Book Review - It's Not My Mountain Anymore

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Barbara Taylor Woodall was a student writer for the Foxfire Magazine in the early 1970s. For those not acquainted with this periodical, it is a publication created by high school students that preserves the vanishing culture of Southern Appalachia. Woodall has used the same Foxfire homespun writing style to tell the story of the changes in her “close-knit family community on Kelly’s Creek” in Rabun Gap, in northeastern Georgia. To quote Woodall, “It’s a journey filled with appreciation, humor, love and loss. Take what you want and spit out the bones.”

The book begins with Woodall’s childhood on the family farm. Many of her tales are of “mountain hospitality.” There were always neighbors helping neighbors in good times and in bad. Granny Lou was the community midwife. Payment was usually clothes, vegetables, or eggs. When Granny Lou told young Barbara that “A buzzard laid your brother Ernest, on a stump, and the sun hatched him out,” she believed him.

In the fall of 1960, Woodall “began a twelve year sentence called school.” In her junior year of high school, she had plans to quit school and find a job. She signed up for a journalism course writing for the Foxfire Magazine. The encouragement of the Foxfire’s staff changed her educational path. She believed in the Foxfire’s purpose of “capturing mountain secrets” and “sounding our heritage like trumpets.”

After graduation, Woodall and two other graduates were hired to write about issues affecting the mountain community and culture. One of the assignments was to see the impact of the filming of the movie Deliverance on the area. To this day, the area is still trying to overcome stereotyping: “Spectators peel their eyes, as they pass through, hoping to see a real-life-honest-to-God hillbilly hick straight from the land of the nine-fingered people.”

Today the mountain land is a “money-generating giant.” Plots of land are sold for many reasons: aging landowners, medical bills, high taxes, and no heirs. Large homes tower over the ridges. Whitetail deer trails, sweet water springs, and eagles have vanished. “It’s not my mountain anymore.” It is Woodall’s wish that future generations realize that the mountain’s future destiny is in their hands and that they need to become involved and committed to its preservation.

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