



This is Miss Isabel Millon of Knoxville, Tenn., who invented the dolls with the dried-apple faces. She carves the face in an apple, which is then dried and preserved by a secret process, so that all the lines of the human face become as real as they are on her models.



Old Poke Crouch of Greasy Cove, and his woman Cordie. They spend their time raising hawgs and orphans. Poke's official calling is that of shoemaker, while Cordie is rated the demon matchmaker of the township.

All descendants of Johnny Appleseed.

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Rhody Guinn, who makes rag carpets, lye soap and gathers "yarbs" for a living. She is saving up to buy "store teeth."



Tobe Lemmons, of Smoky Cove, is shown to the left. He's just po' white trash, with a misery in his chist which prevents him from making an honest living—just strong enough to peddle licker.



Laviney Rupe of Turkey Egg Cove. Note, please, her crafty expression—acquired from being ceaselessly on the lookout for revenue officers. Viney's old man is a moonshiner.



On the right, Miss Susie Adams, the village seamstress, caught on her way to the First Presbyterian Church. She hasn't missed a Sunday, nor a funeral, in forty years.



Harve Hawkins and his old woman, Sairy Ann. He's the county's best known 'tater and melon fancier, and his income is pieced by Sairy Ann's quilting efficiency.

Where the apple-doll models live. These cabin quarters on the right form the domicile of the real Harve Hawkins, whose daughter and granddaughter are seen in the midst of their week's wash.

