

- **Claiborne County (TN) Progress**

## **Nell Quesenbery Report**

**April 3, 1980**

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY, LOUISE MARCHIO (April 5, 1918)**

**By Nell Quesenbery**

My mother, Louise, and I were both born in the green painted iron bedstead in the back room of Cordie's house in Lone Mountain. Louise was the only child of Horace and Bessie Yoakum. They lived together with the two "grannies," Bessie's mother, Cordie, and Horace's mother, Dora.

Possessing a gentle, sweet disposition, Louise grew into an extremely beautiful young girl. Her strong lithe body enabled her to become a skillful dancer, as well as quite formidable on the basketball court.

When she was sixteen, Louise met Dennis Marchio, a member of the Civilian Conservation Corps, who was camped nearby. The Corps was part of Franklin Delano Roosevelt's New Deal Program, designed to end unemployment which had drawn working America to a halt.

The local families were friendly with these "CCC Boys," allowing them to visit and make themselves at home, while the CCC Boys, many of them from the North, found the Claiborne County girls very desirable to court and woo. From camps No. 23 and No. 24, some of the boys who courted or married our girls were: Frank Napora, Perry Willis, Frank Owens, Henry Pascoe, Charlie Shell (not local), Henry Kaiser, John Drost, Pete Perentia, Vernon Schellinger and Tip Kryman. Locally, some of the men from camp No. 23 and camp No. 24 were Ernest ("Sug") Williams, Charlie Campbell, Cass Bunch, Harry Clay and Robert Dalton.

Some of the first unions of marriage between the North and South since Civil War days, were made by these CCC Boys and our girls. However, many local families were not at all in favor of these matches.

Denny fell passionately in love with Louise. With the help of her mother, Bessie, Denny stole her away from her possessive family. He fled with her in a Model A Ford to Harrogate, Tennessee. They were united in marriage by the Rev. R.E. Dossett, who lived in a large white house. There, Denny placed a “two dollar” diamond ring on Louise’s finger.

They found haven in Henderson and Pauline Mason Walker’s little cottage. The cottage sat just east of the main two-story house on the large Walker farm, located in the Liberty section of Little Sycamore.

Here they spent their honeymoon before daring to return to Lone Mountain to face the wrath of Louise’s family, Dora and Horace being quite the fiercest. Happily, a little later, Louise’s people became reconciled with Denny, and they finally even forgave Bessie her part in helping them run away. But, always, upon telling me of that time in our gray painted kitchen, Granny Dora’s black eyes would snap, and her voice become charged with emotion.

Denny and Louise had two daughters, Nell Lee and, eleven years later, Ann Louise.

While working and traveling all over the United States, they always kept close touch with their family in Lone Mountain. Finally, after the war, they, Horace and Bess, and the “grannies” moved to Corey Street in Detroit, Michigan. With our family there, Corey Street became a very “in” street for visiting Lone Mountainers.

Eleven years ago, Denny and Louise returned to Lone Mountain. Our older ones had all passed away while in Michigan, but their remains were returned home for burial. Instead of tearing down Cordie’s house, they painted and repaired it, placing their new brick home by its side.

For ten years, they had great pleasure being in Lone Mountain again. Denny re-landscaped and graded their lot, putting in new fruit trees, flowers, grape vines and “roses for Louise.”

Then one year ago, on March 17, 1979, Louise’s stroke happened, leaving her blind, and only able to move three fingers of her right hand. Her condition as grave as possible, Denny returned her to Lone Mountain. Amid many prayers, it was pronounced from the pulpits of our churches that a miracle occurred.

At this point, Denny, now almost seventy, hair and eyebrows of frost, became a hero. And the beautiful Louise, with her great fighting heart, became a heroine.

Denny pulled, strained and tugged at her past the point of endurance for his own body, and she with her “dear love for us,” tried to come back. Slowly, some of the sight has returned, partial uses of her body have also returned. Still, she cannot rise from her bed and walk alone, but she and Denny keep striving.

Dad and I will plant you a red rose for your birthday, Mom.

Happy Birthday, Louise Marchio. May you have many, many more.