It was April 10, 1968 — the day after a mule-drawn wagon carried the casket of Martin Luther King Jr. through the streets of Atlanta for burial. Charles Moulden, a young black man from Sevier County, was fishing for trout with white friends on the Tellico River near Tellico Plains. He was threatened by a local man who said he'd kill him if he didn't leave.

“It never crossed my mind that he'd shoot me,” Moulden says 46 years later. But he did.

No outcry followed the attack, just days after the assassination of America's civil-rights leader. Almost nothing appeared in the newspapers, even after the suspect was acquitted, despite overwhelming evidence. Instead, the incident was ignored and, through the years, faded into the past — until now.

News Sentinel columnist Sam Venable had long heard whispers of what happened that day, and this year he determined to find the truth. What he uncovered is a powerful story of hate, courage and, ultimately, healing.

Venable's stories will appear in a series running today through Tuesday in the News Sentinel and online at knoxnews.com. The website also includes a video documentary in which Moulden relives the shooting and the trial.

STORIES ON 23-27A
Charles Moulden revisits the Tellico River location in the Cherokee National Forest where he was shot in 1968. Moulden, then a 24-year-old brick mason from Sevierville, was with a group of friends who turned out for the opening day of trout season when he was shot and wounded, allegedly by Fred Ellis, a local man with a history of violence.

ELLICO PLAINS, Tenn. — Charles Moulden didn’t hear the sound at first. That comes later, he explained; it takes a second or two for your subconscious to process what just happened.

For the moment, all he knew was (1) he was face-first in the gravel of a narrow road alongside Tellico River and (2) his left thigh was stinging intensely.

“It was like a mad hornet on steroids,” Moulden related a few days ago as he strode the same roadway, now paved with asphalt.

“I thought I must have gotten into some bees. I pushed myself back up on my feet and looked down at my leg. I thought I’d find some kind of huge stinger poking out.”

All Moulden saw was a hole in his pants. He squeezed the flesh beneath it. Instead of a stinger, out came a trickle of blood. Immediately, excruciating pain erupted in the back of his leg.

“That’s when I looked up and saw him again,” Moulden continues, gesturing toward a small rise in the bend of the road up ahead.

FRAGMENTS OF HATE: PREJUDICE AND HEALING IN EAST TENNESSEE

“A SHOOTING THAT HISTORY IGNORED

BY SAM VENABLE / venables@knoxnews.com / 865-342-6272

That’s when I looked up and saw him again. He had stepped out from behind the bush. His arms were straight down by his side. Then he raised one arm, and I saw the pistol.”
Charles Moulden made a circle with his fingertips. “Man, the end of that thing looked like it was three inches wide. He aimed directly at me. I shut my eyes and grimaced.” This time, Moulden heard the gun’s report. Forty-six years after the fact, he considers that a good omen.

“If you hear the ‘pow,’ it means you didn’t get hit. The bullet was straight down by his side. Then he raised one arm, and I knew he missed.”

Moulden makes a circle with his fingertips. “It was a bit more of a fire, despite gray skies and sporadic showers. It was the long-awaited opening day of trout season.

The vast majority, including a black friend on the trip. "He had stepped out from behind the bush. His arms were straight down by his side. Then he raised one arm, and I knew he missed.”

Charles Moulden’s senior photo in the 1964 Sevier County High School yearbook photo. His name was misspelled. "I never had fished for trout.”

“I already had a fishing license, but I went to Carl Owenby’s hardware store in Sevierville to buy a trout ‘bait’ — everything like Moulden, used spinning equipment and an array of ‘live baits’ — everything from nightcrawlers to doughballs to the ever-popular yellow kernels of canned corn.

Fred Parton, now 66, who still lives in Sevierville. "Particularly if that friend was Charles Moulden — born, raised and widely known by folks of all races throughout Sevier County.

On the lookout for trout, he paused to chuckle and shake his head. “When they told me you could catch trout on corn, I was like, ‘Yee haw, cool! ’ But Bill, ‘Arvills’ and Leroy insisted it worked. They turned me on to something that morning.”

That would be Bill Williams, Arvill Lee Parton and his son Leroy, a white man who was always in the roadhouse door.

Arvill ran a masonry and concrete-finishing business in Sevier County and often sought Moulden’s skills. Williams and the Partons were white but saw nothing unusual about including a black friend on the trip. Particularly if that friend was Charles Moulden — born, raised and widely known by folks of all races throughout Sevier County.

By the standards of that era, of course, such mingling ceased at the schoolhouse door.

Moulden and his five siblings attended the all-black Pleasant View Elementary School in Sevierville. At the ninth grade, their only educational option — and that of most black students throughout the region — was to be driven into Knoxville to the all-black Vine Junior and Austin High schools.

That changed for Moulden in the fall of 1963, aided and abetted by the fact he was a gifted athlete.

In his senior year, he was in the first group of black students to enroll in Sevier County High School. As a quick, muscular Smoky Bear running back, he also was the first black athlete to play football in the old Knoxville Interscholastic League. Moulden was popular with classmates, graduating in 1964 along with a blond boffant country music singer — another Parton, this one named Dolly.

“I never really thought about anything going fishing with white guys,” he says. "I already had a fishing license, but I went to Carl Owenby’s hardware store in Sevierville to buy a trout stamp. On the way down to Tellico, we stopped somewhere to buy a daily permit. I remember it cost one dollar.

"Moulden doesn’t recall much else about his inaugural trip into the rugged Monroe County mountains. Not because of mental erosion during the intervening years. He simply never had a chance to see the landscape.

"It was still early, and me and Charlie were walkin’ down the road, goin’ from one hotel to another,” says Leroy Parton, now 66, who still lives in Sevierville.

“This old white man walked up to us. I’ll never forget the look on his face. He had a long, white beard that must..."
FRAGMENTS OF HATE: PREJUDICE AND HEALING IN EAST TENNESSEE

Moulden felt an immediate flush of rage. Instinctively, his fists began to clench. In another place, he might have punched his way through the window and fought. But he had the presence of mind to know he was in foreign territory.

I could smell alcohol on him, but he wasn't what you'd call drunk. He knew exactly what he was saying and doing, finally, he said, 'Didn't you see the sign?'

"What are you gonna do, Charlie?"

"I YELLED REAL LOUD back over my head, toward the woods. 'WALLY! SON OF A BITCH! Just shot me!'

He shrugged, 'Why, I'm goin' fishin.' "

Moulden feels that day: "I remember thinking, 'Wow, these people down here must even hate their own country. These people down here must even hate their own mothers!'"

"That's the only protection I need.' So I went on fishin.'"

He played Stepin Fetchit dumb."

"He played Stepin Fetchit dumb."

"That's the only protection I need. 'So I went on fishin'."

"Son, you can't fight 'em all.'"

"Besides, it wouldn't have done me no good to see it 'cause the back of this here truck when we came through town.

"I didn't think they had anything to do with the shooting with their dad. That's the last I ever saw of them.

"My buddies had taken cover. They were hollering: 'Charlie! Charlie! Did he just shoot you!'

"I said, 'Yeah!'"

"Moulden gathers himself once again as the shooting event replays in his mind. He chooses his words deliberately, every syllable punctuated by the anguish and pain that he felt that day:"

"I YELLED REAL LOUD back over my head, toward the woods. 'WALLY! SON OF A BITCH! Just shot me!'"

Moulden's friends were a blur."

"The doctors told me it had fragmented into at least six pieces. They said they'd have to do a lot more damage to the muscles in my leg than the bullet itself.

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COMING MONDAY

The arrest of a suspect and two tips from Monroe County court.

An X-ray shows bullet fragments that Charles Moulden still carries in his left thigh.
FRAGMENTS OF HATE: PREJUDICE AND HEALING IN EAST TENNESSEE

Sunday, February 23, 2014

Anytime I crossed the goal line, it always seemed like a penalty flag had been thrown somewhere up the field. "It was the first touchdown I ever scored that actually counted," recalls Moulden. "I got 60 days in the Knox County workhouse." He placed it down on the field. "It's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. "That's something I'm not proud of to this day," he admits. 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I knew where we were going. The only hospitals begging them to give me a shot for pain. Nobody would.

Those pieces cut me. They hurt me for a long time. More damage to the muscles in my leg than the bullet.

"Maryville was 10," he says, referring to the numeral 10 on my license plate. "Maryville," he said.

"I was like, 'What,'" he says. "They said, 'Yeah, they gonna let us play at their school.'

Moulden was MOURDED by mortar and stone one day in early August 1963 when two cousins showed up at the job site.

"They said, 'Hey, boy, all you wanna do is play football!'" I get outta here!'

"I ran all the way home and took a shower, then ran to downtown and get outta here!'

"Maryville was 10," he says, referring to the numeral 10 on my license plate. "Maryville," he said.

"I was like, 'What,'" he says. "They said, 'Yeah, they gonna let us play at their school.'

"I tape a board to my leg. That way, I could get down on one knee and stick that leg out. I was able to start finishing concrete again.

"The going wage back then was $16-$18 a day. The first thing I did after I moved from downtown was to get a job to pour the concrete again.

"I told 'em, 'You boys go on out there. I'll stay here in the field here!'

"It was extremely apparent that Moulden had the size, speed, agility and passion for the game. All he lacked was a grip of the fundamentals.

"But I knew I could get it done and that if I got all of right-weeks before everything got switched from Austin to Sevier County. By them, I'd be in school.

"They treated me real nice," he says.

"As for me, I don't play football unless they were pulling his leg — at least about trying to make the team themselves. For them, this was nothing but a practi.

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Costly, political Sochi Olympics end proudly

**THE EMPTY CUP**

What do coffee and adoption have in common? A nonprofit coffee shop will open in April and benefit adoption around the world.

**DOLLARS & SENSE, 1C**

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Juniors are going to hear a lot about the number 14 this week in Campbell County Criminal Court as Kenneth S. Bartley goes on trial for the shootings that killed an assistant principal and wounded two other administrators in 2005.

**LOCAL, 4A**

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The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention is reporting the H1N1 flu strain this year is targeting people younger and more recently vaccinated — more young people, people with underlying health conditions who are obese or have other health conditions.

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Little wonder, then, why the jury reached a quick verdict. Testimony in the case lasted a little more than half an hour. The jury deliberated a short time — 30 minutes to be exact — and all 12 men and women reached a unanimous decision: 

\textbf{“Not guilty,” your honor.}

Forty-five-year-old Fred William Ellis — a previously convicted felon who was already infamous in the East Tennessee backcountry for frequent brushes with the law — was free to go. According to Judge James C. Wim, dismissed all charges and sent a smug and smiling Ellis on his way.

“Ellis always acting nonchalant (on the stand),” said Moulden. “His attention was on him all the time. Whenever he looked at me, I could see the anger in his eyes.”

“I will tell you this: I tried to make as much eye contact as possible, just to make him mad. I thought, ‘Surely they won’t let him shoot me here.’”

By one measure, Moulden says today, he was surprised by the decision. By another, it was nauseatingly predictable.

**CASE NUMBER 300** appeared alright. The state had four eyewitnesses on its side.

There was 24-year-old Moulden, the victim who was black, along with three white fishing buddies: Bill Williams, Arvil Lee Parton and Leroy Parton, all from Sevierville.

“Two of them said, ‘No, it wasn’t Ellis and his buddies, and there’s no way Ellis would ever do anything like that,’” said Moulden. “But I tell you, it might not be a Negra next time!”

Still, it was pretty strong evidence, especially considering that an intoxicated Ellis had been arrested at Tellico Lodge shortly after the assault occurred. He was charged with at least attempted murder and jailed under a $5,000 bond.

Then, lesser charges were dropped. Ellis was ultimately tried for felonious assault. On May 6, 1968, the Monroe County grand jury had returned an indictment charged Ellis with assault.

It was during his closing argument to the jury, though, that the prosecutor cut to the chase:

**“You gentlemen are not stupid,”** his voice can be heard on the scratchy recordings, recently found in the Monroe County Courthouse’s archives.

“**You know what happened. You know what this case is all about.**”

**“The attorney general’s final sentence to the jury,”** deliv\red in the politically correct jargon of the day, reverberated through the courtroom like a fire-and-brimstone sermon.

**“You might let (Ellis) go free because he ‘just shot a Negra,’ but I tell you, it might not be a Negra next time!”**

**“ALTHOUGH ORIGINALLY ACCUSED of attempted murder, Ellis was ultimately tried for felonious assault. On May 6, 1968, the Monroe County grand jury had returned a true bill on that charge. His first trial was held May 24. The outcome was a hung jury.**

On Sept. 4, as soon as the second jury announced its non-guilty verdict, Moulden said no further use trying to beat the system.

“**The attorney general told me it was my duty to come back and we’d fight this thing in federal court,**” Moulden remembered.

“**I said, ‘No, sir. I’m done. I can’t fight no more.’**”

**“Besides, my friends had a concrete-finishing business in Sevierville. They were losing money every time we came to Madisonville. I couldn’t ask them to keep doing that.”**

Moulden’s final message to the prosecutor proved

**“The State Countians received so many threats, veiled and direct, that they had to be driven to the courthouse by deputy even by another, it was nauseatingly predictable.**

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試案

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令人不安地推测：
“你知不知道他想和我商量。他想知道我是否愿意去见他。”

ELLIS BELONGED to a hillbilly family with a reputation for “law-bending”— mostly hunting and fishing violations, as well as making and drinking moonshine.

“I never personally arrested Fred,” said former Monroe County Sheriff Frank White, Sr., who still works as a courthouse officer when his health permits. “But I see him on duty picking up people all the time, mostly for drinking. I remember he could really aggravate you.”

By all accounts, the clan’s patriarch, Ben Ellis, was a soft-spoken mountain man who supplemented his meager farm income as a bear-and-boar hunting guide—“in season or out” the late News Sentinel staff writer Willard Yarbrough once quipped.

As Ben’s sons came of age, however, they turned to violence. Two of them, Ed and Dayton, died in separate outbuildings of gunshot wounds. A third, Roy, was wounded in another shootout. Roy died at age 75 in 1988, although it is not clear whether injuries contributed to his death.

By far, Ed Ellis’ death attracted the greatest media attention. He was a major player in a 20th-century East Tennessee version of the Hatfields and McCoys.

TROUBLE BEGAN BREWING when another Coker Creek native, Korean War veteran Myles Witt, returned to Monroe County and started a construction business. Witt hoped to develop some of the region into vacation homes and retreats. He attracted outside investors, formed the Unicoi Mountain Corp. and set up operations.

The notion that flatlanders might start to a hillbilly family with a tradition of feud, retribution and retribution—“mountain justice” in local parlance—quickly followed.

The common denominator was a clear liquid dispensed in Mason jars.

The licensed making of corn liquor became legal in Tennessee in 1969; it has blossomed into a lucrative tourist attraction. But for many in the region, this was practiced on the streets throughout these rough, misty highlands.

In 1974, Ed Ellis and Dayton were arrested for moonshining and little law enforcement, which at times is undercover and sometimes even illegal. Some say due to heart attack, others cancer. The Tennes-see Department of Public Health would not release the cause of death.

Ironically, on Sept. 4, 1969—one year to the day after Fred Ellis was declared not guilty in the shooting of trout fisherman Charles Moulden—he was found guilty of possessing moonshine and fined $50 and court costs, a total of $69.85.

Despite his lengthy association with violence, Fred Ellis did not die at the end of a gun. He passed away Oct. 3, 1996, at Athens Community Hospital.

Some say he had heart attack, others cancer. The Tennes-see Department of Public Health would not release the cause listed on his death certificate.

At any rate, he appears to have been a very old man at the relatively young age of 62.

MOULDEN HAS paradoxical feelings about the person he believes wounded him that spring day nearly half a century ago.

“Don’t get me wrong. It took me too well over a year to get rid of my worst anger,” he says.

“I was one man when I shot to my friend, and that’s fine if he stays down there in Monroe County. But if I ever catch him in Sevier County, I’ll plant him.”

At this point, Moulden can’t help but inject some gallows humor: “You know, Fred was a pretty good kid.”

“When I went down, he probably thought he’d killed me. It was 50-50. I was sure he had aimed for my chest and the bullet dropped and hit me in the leg.”

Racial prejudice still exists today, Moulden acknowledges. Instead of being expressed openly, through law and violence, as it often was.

“Who’s worse?” he asked, “for somebody to come right out and say they hate you for the color of your skin? Or to smile at you and be polite and then say bad things as soon as you turn your back?”

If given the chance, what would Moulden say in 2044, not to his attacker but the judge who set him free? He thought for a moment. Sighed deeply. His gray-bearded face finally showed the wear and tear.

“If they were willing to shake my hand and say they were sorry, I’d shake theirs. If the Good Lord can forgive them, surely I can, too.”

What’s his opinion of the current social and political cli-mates sweeping America, a stance that advocates carrying concealed weapons and stand-your-ground resistance? Perhaps.

“I certainly understand it,” he answered, “and I suppose if anybody oughta be carrying a gun, it’s me. But I don’t.

Think about it: Nobody announces he’s going to shoot you. It’s a surprise. They didn’t at that movie theater in Colorado or at that school in Connecticut. They just got caught shooting, the same way I got ambushed. By that time, it’s too late to reach for your gun.”

Then Moulden was asked what he would have done if he had had a gun that day.

“Hmmph,” he responded, a grim smile on his lips. “You know the answer as well as I do. In 1968, it wouldn’t have mattered if Fred Ellis had put six holes in me and I only returned one shot in his general direction. A black guy shotting at a white man back then?”

“My honor,” he concluded. “My friends and family. They’d never touch me with the nearest tree.”

“For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...For them to forgive me is...
MAKING PROGRESS

Monroe County moves on from days of racial prejudice

BY SAM VENABLE / venables@knoxnews.com / 865-342-6272

"Nobody is proud of that trial. Attitudes have changed immensely since then. Tellico Plains has made a lot of progress. So have communities all around here."

Charles Hall, former Tellico Plains mayor

MADISONVILLE — A stroll around the Monroe County Courthouse speaks volumes about the past. At all four corners of the lawn, as well as on street-side utility poles, there are memorials to soldiers from this area who died in service to their country. The street banners, complete with color photos and pertinent personal information, honor men who have fallen in Iraq and Afghanistan. Those who perished in the Korean and Vietnam wars are listed alphabetically, including the date of their death.

Something stark, however, stands out on the memorials from World Wars I and II. The warriors commemorated here are separated. On each granite face, there's a long, main list. Then a smaller one beneath.

Under “colored.”

Such an observation should not be construed as New Age, politically correct judgment of Monroe County. Nor of small towns throughout America, particularly in the South, that continue to divide the memory of military service in this manner.

This practice is understandable. It is accurate. It is historical fact. U.S. armed forces were segregated during those wars. So were many of the societies whence these brave men lived, worked, raised families, were drafted or volunteered their last measure.

They grew up separately, served separately, died separately, are memorialized separately.

Some communities have erased these old lines by posting new plaques that combine the victims into a single group. Some communities have not chosen to do so. To each its own.

Nonetheless, it does strike the casual visitor ironic that at this very courthouse, race — not damning testimony — determined the outcome of a long-whispered-about criminal trial.

On Sept. 4, 1968, jurors decreed a local white man not guilty of felonious assault in a heinous, cowardly attack. In so doing, they disregarded the testimony of law enforcement officers and four eyewitnesses.

Eyewitnesses who were “not from around here.” In including the victim, who happened to be “negro,” in the language of the day.

Life is neither fair nor perfect. It won’t ever be. Here or anywhere else.

But, locals say, if nothing else positive came out of the trial of Fred Ellis, accused in the shooting of Charles Moulden, it did spark a social awakening.

"Nobody is proud of that trial," says 89-year-old Charles Hall, revered businessman and historian who served 16 terms as mayor of Tellico Plains until stepping down from office in 1990.

"Attitudes have changed immensely since then. Tellico Plains has made a lot of progress. So have communities all around here."

Hall received a high school basketball game, not long after the trial, pitting Tellico Plains against a Knoxville team with a lone black player.

"I met with our boys before the game and said, ‘There aren’t going to be any problems, are there?’

“They assured me no. And there weren’t. They just played basketball.”

Marty Cook, longtime Monroe County Circuit Court clerk, says she was in high school when Jim Crow-era restrictions fell by the way.

“I don’t remember it being a big deal for any of us students,” she said. “If there were any concerns, it was among a few adults. Everybody else got along. They still do.”

“Yes, I remember those times,” says Monroe County sheriff Bill Bivens, “but I can assure you it’s not like that now. It’s changed a lot.”

A black deputy, Chris Francis, serves on Bivens’ staff.

“Chris is as fine an officer as you’ll find,” said the sheriff. “He came here from the Sweetwater Police Department. He has great respect in this community.

“I’ve also had a couple of black female deputies. One retired, and one moved on to another job.”

“Told you so,” he added with a smile.

“I came to Tellico Plains in 1968,” said Pennsylvania native Dick Conley, a retired biologist for the Tennessee Wildlife Resources Agency who now lives in Madisonville.

It didn’t take Conley long to realize he had moved into a hotbed of bigotry: “Honest to gosh, I thought I’d stepped back in time.

“But it’s not that way now,” he emphasized. “Things certainly have changed for the better.”

SEE CHANGE ON PAGE 15A
FRAGMENTS OF HATE: PREJUDICE AND HEALING IN EAST TENNESSEE

BY SAM VENABLE / venable@knoxnews.com / 865-342-6272

On Thursday, April 11, 1968, the Knoxville News Sentinel carried a five-paragraph account:

It was buried on Page 23 — above an ad for Ronco spaghetti and sandwiched between a local story about funding for an industrial park in the Karns community and a UPI dispatch about The Beatles in Mexico.

The one-column headline read, “Sevier Man Is Shot in Tellico Area.”

Inexplicably, it was not on the front page. That's how things were when duly reported — some accidents just didn't count as much.

The victim's name, age, address and where the shooting occurred were correctly listed in the News Sentinel, as they always are, on Page 14.

But the reporter who filed this wire, Myron C. Eden, 24, Rt. 3, Sevierville — “a Negro who was shot to death in Tellico River with a .38” — never bothered to write another word about the man's name or where he was killed.

Tellico Lodge, Ellis denied any involvement in the shooting and today was still sitting in Monroe County jail in Madisonville awaiting trial in lieu of $5,000 bond.

Monroe County jail in Madisonville is close to where it stays.

But the sheriff's report in the local paper — and the short article is understandable because the reporting was based on second- and third-hand information phoned into the newspaper's state desk.

It quoted then-Monroe County Sheriff Kenneth Davis identifying the crime scene as “the middle of Ball Play Road.” That's off by approximately 20 miles.

This is understandable because Ball Play Road is near the spot where an ambulance picked up Moulden before delivering him to Blount Memorial Hospital. Moulden’s fishing buddies had been forced to drive their wounded partner from deep inside the national forest into downtown Tellico Plains because rescue workers were afraid of a second attack by the shooter.

What more, the sheriff quoted as saying the victim was struck in the right leg. Just the opposite is true. Ellis' assistance ultimately freed him of felonious assault charges.

There were three telling omissions at the end of the story, however:

■ Bill Williams, Rt. 3, Sevierville, who was with Moulden at the time, said no words were passed before Moulden was shot. First thing I know, I heard a shot and saw Charles fall down,” said Williams.

■ Also: “Sheriff Davis today said Ellis ‘had been drinking.’”

Given this much advance notice, one would note the complete absence of the story, surely the News Sentinel closely followed the two trials of Ellis — first on May 24 (hung jury), then Sept. 4 (not-guilty verdict)...


In fact, the only one-column item given to the acquittal was a two-paragraph brief.

It showed up Sept. 11, 1968, on Page 1 of the Monroe County Democrat (now called the Adven
ture) of Maryville (then called Monroe County Democrat).

It is not lost on the observer that a single stone now sits in the Karns community marking the site of two soldiers who lost their lives in World Wars I and II finally...
FRAGMENTS OF HATE: PREJUDICE AND HEALING IN EAST TENNESSEE

I didn’t know Charles Orlando Moulden by name until early January 2014. But I’d known of him — and many of the injustices he suffered — for a mighty long time.

Hard to pinpoint when Moulden first came to my attention. When the crime perpetrated against him occurred in April 1968, I was a junior at the University of Tennessee and a fledgling reporter for the old Knoxville Journal.

By the time his case concluded in the mockery of a trial that September, I was a senior and covering my first major, ahem, newspaper assignment: the University of Tennessee and a floundering football team.

I heard it a year later during my brief stint at the old Chattanooga Journal.

Perhaps someone in the Journal newsroom had mentioned it to me. Perhaps I read about it in a newspaper, magazine or on TV. Perhaps someone in the old Journal newsroom had mentioned it to me. Perhaps it was a senior and covering my first major, ahem, newspaper assignment: the University of Tennessee and a floundering football team.

Perhaps somewhere in the Journal newsroom had mentioned it to me. Perhaps I heard it a year later during my brief stint at the old Chattanooga News-Free-Press. Perhaps it was at the start of trout season 1970, the first one I covered in a staff position one way or the other.

But it’s still not the final verdict.

The measure passed by the House on Monday on a 69-17 vote with other Democrats voting against the resolution, which amounts to an expression of opinion with no legal impact.

There may be stronger actions coming from this body.

The resolution now goes to the Senate.

House Republican Caucus Chairman Glen Casadei of Franklin said during debate that if university officials ignore HJR661, which amounts to an expression of opinion with no legal impact, “There may be stronger actions coming from this body.

Still pending in the

House Republicans Caucus Chairman Glen Casadei of Franklin said during debate that if university officials ignore HJR661, which amounts to an expression of opinion with no legal impact, “There may be stronger actions coming from this body.

Still pending in the
I'm writing newspaper columns or books or performing stand-up comedy on stage. Can't think of a better way to earn a living. But throughout my career, I don't recall ever being as driven and excited as when this deadly serious project began falling into place.

AS YEARS BECAME DECADES, I thought about the time from case to time. Even picked around at it now and then. Nothing dogged, I'm ashamed to say in retrospect. But in self-defense, there wasn't a lot to go on.

"I'm writing newspaper columns or books or performing stand-up comedy on stage. Can't think of a better way to earn a living. But throughout my career, I don't recall ever being as driven and excited as when this deadly serious project began falling into place.

As more than a few of my colleagues have noted, it's about time Vebil did a little honest work.

COMPARING THE STANDARDS of one era to those of another is the epitome of generational apples and oranges. I'm writing newspaper columns or books or performing stand-up comedy on stage. Can't think of a better way to earn a living. But throughout my career, I don't recall ever being as driven and excited as when this deadly serious project began falling into place.

EVEN THOUGH THE man who'd been shot so long ago was still of this orb. Twice. No call ever came.

If you're lucky, these e...