

A Two Lane Road and a Single Track



*Joint Memoirs of Childhood
in Alva, Kentucky*

by

Dorothy A. Ramsey Bomkamp

and

Earl C. Ramsey

*Transcribed and Edited by
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Submitted by Jessica Ramsey Golden 1/20/2022
Homer, AK (granddaughter of Earl)
Ramsey

Preface

In 1983, my father, Earl Clayton Ramsey, wrote a life history. Although it was primarily about his life after he left Kentucky, it contained about 25 pages concerning life in Alva, the coal mining town where he and his brothers and sisters grew up. In March and April, 1995, his sister, Dorothy Alice (Ramsey) Bomkamp was kind enough to record some of her own memories of those days for me. I have edited the two together to give some picture of what childhood was like there.

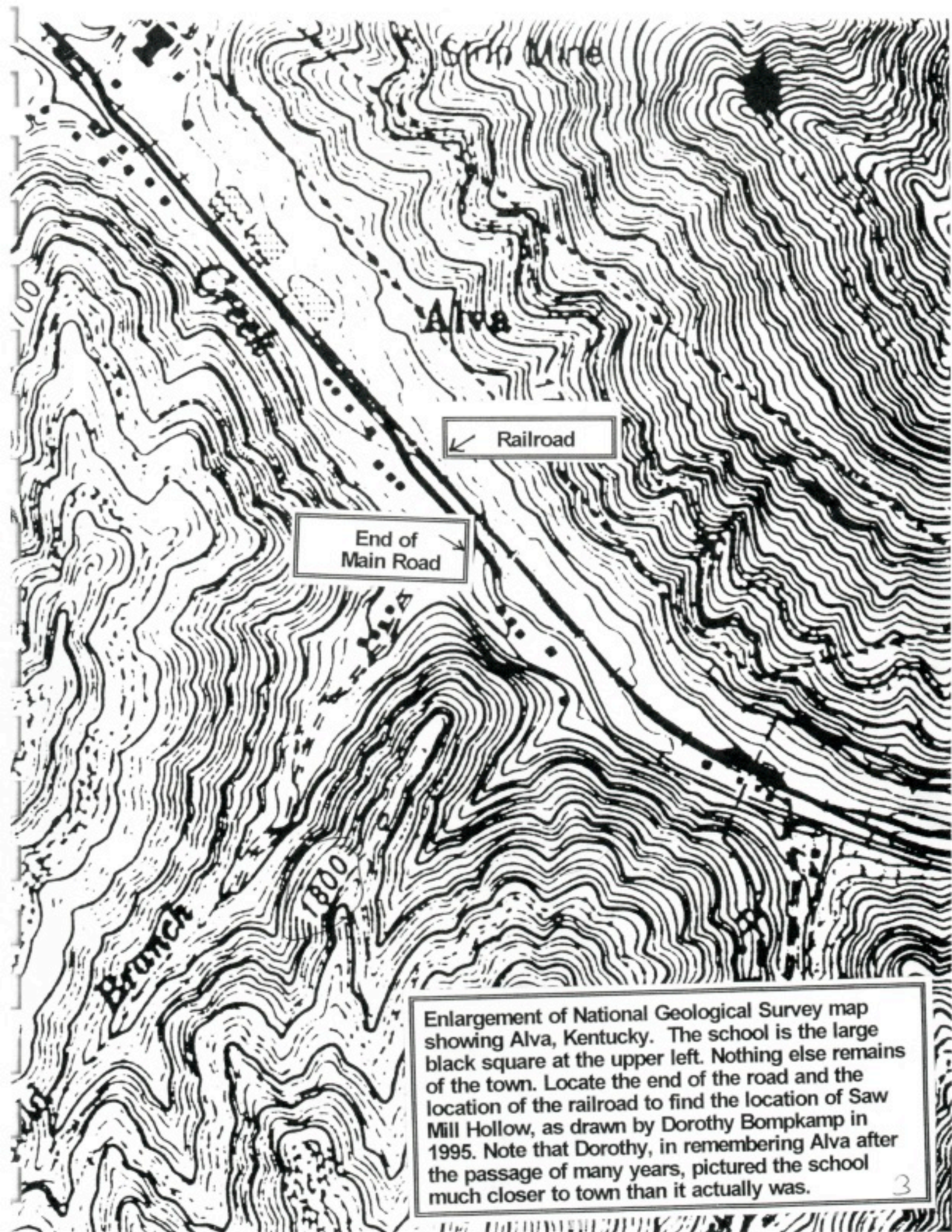
The family life in Kentucky was not a time about which my father spoke very often. As an adult, after spending a good deal of time researching the family genealogy, I have come to admire my father and his brothers and sisters, who came from a childhood lived under very difficult conditions. They exemplify the resilience and determination of their people, who moved into the hills of southeastern Kentucky before the United States was 25 years old.

The purpose of this booklet is to preserve the history of our family when they lived in Sawmill Holler.

*Beverley A. Ramsey
Hemdon, Virginia 1995*



***Map of Kentucky showing the general
location of Alva.***



Enlargement of National Geological Survey map showing Alva, Kentucky. The school is the large black square at the upper left. Nothing else remains of the town. Locate the end of the road and the location of the railroad to find the location of Saw Mill Hollow, as drawn by Dorothy Bompkamp in 1995. Note that Dorothy, in remembering Alva after the passage of many years, pictured the school much closer to town than it actually was.

WE MOVE TO ALVA, KENTUCKY

[Earl] We moved to Alva in 1932.¹ Alva was like all the other mining camps in that area. It had a two lane road and a single railroad track mostly for moving coal. Alva consisted of a few forks and hollows, like all the others. We had Tipton Hollow, Littlefield Hollow, Lee's Fork and Sawmill Hollow (pronounced "holler" in Kentucky.) [Alva was the name of the post office. The camp was called Black Star.]

[Dorothy] All houses in this area were owned by the coal company. We lived in what was called Sawmill Holler. We had a three room house. It was a two-family house that was built side by side, and that was where Joyce was born. When Joyce was born I remember sitting out on a rock with Jerry and Eddie and Rachel. It took four hours for her to be born and Mom almost died. They let Mom lay on a kitchen table all that time while they worked on her. (When Joyce was born was when they discovered that Mom had a tumor in the female organs. When Joyce was two years old, she went and had radium treatments for it and it never reoccurred.)

[Earl] This [house] was okay except it was the furthest you could get from school and we had to walk about a mile a half each way. It was about a mile to the store.

[Dorothy] Then we moved down in what they called the lower part or lower level of Alva and had a four room house. All I can think of was the house was covered mostly with beds. Ted and Earl had a bed, Eddie and Jerry had a bed, Rachel and Joyce and I had a bed and Mom and Dad had a bed. I have some of the furniture we had in Alva. The piece I have is the dresser they had when we were living together.

All the houses were heated by coal, either in a fireplace or by a stove. The coal was delivered by the coal company when you ordered it and it came out of your paycheck

¹By the time Earl and Dorothy were born, most of their ancestors had been in the hills of Kentucky for more than a hundred years. The family of their grandfather, John Marion Ramsey came to Wayne County, Kentucky in the 1790's from the land they owned on Chestnut Creek in Franklin County, Virginia. Most of the family of Grandma Ramsey, Alice McClain (Peters), never moved to Kentucky but remained in Anderson County, Tennessee.

The ancestors of their other grandfather, Charles T. Freeman came to Pulaski Co., Ky. from North Carolina around 1800. The ancestor of Charles Freeman's mother, was Thomas Adkins, a Revolutionary War soldier who was born in District 96 in South Carolina and came to Whitley Co., Ky. before his death in 1805. Charles Freeman's wife, Rachel Higginbotham, was descended from Moses Higginbotham of Virginia, whose grandchildren came to Whitley Co., Ky. shortly after 1800. Her mother, Dorcas Worley, was a descendant of, among other people, English royalty who came to North Carolina in the middle 1600's. The earliest ancestor of the Ramsey children came to Virginia a decade before the Pilgrims arrived in Massachusetts and less than 10 years after the first colony was established in America at Jamestown, Virginia in 1607.

4

4

twice a month.

There was a company store that you bought groceries from. You didn't have to buy there [but there was no other store in town and no car to get to another store]. The grocery store was a two-level store. The meat store was downstairs and upstairs was all your canned goods. You could always charge it, but it would be taken out of the paycheck when it come due. So people tried to have a little money so the company wouldn't get everything that you owned, because you had to buy your coal from them too.

[Earl] It was the only store in town and it was owned by the coal company. The coal company issued its own money, called script. The miners could draw their pay each day in script and use it at the company store for food, clothing, furniture etc. The miners could wait two weeks until payday and draw their earnings in cash. Each miner had a script book in which each withdrawal was marked. If you put your book through the window and you had nothing coming, you got it back real quick with a dirty look from the bookkeeper. Sometimes [not having anything coming] was due to the fact that the foreman had not turned in the time for the miners....If the book was presented by a kid for his father's work, he usually got it back in the face because his face was about the same level as the counter. The bookkeeper, named Green, got hell beat out of him more than once for the way he returned the script books. That didn't phase him, though. He was just as mean as ever.

The miners were so poor that they all lived from hand- to- mouth and a day-to-day existence so they very seldom had any money coming on payday. The coal company owned all of the houses and utilities and after that was deducted there was no money left.

[Dorothy] We had a truck that came through that had a lot of vegetables and that on it, and we bought from them too. We always had a garden in the summer up on the hilltop there. We had to go up and hoe it and keep the snakes and the animals out of it, putting up rags on poles to keep the birds and that away.



Later, after I was in high school, there was a restaurant that was built near the company store, and I think the company owned it too. I don't remember who worked there or anything. You could go and sit down there out front and have ice cream or a sandwich and that. In the late '30's, they did get a



Mom and Dad about the time they were married.



Ted Ramsey (right) with his cousin, Don Ramsey, son of Dad's brother Clel. Ted is holding the Liberty half dollar that they had to pay him in order to persuade him to stop crying and have his picture taken.



Ted, Dorothy and Earl in Insull, Kentucky.
Houses in the background are typical coal company
houses such as the family lived in in Balkan, Insull,
and Alva.

movie house, where they used to show movies. I never got to go to one. I don't know if they had music there or not. In our old gym they built a roller skating rink. I went there once. I fell down and hit a post that had a nail in it and scratched my leg. And so I never went back--I never was allowed to go back. I don't think they had any music there, either.

Our police was a sheriff. I don't remember what his name was, but I remember him coming to our house. There was no fire protection. If your house caught on fire, it usually just burnt down.

Anyplace that we wanted to go, we had to walk. There was no bus service or anything like that--no cars hardly at all.

[Earl] [As an example of how unfamiliar the people in town were with cars] I knew a man about 60 years old who went to Pineville 27 miles away and bought himself a '36 Ford coupe. He drove it the 27 miles back home in low gear. He complained that the car wouldn't operate correctly and a few of the guys that didn't know any more about cars than he did told him to take it back and complain. He drove it the 27 miles back to Pineville in low gear and complained to the dealer. The dealer told him how to shift gears and the old man's problems were solved.

These small towns were not a place for domestic animals either. They did not have horses to ride. Very few people had milk cows-- no beef cattle. They did raise a few pigs but sheep in those days were very rare. I never saw a sheep or any beef cattle until I was in the Army.

[Dorothy] We never went out of the valley until we moved, unless you went to Pathfork to church. Mom did take a couple of us on a couple of Sundays, but not very often. We had a Baptist church, which was in a little old place behind the company store, where we used to go to a weekly Wednesday Bible meeting--Bible School--but not very often.

Most weddings were taken out of town. There was a Baptist Church where some of them were performed, but I don't remember who. I do remember a minister who came that had a revival at the Baptist Church. A lot of the girls went nuts over him and I think there was about nine women pregnant when he left town. That was very funny.

[Earl] Most everyone in Alva had a little bit of religion of one type or another. The town was divided into Baptist and Holy Rollers. One was about as radical as the other. The Baptists had a church built by the coal company. The Holy Rollers met in an old freight office or in a private home. My mother went to the Holy Roller church. Our religious learning consisted of what little our mother managed to get across to us.

Both churches had services on Sunday and on Wednesday nights the Baptists had Baptist Young People's Union. On Wednesday nights the pastor of the Baptist Church would give us fire, brimstone, hell and damnation, call you by name, especially if you weren't a member of the congregation, and tell you publicly all about hell and its sufferings. But the pastor didn't heed his own teaching. The last I heard of him was in 1939 when he left town with the postmaster's wife. This was not a social trip because he left his own wife in town to fend for herself. Someone finally loaned her money to get to her own folks.

The Holy Rollers were God fearing people that showed their faith by handling snakes and fire. They would get the meeting going by praying, singing and shouting. When the spirit moved them they would go to the snake box, take out the first snake they could get a hold of and shout and dance holding the snake. I have seen some people bitten by a rattlesnake and it never caused them a bit of discomfort. I've seen others who were bitten and would be in serious condition for days or even weeks. I know [these snakes were not milked of venom before use.] I have actually caught rattlesnakes, taken them to the altar of the church and then stood back to watch. Those people handled snakes that they had never seen before.

[Dorothy] We had two doctors there. The one that did the visiting to the homes was named Old Doctor Hodge and the other one was Young Doctor Hodge (They were not relatives). When you wanted a doctor you had to send someone after him and tell him he was needed in an emergency.

The only holiday that I remember celebrating was the Fourth of July. We used to have a picnic up near the small park, near where the company store was. Everybody used to go up there because they would have fireworks, and they would provide ice cream and cookies and stuff like that.

There was no Easter celebration that I remember. Labor Day, we didn't celebrate. Everybody was out of work on those days. We never had a county fair or other exhibitions like that. Most of the practical jokes were done on Halloween. That would be tearing down outhouses, turning them over or just literally destroying them.





Abandoned buildings (bottom) and the tippie (top) at the Harlan mine, the mine furthest up Sawmill Holler, where the miners had to work in a kneeling position. Shown are rubbings from two pieces of one penny scrip issued by the Black Star Coal Company and "spendable" at the company store.



About eight three room houses, including our second house where Joyce was born.

This was the beginning of all four room houses, about 100.

This was the second section of four room houses. They had more yards. All had outside toilets. Most were on back porch. All had front and back porches.

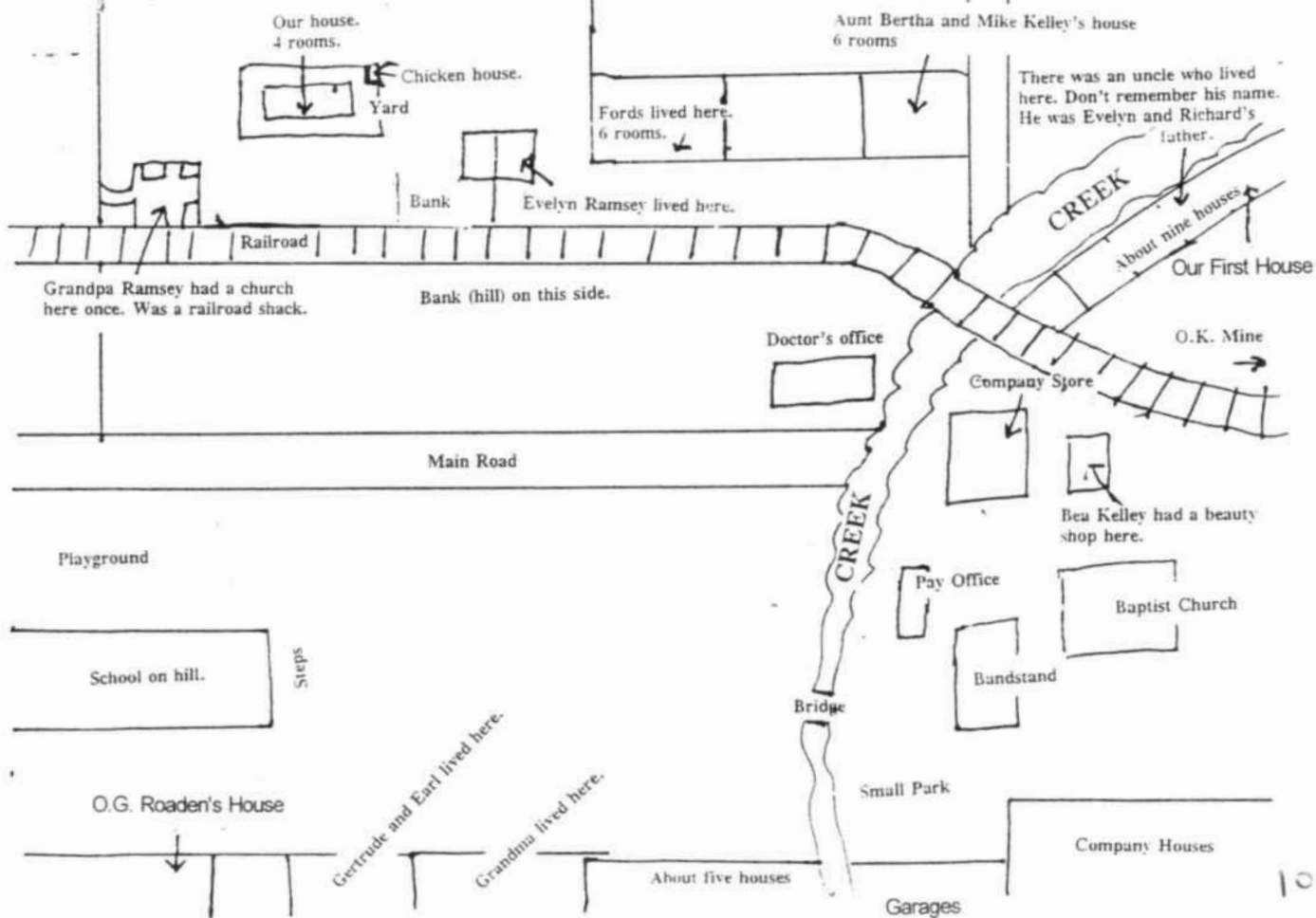
There were about 30 large 6 room houses here on hill. Most were boarding houses.

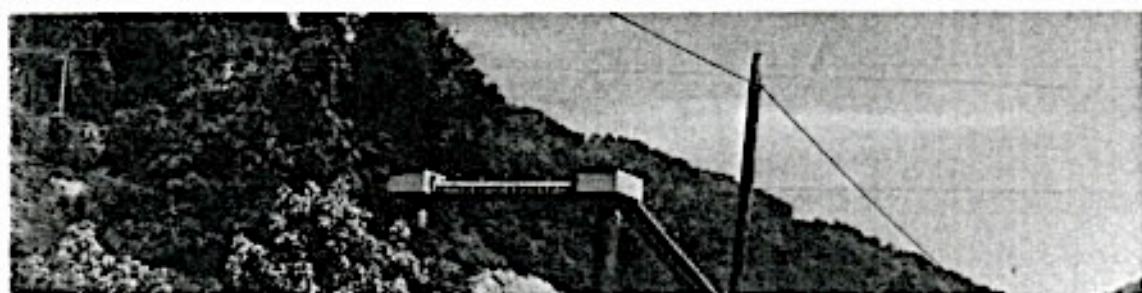
houses faced the up section of town

I guess there was about 100 houses on both sides of this road.

Saw Mill Hollow

as remembered by
Dorothy Ramsey Bomkamp (1995)





The tippie at the Kelly O.K. Mine where Dad worked. Photo taken 1989.

THE MINES

[Earl] Alva had two coal mines, Harlan, which produced real soft coal and the other, Kelly O.K., which produced real hard coal.² [The mines were owned by the Black Star Coal Company. The Harlan mine was visible from the outside. The tippie of the O.K. mine was all that could be seen on the side of the mountain.]

[Dorothy] The only job I ever remember Dad having was a coal miner. And then he got a job as a boss at a coal mine. There was a lot of people that got mashed up in the mines. He worked for a company in Balkan, he worked for one in Insull, and then his last job was in the O.K. Mine.

[Earl] Dad started working at the Kelly O.K. mine, which was the better of the two [mines] because you could stand up in the mine. Harlan was a mine with low ceilings and work was performed while kneeling.

In the early 1930's the United Mine Workers of America (UMWA) headed by John L. Lewis decided to unionize the coal fields of eastern Kentucky. Harlan County had the most mines so they were the hardest hit. About 80 percent of the miners were all for the union and the other 20 percent against. Of course all the coal companies were against it and fought it tooth and nail for the next five years. The miners went on strike and the coal companies brought strike-breakers to do the work. This didn't work too well because the first ones who tried to enter the mines were shot and that stopped that for awhile.

The miners tried to settle with the companies but their coal was selling very well so they were in no mood to accept the unions and fighting began. Miners would travel by open truck with stake sides to other towns to unionize the mines. When the truck wasn't crowded, some of us kids were allowed to go along. There was usually a fight or two for entertainment. The National Guard was called in, but this didn't seem to help. I know of cases where soldiers from the National Guard were actually killed and left in the streets to be found the next morning.

Each week each miner who joined the union was issued an allotment of food for his family. It was usually rice and beans with a little flour thrown in. I had enough rice in two years to last me a lifetime.

²In 1926 the population of Harlan County was 80,000, of which 10,666 were employed as coal miners. The county contained six towns with a population of 2500 or more.

There was enough rough stuff going on in Harlan County that to this day it is known as "Bloody Harlan County." It remained that way until about 1940 when the men finally got a decent wage for their work, but ever since the coal mines have exacted their pound of flesh.

[Dorothy] The mines were open just about all the year round, unless maybe if they had a strike, which they did every now and then. Mom took in laundry while Dad was off from work.

I remember the tipples, they call them in Kentucky, where the coal was loaded into coal cars and the train came and got them. I remember when [Dad] got mashed up in the coal mines because it was the last day of school and the ambulance passed with its siren on. I remember saying, "I hope it's no one that we know."



AT HOME

[Dorothy] Mom cooked on a coal stove. I don't remember too much what a typical meal was like. We made ice cream. That was the only treat that I remember. I guess a typical meal (I'll start with breakfast) was bacon and eggs and toast and a glass of milk. I hated eggs when I was little, I hated fried eggs. (I still don't like them that much.) Lunch at home, not in school [might be a] baloney sandwich, maybe an apple. Evening meal would be some kind of potatoes. Sometimes there was like pork chops or chicken, and vegetable of peas and corn, and no dessert, usually. Thanksgiving we usually had chicken, dressing, sweet potatoes and Mom would bake a cake.



[Earl] Meals were sometimes very short and unfulfilling because there was just never enough work or food to be had. Dad never missed a day's work or failed in any way trying to feed and clothe his family. We didn't appreciate it at the time because we were young and immature. I saw him carried out on three occasions, injured while working for those damned coal companies.

[Dorothy] To get ready for school, it was pretty busy there for awhile. We had a limited number of clothes. Mostly they were just playclothes that Mom always kept clean. We wore shoes all year. How did you get them? You got them on a charge at the store.

We had well water. The company dug wells for the houses that were there. There was about four different houses that used one well. On ours there was us and the Caddells, who had a houseful of twins, and the Walters and the Powells. I think that's all that used ours.



About our chores, I don't remember what the two boys [Ted and Earl] did as they got older because their responsibilities traced down to Jerry and Eddie. They used to have to cut wood, kindlin' they called it. I always had to do the dishes, three times a day. I stood on a Coca-Cola [box] to reach the table when I first started, because we didn't have a sink. We had a dish pan that we put the dishes in to wash then. Jerry always carried the water in if the bucket was dry, and Eddie had to do the kindlin' and bring a bucket of coal in.

Mom used to go to Pathfork to church. Sometime she would get a ride with someone and then she would go. I always had to stay home with the kids. I [also] had the responsibility of the two girls [Rachel and Joyce] as long as Mom was taking in washings and that.

There was a big row of garages across the railroad tracks from where we lived and there was a creek back there and the kids liked to go over there and play. When Mom was in the hospital for her radiation treatment, I took the two girls down there to play one day when Bertha was gone to the store and I didn't want to stay in the house. Rachel fell and cut her knee on a piece of glass, or a rock, one or the other, and I had to carry her home with that blood spurting. I carried her where I could hold one finger on the place where it was bleeding and let Joyce walk by the side of me. Someone saw me carrying her and come out to help me with the baby, Joyce, taking her up to Aunt Bertha's. So we had to rush her to the doctor's office because we couldn't get the bleeding stopped. He said she could have bled to death. I don't know whether that's true or not. It could have been.



BROTHERS AND SISTERS

[Dorothy] Ted and Earl were the closest [to each other]. Then Eddie and Jerry. More or less Jerry was the tag-along with Eddie.

Ted played football, he played basketball, and made good grades. I remember going to football games when Ted played. They played neighborhoods, people that lived just outside like Benham and Lynch, Everetts, and Insull school, never any state teams or anything like that, just little other coal mining camp schools.



Everybody called Earl "Clayton" when he was in Kentucky, from the time he was born until the time he went away in the Army. No one else that I remember was called other than their first name or a nickname. A specific thing I remember about Earl was he was always in some kind of trouble, not bad trouble, except when he decided to go into the Army. That was his worst episode. Most of what Earl did when he was in school was mischievous stuff, until he got expelled and went into the Army.

Earl and Ted were kind of close in their activities, although Ted was more sports prone than Earl was.

Ted and Clayton got interested in sports when they got into high school. I guess it started around 8th grade and then on into high school. Earl never did make the team on a lot of them where Ted did. Earl was kind of chubby when he was in school, so he didn't run that fast. He liked basketball, but I don't think he ever played basketball. That's why he got mad at the principal over the gym and kicked the door in. That was at a time when they were trying out for basketball and he didn't make it. So a gang of them that didn't make it decided they'd kick the door in, and he got expelled from school. [Earl's memoirs say of this incident that the principal gave them the key to use the gym after hours and then purposely came to the gym and locked the door from the outside. Earl said he was expelled for hitting the principal after the principal struck Earl's sister.] Earl liked to go to Insull and Pathfork.

I don't think either [Ted or Earl] were typical brothers until they were older. And then they liked to come home and tell stories about what they had seen me do, or what they thought they saw I did. They didn't like any of my friends, although they were girls of brothers that they liked.

[Earl] The mining company had a tram car they used to pull the miners up the mountain to the mines. They had a signal button at the landing. [In Balkan] we would go over and push the button and about one minute later the tram would start up the mountain. We would ride the car about a mile up the mountain and jump off. We usually always got away with this trick because the operator couldn't see the bottom of the landing and it was worse to keep the miner's waiting [if it were a real signal] than it was to pull the empty tram up the mountain. [Earl used to tell that Eddie and a local boy named Odie Cox tried this trick in Alva and got caught. Eddie was forbidden by his father from playing with the mischievous Odie Cox. In 1973, as a souvenir from a trip back to Kentucky, Earl arrived home with a campaign poster for "Odie Cox for Sheriff" that he spotted tacked to a phone pole.]

[Dorothy] Eddie played with Odie Cox, but he didn't get in so much trouble with him [as] when he started working for Dr. Hodge, who was the older doctor. Eddie got in trouble when he worked with him, because he would pick up things that he wasn't supposed to and bring them home. Mom always made him take it back, whatever it was. One time he came home with a box full of guinea hens, chicks they were. He said, "Well they were just runnin' around in the yard so [he] decided to pick them up." He didn't know that they belonged to anyone, he said. Mom made him take them back and apologize to the doctor for it. I don't remember him getting into too much trouble after that because he didn't like to apologize.



DOROTHY RAMSEY

◆ SCHOOL DAYS ◆



EDDIE RAY RAMSEY





JERRY RAMSEY



RACHEL RAMSEY



JOYCE RAMSEY
(Note the Black Star, symbol
of the Black Star School)



JOYCE AND RACHEL RAMSEY

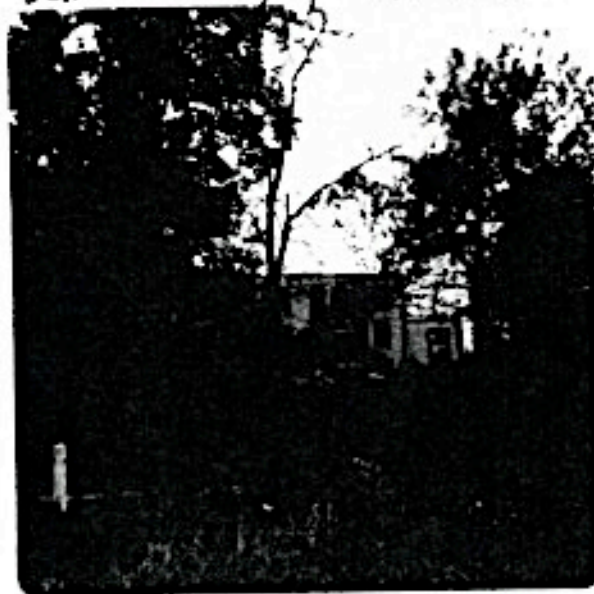
O.G. Roaden in his later years. In 1930, at age 23, he began 16 years as the despised principal of the Black Star School.



Two views of the abandoned Black Star School in Alva, taken 1973.



School - Alva, Ky Sept 1973



I remember a lot of baby funerals. When we had an epidemic in the '30's, Jerry used to go to those funerals. He would slip off, him and Eddie. Eddie would take him because he knew Jerry wanted to see them, he'd say. But I don't think he realized the effect it was having on Jerry. Jerry almost lost his mind over so many babies dying. Mom took him to the doctor and he was forbidden to go to any funerals after that.

SCHOOL

[Dorothy] We all went to the same school together [called the Black Star School]. Earl and Ted were way ahead of me. I started to school when I was six. We had to walk to school down from Sawmill Holler and catch a bus and go to school, but a lot of times we walked in good weather.



We had a pretty nice school. They had built a new school, down at the edge of town. Each room had a grade in it. We had a lunch area where you could go and buy your lunch for 25 cents, 30 cents a meal. We all had different teachers for different grades.

I don't remember too much about elementary school with the boys. But I know if I got mad at my teacher, I would quit. This was after about in 6th and 7th grade. I skipped the fourth grade because they said I was ready for the fifth.

We all went to high school. High school was in the same building. We had a principal whose name was O.G. Roaden. He was an ear-pulling kind of a person. If he caught you doing something, he would grab hold of your ear and just about pull it off. The principal wasn't very nice, I'll tell you that.

[Earl] The best thing I can manage to say about this man is that he was the meanest and most sadistic person I have ever had the displeasure of meeting. He was also one of the crookedest men ever to walk the face of Mother Earth. He was a big man about 300 pounds and I believe to this day he actually hated every kid that attended that school. His favorite brag to the students at assembly was "I don't know of any student that graduated from here that I haven't had the pleasure of whipping with my paddle." He really had a paddle that was brutal. It was fashioned from a one inch thick board and he would use it real often.

[Dorothy] But we had some good teachers. There was Mr. Bogart, and Mr. Goforth, and a Miss Clark, and I don't remember any of the other teacher's names right off hand.

[Earl] Mr. Jim Goforth was a modest man and not inclined to brag. Coach Goforth was six foot six inches and weighed 218 pounds. He was an All American football player at the University of Kentucky. He continued [to teach] until he was drafted or volunteered for the Marines. He was later to die at Guadalcanal.

High school was certainly no pleasure. [Roaden's brutality]



PLAYERS	Basketball Schedule—1939-40
Flem Shoupe	Nov. 28—Kingdom Come Here
Delbert Helton	Dec. 5—Rockhold Here
Herman Rose	Dec. 12—Pleasant View Here
Henry Stewart	Dec. 19—Popular Creek Here
Roy Phipps	*Dec. 22—Harlan There
C. F. Robinson	Jan. 2—Alumni Here
Paul Tipton	Jan. 12—Williamsburg There
Oneil Johnson	Jan. 13—Woodbine There
Tex Ramsey	*Jan. 16—Bell County Here
Clarence Reed	Jan. 19—Williamsburg Here
Jim Goforth, Coach	*Jan. 23—Pineville There
O. G. Roaden, Principal	*Jan. 26—Loyall There
Signed <i>James Goforth</i>	*Jan. 30—Loyall Here
1	*Feb. 2—Bell County There
2	Feb. 6—Woodbine Here
3	*Feb. 9—Harlan Here
4	*Feb. 13—Pineville Here
5	*Feb. 16—Evarts There
6	*Feb. 24—Evarts Here
7	* Conference Games.
8	
9	
10	
11	
12	

Ted's Season Ticket pass to the Black Star High School basketball games during his senior year. The player's list incorrectly identified him as "Tex Ramsey." The pass is signed Ted in numerous places and by James Goforth, the basketball coach.



Jeff Caddell, Ted Ramsey, John Caddell

Earl Ramsey

Harold Fore
(extreme right)

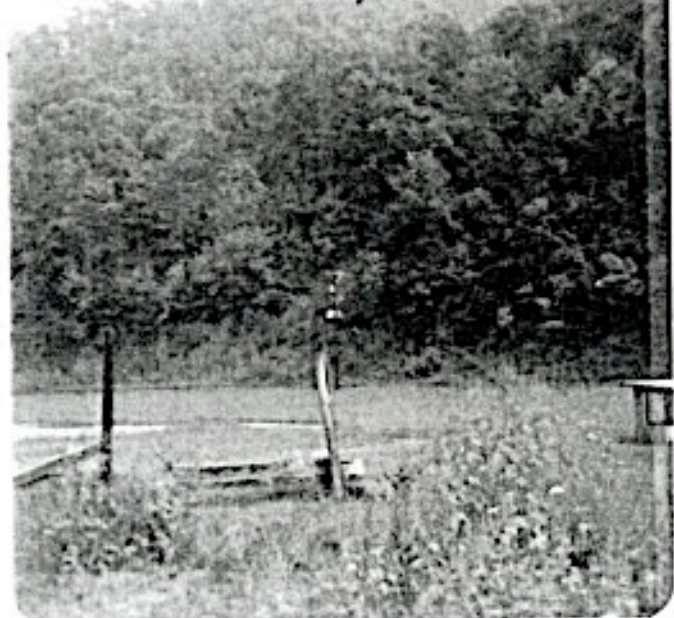
Ray Kelly,
youngest son of Mike
and Bertha (Ramsey)
Kelly.

Harold Kelly, (In letter jacket)
son of Mike and Bertha
(Ramsey) Kelly. His brother
John Marion is either the boy
behind him in this photo or the
second boy behind Earl in the
next row to the right.

The boys of the Black Star School pose on the lawn of the new school about 1937/38. The old Black Star school was behind this building. Those remembered by Dorothy in 1995 are identified. Some were not local boys but were from Insull.



BALLPARK, ALVA, KY Sept 1973



(Above) -The baseball park in Alva; (Left) Earl in front of the Alva Baptist Church, built on the site of the church which was in Alva when Earl and Dorothy grew up. Both pictures taken in 1973.



Kathleen Huff Rice, taken June 11, 1989 in Lambert, Kentucky. She married Doyle Rice, son of Bill and Mary Rice who lived near us in Alva. In 1989 a relative of Earl's wife, Betty, visited Alva and met Mrs. Rice.

turned out a lot of tough mean kids that under different conditions would have been very different people.



[Dorothy] I don't remember too much about Earl's best friends, who he ran with mostly, but I remember Ted's. He had three good friends. One was Jeff Caddell, Jeff and John Caddell. John Caddell went into the Army when he did-he was in the Air Force- and later got killed on an Easter Sunday when the plane exploded. Then there was a boy by the name of Harold Fore.

The Caddells lived catty-corner to where we lived. They had, I think, four sets of twins, at least three. We all played with them. They had two daughters. One was one of a set of twins (her other twin was a brother). I played with the oldest daughter whose name was Goldie. Ted was with John and Jeff. I think Earl was friends with them too, but not as close as Ted was. The Caddells, they had Midge and Red, which were nicknames, and then there was Tina ("Teenie" we called her) and her twin, I can't think of what his name was.

The next neighbor was Walters. They had one son and two daughters. I didn't ever get along with the two daughters, and the son was away at school most of the time because he was deaf and dumb. But he came home during the summer, and he used to play with us.

ENTERTAINING OURSELVES

[Earl] Social life in Alva was non-existent, especially for the school kids. Winter was the hardest of all because you had no place to go. Mr. Roaden added to our miseries by refusing to let us play in the schoolyard or gym for our after-school activities.

One winter sport we enjoyed was riding sled down the hill below the ballpark. We used to use the highway and we could go about two miles before the sled would stop. Then it would be a long walk back to the top. It was safe because there were about 30 cars in the whole valley and when it was slick enough for sledding it was too slick for the cars. If you had a friend with a sled, you were lucky. We took turns riding and we never rode single. Occasionally a third person would jump on. About the second turn the third person's position would become unstable or they would forget to lean and all three would wind up in a snow bank or in an open field, if you were lucky.

[Dorothy] Spring was about like spring anyplace, flowers and trees. Baseball, football and all of that started in the springtime. I don't remember too much about toys. I know we used to play hopscotch and basketball, and a little softball, if someone had a ball. If not, we played with a tin can. I know that no one [in the family] ever had a bike until we moved to Ohio. We used to play some games like throwing a

ball over the house and catching it, hide and seek and marbles.

[Earl] Some nights we would go over to the railroad tracks and build a big fire and stand around listening to tall tales. In that country there was a lot of tall tales to be told.

The hillbilly bootleggers would come into town each Saturday morning, stash their supply (usually in pint bottles) someplace down by the ballpark, and go look for customers. We would hide up on the hill and watch then hide their bottles.

While they were gone, we would steal their booze [and sell it to drinkers in town] for a quarter or so [or fill the bottles with pure branch water]. Sometimes we would move the booze and watch the bootleggers curse and search for it. Other times we would just exchange part of one bunch for a part of another bunch and sit back and wait for the fight to begin.

Summer life was much better. We always had an old swimming hole dammed up on the creek up the hollers and valleys. Our favorite was up Tipton Holler. We has a real good hole there that couldn't be seen from the road. If you had an old pair of cut-off jeans, you were in business. If you didn't, you went skinny dipping. It was best to hide your clothes or have a friend watch them. If the girls thought you were nude they would come over and watch and ask you a lot of silly questions to keep you in the water. After hours they would take your clothes and hide them. If you came out nude you were the talk of the town for awhile, so it was best just to stay there and turn blue.

Squirrel hunting was my favorite sport. The grey squirrel in Kentucky has been hunted for years for food. If fried good and brown and cooked with gravy served with hot biscuits, nothing is better.

Another summer pastime was to go over to the railroad tracks and listen to local music. The tracks between the rails was filled with cinders dumped from the trains and packed into a good path. It was even better than the roads for getting from one place to another and [the tracks] ran straight through town. The ends of the cross ties were good seats. The local musicians would gather there about once a week and play music until midnight. They had fiddles, banjos, guitars, bones, mouth harps, and just about ever other stringed instrument ever invented. They played good old country music and not Bluegrass.



TOWNSPEOPLE

[Earl] In Alva, most people were descendants of the old English lines or Welsh, very few Irish. My uncle Mike Kelly was the only Irishman that I knew. They had a habit of hanging a nickname on everyone they could. The names usually described the people involved with short brutal facts such as Pie Face Cox, Bean Eye Shoftner, (he was called Bean Eye because his eyes were real small and black as coal), Bone Head Thompson, Shorty Myers, Crisp Hughes, Peg Leg Jones, Bad Holly (his real name was Hubert Hollifield), Pat Mullins and Fat Ramsey. That was me. I was called by this name until I went into the Army. In 1973 while visiting my [aunt Maude] in Pineville, Kentucky, I mentioned this nickname to her and she said, "You always were kind of chuggy."

[Dorothy] There were a lot of people with funny faces, funny names. There was a guy named Pie Face, yes. His name was Clarence Cox. He wasn't good to look at, I'll say, that's why they called him Pie Face. But he was one of the nicest young men I knew when I was seventeen and eighteen. He went with my girlfriend, who was Toots Watson--Margaret Watson. He lived down in a lower neighborhood that was across the river, where Grandma and Grandpa and Gertrude and Earl Ward lived, which was maybe a quarter of a mile down from where we lived.

Toots Watson who married Pie Face ("Clarence," I used to call him) lived about four rows up from us on the side of the mountain, which would have been next to the house that we lived in when we moved out of Sawmill Holler. Margaret's mother and stepfather used to drink a lot and get into fights. But Margaret didn't. When her and Clarence finally moved out of there, they moved to Pineville.

I remember a Rice family that lived there. Their oldest son went to prison for killing a woman and her husband because he had been running around with the wife. He was supposed to have got life, but he did move back there about three to four years before we left. They eventually moved down to where they lived straight across the alley from where we lived.

I remember Ted and Clayton dating before they went into the service. Ted started going with Reba Ward before he left. She later married one of Ted's best friends, whose name was Harold Fore. Earl had a girlfriend when he went in, but I don't think he ever contacted her later. Her name was Lorraine Gamble of Insull, Kentucky. She was a classmate of mine in school. She was shocked when she found out that he had gone in the Army. I don't think she ever heard from him after he left.



TED AND EARL ENLIST

[Earl] I asked Dad if he would sign my [enlistment papers]. At first he was very reluctant. I finally convinced him that it was the best for me so he signed. [According to Earl's discharge papers, he enlisted on January 15, 1940.]

[Dorothy] I don't think Mom ever signed [Earl's] papers for him to go in because Earl thought he was going to be arrested [for hitting the principal, who had pressed charges.] I don't think he would have been, but he thought he was going to. That's why he joined. Earl went in in January or February, which would have been basketball season.

[Then] Ted went into the service [in September, 1940]. Mom didn't think he would pass because he had just gotten over a bad case of pneumonia, even where the doctor had said he wouldn't live 'til morning. But that night Mom had this woman [come down] who used to live in the Hollow, and ran a boarding house, her name was Minnie Loftis. I think she was one of the best women of all that Mom was friends with, religious and how she lived and all. She came down and she prayed for Ted, what they call a healing prayer, and put her hands right on his lung where he had pneumonia. And the next morning, he was still alive, and was up and out of bed within three days after that. Everybody credited her with her prayer and placing hands on him. [When Earl's wife and daughter visited Alva in 1972, Minnie Loftis was the post mistress in Alva.]

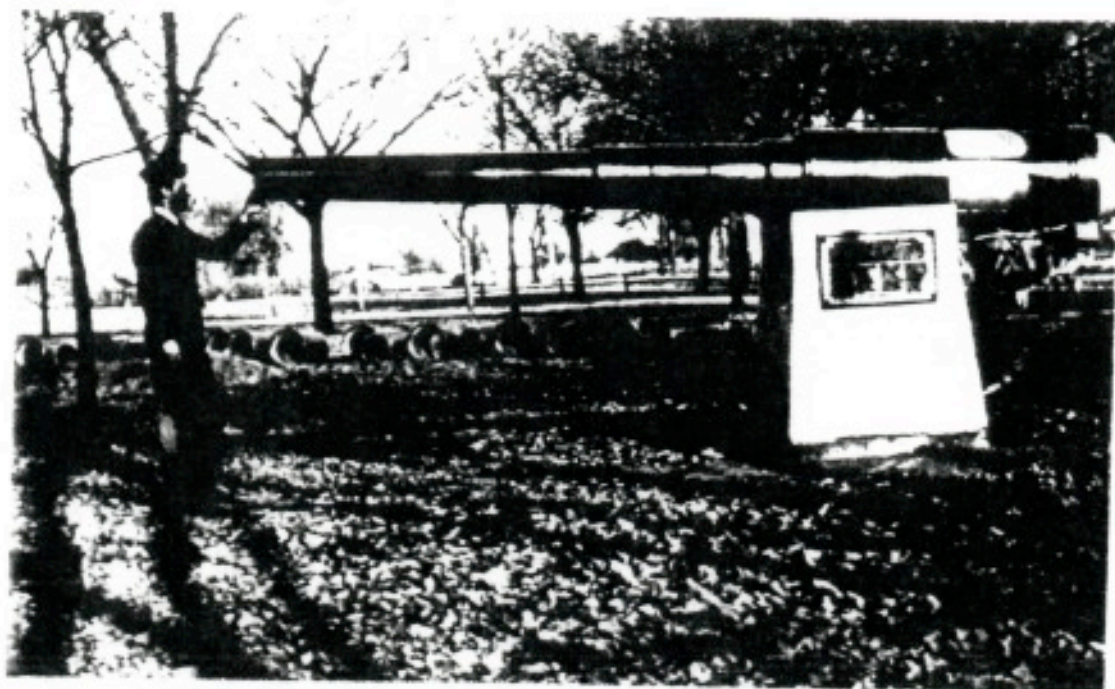
It was about two months later that Ted decided to go into the Army. He was nineteen years old, I think, or twenty, one or the other. He brought his papers home, because he wasn't twenty-one, and Mom had to sign then and she said she would sign them because she knew he wouldn't pass, is what she told the rest of us. She figured he had spots on his lung. But he didn't. He passed like a top. He went into the Army because he knew he was going to have to go into the coal mines, and that was one thing he had promised himself that he would never do. Earl went into the Army engineers, in the regular Army, and Ted went into the Army Air Force

[Earl] When I left that morning going to the Army, after I had said good-bye to all the family, Dad walked me to the gate and said, "Son, the Army has two classes of people: men and asses. I don't want to see any asses coming home." He also put a \$5 bill in my shirt pocket. I know he couldn't afford \$5 so 'til this day I don't know where [it] came from. I always thought that one of his sisters, my aunts, had given it to me. Years later I asked Dad about the \$5 but he went to the grave with the secret. I don't know where it came from, but I do know it was appreciated.

[Dorothy] What I remember about Earl in the Army was every time he made sergeant, he'd do something to get busted, because he didn't want to go any higher, he said. He was on KP duty quite often. He was a cook once and he sent some pictures home showing that he was cooking turkeys for Thanksgiving dinner. I remember Mom telling him that if he sent very many more certificates about when he got busted that she'd have enough to paper a room by the time he got home. I used to write him when he was in Hawaii. He used to ask me, if I came across any good jokes, to send them to him. Turns out he only wanted dirty jokes. But I got a hold of a few of those and sent to him.



Theodore Forest Ramsey





(Top) Mom and Dad taken in Harlan, Kentucky in 1940 when they went to Grandpa Freeman's funeral.
(Left) Joyce in Cincinnati, 1945.



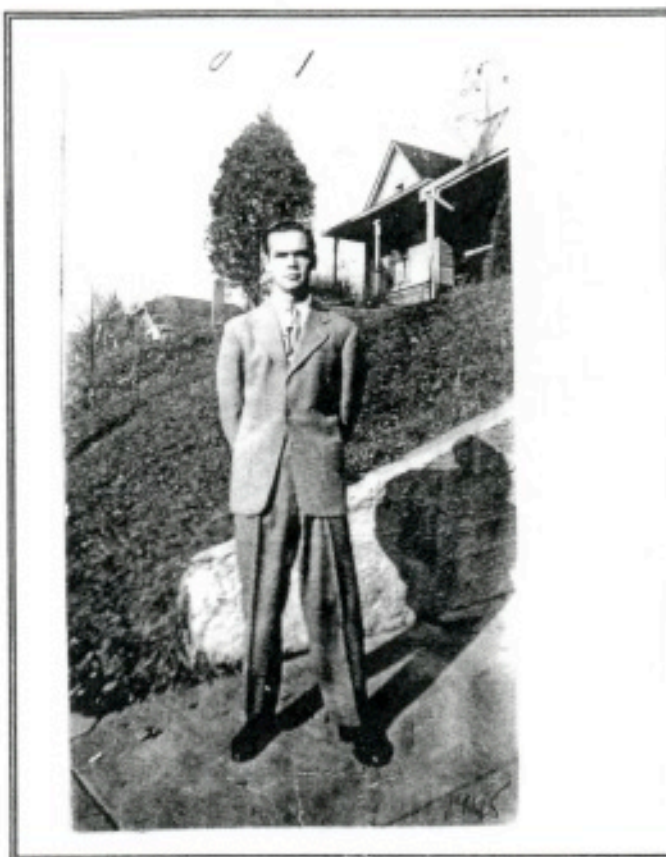


Eddie Ray - 1945



Photographs taken at Mom
and Dad's house on
Brotherton Road in
Cincinnati, where we moved
after we left the house on
Floral Avenue. (Top) Eddie
Ray home on furlough, 1945,
(Top right) Mom and Dad on
the front porch, 1949.
(Right) Dorothy and Eddie,
1945.





(Clockwise from top left) Jerry, in the driveway in Cincinnati, 1945; Earl, shortly after he entered the service; Rachel, 1945; Earl, 1946.



MOM AND DAD

Robert Earl Ramsey, son of John Marion and Alice McClain (Peters)
Ramsey

b. 27 Jan 1899 Alpine, Pulaski Co., Ky.
d. 13 Dec 1977, Milford, Hamilton Co., Ohio
Bur. Laurel Cemetery, Madisonville, Ohio
Md. 17 Sep 1916

to

Ethel Rose Freeman, daughter of Charles T. and Rachel Ellen
(Higginbotham) Freeman

b. 11 Mar 1901 Williamsburg, Whitley Co., Ky.
d. 12 Feb 1986 Madeira Nursing home, Madeira (Cincinnati), Ohio
Bur. Laurel Cemetery, Madisonville, Ohio

THEIR CHILDREN

1. **Theodore Forest Ramsey**

b. 4 Aug 1920 Molus, Bell Co., Ky.
d. 11 May 1943 North Africa
Bur. Laurel Cemetery, Madisonville, Ohio

2. **Earl Clayton Ramsey**

b. 4 Feb 1923 Balkan, Bell Co. Ky.
d. 5 Oct 1992, Mt. Pleasant, Sanpete Co., Utah
Bur. Upper Fairview Cemetery, Fairview, Sanpete Co., Utah
Md. **Betty Louise Miller**

3. **Dorothy Alice Ramsey**

b. 18 Dec 1925 Insull, Harlan Co., Ky.
Md. (1) **LeRoy Schaefer**
(2) **Boone Inyart**
(3) **Louis N. (Bert) Bonkamp**

4. **Eddie Ray Ramsey**

b. 5 Jan 1927 Balkan, Bell Co., Ky.
d. 19 Apr 1990 South San Francisco, Calif.
Bur. Olivet Cemetery, Coloma, Calif.
Md. (1) **Myrtle Lee Yokeley**
(2) **Mary Jane Tone**

5. **Gerold Lee Ramsey**

b. 15 Sep 1928 Balkan, Bell Co., Ky.
Md. **Jean Velma Shelton**

6. **Rachel Ellen Ramsey**

b. 13 Jun 1931 Balkan, Bell Co., Ky.
Md. **Walter Benton Sturdivent**

7. **Joyce Hope Ramsey**

b. 13 Mar 1934 Alva, Harlan Co., Ky.
d. 3 Feb 1975 Cincinnati, Hamilton Co., Ohio
Bur. Resthaven Cemetery, Cincinnati, Hamilton Co., Ohio.
Md. **Thomas Michael Crowley**

OUR RELATIVES

[Earl] For some reason, Dad didn't like for any of us kids to visit our relatives in town, so we really didn't have any deep-seated connection to them. Something must have happened between Dad and Mom and their relatives before we were born or something. Dad didn't encourage us to visit his relatives and wouldn't visit Mom's, who mostly lived around Harlan, Kentucky.

[Dorothy] What started [one] dispute in [Dad's] family was that they found out that when Ted got killed all of his insurance and his bank account was made out to Mom. They didn't think it was fair because Dad wasn't mentioned in either one of them. The Ramseys all thought that Dad married beneath him because Mom was from Harlan County, Kentucky. They forget that they lived in Harlan County, too.

The Ramseys...

John Marion Ramsey and Alice McClain Peters ("Grandpa and Grandma")

[Dorothy] I remember one story about Grandpa Ramsey. He was a Baptist minister at one time and had a little church alongside the railroad tracks in Alva after he moved there. But it didn't last very long. I don't remember too many stories about them. I know I spent two weeks at Grandma and Grandpa Ramsey's house when they lived in Kittleisland, they called it. Ruth and Doris and Maude lived there at that time too. When I stayed at Grandma and Grandpa's house during that one summer, she made us go to Bible class and learn all the books of the Bible. That's about all I remember about that visit.

Bertha Ramsey Kelly and Mike Kelly ("Aunt Bertha and Uncle Mike")

[Earl] Ted and I visit[ed] the Kellys, Dad's sister Aunt Bertha, occasionally. She had three boys that were in our age group, J.M., Harold and Ray. She also had two daughters, Beatrice and Hazel. We would play ball etc. with the boys and usually Aunt Bertha had a few leftovers she fed us. Aunt Bertha was a very beautiful and loving person and we dearly loved to be around her.

Her husband Mike was a lot of fun to be around. He was rough and would grab one of us by the neck and lock us in a headlock and rub our heads with his knuckles until we would scream bloody murder. Uncle Mike loved to gamble by playing cards. He would go down to the ball park and the men would gather there to play cards, behind a high fence where they couldn't be seen from the road due to the growth of heavy bushes. He was a better player than the others and probably more sober, so he would wind up with a pocket full of pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, halves, an occasional silver dollar and lots of company script.

Aunt Bertha ran a boarding house for the miners. She usually had six or eight around who paid so much for food and lodging. She was a very religious person and always felt obligated to point out to [Uncle Mike] that it was wrong to gamble and drink.

One night [while the family lived in Balkan] the company store [in Balkan] was burglarized. The Constable decided to call in the bloodhounds and some of us kids decided to follow the hounds. They started off down the railroad tracks straight out of town and we were

always got static from the Howards.' In the late '30's. I had a real good friend by the name of Bone Head Howard, a distant relative of the mean Howards of Pathfork. I worked for Harvey Howard in Insull, who was a close relative [of theirs.] I was dating a girl from Insull and I went through Pathfork quite often. At times [at night] after walking one of the girls home, [Bone Head Howard and I] would be shot at.

My Uncle Hens had five kids. One by the name of Richard (Dick) was not afraid of anything including the Howards. When Nathan Howard was convicted of killing Uncle Hens, Dick walked up to him and told him that he would be waiting for him when he got out of prison. While Nathan was in prison, Dick would load his pistol and go into [the only bar in the valley, owned by Zeke Howard, a relative of Nathan's], order a beer, and sit there with his pistol on the table and cuss out all the Howards that were available. Dick was looking for an excuse to kill a Howard and they knew it. They were afraid to answer all the names he called them.

[Eventually] Nathan Howard was released from prison. Dick naturally heard about it and started visiting Pathfork again. About once a month for two or three years Nathan Howard would be found lying in a ditch along the road with his head the size of two. In 1942 I met Dick in Oahu, Hawaii and he told me about the satisfaction he got out of beating up Nathan Howard. He said he was going to beat him up every time he saw him after the war. I'm sure he did. The day I met Dick in Hawaii he had just been promoted from Private to Staff Sergeant and awarded the Bronze Star.

Zeke Howard went on to meet his creator for insulting the wife of Fat Mullins. Fat Mullins met his creator, and probably Zeke, when he was riddled by one of the Howards armed with a machine gun.

[Dorothy] Evelyn Ramsey married a Caddell. I don't remember what her husband's name was. He mistreated her and she wound up in an institution. I don't remember whether she is still alive or not. She used to live across the street from us. She used to come over and talk to Mom about the things that he would do. He tried his best to drive her crazy and eventually did. Richard wasn't around there very much but he came down and helped put her in an institution.

The Freemans...

**Charles T. Freeman
("Grandpa Freeman")**

[Dorothy] I remember Mom talking about Grandpa Freeman and how many times he had been married. I think he had been married about four times. He married Flossie and had four children. One of them, her (half) sister, got killed in a car accident about three days after Grandpa Freeman died. My brother Eddie looked the most like Grandpa Freeman when Eddie was young.

⁵The Howards were originally descended from Samuel Howard, a Revolutionary War veteran who, in 1796 was the first white settler in Harlan County. In the 1920 census of Sawmill Holler and surrounding areas, none of the families listed in this memoir had yet followed the coal mines to Alva but there were 73 Howards listed as living in the holler. The Howards were involved in some of the more famous feuds of Harlan County.



Grandpa Freeman had a grocery store. When the Depression hit, he lost the store because he'd left a fire going in their stove--they used to have those pot-bellied stoves for heating--and the bottom fell out of it and set the store on fire. He didn't believe it was burning up. They had a house where you had to go up about 45 steps in Harlan to get to his house. You had to go across a bridge to get to his store that was the end of it.

I liked to go to his house. He had a colored nanny that took care of his new family's children after he remarried. She was nice.

I remember visiting, going up to stay for a couple weeks with Aunt Nesbit and her husband Uncle Roy. They had two sons, one was Jack and one was Charles. I did spend some time with them, about two weeks, and went to see Grandpa Freeman. He was sick in bed. I think I had only been home two, maybe three weeks when he died. The only one who went to that funeral [from our family] was Mom and Dad. That's when they had a big picture made, in Harlan.

Chester Freeman
(*"Mom's Brother"*)

[Dorothy] The only [other] funeral I remember was Mom's brother, who was killed on what they called Smith Road that was being built over the mountains to Tennessee. They never did catch the man who did it, or the people who did it. They said moonshiners didn't want that road to be built. He was a night watchman there. And that was why he was killed.

The Higginbothams...

Rachel Ellen Higginbotham
(*"Mom's Mother"*)

Mom talked about her mother, whose name was Rachel and when she got sick, and how she had died, and the way they brought her coffin into the house to put her body in. I guess at that time they didn't embalm them or anything. They brought the box in through the kitchen door and put it on the kitchen table. Mom had dreamed about it two nights before. A lot of times she had dreams about things which were going to happen.

close behind. After a mile or so they took off by a trail through the woods. The dog owner was bragging about his dogs and said we would track the thief right to his door. About three miles later...they came to ground right at the door of this old house while everyone stood around with their guns at the ready yelling for all to come out.

The door slowly opened and an old man came out looking like he was scared to death. The Constable took one look at the old man and laughed and said, "Lower your guns and call off those dogs. I know this man. He is Elijah Kelly. There is no man in this state that is more honest or poorer." His house was searched and he was not the culprit.

When one of us kids looked his worst, Dad would say, "You look just like Life Kelly." My own kids (and grandkids) have been told that a few times in a teasing way.

[Dorothy] Life Kelly was our Uncle Mike's brother. He died [after] he came to live with Uncle Mike and Aunt Bertha. He was always a messy thing and he died with the hiccups.

The Kelly Cousins

[Dorothy] I remember Hazel Kelly, Mike and Aunt Bertha's daughter told Mom after Joyce was born that the sun had never shined on a man that she would have seven kids for. Later she got married to a man named Lloyd and had ten kids.³

Henderson Ramsey ([Great] "Uncle Hens"--Grandpa Ramsey's Brother)

[Earl] In 1933 my grand uncle, Henderson Ramsey⁴, was a Deputy Sheriff in Harlan County. He was called by someone to come and arrest a drunk, Bennie Howard, for creating a disturbance. The brother of Bennie Howard, Nathan (who was drunk himself), heard of the trouble and went looking for my uncle. The end result was that Nathan Howard shot Uncle Hens dead and he himself was sent to prison.

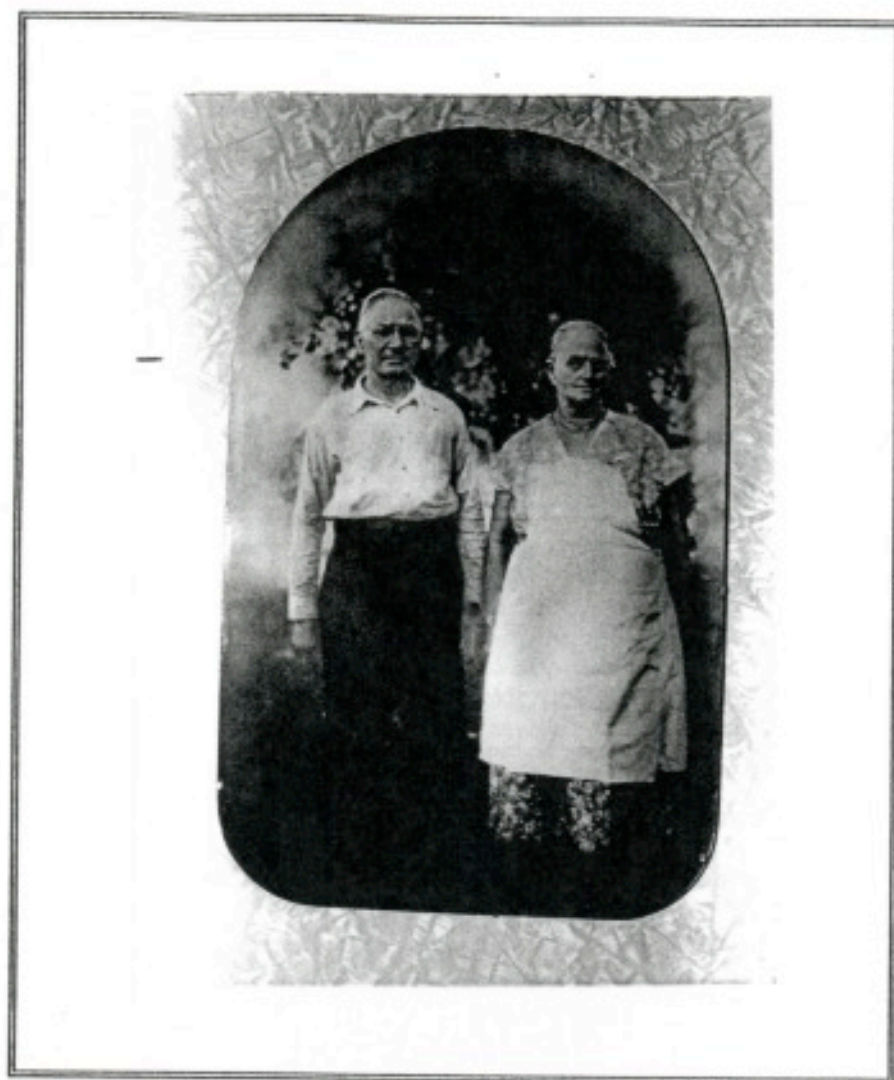
From that time on, when the Ramseys went to Pathfork, we

³Mike and Bertha Kelly had the following children:

1. Beatrice, she ran a beauty shop behind the company store.
Md. to Luke Reed.
2. Hazel, married to Lloyd Franks
3. John Marion (J.M.)
4. Harold
5. Ray

⁴"Uncle Hens" was the brother of John Marion Ramsey, Grandpa Ramsey. He born in 1882 and shot and killed on 7 Jan 1932. He is buried in Saylor Cemetery, in Pathfork, Bell Co., Ky. He was married to Ida, and had children:

1. Leslie
2. Effie
3. Carl
4. Lawrence
5. Richard, who married Otilla Burnett
6. Evelyn, who married Babe Caudell



Grandma and Grandpa
Ramsey--John Marion
Ramsey and Alice
McClain Peters.
Grandpa worked opening
coal mines throughout
southeast Kentucky and
was once a Baptist
preacher.

GRANDPA AND GRANDMA RAMSEY

John Marion Ramsey, son of Baley and Rosena Jane (Rains) Ramsey.

b. 20 Nov 1867 Laurel Co., Ky.

d. 15 Dec 1951 Calloway, Bell Co., Ky.

Bur. Saylor Cemetery, Pathfork, Bell Co., Ky.

Md. 29 Jul 1887 Huxley, Laurel Co., Ky.

to

Alice McClain Peters, daughter of James Fletcher and Sarah Jane (Turpin) Peters

b. 5 Apr 1869 Tennessee

d. 20 May 1957 Pineville, Bell Co., Ky.

Bur. Saylor Cemetery, Pathfork, Bell Co., Ky.

THEIR CHILDREN

1. William F. Ramsey

b. 22 Jun 1888 Greenwood, Whitley Co., Ky.

d. 3 Oct 1888

Bur. at Greenwood Baptist Church, Greenwood, Whitley Co., Ky.
(grave unmarked, near back wall of the church.)

2. George Washington Ramsey

(Called himself George Marshall Ramsey)

b. 11 Jan 1890 Greenwood, Whitley Co., Ky.

d. 8 Jan 1926. Died in a mining accident.

Bur. Saylor Cemetery, Pathfork, Bell Co., Ky.

Md. 27 Oct 1912 to Elsie Strunk

3. Clarence Sherman Ramsey

b. 15 May 1892 Greenwood, Whitley Co., Ky.

d. 11 Sep 1970, Cincinnati, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Bur. Gates of Heaven Cemetery, Cincinnati, Ohio

Md. 17 Oct. 1908 to Ollie Edna Anderson.

4. Clel Edward Ramsey

b. 6 Dec 1894 Alpine, Pulaski Co., Ky.

d. 17 Mar 1966

Bur. Hearst Cemetery, Middlesboro, Ky.

Md. 22 Jan 1918 to Nora Ellen Bruce

5. Bertha Lee Ramsey

b. 28 Feb 1896 Alpine, Pulaski Co., Ky.

d. 10 Feb 1946

Bur. Saylor Cemetery, Pathfork, Ky.

Md. 25 Sep 1912 to Mike Kelly

6. Robert Earl Ramsey

b. 27 Jan 1899 Alpine, Pulaski Co., KY.

d. 13 Dec 1977, Ohio.

Bur. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Md. 17 Sep 1916 to Ethel Rose Freeman

7. Maude May Ramsey

b. 16 Apr 1901 Pine Knot, Whitley Co., Ky.

d. 19 Dec 1979

Md. (1) 30 Aug 1919 to W. Kenneth Chambers

(2) to Joe Jackson

8. Blanche Ramsey

b. 7 Jun 1904 Pine Knot, Whitley Co., Ky.

d. 30 Nov 1983 Harlan Co. Ky.

Md. 13 Aug 1919 to David Miller

9. Gertrude Marie Ramsey

b. 7 Jan 1906 Strunk, Whitley Co., Ky.

Md. 1 Jun 1923 to Earl Ward

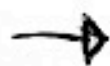
10. Madge Evangeline

b. 20 May 1909 Strunk, Whitley Co., Ky.

d. 29 Aug 1966

Bur. Alva Cemetery, Alva, Harlan Co., Ky.

Md. 21 Aug 1926 to Floyd Johnson



GRANDPA AND GRANDMA FREEMAN

Charles T. Freeman, son of **Joshua Bell** and **Mary Jane (Adkins) Freeman**.

b. 3 Aug 1880 Rockcastle Co., Ky.

d. 10 Jun 1940 Harlan, Harlan Co., Ky.

Bur. Resthaven Cemetery, Emerling, Harlan Co., Ky.

Md. (1) 12 Sep 1897 at the Thomas Higginbotham house in Pulaski Co., Ky.

to

Rachel Ellen Higginbotham, daughter of **Thomas P.** and **Dorcas Sarah (Worley) Higginbotham**

b. 21 Sep 1882 Greenwood, McCreary Co., Ky.

d. 22 Jan 1915 Greenwood, McCreary Co., Ky.

Bur. Greenwood Baptist Church, Greenwood, McCreary Co., Ky.
(grave unmarked)

THEIR CHILDREN

1. **Docia Freeman**

b. 6 Feb 1899 Williamsburg, Whitley Co., Ky.

d. 12 Feb 1966

Md. **Marion Ramsey** (he was the son of one of John Marion Ramsey's brothers.)

2. **Ethel Rose Freeman**

b. 11 Mar 1901 Williamsburg, Whitley Co., Ky.

d. 12 Feb 1986 Madeira Nursing home, Madeira (Cincinnati), Ohio

Bur. Laurel Cemetery, Madisonville, Ohio

Md. 17 Sep 1916 Indian Head, Whitley Co., Ky. to **Robert Earl Ramsey**

3. **Chester Freeman**

b. 25 Jun 1902 Greenwood, Whitley Co., Ky.

Md. **Betty**

4. **Roy Freeman**

b. 24 Jun 1906

d.

Md. **Nesbitt Hensley**¹

5. **Noah Freeman**

b. 1909 Greenwood, Whitley Co., Ky.

6. **Alice**

¹The 1910 census of Harlan, Harlan County, Ky. shows that Nesbitt's family lived on Clover Fork Road and consisted of her father, Hiram Hensley b. 1876, her mother Sally b. 1883, her sister Mary E. b. 1905 and Nesbitt, who was born in 1907.