

Chinn of Mansfield, Ohio; Mary Lou Collins Porzella of Orlando, Florida; and Nancy Slinker of St. Cloud, Florida. Dad and Mom have 18 grandchildren, 17 great-grandchildren, ten great-great-grandchildren, and one great-great-great-grandchild. We are blessed and feel very fortunate that our father, grandfather, great-grandfather, great-great-grandfather, and great-great-great-grandfather is still with us and can still spin a good tale of adventure from the past. We love him so much.

"The following are a few of our father's stories that we have enjoyed listening to for many years.

"At one point in time Dad was working for a fellow by the name of Lawrence Jones. Lawrence had to go out of town for a couple of days and left his brother, Bob Jones, in charge. Well, Bob Jones and Dad, who were young, probably late teens or early 20s, decided to pick a lock that had Lawrence's beer supply within. So for those couple of days they had a merry old time. When Lawrence returned from his trip and Dad approached him about his wages for the work days, Lawrence replied, 'Well, let's see, you earned \$14 and drank up about \$10 worth of beer. So here you go, you get \$4 for your three days worth of work.'

"Dad was extremely strong physically. He tells how on a dare, with several men around, he was challenged to lifting a wagon that had 18 crossties or logs on it. This would be a tremendous amount of weight. He claims he performed the feat, and some of his old friends backed him up on this story. He also said, he, again on a dare, carried a 100-pound bag of sugar in his teeth.

"During Dad's late 20s or early 30s there were outlaws who would

stage a situation (like they were hurt on the road) to stop an innocent bypasser. Once the person stopped to offer assistance they would beat and rob them. Remember this was back in the old days. Many people would travel many miles around certain areas to avoid this type of problem. Dad simply strapped his pistol to his hip and drove his wagon and team of horses through the charade firing his pistol as he went with great speed. That particular group of people feared Dad and never attempted to deter him from his destination.

"This is a feeble attempt at telling some of my father's stories. He develops them with greater detail and adds gestures and expressions to dramatize

the humor or sincerity of the recalled incident that he experienced. He could entertain you all day with his adventures.

"The information was a collaborated effort on the part of all the children of Dad's family. Thank you and we hope you enjoy this bit of history on the life and times of Edward Raleigh Chinn."

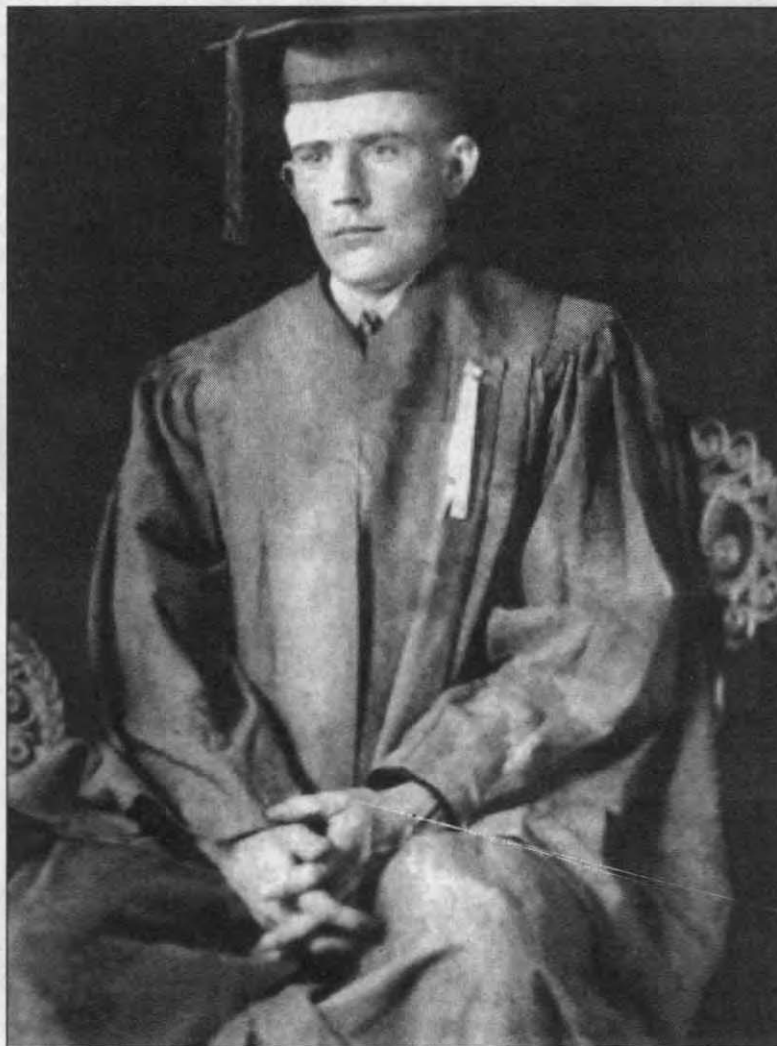
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Chenowee Railroad

I was born and reared at Chenowee, Breathitt County, Kentucky, where my grandfather, Goodloe Butler, lived. I was born December 3, 1927, and lived

at Chenowee with my father, Charley Butler, and my mother, Ethel Coomer Butler. We moved to Ohio in November 1943, so my youthful memories of this part of Eastern Kentucky are forever etched in my mind. Grandpa's house was near the L&N railroad station at Chenowee. My father's house was just up at the mouth of the branch or hollow. On up the branch lived my uncle, Kelly Butler, and his family. Another uncle, Robert, lived across from them. Just adjoining Grandpa's home was my aunt, Molly Brown, near the railroad tracks.

We knew all the folks who lived there, all the way from Elkatawa to below Oakdale to near Athol, which is now Highway 52. The names of Chenowee and Elkatawa were evidently old Indian names applied to that area. During the period of my youth my dad did sharecropping, and my two younger brothers, John and James, and I worked the fields with my father. We grew up with coal oil lamps and a well-ventilated house. It was not unusual to break the ice in the water bucket on those cold, winter morn-



Rick A. Howard, 571 Greenetree Place, Fairborn, OH 45334, shares this photo of his grandfather, Charles Manford Crawford, Sr., taken when he graduated from Christian Normal Institute in Grayson, Carter County, Kentucky, in 1923.