '47. William H (called Shank) married Dicy Reneau - 1 son - all dead; Rachel C. married Rhoten Swann - both dead; 8 children, only 4 living Mary A. married Robert Swann - both dead - 2 children: Pat and Ralston - both dead. Martha H. married George Hance - both dead - 9 children, only 3 living, two oldest and youngest. Bradley married Nancy Moore of Greene County - both dead - 3 children: Nelle, Mollie and Agnes Ruth. Brad lived to be the oldest of them - 86 when he died in 1947. Born in 1861, became a doctor and married at age 31 to Nancy Moore of Greene County, Tennessee. Received his education at the old Maury Academy in Dandridge and where he studied his medicine under doctor Cawood a very noted physician of his day. Did his intern with his brother, George who was also a doctor in Rockwood, Tennessee. Due to the death of his father and his mother's need for him to come back to Sandy Ridge where he practiced medicine for many years, was Post Master and active in church and schools as well as managing the farm for his mother who was then in her middle seventies but still pretty much boss herself. His courtship with Miss Nancy was pretty much of a whirl-wind. They met and never saw each other again till they were married. Dr. Brad was tall and carried a good bit of weight. Very handsome man and well thought of. He was always jolly. How he lived to be 96 after all the hard life and riding horses back all over the country through all kinds of weather. He always called his wife "The Little Blue Hen." I never knew why. He use to tell the children they better not do so and so as the Blue Hen might flog them. There were only 3 girls.

He was a great one for music and dancing. He belonged to a band when a youngster and played instruments. He loved young folks and enjoyed having them about him. Miss Nancy died in 1941 and he in 1947. For the benefit of my children who think of him as a father since theirs died when they were so small I have written quite a history on their grandfather and grandmother. The brother Dunk was an old bachelor who lived with us all our lives to his death. To my children he was a second mother. We were crazy about him and would go to him for permission to do things before we would our mother. He was a precious old soul and I have so many pleasant memories of him. Due to some illness when he was a boy he couldn't go out to work in the fields and so his mother taught him all kinds of house work same as she did her girls. He was a nice housekeeper, good cook, wash, iron, spin, weave, sew and was always in demand to house keep for folks. He did a lot of this but preferred being at home with his mother. All the nieces and nephews were fond of him but I think we were his specials because we were with him more than the others were. I could write and write about him. One of Brads special cousins was James Monroe Rainwater, son of William and Mary. They kept in touch as long as they lived. Not too much difference in the dates of their deaths.

A LITTLE ABOUT THE OTHER CHILDREN OF ELI & CATHERINE

George was conscripted into the army during the Civil War. Bradley 18 years of age. The only one of the family doing service in the war. His mother always blamed her sister-inlaw for his going. The story goes she got up a bunch of real young boys and helped them slip away from home. He happened to get in on the wrong side. His father would take no side in the conflict but he really leaned to the South. He suffered a lot of injustice during the war because of this. Each side accusing him. George took sick pretty soon after he joined and spent most of his time in hospitals where he almost died. When he returned home from the war he was elected Register for Jefferson County. During this time he met and married Lizzie Hill, daughter of John and Eliza Hill. The girl was about 14 years old and the parents objected very much. One objection was her age and they thought he was on the wrong side in the army, they being strong Rebels. It was a stormy courtship and marriage, a shotgun wedding with the groom carrying the gun. Some strong threats had been made against George by the Hills. They assembled for the wedding, George with the gun in hand and the bride to be by his side. Amid the objections, George turned to Lizzie and asked

her if she wanted to go on with him of her father. She said, "With you." He told the magistrate to proceed with the ceremony and he did. The Hills never let them live in peace. It was at this time George had decided to become a doctor and started his studying. I am told he was a very handsome man, not a very large man. He was very popular among the younger set, a grand dancer. At this time dances or balls were held in the auditorium of the Courthouse. Both George and his brother William H. (Shank) were great dancers and did a lot of team dancing, entering contests etc. The Hills never allowed them to leave their home much as they disliked George. There were 2 girls born to them, Lucy and Tommy before George decided to move to Rome, Georgia to work as a clerk in a hotel while he was finishing his medicine. While living there, the son Ralph was born and all the time the Hills worrying about Lizzie to come back home. Just after Ralph was born and George had taken about all he could he put her and the children on the train and sent them home to her parents. Lizzie had an idea he would come or send for her but he never did. The Hills had their way. Years later when he would happen to be back in Dandridge he never saw her or the children to talk to. They finally divorced and he married Patsy Duncan and settled in Rockwood, Tennessee where he was employed as company doctor for the mines there. There were no children. Only one real bad habit or fault - during his trying times with his family he took to drink which finally killed him. When he was on one of his drinking spells no one would ever know he even drank a drop. He would go for months before he ever drank. While he lived in Rockwood his youngest brother, Brad, begun his practice and joined him. Brad never drank and didn't have to much patience with George when he did. George died in Rockwood shortly after Brad had returned to his home in Sandy Ridge. Lizzie never remarried. Lived out her days caring for her parents, rearing the children and grieving over the loss of George. Lucy, the oldest child, will be 99 years old in October 1966 if she can make it that long. She is real feeble now and can hardly hear anything and a stroke in her throat has left her where she can't speak so she can be understood. Her daughter, Anne, a registered nurse, cares for her. Lucy was well educated for her day and taught for many years before she married Mack Felknor. He and the 2 oldest children died some years ago. Tommy, George's second girl married Bud Forest - had one child and both she and the child died. The only son, Ralph, married late in life, had no children, died in 1947 well up in years. William H. (Shank), like his brother C.C. (Dunk) no one knew him by any other name. Even his parents, brothers and sisters always called him Shank. Seems he was a little

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different from all others. He was a shy, timid sort. Probably the most graceful dancer and the sweetest singer. He wrote a beautiful hand. Served as deputy Register for his brother George and did most of the writing. All records were done in long hand. He married a neighbor girl, Dicy Reneau and there was one child, a son, Arthur. Shank died when the boy was real small and the boy died a few years later. I have mentioned Dunk and Brad elsewhere. Melissa, oldest girl - never married-died in middle age. Rachel married Rhoten Swann, a farmer. There were 8 children and they reared 7. Only 4 are living. The oldest girl is almost thru her eighties and still pretty spry. Both, Rachel and husband are dead. To me Rachel showed the Indian in her more than any of the others I knew. She always reminded me of an Indian Squaw. She was real dark, low and fat. Her face was shaped just like an Indian face. I never knew any of the boys except Brad (daddy) and Dunk. They were tall and straight as an Indian. Both were dark. Never saw their father, my granddad. A picture of him made in his last years is anything but handsome but he does have the Indian look.

Mary married Robert Swann (maybe a distant cousin to Rhoten). She married him twice and divorced him twice. Personally, I wouldn't have wanted him first time and certainly not second. There were 2 children. A girl (only ^{P2J} name she ever had) and Raltson. Robert drank a lot and messed with whiskey in some way all his life. He could make a very good living for Mary and the children but he didn't always. He was mean and abused them. They fought and disagreed, parted and everything. He owned and operated drugstores and bar rooms. It was legal at that time to sell whiskey. For years, he operated the ferry at Dandridge. They lived sometimes on the farm and most the time in town. Aunt Mary always claimed to be "sickly". Her brothers, Dunk and Brad said she had always been that way as a girl. She would pretend she had this and that pain and ailment when the work was to be done and as soon as she had it put off on someone else she was all perked up and ready to go some where. She loved nice clothes and to dress up and be "The Lady." They had parted about the time Pet was 12 or 13 and Bob drifted off to Texas. He finally got Mary to marry again and come to Texas to live which they did for some time then returning to Tennessee where they still didn't get along. He was getting worse and when the boy, Ralston had reached the age where he thought he could man-age he told his father that he had stood by and watched him beat and mistreat his mother, as well as his sisters and himself as long as he could

take it and he would have to get out and stay out. The old man did. The home belonged to Mary. He went from bad to worse. Looked like an old weather beaten ground hog and took up with an old woman, his type, and married her. They would both get drunk together. Mary and the children were so ashamed of them. Mary made the children call their father "Papa" regardless of how low he got. He and his second wife had 3 or 4 children. He finally got into trouble trying to make whiskey and left Tennessee for Arkansas where he died. The girl, Pet, spent much of her time with her grandmother Rainwater and her uncle Brad. She always said uncle Brad seemed more like a father than her own did. When they lived in the country they were near her grandmother and any time, day or night, her daddy came in drunk and fighting she would dash out to grannies some-times in just her night gown and bare footed and the ground frozen. Ralston always clung to his mother. Dunk and Brad never had much use for Bob although Dunk spent much time with them due to Mary's ailing and he was very fond of the children. Brad operated a drug store for him while he was studying medicine. Pet was never strong, as a child, and was always nervous or upset with her father. The Swanns and Roe Rainwater families were next door neighbors for years in Dandridge Ida and Lou and Pet were young ladies together. After the Rainwater family moved to Texas they always visited Pet when they came back. Lou spent her last vacation with Pet. When Pet's health would permit she would work and wanted to have nice clothes and home and loved to go places. Her mother (in spite of all her complaining) lived to be a good old age and always depended on Pet for everything. Pet started working for the telephone company as a relief operator and kept on until she worked herself into a very good job and worked enough to retire with a pretty good retirement pension as well as her Social Security. She had a hard time trying to work, care for her mother until she died, as well as her brother who never did set the woods on fire. A likable person, could tell you some of the biggest tales. In his early days when Livery Stables were what the garages are now he liked to fool around the stables and drive. All the traveling salesmen (called "drummers" then) would go from town to town where they hired carriages and a team to drive them out into the country, up to the country stores to sell their goods. Ralston was in demand as a driver. They all wanted him because he would entertain them so highly with his tall tales. Later he messed around with cars, sort of a mechanic. He was a good painter when you could get him, work some as a lineman with the telephone company and his last line was a general flunky for the local undertaker. Drive ambulances and helped with funerals. He

married 3 times. The first 2 didn't last long. They didn't suit his mother and Pet either. There were no children. After his mother died he married the 3rd. She and Pet didn't get along either. Pet being the old maid and boss of the outfit couldn't adjust and as the home was Pets and his they tried to live together. There were 3 children born but only the last one lived. Ralston's health broke and so Pet had him and his family to care for. The wife couldn't do more than wait on him and care for the child. He was sick a good while. Pet was fortunate to have an insurance made to her that she had carried on Ralston for years. He had a small one on his wife. After his death she took part of her insurance and paid his wife off and got rid of her. She remodeled the home and rented an apartment in it and had her work so she was very happy when Douglas Dam, on the French Broad River, was built the little town of Dandridge had to be diked to save it from being flooded. Pet's home was among others so near the river it had to be torn down. Tennessee Valley Authority, TVA, bought the place and she in turn bought another. She retired from the telephone company and was living and the happiest part of her life. Her health begun to fail about the time she retired as she was not able to get out and go places like she wanted to do and entertain her friends. She did live company as much. She enjoyed cousin Lou's visits so much. At last she had no one to look after and sufficient income to live comfortable. Her T.V. was her life since and couldn't go about she just lived by it all day and half the night. She was getting more frail all the time and I spent much time with her, especially nights. She had a couple who had an apartment with her. She had some insurance as well as her property and arranged it all with a distant cousin who is a lawyer. So at her death he took over as she had willed it and paid all her expenses and what was left was his. She passed away so quiet and easy. As usual she had her breakfast, went to her living room, sat down before her T.V. to rest, but hadn't turned it on and just closed her eyes and went away. So happened the man who lived upstairs just looked in on her as he was leaving for work. Pet was ten years older than me and just an age to drag me around like an old cat with kittens. I was crazy about her and would stand at the yard gate and yell for her. I called her "Ket" come to get your baby before mama whips it. The two cousins were awful close to me. I spent more time with them over the years than any of the other cousins. Aunt Mary always seemed fond of me. I remember when I was small the pretty little new dresses she gave me and dolls too. When cousin Lou made her last visit here, she, Pet and I had so much fun. Lou and I flew to New York City but Pet wasn't able to travel with us. The reason I have dealt so long in this family is

because I know how close the Rainwater and Swann family were for so many years. Mary and Roe were first cousins. Lou and Pet were near the same age and seemed to buddy together when they were girls and neighbors. Their homes almost touched they were so close.

Martha Rainwater married George Hance, a farmer, and lived near the old Rainwater home. She is the one who was most like her grandmother, Katy McCall Rainwater and could repeat Katy's prayers etc. There were 9 children in her tribe. One died when small. The other 8 lived to be grown and married. Uncle George went first and aunt Martha a few years later. George was a good farmer and provided well for his family. He, too, had a bad habit of drinking and was a mess when drunk but never abused his family. I am sure he worried aunt Martha a lot when he would be away and she didn't know what might happen to him. He was very fond of her and the children and wanted them to have anything they wanted. There were so many of them I always had a good time when we would visit - aunt Martha was so jolly with us. George loved company and have them eat with him. Aunt Martha never knew when he would come dragging in someone for dinner. The first 2 oldest and the youngest children are all that remains now. The oldest, Katy, is well up in her eighties and is in a rest home where is no doubt passing her last days. The other girl is in eighty also but still gets around. She has, for years, and is now, taking care of an elderly woman.

The only boy living is up in years and not too well. Those who have died off did not live to be as old as their parents. 2 boys and a girl died within a few days of each other. Eli Rainwater, the father of all of the above tribe, was a farmer, and a teacher. He served as Esquire of his district about all his life. In his day schools were short usually after crops were laid by until time to plant again. He lived the life of a pioneer, having to be able to do anything from planting crops, making their shoes, teaching little short term school and holding a sort of court. Grandmother did her bit by helping with the farming and making all the cloth that they used for clothing. They raised the flax and cotton, processed it and wove it into cloth as well as raising the sheep and making wool into clothing and blankets etc. She had all kind of wheels and looms to do this with and taught all her girls how. Grandfather, Eli, looked after the hides for leather and making shoes. All sounds like a hard way to live but I guess they were happy and more so than people are now days. Eli

cleared the land and used the choice trees to build his home. It was a story and half hewed by hand logs. They were real wide ones. I was born in this house. It burned when I was small but I can remember it very well. Daddy was born in 1861 at the beginning of the war and had a lot of memories of things that happened just at the close of the war. There was a skirmish or small battle not far from their home and the army just took over their home whether they liked it or not and used it as a sort of a hospital, where they treated the wounded soldiers, some died and some then left to recover and grandfather and mother had to look after them. Daddy had one memory he said would never leave him as long as he had any mind at all. On one day they brought in a bunch of wounded men. He was too young to know all about what was beginning right then, but he recalled his mother telling him and other children to stay outside and not come in the house. They were using the kitchen to operate on (he didn't know then). He said he recalled how much he wanted to know just what was going in and kept playing around by himself near the house and getting closer all the time so he could pass by the door and get a peak. Just as he was at the door where he might peep in - out came a bloody leg, almost struck him. No one had to tell him to get lost. It scared him so bad. They had cut off a man's leg and just tossed it out in the yard like it was a bone to the dog. He recalled how mad it made his father and that he gathered up some scraps and made a little coffin and put the leg in it and buried it in the garden. Sometime later the man died and was buried in the church ground yard and the leg was taken up and buried with him. I asked him one time if that was what gave him the idea of being a doctor - he didn't think so. There were 3 doctor Rainwaters. Dr. Brad, his brother George and their cousin Dr. Perry.

I have never known what a grandfather is like. Both of mine died before I was born. I never had a brother either. I never wanted a son but I have one and he is the most precious thing to me. I had hoped I would not have a grandson but I have one, but he is, and he is an adopted child and I think he is IT! I will now make a few wild comments in the other of James and Katy M.

Rainwater's children, the little I know about them. I think Milas was the next child to Eli. He died in 1895 but I don't think I ever saw him, if so, I can't recall it. I heard my family speak of him so much and quote him until I felt like I might have known him. Seems he was a little peculiar, a little different from the others. Very precise and a spry old man. He was different from others in his speech, pronouncing his words, etc. No better educated than the others but he always sounded

every letter never failing to bring out the "ings" and "lys" while all the rest of us were "stingy" and so scotch we leave out half the letters in a word. He, at least, thought he was being "dressy" in his apparel. For instance, one of his grandchildren who was very fond of him, remembered how he was so careful about polishing his shoes often but never did get his heels. He combed his hair which he wore long and it was snow white and curly so he would trim and preen himself before going out. He was careful to always have with him a wool scarf like thing he called his "neuba's" and if it was the least bit cool he tied his head up with this. I recall when we children would wrap our heads, Daddy would say we were like uncle Milas and must wear our "neuba's". If asked what he had been doing he would always say, "I have been ciphering and tinkering around." He was a farmer and always kept pretty horses and other farming as he served as a Constable and deputy sheriff. He always joked about uncle Milas arresting and his brother Eli "trying" the offenders since Eli was the Squire and heard many small cases. Another little incident took place when he was well up in years and still kept his horses and was a good rider. His boys were grown, some married and Milas a widower. He thought he might do a little courting and the only means of travel was by horse. One day he came galloping from the barn on his horse, sitting in his saddle as spry as a 16 years old boy and showing off. In order to reach the main road it was necessary to open the bars which the boys always did, but not uncle Milas this time, he just gave "old Speck" a whack with his switch and went sailing over the bars, looked back at the boys in the porch and let out a loud whoopee and kept going. One of the boys said, "Pa use to tell us when we were courting and spent more time at it than he liked, that we were "pushed," but by gad, I think he was "Shoved". The boys didn't like the idea too well. Milas married Martha Proffitt and they had a big family. He probably had the second wife, if so I have failed to get that information. The children were Meek; Murphy; John; William; Perry; Harris; Wiley; Seatin; Margaret; Louisa; Eliza Jane and a stillborn child. Some of these died young. Some of them I remember, and know their children, grandchildren and so on down the line. Harris, John, William and Perry had largest families and they scattered the four winds. Perry was a doctor. He had 2 wives. All dead now. Several of the children still living. Meek married Jane Hill and is the father of C. S. (Chester) Rainwater, Sr. of Dandridge. He and his son, C. S. Jr, are attorneys here. Meek and Jane are dead. All of Mila's children are dead. Plenty grand and great grandchildren remain.

LOUISA RAINWATER BURCHFIELD: Only daughter of James and Katy, married James Burchfield. They had several children-I think. Both Louisa and Jim and their children are all dead now. I know some of them and do know some of the grand and great grandchildren. As I have said before I don't think my grandmother Rainwater liked her sister-in-law Louisa too well.

Sanford and Crawford Rainwater, the two brothers who went to Arkansas before the Civil War. I have already told about all I know of them. They are the missing link of which I am very sorry to not know more. William, son of Katy and James married Mary C. B Blackwell (for some reason I thought aunt Mary was a Newman). Until very recently I did not know there were any children except James Monroe (Roe) and Ulyssess. From records I now have it seems there were other children who died young. Roe and Ulyssess are the only ones I ever knew. I know Ulyssess left Jefferson County as a young man and lived and died in Texas. If he ever married I have no knowledge of it. The thing I remember most of him was that he was a real good singer. He sang in the choir of our church as did my mother who was an alto and or tenor. She loved to sing with him. I have old song books they used and remember many of their favorites. Mother used to have me play some of the songs she especially liked to hear him sing. I recall her saying Ulyssess could really sing the tenor part of this and that one. I don't recall the other children being mentioned. Seems uncle Bill died when these boys were young as I recall daddy saying aunt Mary had a pretty hard time of it and that Ulyssess was more trouble to her as she never could keep him at home. He was always running away and she would whip and whip him but nothing did any good. I remember aunt Mary very well. She married an old man, Johnnie Burchfield, when I first remember her. He was real old and had been married once or twice before. Had a large family but all married and away. He was called "Parson John". A sort of a Methodist "jack-legged" preacher. He owned a big farm on Muddy Creek and raised lots of cotton and hogs. Aunt Mary took care of him and after he passed away she went to Texas to live with her son, Roe. She lived several years and visited back in Tennessee, but died in Texas. We thought a lot of aunt Mary.

Roe's older children were very dear to him as their mother died when they were small and she had helped him with them. Roe and daddy kept in touch all their lives. He married Roxie Hanon and there were: Ida, Lou, Julie, Frank and Charlie (Simp). Years later he married Thula Patterson

and there were: Laretta, Rhaye, Walter, Hollis, and George. I knew all the first children and one, at least, of the second set. Ida the oldest child was my first school teacher. She was my ideal. I was sure I was going to be just exactly like her, even a school teacher. She boarded with us so I would have someone to go with me as we lived a good distance from the school and I was little to go alone. I recall walking behind her trying to step in her tracks and walk just like her. The only thing we had in common, at that time, was our heavy black hair. Ida was tall and slender and had the prettiest black hair and big brown eyes. I thought she was real pretty. She was sort of timid and not as talkative as Lou. She taught at a little country school called Hickory Ridge, just a one room school. There were all sizes and ages in school. I was so afraid I would do something wrong and she would punish me as daddy told her to treat me like she did the others and to not hesitate to punish me if I needed it. I, now, doubt if she would have the only thing I can recall her ever doing to me was taking gum away from me. She probably did have to call me down about whispering. She got so tickled over the gum she could hardly keep a straight face. After we were home she told mother about it and said she never had such a handful of gum before. I recall so well that another little girl and myself sat together and neither of us could read more than a few words on the chart but we had us a big geography book and huddled over it looking at the pictures. Ida said we were really working that gum over. We didn't know there was anyone else in the world right then we were so interested in the book. It startled us both so when Ida held her hand out and said let me have the gum. She said what tickled her so was the way our mouths popped open and that the gum fell out and our looks. I recall one other day I was so scared I almost cried. She whipped a full grown boy, bigger than she was. He had refused to do something she told him to and he put up an argument and drew a large slate on her. Ida's Irish boiled over. She had a good, long, limber hickory switch and she tiptoed and laid it on him. He didn't offer to fight anymore and did what she told him to do. Lord, I would have died if she had ever struck me one tiny little lick. When her school closed, just before Christmas, she and her grandmother took off for Texas. I don't think she ever came back to Tennessee. She met and married Sandy Wall. There were 2 girls, Pauline and Louise. I still have the last letter I had from Ida and a picture of Pauline when she was small. She passed away but I do not know the date. Lou married Richard Heddon. There were no children. He died several years before Lou who died in 1964.

Lou and Ida were very different in looks and disposition. Lou never saw a stranger, made friends where ever she went. She always said that Ida was her father's pet, and that she, Lou always got the blame for everything that happened. Her father was very strict with them and particular where they went and with whom. He never allowed them to keep late hour nights when the boy friends called. When his fixed hour for the boys to go home came, he would rap on the door and say "Bed time Ida Lou." She loved to laugh and tell about their lives as youngsters. She was such a cut-up, never any dull moments where she was. When Lou would visit back in Dandridge she and Pet Swann would just relive the old days when they were girls. Julia married William Harmon. There were 3 boys, I think. Bill passed away a year or so before Lou. I met him once when he and Julia and Lou visited Tennessee. Lou had spent her last days with Julia after she had gotten too feeble to work any longer. I never knew Julia as well as Ida and Lou. When I saw her last I thought she reminded me more of her Grandmother Rainwater - Burchfield. Built like aunt Mary. She seemed more timid like Ida. She is all alone in Grapevine, Texas.

William Franklin (Frank) I think I have seen him at sometime but can't seem to remember anything about him. He married, had 2 daughters. He died several years ago.

Charles Simpson (Simp) like Frank I am sure I have seen him but wouldn't know him now if he suddenly appeared. I use to hear my cousin Ralston Swann talk about Simp and things they did while they were little boys and next door neighbors. He still lives in Dallas, Texas - married, has one son, Bob. I think Charlie has been to Tennessee several times but for some reason I always miss seeing him. I recently had the pleasure of meeting his son Bob and wife. I was so thrilled to have them stop by. He has promised to come again this summer and I hope they do and that I will be able to go about with them. He is interested in the Rainwater tribe and I hope I can help him some. He is such a fine looking man. I know I will just love him. The wife is so friendly and sweet. I look forward to seeing them again. They live in Ohio at present.

J. M. (Roe) married the second wife, Thula Patterson if near Dandridge. I wasn't acquainted with her until they had moved to Texas and she came back to visit. I knew he had the wife but I just

hadn't seen her. They lived in town and I some miles out in the country at that time. There were 6 children born to them. The oldest, Lauretta, was born in Dandridge and I saw her when she was a little girl. The others, I don't think I ever saw. Thula died some years before Roe died. Roe was born at Sandy Ridge and reared there. He was about the age of my father. He married a Cooke County woman for his first wife. I never knew her. All their children were born at Sandy Ridge and the mother died there. After her death Roe left the farm and moved to Dandridge where he operated a Blacksmith shop which was as popular as garages and automobile repair shops are now. The house they lived in is still standing (1966). Some parts have been torn away and some remodeling has been done. I think he still followed his trade after he moved to Texas. I never new what possessed him to go there.