

- **Claiborne County (TN) Progress**

Nell Quesenbery Report

September 15, 1983

NANCY STUMP McBEE

By Nell Quesenbery

Some words, written by Hank Williams, were sweeter than a lullaby. Words such as “Did you ever hear a robin cry?” Nancy Stump McBee of Monroe, Michigan, also uses words to compose beautiful poems.

Nancy Stump McBee was one of the students posed in the Head of Barren Creek Elementary School picture taken October 13, 1916.

She married Herman McBee, June 11, 1922 and the following year they moved to Monroe, where they have lived for the past 60 years.

In a recent letter, Nancy sent me several of her poems written this year at age 80.

The following is one of the poems written by Nancy McBee in her 80th year.

FOUR SEASONS OF LIFE AND NATURE

What a bright beautiful day

I will hurry and dress and go out to play

Spring has come and sent winter away

I'll watch the robin build her nest

I'll catch a butterfly, or I'll try my best

*I will join my friends in our favorite spot
We will play old games we had almost forgot
Spring is a time to be merry and gay
We must not let one moment slip away
They tell me spring is a time to plant and grow
Playtime is over, I must plant and hoe.*

*Summer is here with heat and some rain
Farmers are reaping their golden grain
It's time I choose a mate, and leave my old home
Or else I'll grow old and be all alone
We two will work together, and think as one
We will have lots of children, I know they will be fun
We will be kind and give them tender loving care
So they will be happy, and our love gladly share
Oh, our children were a pleasure each day
But they all grew up and moved away
Summer was so nice I wanted it to stay
But it did its job and slipped slowly away
Fall is here with its cool gentle breeze
I put on my sweater and snuffle and sneeze
The pumpkins are grown, they are gold and yellow*

*The fruit on the trees is ripe and mellow
The leaves also have turned golden and brown
My old bones ache as I move around
I'll keep pushing on, I am still quite young
There are many more jobs that must be done
We must prepare and store for cold days ahead
We have to have food and shelter until we are dead*

*Winter has arrived, and the cold winds blow
With age dimmed eyes I gaze at the snow
I sit in my chair and rock to and fro
And relive good old days that passed long ago
As nature has planned we change with the years
We had many happy days, and shed a lot of tears
This bleak winter season will soon be o'er
I, too, like winter will soon be no more
The four long seasons have taken their toll
And left me feeble, wrinkled and old
The cold, cold earth will soon be my bed
Until Jesus calls, and I am raised from the dead*

-- Composed by Nancy McBee Age

February 26, 1983

80 - May 10, 1983

Nellie Campbell turned 88 years old August 10, 1983. She has finished the article on the old zinc mines, asking, "Pretty good for 87, don't you think?" Nellie said she both amused and shocked her grandchildren by taking a ride on the back of a motorcycle recently. Nellie has 8 great-great-grandchildren.

Ott Walker, who is just a few months' difference in age from Nellie Campbell, has his first great-grandchild.

Ott and Mae Walker are excited about the upcoming visit with this great-grandchild through their daughter, Edwina McBee of Indiana.

Special Get Well wishes to Wanda Hodges, Kenneth Parkey (former owner of the Lone Mountain Boat Dock) and Clarence Collins of Upper Caney.

Millie Howard of Tazewell called to say hello and rest a few minutes from her "8-Day Pickle" making. Today, Millie was placing her pickles in jars covered with hot vinegar, sugar and spices. Later, Millie planned to call Gladys Bailey (Mrs. Pryor), who is her regular telephone buddy.

Are we in the midst of an industrial revolution rapidly ending the pace of this comfortable old earth? Yes, promises Alvin Toffler in his best-seller, "Future Shock." Bill Quesenbery, my brother-in-law, who lives on lower Straight Creek Road, loaned me this spectacular study of our oncoming world.

Doris Essary, who has a beautiful voice and lives in Tazewell, called me last week. This summer, Doris spent a few weeks in Monroe, Michigan, with her cousin, Linda Essary. They were both doing research on William Necessary (later called Essary) of Russell County, Virginia, 1813. William's son, Joseph Eessary (He dropped the N) came to Claiborne County in 1866.

Joseph Eessary's sons were: Thomas G., William E., Elbert S. Oscar, Charles, Edward Andrew (Linda Essary's grandparent) and George W. (Doris Essary's grandparent).

Linda Essary wants Whitaker information: Her grandfather - Edward Andrew Essary - married Cornelia Whitaker. Cornelia Whitaker's parents were John Whitaker and Arthura

Heascanter. Cornelia Whitaker's grandparents were Tim and Sarah Whitaker. Please write Linda Essary, 505 Maplewood Ave., Monroe, Michigan 48161 or call 1-313-243-4383.

Doris Essary wants information on her grandparents, George W. Essary and Sarah Hurst.

George W. Essary married Sarah Hurst. He was born October 1, 1849, died 1922. George drove a milk wagon. He was run over and killed while walking to Middlesboro to visit a relative. His wife, Sarah, was the daughter of Harmon Hurst and Nancy Johnston. Sarah Hurst's grandparents were Aaron Hurst, Sr. and Sarah McNew