

## Third Generation (Grandparents)

**Andrew Thomas LANNING**

**Minnie Ann COCHRAN**

**Andrew Thomas LANNING** was the son of **Francis Marion LANNING (1851-1929)** and **Sarah Melissa HENSON (1861-1937)**. According to the WWI draft registration he filled out in 1917, he was born May 25, 1891 in Gatlin, Gilmer County, GA. Andrew died July 31, 1975 and was buried beside his wife Minnie in the Turniptown Baptist Church Cemetery.



Although Turniptown was always home to the early Lanning families, the families moved into and out of mill towns to support their families. In 1900, Andrew's family was living in Rome, Floyd County, Georgia when the census was taken in June. In 1910 Andrew was in Canton, Cherokee County, Georgia with his family when the census was taken.

When WWII came along in the early 1900's, all young men were required to register. On June 5, 1917, Andrew registered with the following information:



Age: 26 - Address: Gatlin, GA – Farmer - Born: May 25, 1891 – Single - Born: Natural born – Caucasian - Born: Gatlin, GA, USA - Eyes: Blue - Hair: L. Brown

In 1918, Andrew married **Minnie COCHRAN**, the daughter of **William (Bill) COCHRAN** and **Mary ORTON**. They were married by Rev. Henry Cantrell on August 9, 1918 in Gilmer County, GA. **Minnie** was born May 15, 1889 and died in Gilmer County, GA on January 12, 1938.

When the 1920 census was taken, Andrew and his new family were nowhere to be found. According to older members of the family, Andrew had been drafted, went to the Army but deserted and returned to the hills of Turniptown where he hid out for a long time. The following story bears this out.

[This story is copied from "The Lannings of Turniptown Road" – "Gleanings"].

**Uncle Andrew Lanning**  
**Uncle Andrew Went A. W. O. L.**

*During World War I, Uncle Andrew Lanning was drafted along with Tom and Rob Henson. He had never been away from home and he was sent to Camp McPherson near Atlanta. After a few days, away from the familiar surrounding of Turniptown and eating strange food, Uncle Andrew packed up and left - along with Rob and Tom.*

*Back in Turniptown, they hid out in the mountains while soldiers in uniform searched for them. There were three different caves they lived in at different times while evading the military police. The caves were large enough to house cots to sleep on and a small table for food. They depended on their families. Ma Lanning would cook and stuff her clothing full of food to take. This took some doing for the MP's came around quite often looking for the three. She would leave the house as natural as she could in case she was being watched. When she reached a certain place in the woods, she would whistle like a bird, a signal to Uncle Andrew.*

*Sometimes Aunt Nora Lee would be sent to carry supplies to the men. She would get in the creek and wade so no one could track her.*

*Sometimes at night, Uncle Andrew would slip down to the house. One night the MPs came looking for him and he was under the house.*

*The Henson's provided for Rob and Tom during this time and had to be just as watchful.*

*The army came searching but never found him. Eventually the search was called off and Uncle Andrew married and raised a family on the old Lanning home-place.*

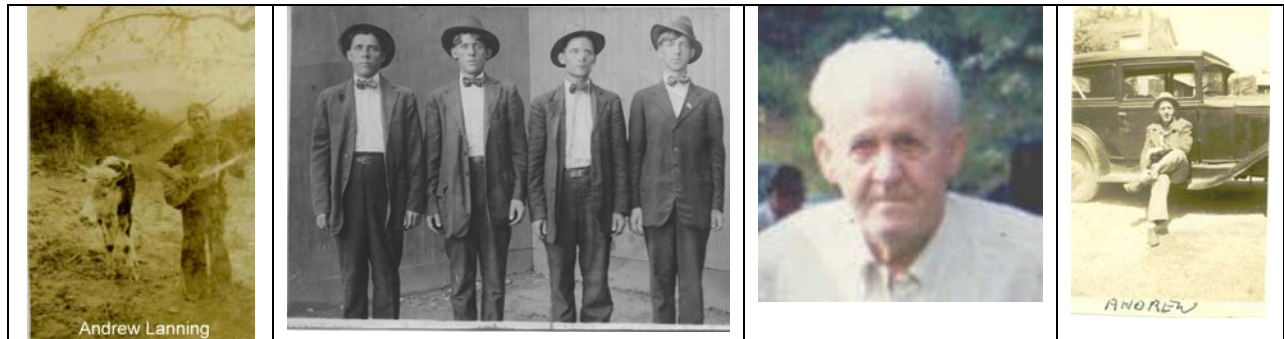
*Long after the war was over and Tom and Rob had been caught, Uncle Andrew was living in Cherokee County with his family. Someone reported him and he served six months in the stockade for his actions.*

*His excuse always was, "I didn't like what they fed us". But, it's hard to believe that this was all the reason. Uncle Andrew was a gentle man who loved the mountains. He lived off them, hunting, farming, and fishing. The mountains were home - they were safe. To be anywhere else was a slow death for him.*

*He could kill an animal for food, but to raise a gun to kill a human being, even in self defense, was something he could have never done. To admit this, would have revealed that portion of him he wanted kept hidden.*

*Source: Margie L. Dunn and Mary Lanning Goble*

Andrew continued to move in and out of the Turniptown area, following the footsteps of his Father as well as his brothers and sisters. He owned property in Turniptown and until much later in life, he held on to it. In 1922 Francis Lanning sold to Minnie Lanning portions of # 321 7th District and in 1927 Minnie Lanning sold to R.C. Stover # 48 & # 49 11th Dist. 2nd Sec.



**Children from this marriage were:**

**1. Rebecca Inez LANNING** was born 1920 July 4, in Pisgah, Gilmer County, Georgia. Inez later married **George W. GRIFFIN, Sr.** and had a family of her own. [SEE Generation Two]. Inez died in 1981 in Whitfield County, GA and was buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church Cemetery in Gilmer County near her own family and children who preceded her in death.



**2. Francis Willard (Bill) LANNING** was born 1922 March 4, in Gilmer County, GA. Bill later married **Margaret HARPER** and raised a family. He died in Emory University Hospital, Decatur, Georgia in 1991 and was buried in West Hill Cemetery in Dalton, Whitfield County, GA.



**3. Mary Neoma LANNING** was born 1923 December 4 in Canton, Cherokee County, Georgia. Mary later married **J. W. "Dub" GARRETT**, who was killed in a well accident in June of 1948. Dub is buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church Cemetery. [See attached story]

**Dub Garrett**

April 29, 1950, the Carnegie hero medal was awarded posthumously to J.W. (Dub) Garrett, who lost his life June 16, 1948 while attempting to rescue his brother-in-law, George Lanning from a gas filled well.

The following is extracted from the book:  
 The Annals of Upper Georgia Centered in Gilmer County  
 By: George Gordon Ward, 1965  
 Page 478 reference to the year 1948

June 15. Dub Garrett dies a hero's death in a well in order to rescue George Lanning from the well.

Another medal was awarded to A.C. Griffin who assisted in the same rescue efforts.

Dub was the husband of Mary Lanning.

Source: Margie Dunn Notes

Mary then married **Harold GOBLE** and they raised a family. This marriage eventually ended in divorce. Mary is still living in Dalton, GA as of October 2006.

**4. Homer Andrew LANNING** was born 1926 February 21, in Gilmer County, GA. Homer married **Virginia CHARLES** and they had three sons before leukemia overtook him. He died in the VA hospital in Decatur, GA on January 22, 1956 and is buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church Cemetery.



**5. Harvey Delmer LANNING** was born 1928 June 20, in Acworth, Cobb County, GA. Harvey married **Opal DUCKETT** in his latter years. They did not produce any children. Harvey died in Ellijay on July 2, 2004 and is buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church cemetery.



**6. George Woodrow LANNING**, the last child of Andrew and Minnie, was born 1931 May 9, in Gilmer County, GA. George married late in life to **Helen VANCE** and the marriage produced two sons but ended in divorce. George died in Whitfield County, GA, on January 2, 2000 and was buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church cemetery.

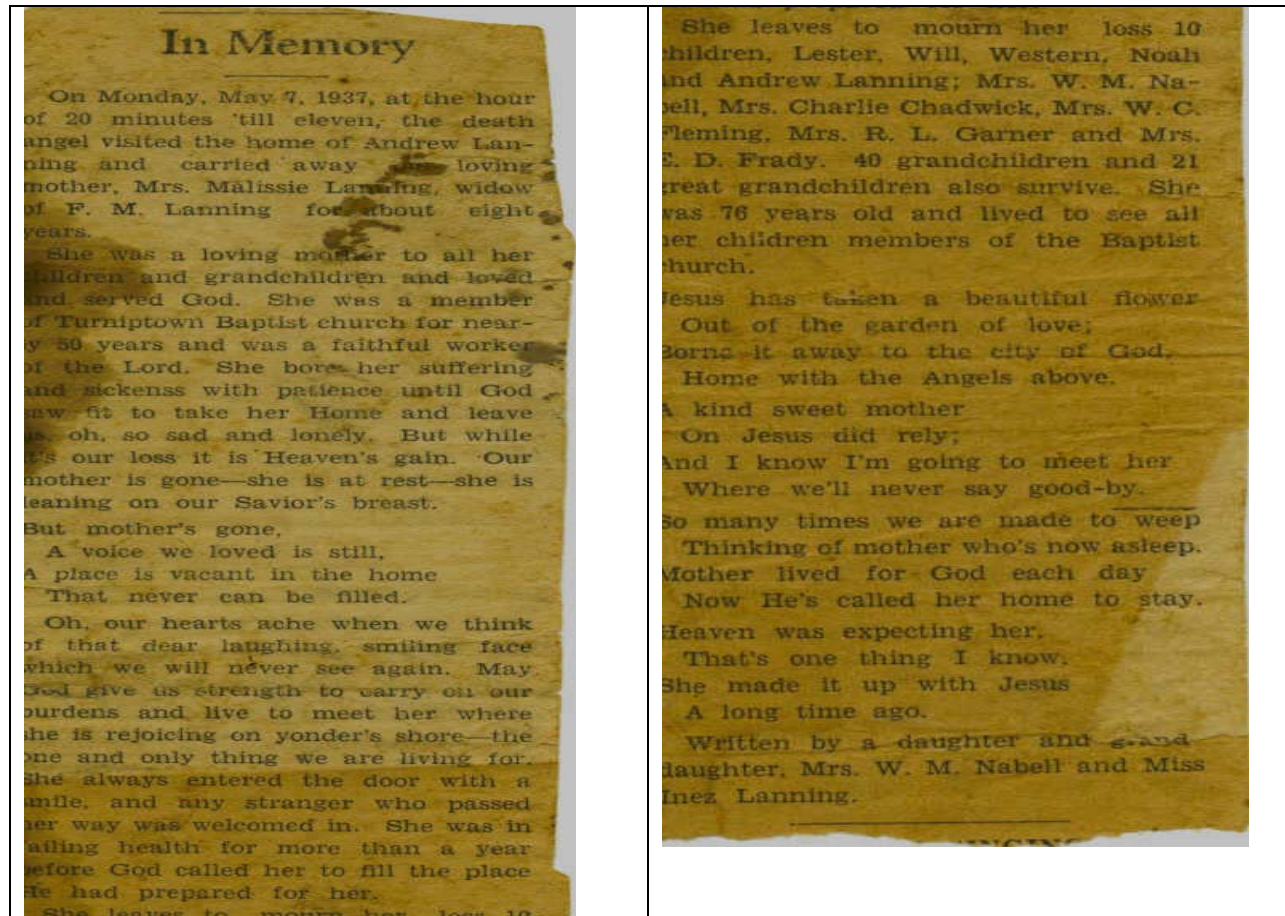
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ON March 2, 1929, Andrew's father, **Francis Marion LANNING** died in Acworth, GA. Francis was carried back to Turniptown but was not buried in the Lanning Cemetery. Francis was the first Lanning to be buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church Cemetery. Many Lannings have followed him there across the years along with other family members with different last names but all kin in some form.

ON April 14, 1930, Andrew had moved back to Gilmer County prior to the April Federal Census. He is listed in Military District 850 with wife Minnie and 5 children [Inez through Harvey]. He is listed as a farmer/truck farm. The census indicates Andrew could read and write.

On May 17, 1937, Andrew's mother, **Sarah Melissa HENSON** was living with him at Turniptown when she died as a result of her third stroke. (See the newspaper item following)

**Minnie Ann COCHRAN**, Andrew's wife of only twenty years died on January 12, 1938 in Gilmer County, GA. She was buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church cemetery, waiting to be joined by Andrew later.



### **Little George Lanning**

*To lose one to death is a tragic thing at any age but where a mother had died, especially if there are small children, is even more so. Such was the case when Aunt Minnie Lanning died. She left 6 children with Inez the oldest of 17 and George the youngest at 6.*

*When Aunt Minnie's coffin was opened, Aunt Becky gathered the small flock around it and asked each child if there was anything they wanted changed, or done, and if she looked all right.*

*Little George, with the seriousness of his 6 years, said, "It would look more like mama if she had a dip of snuff in her mouth."*

*Source: Margie Dunn's notes*

On January 22, 1956, Andrew faced the death no parent wants to face – that of a child. **Homer Andrew LANNING** died at the VA Hospital in Decatur, Georgia. He was returned to Gilmer County and buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church Cemetery.

By July 31, 1975, at the age of 84, Andrew had faced his share of death and trials. He outlived his parents but he watched as death claimed his children and grandchildren. Late in life, he was afflicted with diabetes and lost both legs. Now on this date, his turn with fate and the death angel has come. **Andrew**

**LANNING** was buried in the Turniptown Baptist Church Cemetery in Gilmer County, GA next to his beloved Minnie.

**The following stories are quoted from "The Lannings of Turniptown Road" by Margie Dunn**

Christmas came to Turniptown the same as elsewhere. Daddy said they usually got an orange, and a stick of peppermint candy. One Christmas Uncle Andrew got a pocket knife. He dubbed it "Little Jack". It saved him from a whipping one day when Ma got after him. Uncle Andrew took refuge under the house. Ma, in hot pursuit, started under after him. Desperate, Uncle Andrew opened his knife and thrust the blade toward her. "Come another step," he said, "and I'll sock Little Jack in you, plumb up to the handle!" Ma always believed he meant exactly what he said.

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#### Time Runs Out On Turniptown

There eventually came a time when "room" on the road gave out. There was no place for the young people to live and make a living. Some moved into Ellijay and found work; others were forced to move elsewhere. Cotton mills in Cherokee and surrounding counties offered jobs for mountain people. This was before child labor laws, and families with several children were given preference over smaller families. Both Thomas, and Pa, left Turniptown Road, and their children went to work at early ages. Uncle Andrew got a job as a sweeper. He was paid 10¢ a day: he was nine years old. For several years, Pa moved back and forth between the mountains and cities. In the spring he would take the smaller children back to Turniptown and make a crop, leaving the older children to board with relatives in the mill town. In the winter he would move back to the mill village.

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#### Toughing It Out

Many pains and aches were simply ignored, or "toughed out". To grunt and complain showed a sign of weakness unbecoming to a tough and seasoned people. On one occasion, Uncle Andrew Lanning had a tooth that was killing him. He had tried all the old remedies he knew and none worked. He finally decided there was only one thing left to do: the tooth had to come out. Whether there was a dentist in Ellijay at the time, or, whether he simply did not want to walk the seven mile distance to town, is unknown. Anyway, Uncle Andrew felt like he could do what anybody else could, and he wasn't going to suffer a long walk to town. To stop the pain, Uncle Andrew took a fork and gouged out the troublesome tooth himself.

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#### Beloved Uncle Thomas

Thomas was well known for his kindness. If he ever bore ill feelings toward anyone, nobody knew it. He was so well loved, that after his death, a nephew, Andrew Lanning, bought and carried a double monument up the steep mountain by himself and placed it as a marker at the graves of Thomas and Mary. This show of love stands out because Andrew bypassed the rocks marking the graves of his grandparents, to put a "store-bought" monument at the grave of his beloved Uncle Thomas.

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Walking down along the edge of the yard, Wilma Flowers stumbled upon the partially buried skeletal remains of what once had been a fancy buggy. We wondered how many years it had served Miranda, and perhaps, Annie. We learned later however, that the buggy had been a "plaything" for Uncle Andrew's children, Bill, Homer, and Harvey. They probably spent many happy hour pulling, and racing the buggy up and down the rough Turniptown mountain roads. One day, probably after growing tired of the game, they simply abandoned the buggy in Miranda's yard. It lies there today, a gaunt reminder of a long ago woman, and a long ago time.

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In 1900, Francis and Thomas moved from Turniptown to Rome, Georgia to work in the cotton mill. Francis went to work as a carder. His six oldest children also went to work in the mill. Lester, age 18,

and Rebecca, age 17, were employed as weavers. Western, 15, Will, 13, Carrie, 11, and Andrew, 10, worked as spinners. Sally went to work when she was 9. This was before child labor laws were enforced forbidding the hiring of children, and it wasn't unusual for large numbers of children to be employed in factories. It was common knowledge that the family with the largest number of children was given preference to jobs over smaller families. Mountain people were lured by steady paying jobs and low rent mill owned houses.

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Uncle Andrew said he always spoke to East whenever he met her on the road but East never let on that she heard him. One day, he met her and spoke; "Howdy, East." When East didn't respond, he answered himself, "Howdy Andrew!" Later, East was heard to say, "Somebody better see about that man!"

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#### Snuff Was A Luxury

In the early 1900's Turniptown was a thriving self contained community. There was a small grocery along with a grist mill owned by John Clontz. There was also a small store over the mountain at Northcutt that the families on Turniptown sometimes patronized. It would take all day to go there and back by foot. There was a big rock about halfway where the travelers would stop to rest. Ma Lanning and Aunt Sally would often eat their noonday meal with the "kind Smiths" who owned the store. Store purchases included only necessities such as salt, coffee, thread, and snuff. Snuff was a luxury for most, and was used sparingly. When a woman visitor asked Aunt Minnie for a dip one day, she was told to "tetch it light".

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#### Andrew and the Poplar Tree

The story is told of Andrew and another person cutting down a tall poplar tree. They spent a half day cutting the tree and then found it was so straight it wouldn't fall. [Sounds like a tall tree tale to me!]  
Source: Margie's Notes

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#### Andrew and His Coon Dogs

As a young lad, I can remember going with my grandfather, Andrew, when he would gather up his pack of dogs for a coon hunt. Until later in life when he moved into town in East Ellijay with Harvey, he always had dogs. It was the one pleasure he had in life I suppose. Andrew never owned a car as far as I could tell. Financed a few for the kids and grandkids but never his own.

We would get the dogs into the woods and turn them loose. While they were sniffing and hunting a trail, we would build a fire for light and for warmth if it was cold weather. We always hoped for a coon but the dogs never quite cooperated fully. If they cut the trail of a possum, they just could not resist so off they went. We would listen and there would be a distinctive bark when they treed an animal. When we heard this bark, we would venture out into the dark night to see what our fortunes were to be.

I don't remember ever taking anything home. I guess it was just the thrill of the hunt and the dogs that kept 'Papa' young. Maybe he had enough coon and possum when he was a young lad on Turniptown and was trying to keep a family fed.

If nothing was happening, it would soon be time to round up the dogs and call it a night. One expression my grandfather used to close the hunt that has stuck with me all my life was:

"Boy! It's time to pee on the fire and call the dogs."

Source: Francis W. Griffin (grandson)

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#### Andrew's Saturday Trip to Town

I do not remember Papa ever owning a car. As far back as I can remember he walked everywhere he went if Harvey or George was not around. Every Saturday if it was not raining, Papa would get up and walk to Ellijay from his home in East Ellijay. If he was lucky, maybe someone would come along and give him a ride, if not, he hoofed it.

When he got to the square in Ellijay, all the other 'seniors' were waiting; lined up down the sidewalk and leaning against the brick wall of the store that occupied the corner space. As a 'newbie' came up, he would fall in line and swap words with those on each side for a bit. After catching up on their gossip, the men would begin to swap around so no tidbit of news would be missed. Only in this fashion could he get to speak to everyone there without shouting loudly and having everyone else in town looking at him.

Papa always went to Whitaker's Grocery Store and bought his groceries because they delivered. Papa would try to determine when the truck would be going toward East Ellijay. If he could, he timed a return to the store to catch a ride. If he was not in the store, the driver knew to come by the square and check.

Today, our generation will not walk even a half block to a 7-11, we have to ride everywhere. Lord help if we stop along the way to chit chat with someone.

Source: Francis W. Griffin (grandson)

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