

A History Of Summertown

Walden's Ridge, Tennessee

By

Elizabeth B. Patten

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

1959

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This history was written by
Mrs. Z. Cartter Patten, at the
suggestion and request of members
of Union Chapel and this community.

"L E S T W E F O R G E T"

To Elizabeth, to "Miss Sarah" and "Miss Margaret", and to all those who contributed, Union Chapel expresses its esteem and affection, and its own and the community's grateful appreciation for a splendid piece of work. It has been suggested that should anyone like to contribute additional data, it should be sent to Elizabeth so that it may be available in the event of later revision or expansion of this cherished annal.

With the kind permission of Elizabeth,
we take pleasure in distributing this
colorful and beloved story to each family
represented at:

HOMEcoming, 1953,
UNION CHAPEL OF WALDEN'S RIDGE

Deuteronomy 32:7

PREFACE

This story is written with the help of many friends who have lived in or near Summertown and helped make and keep it the beloved colony that it has been from the beginning. To all of them, and to Gilbert Govan and James W. Livingood, co-authors of The Chattanooga Country, and to Cartter Patten, author of A Tennessee Chronicle, from which the historical background has been gathered, I am deeply indebted.

So much material has been made available that any story that contained it all would fall apart of its own weight. This is an attempt to write a central story with the thought in mind that family stories might be added in chronological order and a full record made of the history of the one and only Summertown.

Respectfully,

Elizabeth B. Patten

(Mrs. Cartter Patten)

To the last of the refugees,
Sarah Key Patten and Margaret Key,
who with their parents, Judge and Mrs. D. M. Key,
fled the cholera in Chattanooga,
June, 1873,
to Mabbitt Springs
and attended the founding
of
Summertown

Eighty years is a lot of time when measured by man's life span and when we look back the eighty years to the founding of Summertown we look down the vista of many lives into a really different world.

Hamilton County, north of the Tennessee River had been opened to settlers by the Hiwassee Purchase of 1819, and with the dramatic removal of the Cherokees down the tragic Trail of Tears in 1838 the rest of Hamilton County south of the Tennessee River was opened for white settlers. Some had come into this mountain after the early treaty and entered their grants upon the county records, stayed a while and then moved on leaving their lands to other men. It was a simple pioneer world in which the skyways belonged to birds of passage - robins, geese, ducks, passenger pigeons, in migratory flight, and the roadways of man and his livestock and the forest creatures were ruts and paths worn into the earth. The airplane belonged to the future as did the telephone, electricity, automobiles and good highways, the mail man and our "plumbing culture." The settlers moved slowly, and deliberately onward on foot or on horseback or in sturdy wagons and carts drawn by teams of horses, mules, or oxen. Their letters and mail travelled an uncertain and irregular course from writer to reader, and seemingly unending generations of people continued to tote their water that weary way from spring to house. The lack of these inventions yet-to-come did not fret the minds of those people for the land was quiet, and beautiful, and the lodestar of each settler was land with water, an ever running spring. Forest pines cast their shadows on the snow white petal flakes of the flowering dogwoods in the spring, and the vivid foliage of the sourwoods beneath which the wild blue gentians tossed in early autumn's winds. Chestnuts, chinquapins, persimmons, and wildfox grapes sustained a host of wild animals in the forests. This beauty is still with us

though we have been heedless and now must seek it out while once it was everywhere.

In time the world of Summertown became two farms. The Levi farm ran from Fairmount Road across Wilson Road to Spring Avenue, some one hundred thirty five acres in all. The road to the house was bordered with giant Chestnut trees and blackberry bushes and near the simple little log house there flowed a spring.

Water was essential to every homestead. The Levi spring was an exceptionally fine one with good freestone water in unfailing flow even in the dryest weather. The Levis loved their place, their spring, their solitude, and broke the peace only on Sunday when Levi became parson and preached the Gospel, with his wife in faithful attendance.

Beyond the Levi place the Mabbitts had owned a tract of land, had come and gone but left forever their name upon their land and Spring. Their home place was later known as Three Oaks and in the gulch across the branch the waters of Mabbitt Spring poured forth from a rocky wall into the branch. This water is chalybeate as is the water that runs near veins of coal and the rocks are stained by traces of minerals.

Down the mountain some wearisome miles away across the Tennessee River the trading post first known as Ross' Landing had grown into a town. In December of 1839 The General Assembly of Tennessee had passed an act to establish the town of Chattanooga and soon its streets were laid out wide and broad to accommodate heavy traffic and future growth. The traffic problems of today would be much simpler had the city fathers, ever in search of money, not narrowed the streets and sold the land to gain some revenue.

"Unlike the other principal cities of Tennessee, Chattanooga points to no pair of founders like White and Blount, of Knoxville; Robertson and Donelson of Nashville; or Overton and Winchester, of Memphis; for its inhabitants in 1839 were some fifty families, made up of traders and

storekeepers, a few men who had aided General Scott with the removal of the Cherokees and decided to remain and cast their lot with the pleasantly located village, plus some farmers and others interested in land development or speculation. Because of its location on the Tennessee River, where long valleys from the north and south meet, Chattanooga became an important railway junction. The Union and Confederate Armies fought major battles for its possession during the Civil War. Chattanooga's real growth and industrial development began at the close of the Civil War, brought about not by any generals, governors, or other political figures, but by Union and Confederate soldiers who worked shoulder to shoulder after the war to lift themselves and their adopted town far on the road to progress and prosperity."¹ John T. Wilder, W. P. Rathburn, T. G. Montague, John C. Stanton, Hiram Chamberlain, Z. C. Patten and T. H. Payne were among the men who came just after the war.

The census of 1870 revealed 6,903 residents in Chattanooga. The census taken by Adolph Ochs for his City Directory in 1878 showed a population of over 11,000 of whom only 773 were native Tennesseans.

The God-given beauty of the mountains and the land was undisputed but the town itself was ugly. The first train had come in 1851 and Broad Street was Railroad Street and the tracks went down to the river. The business center extended from the river to Ninth on Market Street. The street itself had suffered the abuse of two armies and was in acute need of repair. Drovers came from Kentucky and East Tennessee with herds of mules, cattle, and hogs whose hoofs and cloven hoofs deepened the mud or ~~had~~ just and further dirtied the worn out streets. The roads that lead ~~into~~ the town were no better. Along the blocks of the business district ~~the~~ buildings of boards with mud chimneys "without any possible reference to taste and convenience" showed that the town was still a frontier village. A long row of drinking saloons greeted the eye of the visitor

as he stepped off the train. History records little of manmade beauty in this young town. But of her spirit a Knoxville editor wrote, "Chattanooga has more backbone for its size and advantages than any small village we know of. She has as many lives as a cat. As to killing her, even floods have failed. You may knock the breath out of her, - that's all. She will refill her lungs and draw a longer breath than ever. Her pluck has saved her and is likely to make her one of the most flourishing and prosperous cities in the south."² It was this remarkable spirit and the neighborly attitude of this frontier town caught so often in peril and hardship that knit the people together in common interest and created a spirit of harmony.

The war ended in 1865. The great flood came quite suddenly on the night of March 8, 1867 and the Tennessee River reached out of its banks to Ninth Street and beyond and from Cherry Street to Pine Street. The guests at the Crutchfield House (where the Read House now stands) awoke to find water five feet in the first floor. The river reached its crest at 58.6 feet and Captain Woods White came to Fifth and Market in his steamboat, "Cherokee", where he was asked to turn back lest the back wash from his boat should further weaken tottering houses. The bridge across the river near the foot of Market Street that was given to the town by the Federal Army was washed away. Heavy winter snows followed by heavy thawing rains had caused this flood of all floods.

Unbeaten, the people cleared away the debris and the driftwood. The city fathers ordered the sale of an unidentified and unclaimed house that the receding river left stranded on Chestnut Street, between Sixth and Seventh. A ferry took the place of the lost bridge and men pulled the heavy barges from shore to shore with ropes and cables and pulleys. Fire ravaged the Crutchfield House the same year and volunteers manned the fire department. Small-pox was a constant menace. In 1871 twenty-

one business establishments on Market Street burned. In 1873 the cholera struck. Tragedy met with courage by the young town had challenged the admiration of the Knoxville editor.

The era following the war wasn't easy for people had been divided and were hurt in minds and bodies, bereft, impoverished, and the evil of war was near in time and deed. Newcomers suffered slights that offended them. In 1873 Jonathan Waverly Bachman became pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. He was a Tennessean whose own family had suffered the cleavage of opposing loyalties and as an ex-Confederate officer and man of God he "advanced to all the idea of harmony among men, faith in God and a patriotic belief in a reunited country."³

It was on a Monday in June of 1873 that Judge D. M. Key returned home to lunch and asked his wife, "Lizzie, can you and the children be ready to go to the Ridge tomorrow?"

"No, Mr. Key, I cannot possibly go. The clothes are in the tub soaking."

"Two people died of cholera this morning."

"Have the hack here at 2 o'clock, Mr. Key. We'll be ready."

David McKendree Key had been an officer in the Confederate Army and taken prisoner in the battle of Vicksburg. The months in prison were hard and when released as an exchange prisoner returned home broken in health. The stomach trouble contracted as a prisoner never left him and he was ever in search of a cure. He had drunk of the chalybeate waters of Mabbitt Spring and found them beneficial. In time of plague it was natural that his thoughts should turn quickly to the healthful waters of this spring.

Cholera was one of the diseases that harassed the whole southeast, and like the yellow fever neither the cause nor the remedy was known. Pleas were made for cleanliness and sanitation and once the disease had

been diagnosed emergency action was taken. All houses and yards were ordered disinfected. The sale of fruit and vegetables was prohibited. Everyone did what he thought best and while some resorted to home-made remedies, others went fishing or on bear hunts for the duration of the emergency.

The D. M. Keys had seven children. His brother, Summerfield A. Key and his wife, Mary Divine, had an infant daughter, Bess. Together the families travelled the rough steep miles to Mabbitt Springs to stay at a boarding house run by a Mr. and Mrs. Lewis in the old Mabbitt House at Three Oaks. The Duffys were there with an infant daughter, Mamie. Tommie, one of the co-founders of the Girls Preparatory School, a younger sister to Mamie, was yet to be born.

The boarding house was a crude big frame or log mountain house and this was perhaps the first year of the Lewis' boarding house. There were problems of marketing for nothing could come from Chattanooga and all foods save the mountain produce at hand had to be brought from Sequatchie Valley. The meals were simple though nourishing and while the adults wrestled with the problems of supplies and frowned upon the lady who complained about poor food, the children were happy and carefree. Mama Key tended the baby, David, for their mother had been quite ill with erysipelas shortly before, and the other children played croquet, scratched their chiggers and enjoyed the frugal fare. One day Margaret, almost 7, and John, not yet 5, slipped away to the gulch near the spring and started a small fire in a hollow tree only to stand by, little and sore afraid, as the whole tree blazed up as a roaring furnace. On Sundays the children listened at the Levi gate as "the parson" proclaimed the Gospel to his wife. Mountain people paused in passing but never entered.

As the summer ended and the plague had spent itself the Key brothers bought land across the gulch from the boarding house and ordered twin log

cabins built against the day another plague should strike. Above the Mabbitt Spring and near the tennis court of today the two cabins were built, each with three rooms and one chimney. The lesser dog-trot was to be the dining room, the greater dog-trot the porch-sitting room. Such was the birth of Summertown.

D. M. Key was elected Judge of the Chancery Court in 1870 and resigned in 1875 to accept the appointment to fill the vacancy in the U.S. Senate caused by the death of Andrew Johnson. President Hayes appointed him Postmaster General in his cabinet when he was inaugurated in 1877 and the Keys were in Washington from 1875-80. Adolph Ochs' first issue of the Times, July 2, 1878, carried the social item that Mrs. D. M. Key, wife of the Postmaster General, had returned from Washington to spend the summer at her home in Chattanooga. It was in mid-September of that year when a prominent individual died of the yellow fever. Chattanoogaans fled the city as before an invading army. Some went upstream on a steamboat, others went to Blowing Springs to a Refugee Camp set up by the Board of Health; the Crutchfields went to a spring near Flintstone, Georgia. Several railroad men filled up an old passenger coach with beds. "Each evening the car was attached to a train and taken out of town, to be brought back similarly the next morning."⁴ The S. A. Keys and some friends occupied the twin cabins that year.

In 1880 Postmaster General Key had resigned the Cabinet post to accept the appointment as Federal Judge of East Tennessee. (It is a family legend that he declined the offer of an appointment to the Supreme Court bench because with the high cost of living in Washington he could rear his family of nine better in Chattanooga.) This was the first summer that the D. M. Key family occupied their cabin in Summertown. The large family overflowed the three room cabin into the twin cottage when it wasn't occupied, and had a girls' room there even when the S. A. Keys were there.

4. The Chattanooga Country p. 322

The only baths were taken in the stream in the gulch and the young ladies, clad in chemises would sit on the rocks and bathe in the pools.

Each morning Judge Key took his demijohn down the rocky path to the spring to get the water and a morning drink was required of all present. The chalybeate waters were a problem for cooking, and coffee made with it was a very special problem. "The weather was hot and dry. During the prolonged summer drought the visitors were forced to haul water from the Levi spring, which never went dry. After enduring the trials of a dry summer, Mrs. Key approached Mr. Levi and asked if he would sell his farm. The spring was the real asset she had in mind, but the great chestnut trees that led to the house and the prolific patches of blackberry bushes caught the fancy of the Key children. Mr. Levi declined to sell but a year later changed his mind on account of so many people moving near him. He was frank to say he wanted a heap of money for the land -- \$400.00. Mrs. Key purchased Levi's 135 acres. Before returning to town for the winter she arranged with Uncle Billy Miles to build a log house."⁵ Thus in 1883 in the suburbs of Summertown a log house was built which, as Topside, was the beloved hearthstone of the clan o'Key until 1948 when Mrs. Sarah Key Patten sold it to the Edward S. Parsons. They, in turn, love it dearly.

It is on the Levi acres that many of the "suburban" Summertown homes stand. The Poindexter, Willingham, Williams and Lupton homes are built on parcels of this land. Crossroads was built by the Key's youngest child, Elizabeth, and her husband, Garnett Andrews. More recently the Taylor children have built homes to west of Topside on parts of this same acreage, and other lots on Fairmount Road were given for the building of the Wayside Presbyterian Church.

Being detained in Chattanooga by a railroad wreck, in 1881, Captain J. C. Hutcheson "looked up at the mountain, hired a buggy, bought a log

cabin at the head of the W Corduroy and lived there 43 summers."⁶ So it was the wreck that brought good luck to Signal in the family, Hutcheson. Captain Hutcheson of Virginia had formed a partnership in Houston, Texas, and being acutely affected by the heat had arranged with his partner to be away during the hot summer months. He had spent those months in the Virginia mountains until the day of the wreck when he found a nearer mountain, and bought a summer home there. He had a brilliant mind and true joy of living and brought with him a charming family of whom Elise Hutcheson Chapin (Mrs. E. Y. Sr.) has remained with us. She has written in a letter of August 5, 1953, "I shall never forget my first visit to Summertown. We had decided to have a picnic at Mabbitt Spring. The lunch was cooked and the family loaded in the surrey and we had found our way to two log cabins on the road to the spring. As we reached the first one the rain began to descend. We had no top! As we were growing desperate a very distinguished-looking gentleman came from the porch and asked us if we'd like to come in. My father explained the situation and we were asked to come in on his porch and have our luncheon. It was Sarah's birthday, we were told. Her beautiful hair, in long braids, was below her knees I am sure. This was the beginning of our long friendship." This meeting of the Keys and Hutchesons and the beginning of a cherished friendship between vivacious Elise and the auburn-haired Sarah was August 16, 1881 or 1882. Mrs. Sarah Key Patten wrote August 6, 1953, "I think she (Elise) told in such a pretty way the spontaneous intimacy of our two families. It commenced so fittingly with a birthday and a picnic so closely interwoven in our two families. I think I have told you more than once of our yearly celebration, the first day of August, her beautiful sister Mildred's, her brother Palmer's, my brother John's, and Bess Key's brother John's birthday. We went to Signal Mountain Burnt Cabin Spring with legendary Uncle Jimmie Smith leading by blazed trail, by the beautiful trees on the Levi Salting

6. Mrs. E. Y. Chapin's letter, August 5, 1953

grounds. Nobody living ever had the barbecued chicken that could compare with our beloved Captain Hutcheson's artistry learned in the army he always said and with stolen birds. ---These were the days of the twin log cabins, which to me, were the heart of Summertown. I can't see or feel anything else. Father and Uncle Summerfield were the pioneers. Uncle Summerfield planted a hemlock and a holly by the runway, or porch of every cabin that was built those early years, and no man ever toted as many jugs of chalybeate water from Mabbitt Springs as my dear Father, who certainly believed in its healing quality. 'The Hathaway' cabin may have antedated us. I think there was one cabin there when we built, but I am sure the Old Timers will agree, the few that are left, that those crude twin cabins were 'Summertown's' first gasp."

The Mabbitt story is elusive. From an unidentified source we quote, "The Hamilton County records disclose that the tract of land, some 200 acres, surrounding the Mabbitt Springs was entered by Washington and W. J. Hixon in 1847."⁷

"This tract of land was later conveyed to Edwin Mabbitt in 1852-56, reconveyed and parcelled out to a group of Chattanoogaans in 1872. In 1882 or 1883 Dr. P. D. Sims, Judge John Cleage of New Orleans, and Mr. John C. Griffiss bought the land immediately surrounding Mabbitt Springs and extending to the brow, and divided it into lots, reserving the Mabbitt Spring Gulch, roads leading thereto etc., as a picnic park and beauty spot to be owned jointly with the water rights to the spring by each lot holder in the Mabbitt tract."⁷ Today the gorge is known as Mabbitt Park.

The Mabbitt place became known as Three Oaks and again was the haven for refugees, this time from the yellow fever in 1878. Dr. P. D. Sims brought his family there and within five years joined with Judge

7. Copied by P. J. Kruesi from an unidentified article, presumably written by Penelope Griffiss.

Cleage and John Griffiss in purchasing the tract. It was a charming interlude for Three Oaks under ownership of Dr. Sims and Judge Cleage. "They built a log house there and several families who built up here stayed there while their houses were being built."⁸ Mrs. Cleage was one of the most delightful people ever and years later as beloved "Miss Mollie" returned to Chattanooga to lecture on current events. Judge Cleage interested Judge McVea, a widower, from Franklin, Louisiana, in coming to Summertown and in the summer of 1886 he arrived with his daughter, "the cutest little brown-eyed girl you ever saw" named Mary, later Mrs. Dunbar Newell, and his sons, Charlie and Willie. They had crossed the river on the ferry still pulled by manpower and stayed with Judge and Mrs. Cleage a week before spending three months in their new house across the road from the old Mabbitt House. It was a queer house, being frame with a two story log kitchen that provided a room above for the negro cook.

The John Edmondsons were in Summertown in 1878 and either they or their beloved adopted child, Mrs. Edmondson's niece, Rowena Kennedy, and her husband, J. P. Smartt, built a log cabin on the present Kruesi land, the hand hewn logs and shingles being cut from trees on the place. "Paul Kruesi boarded at The Banks, and courted Myra Smartt. They were married in July, 1906, at Grey Lodge."⁹ The house is still used by the five families of Kruesi descent.

The D. M. Key cabins across the gulch had been sold to the Davidsons after Topside was built, and the S. A. Keys kept theirs through the lifetime of Mrs. Key. It was sold to the Eugene Bryans about 1930 and used by them as a guest house until it burned in the forest fire that swept the place in 1944. The living memorials to Summerfield A. Key are the companion holly and Hemlock trees that he planted, which still stand in at least five places.

8. Letter from Mrs. T. C. Thompson, Jr., August 1953

9. Letter from Mrs. Robert Killebrew, July 1953

In the hollow on the level with Mabbitt Spring the Ranks ran a simple, comfortable mountain boarding house. Mrs. R. H. Williams and her first child, Eleanor, had a cottage there. It was a favorite place for week-ends especially in the fall when they had big log fires. The suppers were of stewed chicken and waffles and good country fare.

Mr. and Mrs. Amos Rank were northerners and she was said to have gone to school with Mrs. Grover Cleveland. They "ran" Three Oaks until the Dewees bought it and then settled to the boarding house down under the hill. Mrs. Rank opened and closed some of the summer houses and planted the petunias and nasturtiums. In the winter he bottled and sold Mabbitt Springs water to people in town. Their place has come to be the year round home of the Jack Chivingtons, having passed from Rank to Troutman to Inger, who tore down the old house and built a new one around the ivy covered chimney, to Jack Bryan to the present owner.

One other boarding house merits mention, a Mr. and Mrs. Wilson's that stood between the Kruesi and Bates places. Their food was excellent and the pancakes memorable as also was the courtship and marriage of Katie Tutt and Tom Ewing, the gay cavalier who rode horseback to Mabbitt Springs and lived to tell the tale. Wilson Road gets its name from them.

The 1890's brought new families into the community. Colonel and Mrs. Purvis of Virginia ran Three Oaks around 1891 and a truly fashionable boarding house it was. Mrs. Probasco and baby, Scott, were among the guests that season. Colonel Purvis was an excellent host and bridge player. Daughter Mary, (Mrs. George D. Andrews) was a child of 11 that year. In 1892 the L. W. Bates bought the McCann place which that family has lived in and loved down the generations even to this 62nd year. In 1893 Mrs. John L. Divine bought the McVea place and brought her granddaughter, Toots Holtzclaw, with her. Dr. Cooper Holtzclaw bought the Ochs place in 1916 and later gave it to Toots who this year gave it to her daughters and their children, on his 92nd birthday, they being the

fourth and fifth generations to love and to cherish it. Colonel and Mrs. Milton Ochs had come in 1894, first boarding at Three Oaks with the Ranks and later buying the McClure place. He made a mighty concession to the encroachment of civilization and forsook the creek and added a bathroom to his house. During part of that time Colonel Ochs was managing editor of the Times and would ride to and from town daily on a "thin and proud gray horse named Shafter whom he recalls with affection and describes as the most notable character on the mountain in those days."¹⁰

Transportation was supplied by "hack" from the "cholera year" on until private automobiles took over the trade. Uncle Jimmie Smith, grandfather to Cyrus Smith of today, Squire Connor, and Mr. Hartman were among those who drove hacks. "Mr. Hartman" announced his approach with blasts on his tallyho horn. The hack left the mountain at 6 A.M. and reached town at 8:30. The steeper return trip required four hours and the hack left town around 2 P.M. Tickets were 50¢. One hack driver had hauled tan bark ere driving the hack and 'twas quipped that "he stopped barkin' and started hackin'."¹¹ It was no easy journey. The roads were rough, there was the ferry at the river before the ascent up the steep natural grades of the mountain road, dusty in dry weather, slick in wet weather, to the corduroy which was almost straight up, and on to the toll gate at the top. The corduroy was made of poles laid parallel in the dirt to hold it against gully washers and to widen the road as needed. Finally the cottagers contributed and bought the toll road and gave it to the county and soon a new road was under construction and the W was graded into it. On reaching the W the able-bodied passengers would walk the short cut "to spell" the horses and only the feeble and hard-hearted could resist the beseeching look in the eyes of the teams as they looked back upon their load. Seats could be reserved but that didn't mean the driver would pass up a passenger to hold it

10. Letter from Martin Ochs, August, 1953.

11. Letter from Mrs. J. E. Smartt

for you. They all had this same policy. Colonel Ochs and Shafter made the trip in never more than two hours.

The father of Robert Sparks Walker "supervised the building of that road and built the four miles of road, including the W at the summit, at a cost of \$11,000.00. It was a remarkable engineering feat for those times, and more remarkable as a financial achievement."⁵ In 1892 it was the scene of a shocking tragedy when Mr. Carrington, a guest and relative of Captain Hutcheson, was killed while riding horseback down the W.

Fairmount was the early postoffice and the four Key girls took turns, two and two to walk the three miles for the weekly mail, their brothers being young and not trustworthy mail carriers for Uncle Sam. In 1893 it was changed to Albion View, at the top of the W and speeded up to twice weekly. After Margaret Key got the Maine habit, through her brother-in-law, host Colonel W. B. Thompson, she contacted Mr. Shallenberger who had been Second Assistant Postmaster General under her father D. M. Key, and got him to establish a R.F.D. and that was when Summertown was put on the map. Ere this early advent of the R.F.D.¹², "We had to go to a store at the top of the W known as Albion View for our mail. Each family had two bags with their name on them and every day around noon we would either drive the 2½ miles or ride horseback over to the Top, take a mail bag and get the one we had left the day before with mail in it. Of course, when you went you generally took several families' bags. It was fun and you saw lots of people over there and generally bought a nickel's worth of candy or maybe a bottle of soda-pop."⁸

Both tennis and badminton came to Chattanooga via Summertown.

Jane and Pat Steward brought the latter and had the first court. Albert Key brought tennis to Topside from Annapolis while he was a midshipman. He directed the staking off and building of a court with his younger brothers and sisters and neighbors as crew before giving them lessons

12. Mrs. Sarah Key Patten

in playing the game. This court was not too good. Later Mr. Sharp built one, and later Charley Davidson built an even better one, perhaps the one that's there now. The Key girls and the beautiful Sharp sisters were ardent tennis players. To quote from Toots letter again, "Of course in my youth the whole life of the community centered about the Tennis Court, which is across from our house. This court has always been considered the best hard dirt court in this part of the country. It is still used but not like it used to be. At least once every summer in the old days there was a dance on the tennis court and the girls, Bunt Key, the Sharp girls and all the others had a gay time, decorated it with golden rod and red sourwood leaves and a canvas was spread to keep from ruining the court."⁸ Mr. Sharp's fiddle supplied music for many occasions.

"As for food, Mr. Freudenburg came by twice a week with fresh meat he had just killed and twice a week Mr. Kell came with fresh garden vegetables and, of course, there was the store at the top of the W. There was no ice up here, so no refrigerators. We had well houses or cellars. These cellars were a few feet from the house in a cool shady place and that is where the milk, butter, etc., were kept."⁸ A leg of lamb cost 50¢, frying chickens 10¢ and Judge Cook refused to pay 25¢ for a hen, adding the comment, now historic, that, "no hen that ever was born is worth 25¢,"¹³

In the early days the mountain people worked for barter. Supplies and scales were kept at hand and the wages were paid in sugar, flour, coffee, and that treat of treats to those mountain women, snuff. Simple every day smoothing or flat irons were unknown to the mountain women and when asked how she smoothed clothes, Mrs. Miles replied, "we fold 'em and sot on 'em."

Mrs. Bates watched Captain Hutcheson pass Windsor Cottage on his

13. Clipping - E. Y. Chapin's "Glimpses" Hamilton County Herald.

fox hunts, and in the Horseshoe the hunting parties went for bear and squirrel and wild turkeys. In early days of Topside the little fawn, Robin Hood, had been brought from the woods as a gift to the Key children and it lay on the floor before the fire while they pillowed their heads upon its soft body, beloved beastie that it was.

As we look down the vista of these eighty years from this electrical age into the lamp light and candle light of earlier years when pine torches and lanterns lighted the paths of men by night here in Summertown, we see how from a simple start the beloved colony has grown. The people came not as founders but as refugees, and the community was called Summertown because it was just that. It grew and flourished and was loved because the spirit of God was amongst its people between man and God, and between man and man. From summer to summer that "sainted Mother of Summertown," Mrs. L. J. Sharp, led in the discussion of the need of a suitable place for Sunday services and the ways and means of meeting that need. Then Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Brown came into the colony and suggested building a Union Chapel similar to the one that had been so successful at Daisy. Another summer found the Union Chapel built and with \$3.00 in its treasury, the gift of "Mr. Hartman". It was dedicated on August 11, 1908 and celebrated its first homecoming some twelve years later. Our lives have been made richer in its Christian fellowship and let our prayer be that the beloved colony shall endure and the spirit of God shall go forth with us today and always.

August 30, 1953