

# Me and My Likker

the true story of a mountain moonshiner



A Revised Edition • • • more pictures and more true stories.

This Book even comes with a warning label, some folks may be offended by the way I am, but I don't give a dam what nobody thinks of me.

Read at your own risk, if you think I give a dam read this book and you will find out - I don't.

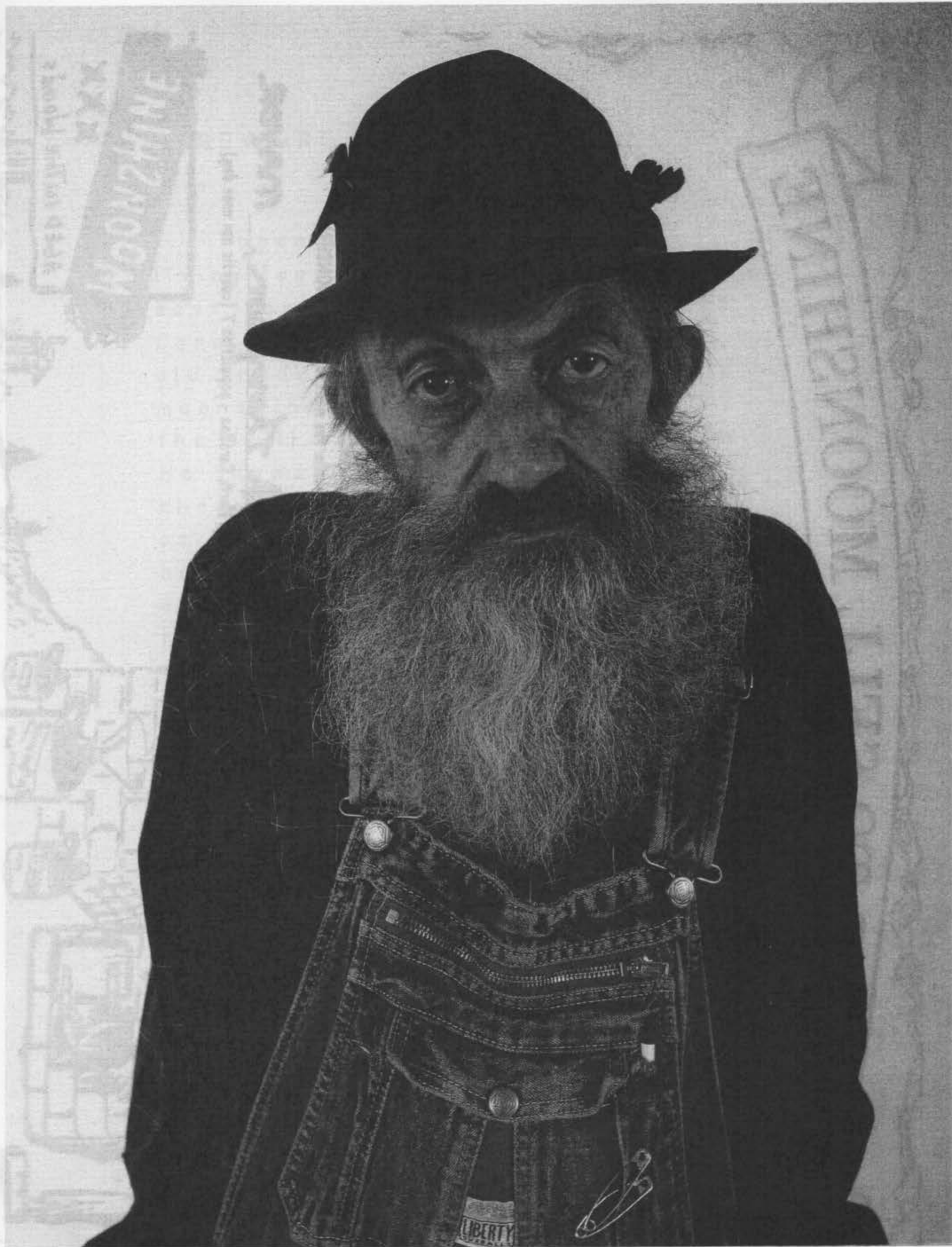
by: Popcorn Sutton

This book is dedicated to one of the best friends I have, Judge Ben Hooper II, Newport, TN and also to Tim Moore my Lawyer in Greeneville, TN. He is a Federal Lawyer and I have talked to a lot of people and they say, he is one of the damn best they are. And, also to the current Sheriff of Cocke County Tennessee and the rest of the Cocke County Sheriff's Department. The Sheriff's name is Claude Strange and also to the Little Ben Hooper Law Firm and also Barry Valentine. If you get in deep shit go see the Hooper & Cambell Law Firm and the other associates of the office in Newport, Tennessee.

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Popcorn Sutton 2006

# LICENSE TO SELL MOONSHINE



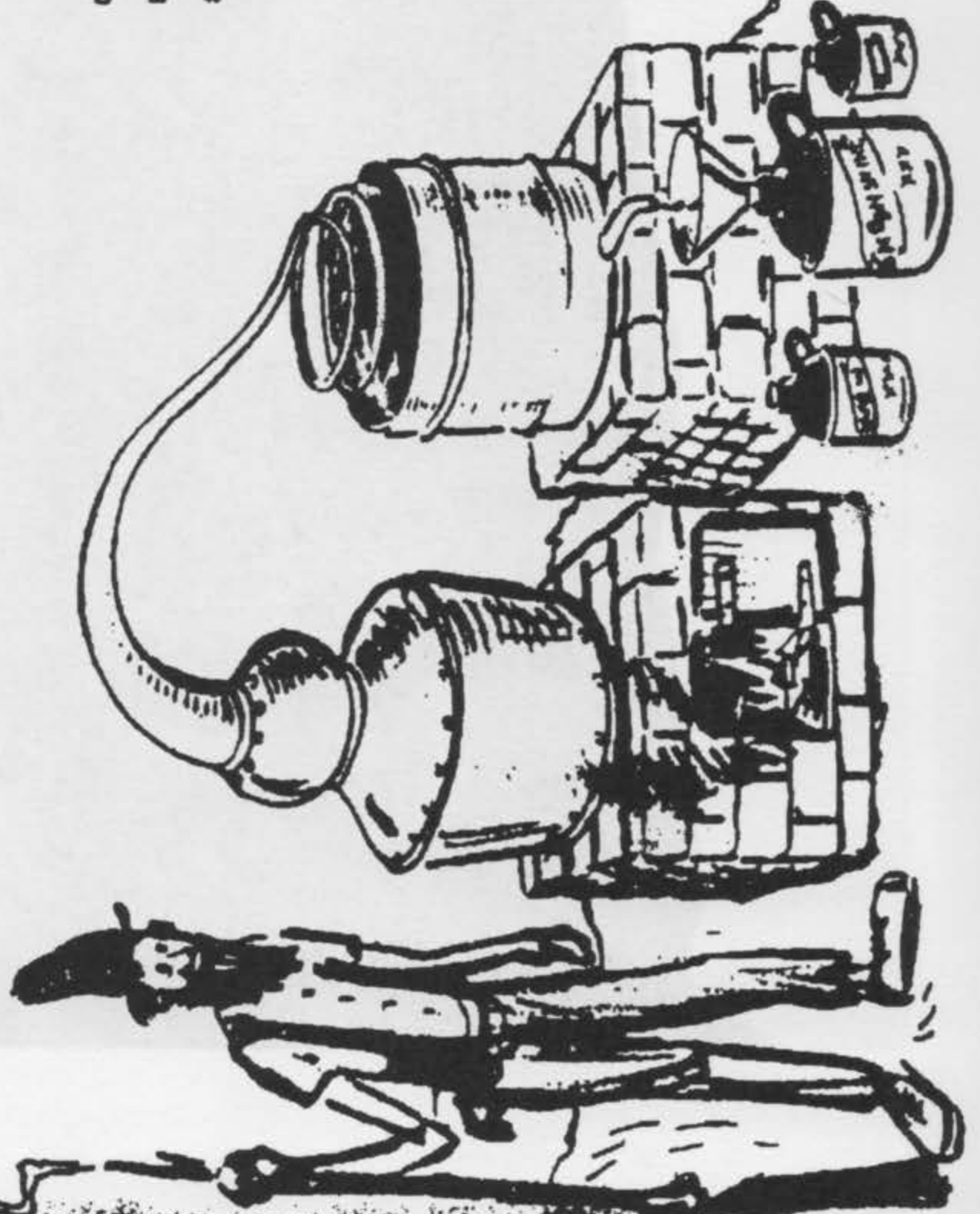
The National Moonshine Association with the unanimous consent of its members, still minders, makers, stirrers, bottlers, and revenooer lookouts- In recognition of the outstanding merchandising abilities and techniques of

**Peacorn Sutton**

Does hereby confer the right to peddle MOONSHINE

**Hersch Thompson, Mayor**

Maggie Valley, North Carolina - population 7 (countin one coon dog)

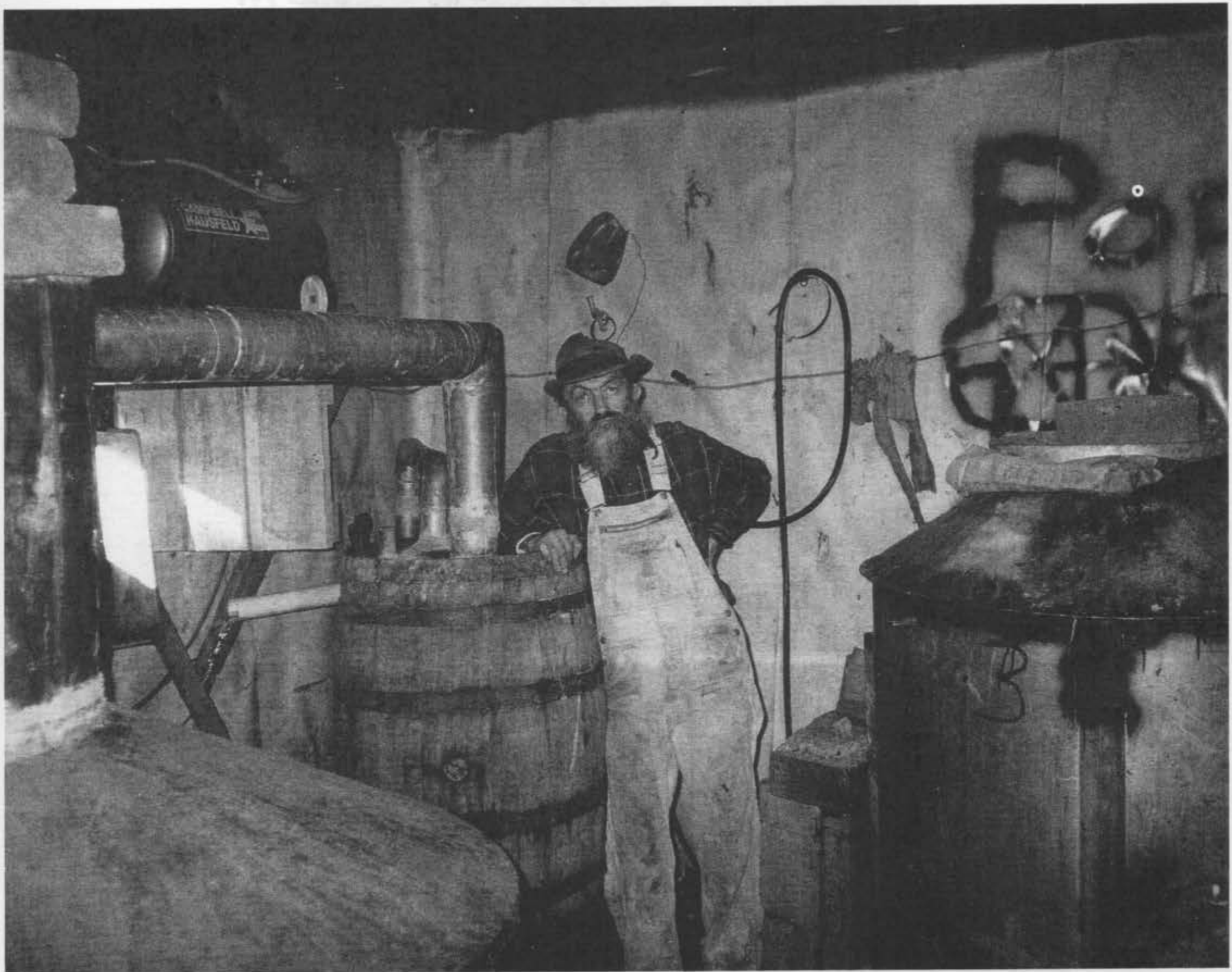


## FOREWORD

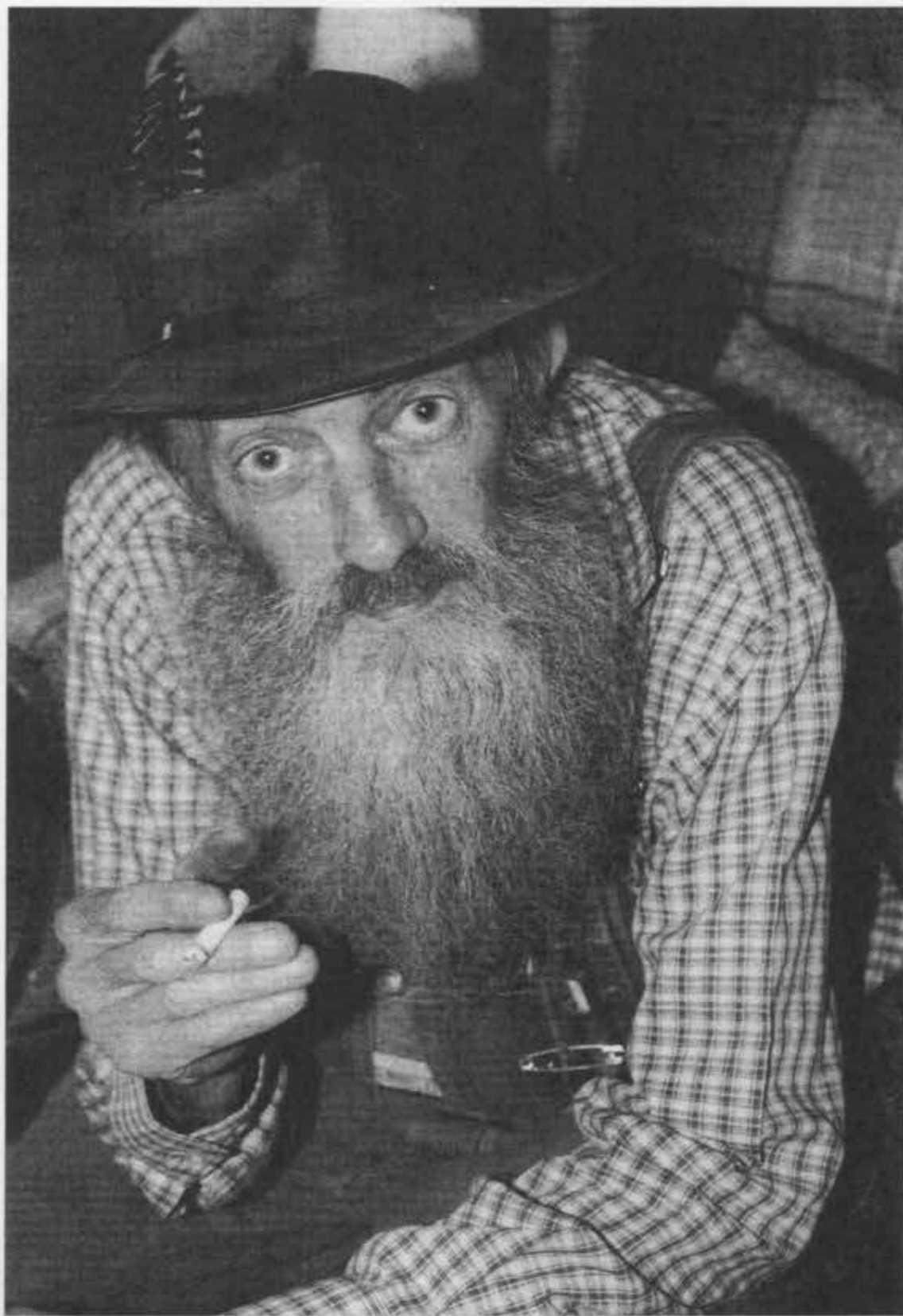
Popcorn Sutton is quite a living legend in the mountains of east Tennessee and western North Carolina because of his centuries old trade. Popcorn is an authentic moonshine distiller and builder of the still on which to run the brew. He shows a unique sense of character and value system much as our mountain forefathers must have held with which they survived and reared their families. His life has been filled with disappointments and sadness as well as quality times when he grew up on Hemphill, a mountainous community in Haywood County, North Carolina adjacent to the Great Smoky National Park. He learned his trade early and chose to drop out of school, drive fast cars and chase women. He and his mother played the banjo and the neighbors would come in to make music. He learned early where the visitors hid their whiskey. He and a cousin would figure it out when

the men came out of the house for a swig and would take their chances accordingly. He learned early and well.

When Popcorn realized that very few people were willing to put in the hard work necessary to build a good "pot" or to make good liquor, he wanted to pass on his experiences with the trade. He tells a humorous story, many of his anecdotes have been changed to protect his friends and true events are told on those who have died. He decided to write "Me and my Likker". Read with pleasure and understanding. His flow of language is sometimes colorful and obscene; it is the way he expresses himself. He is real.



Here I am pictured with a 12 barrell stainless steel pot with a copper cap and a 55 gallon oak thump keg and a six barrel stainless steel pot.



Popcorn signing books and Videos at Old Mill in Pigeon Forge.

## Me and My Likker

This book is all true. There is not a damn thing in it that is not true. My name is Popcorn Sutton and how old am I? It ain't nobody's damn business. I have been making, drinking and selling likker for nigh onto 40 years. My Grand Daddy made, drank and sold likker most of his life. People worry about likker killing them: I don't. Because my Grand Daddy is proof it won't. He smoked Camel cigarettes just like I do, one after another. He also drunk all the likker he could get and chased all the women he could. He lived to be about 90 years old. So what in the hell am I worried about? Not a damn thing.

About my Grand Daddy, this was told to me many years ago and it is supposed to be true. My Grand Daddy, little Mitch Sutton, sold a man a case of likker on the credit. It went on and on and the man wouldn't pay Grand Daddy for

the likker so Grand Daddy thought the debt was an honest debt. He went to the Waynesville Haywood County Courthouse and lawed the man for the debt. It went to court and the court made the man pay Grand Daddy for the likker and give Grand Daddy 30 days in jail for selling the likker to the other man. They put him in jail which was on the ground floor instead of the top story of the courthouse like the jail is now. So Grand Daddy stayed 3 days in jail, then broke out and went home. So I guess the law felt sorry for him because he had small children and never went to bring him back. This happened back in the late 1920's.

This book is not going to be wrote in chapters or uniform in anyway.

I am one of the last true moonshiners left that knows how to make likker the way the old moonshiners did. Me and my Dad, Vader Sutton made likker in one place for 20 years, never was caught at

that location because we was careful as hell. We had a stainless steel pot that held 300 gallons. We always run it at night when everything was still. I might tell where it was at someday but not now. At one time we had 18 wooden oak barrels working at one time. That was a hell of a operation. We run 6 barrels at a time. The pot held 6 barrels [300 gallons]. That was 3 runs. It would make 36 gallons per run if your mash was real good. But as anyone who ever made any likker will tell you when you fool with it, you can not predict from one run to another what it will do. I have cooked in 6 barrels on sweet mash [new run] and made only two cases. Then only one time in my likker making did it turn out 6 cases on sweet mash [the first run] and that was the last time it ever done that. That was the last time it ever done that as I remember. That was back in 1982. I don't believe in making bad likker.

I have never sold a man or a woman a jar of likker that they didn't come back for some more. I have sold likker to folks from England, Australia, France and other foreign countries. They took it home on planes. I told them to tell the people at the airport that they had mountain spring water in the jar when they checked their luggage.

Looks like to me, the law and the alcohol law enforcement and drug administration would be after people selling crack cocaine, pills, pot, and other drugs to kids than try to bother someone like me trying to do people a favor of selling them a jar of moonshine which will not hurt them. Likker has and will be around, but it won't be like what I have made. I have the name for the best likker from here to hell and back.

I once made likker on Snowbird Mountain, Cocke County, Tennessee. Old man Nick Price bought my likker back then. I sold

it to him for \$6 per gallon. Then he would resell it for \$12 per gallon. Nick was a fine man. Any time he talked to you about something he knew was 100% sure, he had a saying " I'll bet you money on that ". The best I can remember Nick had the first \$1,000 bill I ever seed. Nick Price was a good man.

I want to remember Dr. Parker Ford. He was a hell of a good doctor and friend. One day I was on Snowbird Mountain, I had just lit the burners on a six barrel pot. Then here come a helicopter. It got down so low it blowed the leaves off trees around me. I had the pot almost ready to cap but I left and went to Dr. Parker Ford's and stayed all day. I always give Dr. Parker likker to make medicine with. He made camphor, asafetida, and cough syrup. I had a lot of things happen to me while I was making likker on Snowbird Mountain

Do you know how to make a frog drunk? I bet you don't. But I

do. I fired my pot up one morning and got it going real good. It had just started running high shots. That is what you call it when it first starts to come out. For so many jugs , then it turns to backins. Anyway here come hopping up to the still a damn big frog. I thought to myself ol' boy I'll make you drunk as hell. I had heard all my life that a frog will absorb things through its skin. So I got me a can lid and caught me some of that high shots and I dropped it slowly on the old frogs back. Real soon its throat started to swell up then all at once that frog started singing like hell. When he stopped singing he flopped over in the leaves and didn't move till I got done running that likker. I guess he passed out. Anyway when I come back the next morning to sweeten it back he was not there. I guess one good damn drunk taught him a lesson.

Another time on Snowbird Mountain I went in to make a run one morning and up in the day I

got hungry, then I happened to realize, Hell, I didn't bring me no dinner. I thought well I sure will need something to eat before a long day's work was over and by the way you can ask anybody who has ever made any likker and they will tell you it is the hardest damn work you will ever do. Anyway back to my dinner. I went where I had parked my ol' 46 Willis Jeep and there happened to be some saltine crackers and half a bottle of ketchup. So I took that and walked back to the still. On the days before I had peeled some taters, cucumbers, tomatoes and an apple. I had throwed the peelings down in the woods. I got down there and picked up all them peelings. All together I put them in a gallon bucket and some water. I set them on the burner in front of the still. It didn't take it long to cook. Then I took that half bottle of ketchup and poured it in on them cooked peelings and crumbled up that pack of stale crackers in it. Hell, that was one of the best meals I ever had. That

just goes to show you a mountain man will make it one damn way or another. Back at that time I sold my likker for \$36 per case [6 gallons is one case], now 1 gallon brings \$40.

Most of the time I made likker by myself, but at another time on Snowbird Mountain., me and another feller was making likker together. We had up two barrels each 1/2 corn, 1/2 rye. Our mash worked real good. The morning it got ready to run, we went in, pulled the cover back off the barrels. My two barrels looked damn good, but the other fellers didn't. Because a damn big possum had fell in one of his barrels and drowned and swelled up fit to bust. To beat all, every hair on that damn possum had come off. I said to the other feller, "you ain't going to run that damn nasty stuff are you?" He said "Hell, yes I am, damn sugar is too hard to get to waste it." Well I said, "Let me run mine first" because we had to use the same pot to run it, two

barrels at a time. Well, I dipped my barrels in to the still and run it . Made real damn good two cases and one gallon. Well, the other fellow took a big stick and throwed that ol' possum way down in the woods. Then he dipped the mash into the still and as he was dipping it in he said to me, "Popcorn , Do you know what I am going to call this?" I said, "No , I don't have the slightest idea." He said, " I am going to call it Possum brandy, by God." Well he run it and he got two cases and two gallons. He beat mine. He looked at me and said that damn possum made me another gallon of likker. Well, we put our likker in that ol' 46 Jeep and we always drunk some likker going down the mountain. But that day I made damn sure I didn't drink none of his possum brandy.

Well, another time on Snowbird Mountain. I had up 4 barrels of mash. It was doing real good ever time I run it . It always turned out good. But one morning when I went in to run it. I noticed

about two gallon gone out of each barrel. I checked my barrels; I knowed all damn four of them couldn't be leaking at the same time. So then it dawned on me somebody was stealing my beer [mash]. By the way still beer is some damn good drinking. Well I couldn't stand much of that because most of your alcohol is next to the top of the barrel. So I went ahead and run the four barrels. It was supposed to make at least four cases [24 gallons]. Hell, it only made two cases. I thought to myself I will fix whoever stole my beer. So I went on home. The next morning when I come back to sweeten my barrels back, I had stopped at a store and got me four one pound boxes of Epsom salts. I poured one box in each barrel when I put it back in. The Epsom salts won't do anything to you after you boil it. But it damn sure done something to two fellers that was stealing my beer. I was told by a friend of mine he saw them walking down the

mountain. Each feller was carrying four gallons of my beer.

But they didn't go very far till they had to drop their britches or else. And that was the very last time they ever stole any of my beer.

The last likker I made was around the first of 1997. It was on a 6 barrel pot [300 gallon] I have pictures of me making it. I have them for sale in my antique shop. I helped another feller here not too long ago run a damn big one. It held 12 barrels [600 gallons] made of stainless steel with a copper cap.

The last I run on my 6 barrel, I will never forget. It was coming a big lightning storm and I don't like to be around all that stainless steel and copper, plus all the heat from the burner. It could cause lightning to strike it. Anyway I told this feller that was with me that day. "We are going to have to hurry and get the hell

away from this". He said "How are you going to do that?"

We was about half done that day, then I turned that damn burner almost wide open. It was running a gallon about ever four minutes. You need to set the burner so it will run a gallon ever 15 minutes. The slower you run your likker, the better it is. Anyway I had that damn big 6 barrel shaking like old Elvis. It had 4 eight inch cement blocks on the cap to hold it down. Them damn blocks were shaking like they was gonna jump off.

I want to go back to Snowbird Mountain sometime before I die and look at some of the old places I made likker at.

I would like to mention another feller that helped me make some likker. He helped me off and on for quite a while. He was Billy Barton from Brevard, North Carolina. He had never made a

spoonful till he started helping me and when we quit, he was one of the best likker makers I have ever seed. I taught him ever damn thing he knowed. He told me, "By-God, Popcorn, I couldn't have found any damn body that could have learnt me any more than you have." He made a run somewhere in Brevard of straight rye. I have never made no straight rye likker, but he brought me a jar of it and that was some of the best damn likker I have ever seed.

Billy went with me a while back to visit some of my old still sites on Snowbird Mountain. I hadn't been there in 30 damn years. Somebody had found one of the places called the Spanish Oak and they had made a hell of a bunch of likker on them damn sheet metal pots. Hell, they was 4 or 5 big six barrel pots, they had wore them plum out. I want to make sure when someone looks at the picture took at the Spanish Oak site that they don't think them damn sheet metal pots was mine. Mine was made from

copper or stainless steel. They damn sure was not mine.

Before I forget it, I want to put in this book something Billy Barton told me about his Dad. Back many years ago Billy's Dad got caught with a condenser. Back then it was against the law to have any part of a damn moonshine still. You didn't have to have the whole outfit, just any part of it and they would get your ass. Anyway Billy Barton told me about his Dad going to court about the condenser situation. The court convicted him and the judge sentenced him to a period of time in jail. Then the judge asked Bill's Dad if he had anything to say. Billy's Dad told the Judge, " Yeah, I do have something to say, you convicted me for having a condenser to make moonshine likker with. Why in the hell don't you get me for rape too, cause I got the damn tool to do it with." The Judge didn't like that worth a damn so he give Billy's dad some more time in jail on top of the condenser conviction. Billy

swears this is true and I have no damn reason to doubt him. I have knowed Billy Barton a long time and he has never told me a damn thing that was not true.

You can take some good high proof likker and make some damn good fake brandy. You can take a half gallon can and put a pack of dried peaches or dried apples in it and shake it everyday for about 3 weeks and you sure can fool a lot of people that don't know the difference between fake and the real thing. You can also use apricots and sweet birch bark to flavor fake brandy with.

Back years ago when I was makin' likker on Snowbird Mountain I hired a man to help me carry in all the things it took to put up a likker makin' operation. He is long been dead now. His name was Big Tom Coggins. Hell, he must have been 7 foot tall and weighed 300 pounds. There wasn't an ounce of fat on him, solid damn muscle. Anyway we was carrying this stuff

in to a new place I had to move ever once in a while if the Big Law was getting to close on me. Sugar back then come in 100 pound sacks. Hell, it was all I could do to carry one of them. I never was big as shit anyway, been little all my life, but By-God I always made it one way or another. Anyway I had 4 wooden barrels that had just been swelled up by running water in them. The barrels would weigh 125 to 150 pounds each. Tom took one of them barrels off the old 46 Chevrolet truck, set it up on the bank and put 2 of them damn 100 pound sacks of sugar down in the barrel. I looked at him and said "Tom, By-God, you sure the hell ain't going to try to carry that are you?" He said "Hell, I could carry another damn sack if I could get it in that damn barrel." He liked likker better than a hog likes slop. He said "Give me another drink then I will show you I can carry that. I had a whole gallon with us that day. I knowed we would need something to keep us going to get all that apparatus

moved in. Tom backed up against that barrel, put both hands back across his shoulders, then come up with it. Hell, his shoes sunk 2 inches in the ground. I never did By-God again doubt him of doing any damn thing. I seed him pick up two one hundred pound sacks of sugar one under each arm then reach down and get a 100 pound sack of Jersey Creme wheat bran with his teeth and then stand up and walk with it.

By the way, I never did hear tell of nobody that wanted to whup his ass, would you? He had arms as big as a stove pipe. Never did have anyone work for me as stout as him. But one other man, he was from West By-God Virginia. His name was Roger Accord.

One day we was unloading a load of sugar. It was in 50 pound bags. I was carrying one bag at a time. I looked around and here come Roger with 4 damn sacks. I looked at him and said, "Is that By-god all you can tote?" He said

"Hell no, I could carry 4 damn more if I could get a hold of it." This is no bull shit. I have seen Roger carry five sheets of 5/8 inch plywood at a time.

Well I guess it is time for me to start writing on my book again. I have been gone for the past 12 days. I went on a trip with a long time friend of mine in an 18 wheeler, with Leon Wells. We went all the way to Yakima, Washington.

That was the first time I had ever been that far west. I don't think I would want to live out there. Houses in some parts seem like they are fifty miles apart and

a lot of the ground out there is  
naked as a J- birds ass.

The biggest still I ever run  
was what you call a 12 barrel pot  
which means it will hold 600  
gallons. It was made out of dairy  
grade stainless steel. It would  
make 10 cases [60 gallon] on the  
first run which is called sweet  
mash. Then the second run that is  
called sour mash. It would turn out  
a bunch that time some of the best  
likker you ever seed. It would  
make 12 By-God cases of the best  
high proof likker they was  
anywhere.

Making likker is the hardest  
work you have ever done. I don't know  
how many god damn pots I have  
wore plum out, run them till they  
wouldn't hold damn shucks.

The biggest still I ever seed  
was at the foot of Snowbird  
Mountain at a place they call Falls  
Branch. It held 24 barrels [1200

gallons]. It took two men to put the cap on it. It was so damn big, they had to use 2 ladders to put the cap on it. They said it would run a gallon ever two minutes. It belonged to a man whose name was Benson. He had a saying "I see, can I fix it". That big pot was made of 28 gauge sheet metal. That kind of likker went to Knoxville----The likker that the ones made for themselves was made on copper. I have seed likker made on them sheet iron pots being tempered. The man would put backins, high shots, and rubbing alkihol all together to stretch the run so he would have a lot more likker. I don't believe in doing such damn thing. I never doped my likker in any way. I have never sold anybody a jar of likker that they didn't come back for some more. I don't want to sell anybody likker that will make them sick as hell. I want them to come back and buy some more.

I can brag about one thing,  
MAKING LIKKER. They ain't no

damn body that can beat me making likker. I knowed of two people as good as me at it, but they are both dead. Letha and Oliver Hicks at the Bend of the River. Later after Oliver died, me and Letha made likker together. She taught me a hell of a lot. I had never made no likker on a still that burnt wood. I always used gas and kerosene in a pressure tank with burners going through the pot. Any way when me and Letha started making likker. She had a little old pot just helt 35 gallon. Back then if you had a pot that helt 35 gallon you had a damn big pot. But that was nothing to what I had been used to running. Anyway when we started, she took me down below the house where she had the pot and all the parts for it hid in a pine and laurel patch. She pointed out for me to go up the hill above a big stump to get the cap. Then she pointed out where to find the worm and the connections on around the hill. Then I asked her where the still was at. She said come on around here and I will show you

where it is. So I followed her on around the hill and she said "its right up there." I said, " where in the hell? "Right up there." She pointed up a damn big pine tree. Sure as hell, the pot was up in that big pine about 20 feet off the ground. I asked her " How in the hell did you get that up there?" And she said, " that ain't nobody's business how I got that up there." She would not tell you a damn thing. She was the most honest, tight- lipped woman I have ever knowed. She wouldn't tell a damn thing on nobody. Anyway I was about half drunk and didn't give a damn. I climbed up in that big pine and got scratched all to hell, but I got the pot down from there. Then we carried all the parts on around the hill to a place she called the Holley Hollar. She had a name for all the fields and hollers for miles around. We took and got us some rocks and made up some mud. Then we set the pot. We got an old steel oil barrel with the heads cut out of it and placed it up against the still. We took

rocks and mud and built a furnace around it. Then we let it dry till the next day. Then we cooked it in. We was at work just at daylight. She had a little ol' bow-saw. I took that damn thing and sawed wood till it wore blisters on my damn hand. We cooked it in and went back to the house. I went to my ol' truck and got my Husqvarna chain saw and come back down to the house. I was setting there on the porch sharpening the chain. She was in the kitchen cooking supper. Then she came out and asked what I was doing. I said I ain't going to wear no more God damn blisters on my hand with that damn bow-saw. She said you can hear that racket makin'' thing plum to the river. I said, No you can't. I asked her if she had any steel wool. She went and got me some. I took a screwdriver and punched some of that steel wool up in the muffler of that chain saw. Hell, you couldn't hear it run 50 feet away. It was just a humming noise. She said, " I never thought you could do anything like that; I

guess one never gits too old to learn something." She was about 75 years old at that time. Anyway the next morning I took that saw down to the place. I cut enough wood to make 3 damn runs of likker in about 15 minutes. You can't run a saw like that only for a few minutes at a time, it will burn the valves out of it.

## HAULING LIKKER

Most moonshiners had somebody to haul their likker for them. But I done the whole operation myself I used to have an old 46 Willis Jeep. I would go across Cataloochee and on across Mt. Sterling and get all I could pack in the old Jeep and bring it back to John Boyd, Greenberry Messer and Clyde Morrow. They are all dead now. One time I come out of Tennessee across Mt. Sterling and Cataloochee. I had a 53 Ford convertible loaded with 48 gallon of likker. It was almost 3 o'clock in the morning. I was drunk as hell

and that damn Ford would run. It had a 53 Mercury motor in it. I spent a lot of money on that flat head Mercury motor. It had everything done to it to make it powerful as hell. It had aluminum Offenhauser heads on it. The spark plugs had 3 electrodes on the tip of them. It had an Edelbrock intake on it with 2 Stromberg 97 two-barrel carburetors on it. It liked the Hell out of gasoline, didn't get fer on a gallon of gas. Anyway I was coming down this side of Little Cataloochee. The road is gravel, narrow, and crooked as Hell. I had that Ford in second gear and I was hauling ass sliding from one side of the road to the other. All at once I went round this turn and hit a damn big oak tree head-on. That's when the steering wheel knocked out 6 of my upper teeth. I swallowed them. I shit teeth for a week.

Just happened a man come along just when I got out of the car. I was standing there drunk and bloody as Hell. He said, "

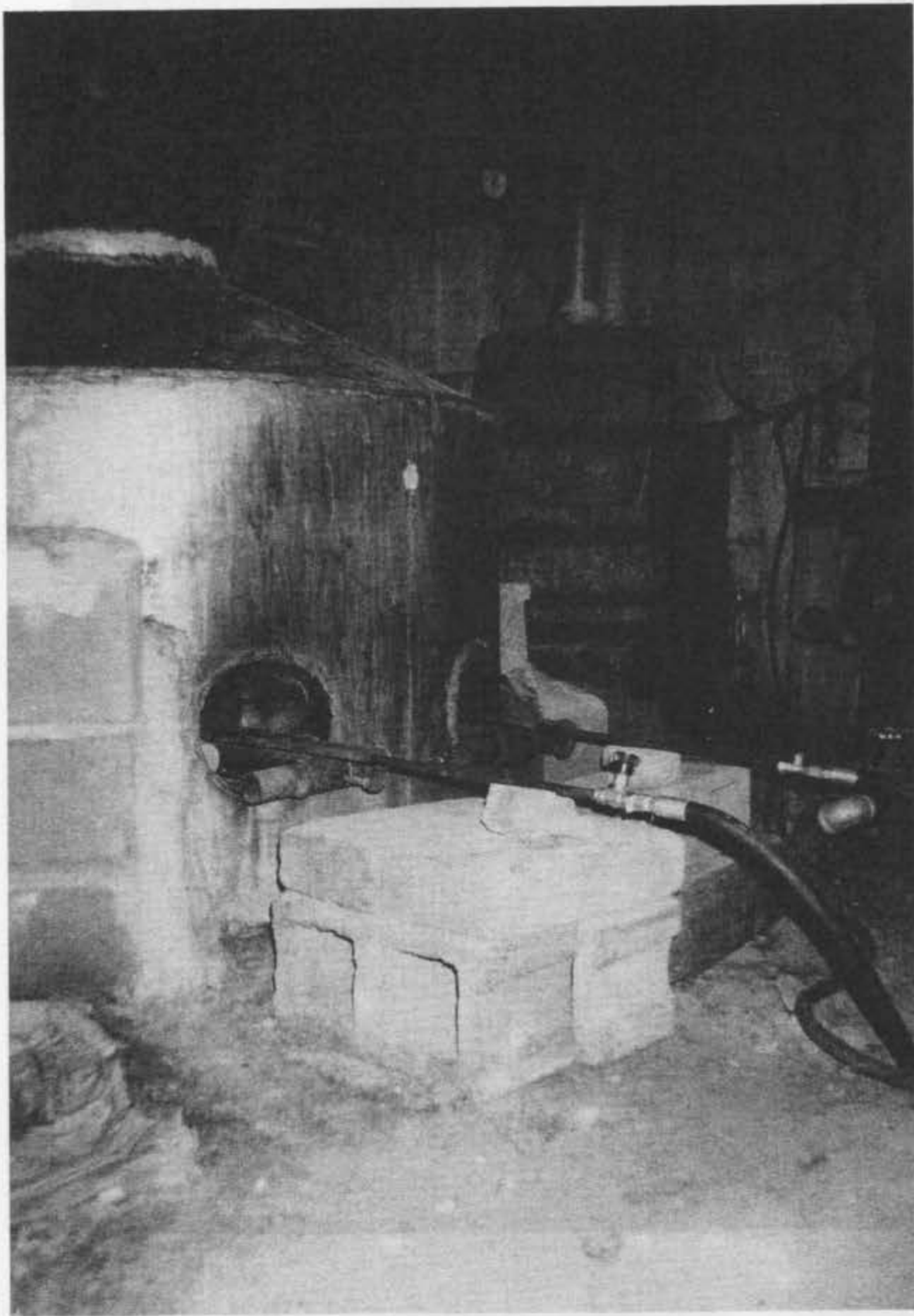
Popcorn, what in hell happened to you." I told him I tried to straighten that damn turn out but it damn sure didn't work. That was quite a while back. I asked him if he would go to Hemphill where my Dad lived and tell him where I was at and to come and get me. A while later, Dad come driving up in his GMC truck. We loaded the likker in the truck and got out of there without getting caught. It ruined my damn likker car. It drove the radiator plumb back over the fan, plus it broke the damn motor supports. I sold it to my cousin, Cookie Wood. He went and got it and put that motor in a 48 Ford pick-up. He had a fast damn truck. It would go up Hemphill Road sliding from one side to the other. He drove it that way all the time. You could hear him coming in that truck a damn half mile away.

I have hauled likker in many cars and trucks. I had a 64 Ford Galaxy 500 Fast-Back. It had a 390 motor with a three speed straight drive transmission with

over drive. It would haul ass for sure. I had a cut-out put on the exhaust pipe just where it turned back under the car when another car got behind you on a gravel road. All you had to do was pull a cable to open the cut-out. Then ever who was behind you couldn't even see the damn road for the dust. I out-run the law 2 times like that. It also had a switch that would turn the tail lights out, but the head lights would still be on. That way nobody could follow you by watching the tail lights. I have made several kinds of likker. I have made 1/2 corn likker, 1/2 rye likker, but best of all is when you mix corn, rye, and barley all together.

Making likker is big time gambling for sure. You can't predict how much it will make. It will vary from time to time. No two runs of likker will be the same. I have put likker in oak kegs to age it and to turn it to a brown color like store bought likker, I have used kegs of all sizes from a

one gallon keg to a fifty-five  
gallon keg. If you put likker in a  
keg it will make it a lot smoother.  
It won't be as strong as plain  
likker. There is also a way to make  
fake chartered likker, all you have  
to do is get a piece of hickory  
wood, whittle off some shavings  
and drop them in the jar of likker  
and it will color it real good in  
about 2 weeks. It will color it in  
half the time if you shake the jars  
ever day.



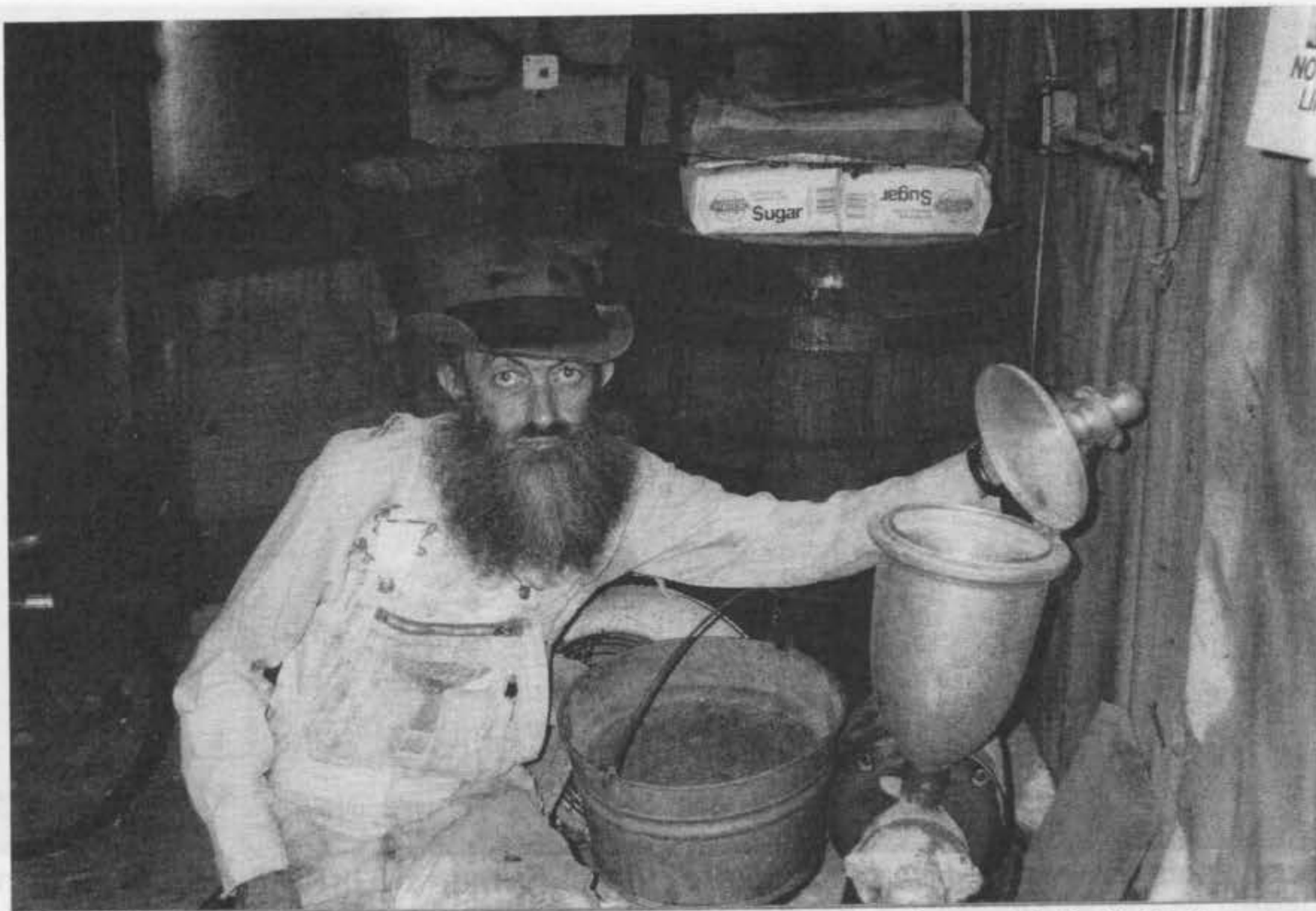
Twelve barrel  
pot hook-up  
in operation  
fueled by 1/2  
gas and 1/2  
kerosene. The  
2 cores in  
the lower  
2/3's of this  
pot is where  
the fire goes  
inside the  
cores. The  
flames are  
produced by  
pushing the  
liquefied gas

and kerosene through the  
generator into the burner arm. It  
makes a blue ring of fire all the  
way through both cores. This  
burner apparatus works on the  
same principle as the Coleman camp  
cookstove.

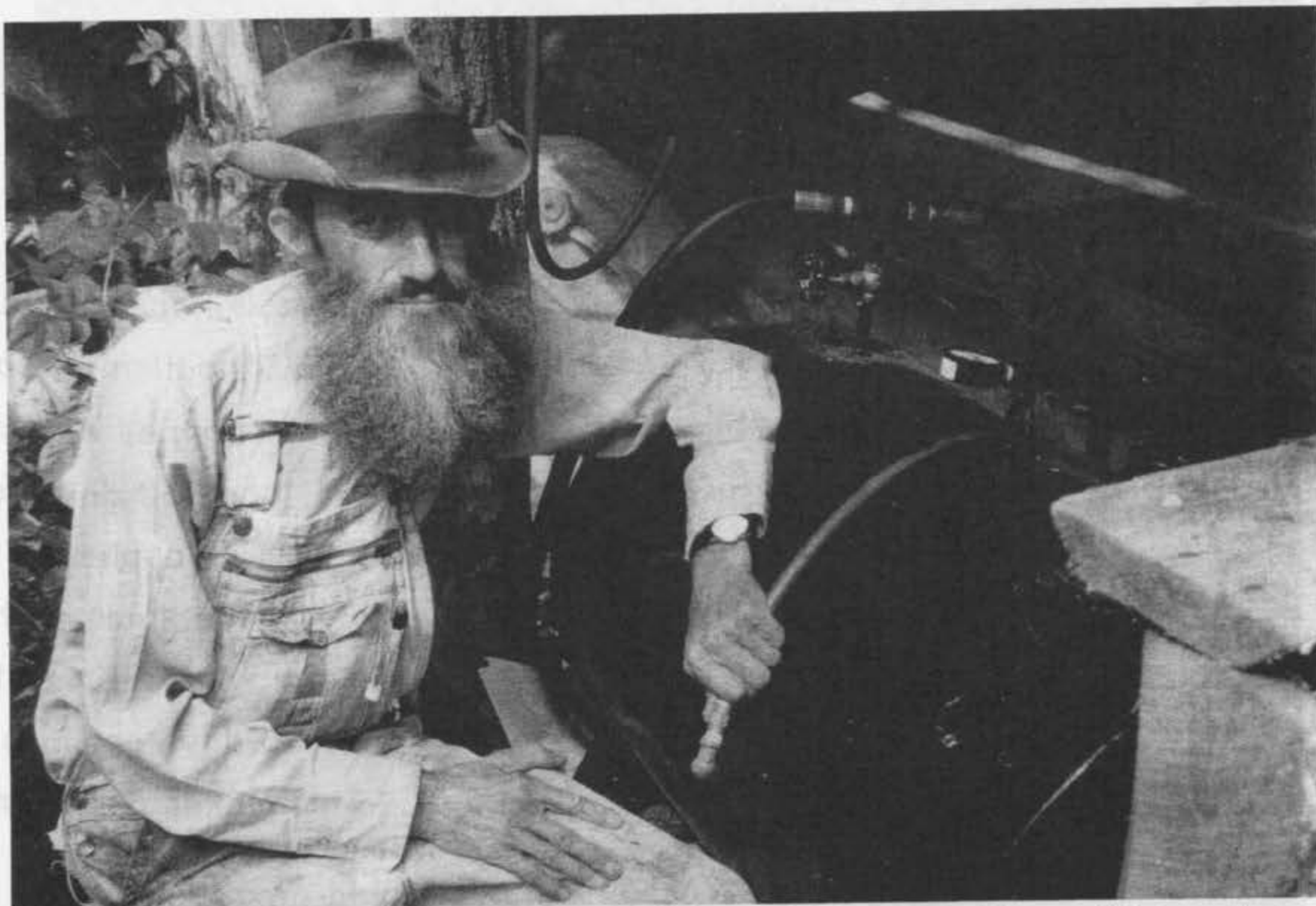
This tank is an old hot water tank that holds 40 gallons. It has been  
converted into a pressure tank. This is where you pour your mixture  
of 1/2 kerosene and 1/2 gasoline then you add 90 lb. air pressure to  
push the fuel to the generator.



A freshly run [batch] of likker  
made on a 12 [72 gallon] barrel  
pot.



This grinder pictured is a 1948 coffee mill out of an old A & P Grocery Store. It has a one HP Hobart motor. I grind corn, rye, and barley to make the mash out of. I used to grind grain with a hand cranked mill. Now all I have too do, is flip a switch and it will go through like shit through a tin horn.

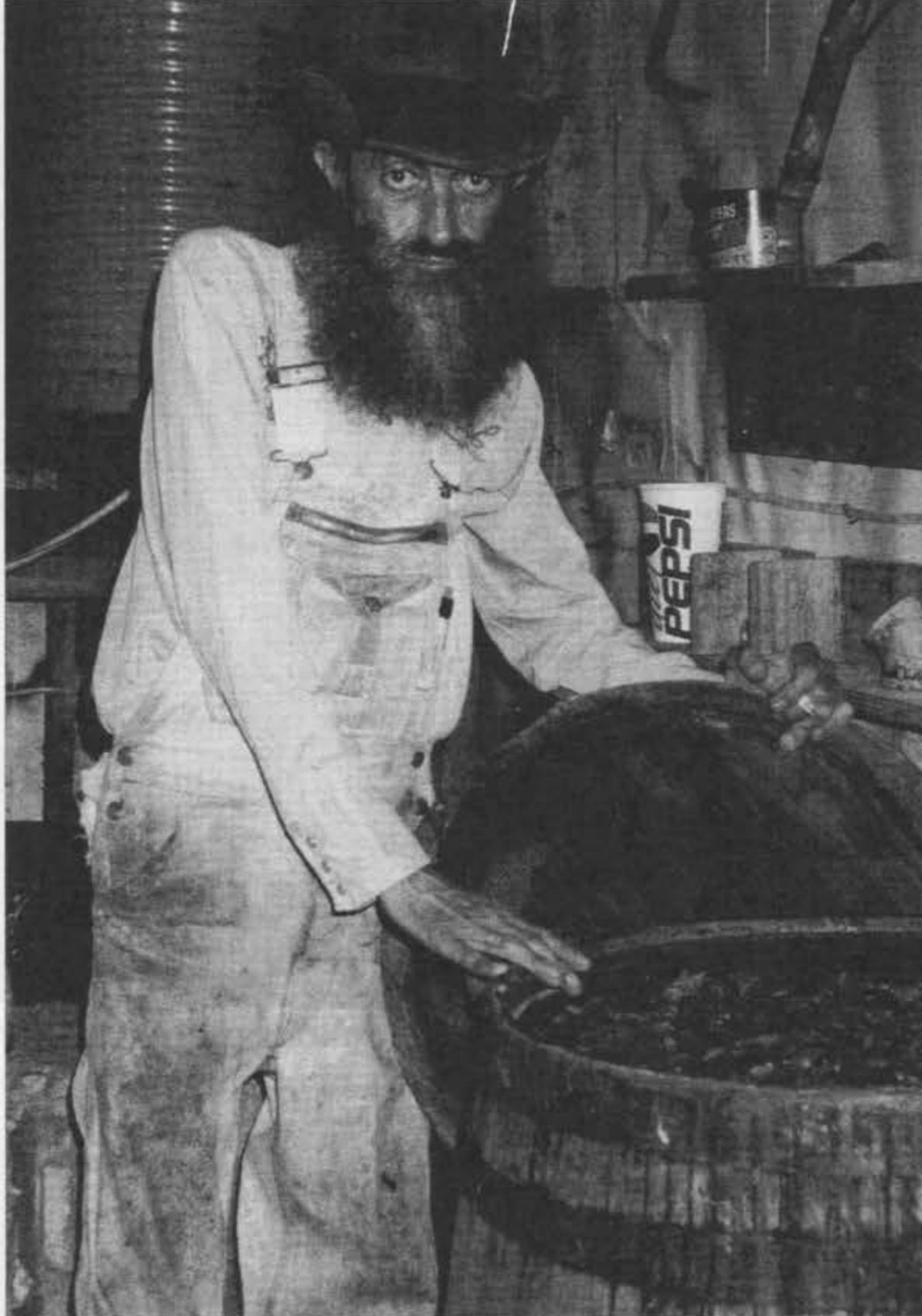


This tank is an old hot water tank that holds 40 gallons. It has been converted into a pressure tank. This is where you poor your mixture of 1/2 kerosene and 1/2 gasoline then you add 90 lb. air pressure to push the fuel to the generator.



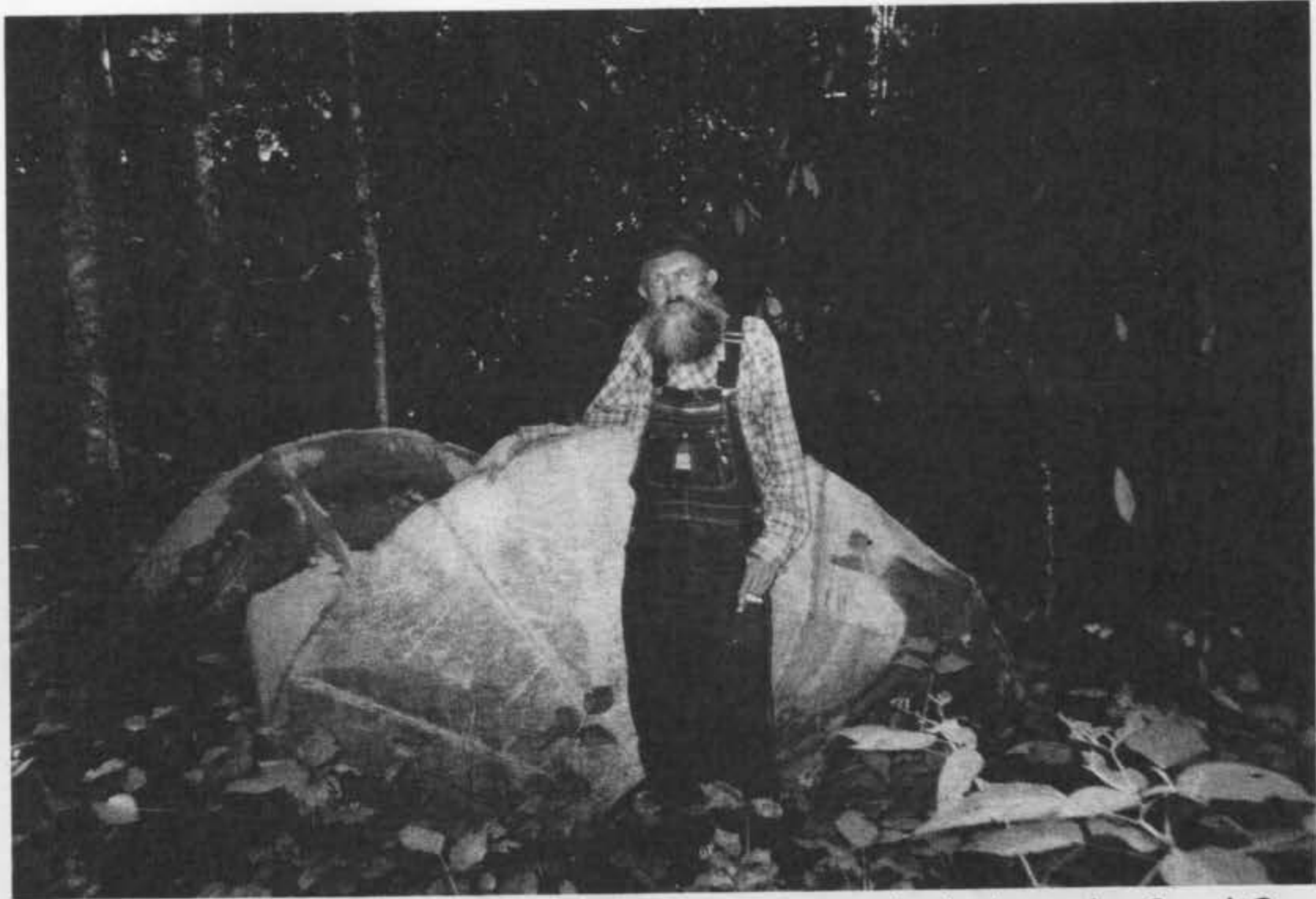
Here I am fixing to temper a run of freshly made LIKKER it is only tempered on the second day it is run. It should set over night for it to come out with the true proof. If you temper it the same day, it will either go up or come down in proof. A desireable proof is 100 proof.

••• Weak LIKKER will make you sick. •••



This is Popcorn standing by a 55 gallon oak barrel of chopped apples.

It takes 30 days for a barrel of apples to work off in the summer time. In the winter time, it takes 90 days or more. This makes apple brandy.



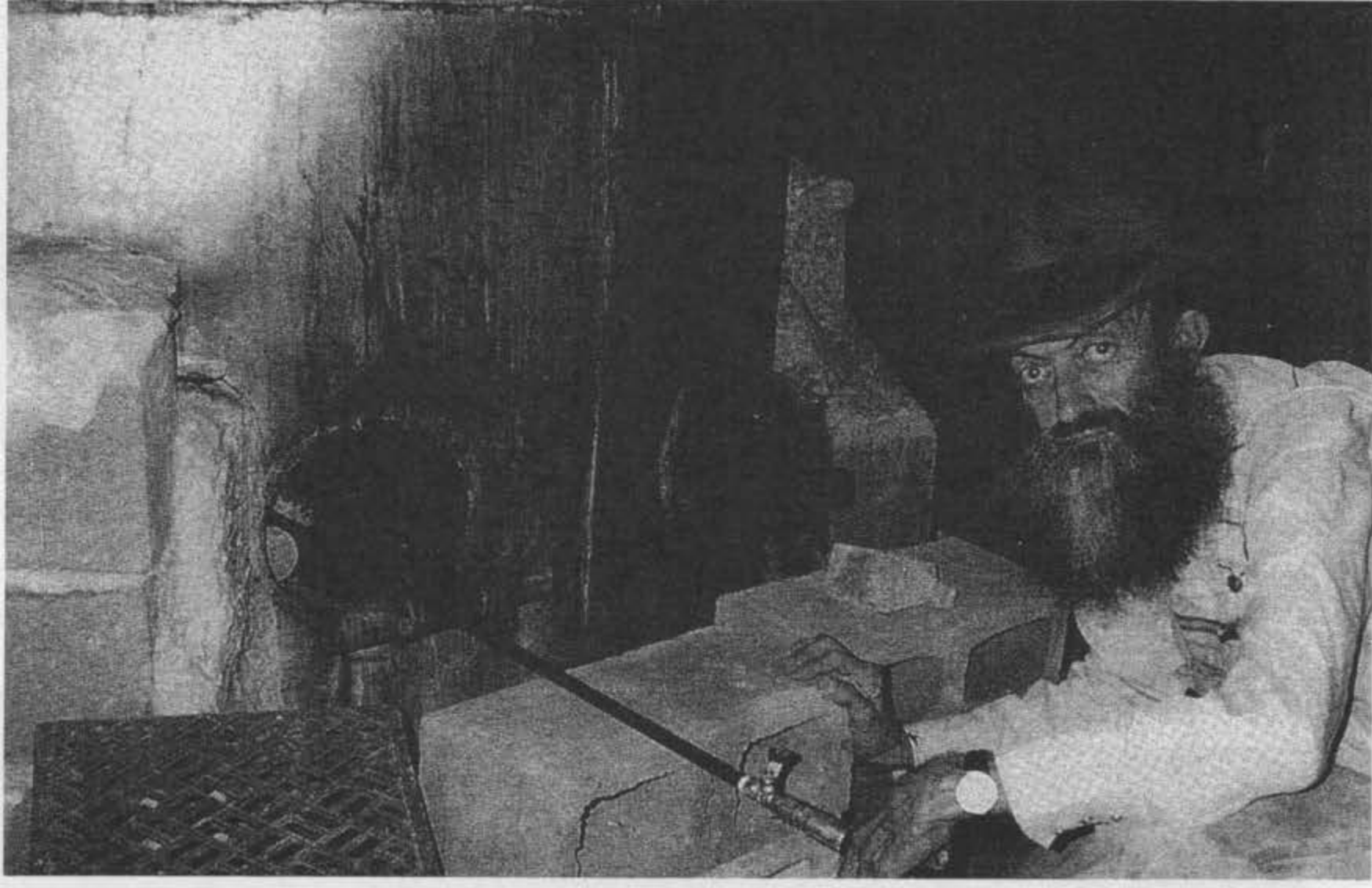
This is a still at Foot of Sawmill Hill, that use to belong to Good Benson. He always had this saying when somebody ask him to fix something. . . . I see can I fix it.

This pot held 18 barrels and is made out of galvanized sheet metal.

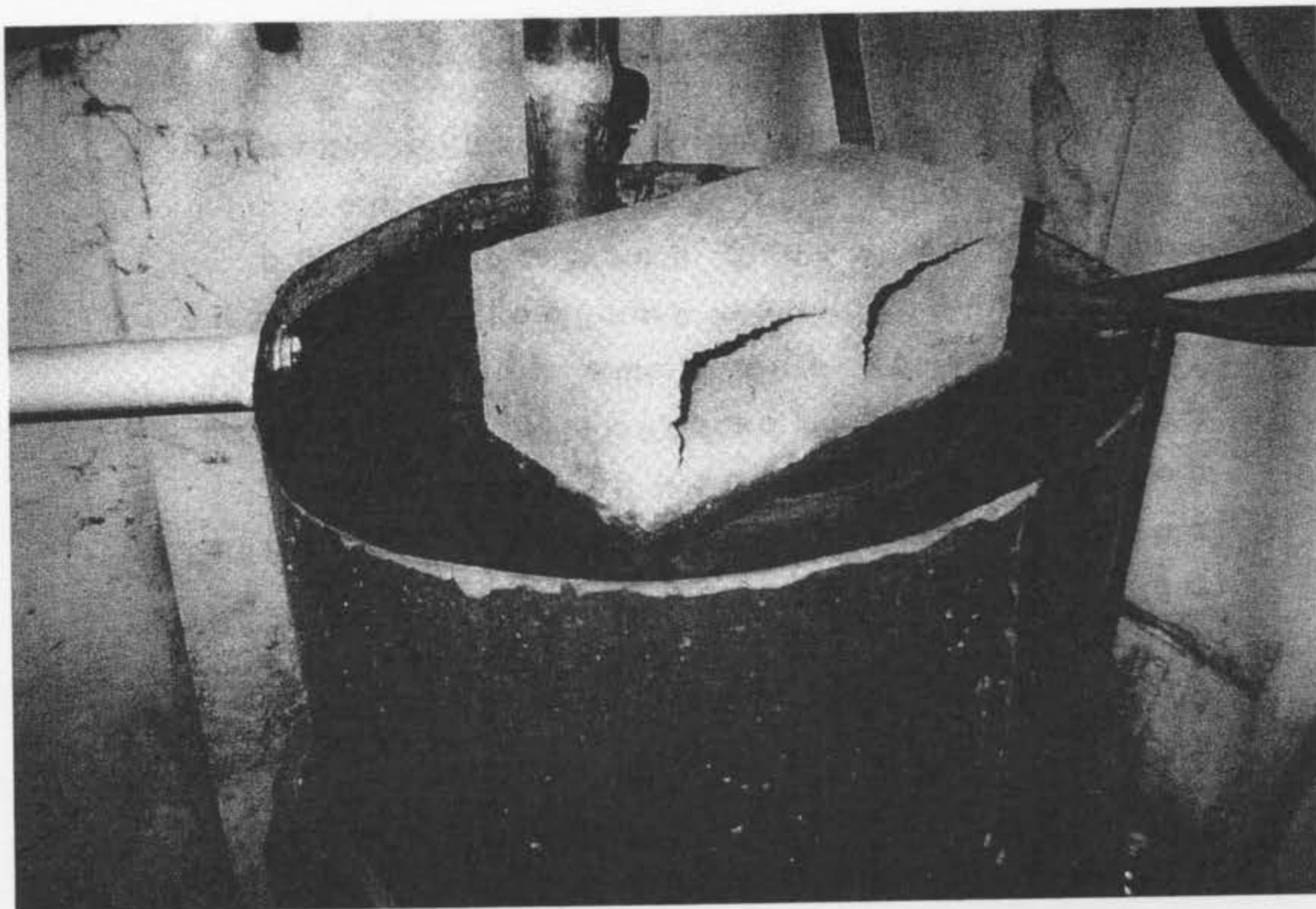


Popcorn Sutton at one of his still locations on Snowbird Mountain. Hadn't been there in 30 years, but somebody had been there making Likker in these sheet metal pots.

Popcorn does not fool with shit like this.



Here I am adjusting the flame in the core of a 12-barrel stainless steel pot. I light both burners till I get likker running then I shut the right hand burner off. It only takes one burner to keep the likker flowing and you have to turn it down pretty low or it will blow the dam cap off and you don't want to run your likker fast anyhow. It makes it meaner than hell if you do.



This is one of the biggest condensers I have ever seed. I had it made in a professional sheet metal shop and it ain't nobody's God damn business who made it. It is made out of 10-ounce soft copper. It is 16 inches wide and 3 foot tall. It sets in a tank I made out of sheet metal. None of that water gets in your likker, it just cools the condensor. It can run a gallon of likker ever 4 minutes but you don't need to run it that fast. You should run a gallon about every 15 minutes but every 30 minutes makes better likker.

## DIFFERENT WAYS OF MARKETING YOUR LIKKER

Most moonshiners would have buyers come and get it by the case. They would then take it to some other place and sell it by the jar. Most of the time they would double their money on it or almost double their money. I have had buyers come from Florida, Georgia, South Carolina and many other places. The last likker I sold was to a man that lives 6 1/2 hours away. I don't know where he lives. All he told me that was how long he had drove to get here. That's been a while ago.

I got searched January 24, 1998 and the A.L.E. officers come back and searched my place again August 5, 1998. They have an automatic search warrant for my place for 1 year. They can come any time they want to and search it. When they searched me January 24, 1998, they took 62 gallons of damn good likker, but when they

come back August 5, 1998 they didn't find no likker cause I didn't have none. I always have hauled my likker and sold it myself. Sometimes I would sell one jar and sometimes ten cases. When the A.L.E. caught me, they took twenty-six hundred dollars worth of likker. When I went to court, they fined me one thousand dollars. The other day I had to pay \$841.22 for tax on the likker they took back in January 24, 1998. Altogether that was \$4441.22 and I didn't even get to sell my damn likker.

I don't think there is a damn thing wrong with makin' likker because I paid tax on the sugar, jars, fuel, and the corn, rye, barley, apples, and peaches that it was made out of. I damn sure didn't steal it or nobody give me nothing, but Hell.

Ever damn body should live a moonshiners life for one damn day. They might not be too anxious to destroy their damn likker if they

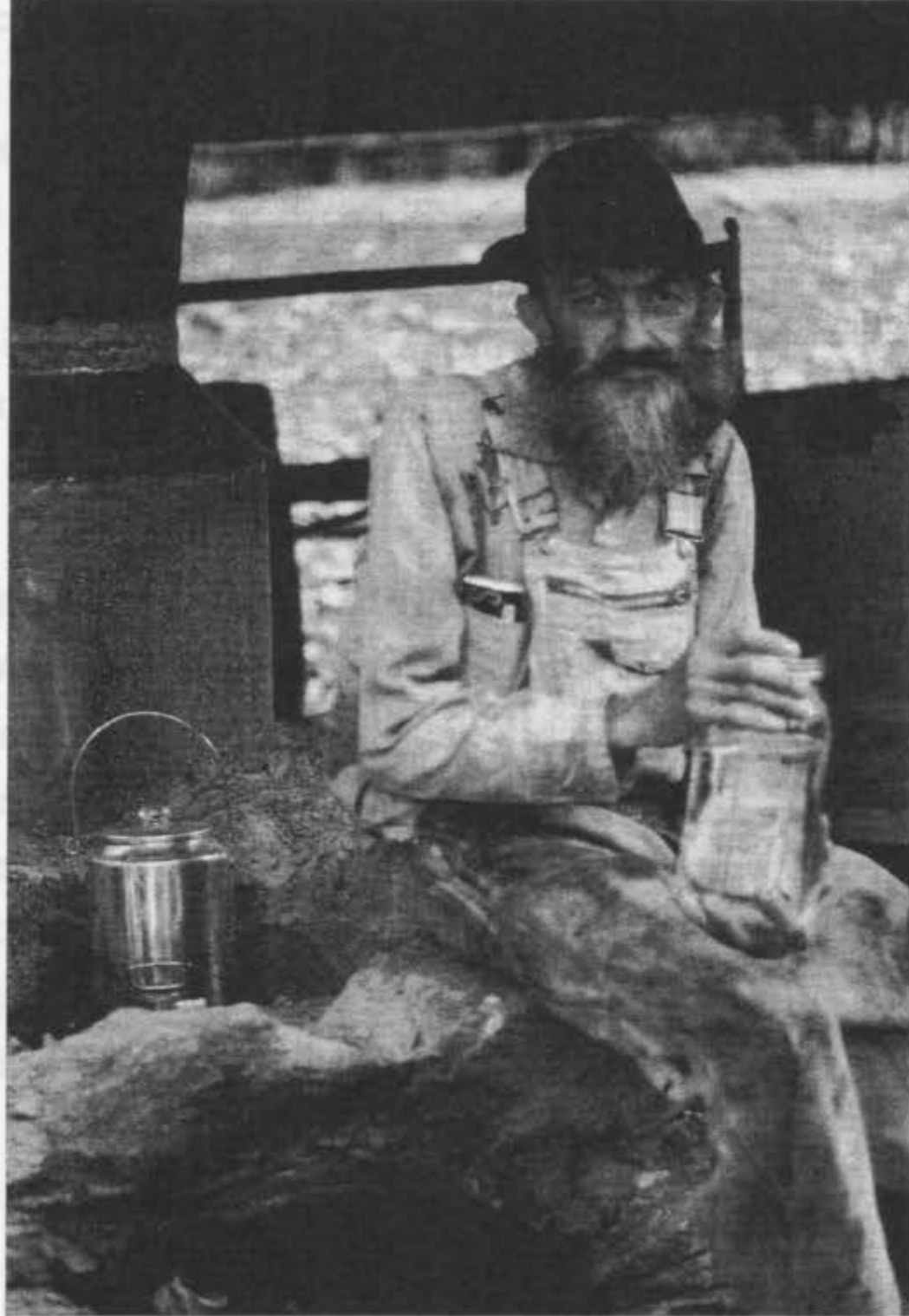
seed how damn hard it was to get. I made some brandy one time out of apples, peaches, pears, apricots, figs, grapes, nectarines, black cherries, and strawberries all mixed together. You talk about some damn ass-kickin' stuff, it was. It was the best smelling brandy I have ever smelled of and as far as I know nobody has ever done that but me. I have talked to a lot of fellers that has made and drunk brandy for a long time and they said they had never heard tell of it. I sold one feller a jar of that brandy, hell he wanted to buy it all. I told him I couldn't do that or they would be a whole bunch of people after my ass for not saving them a jar of it. But anyway he talked me out of 24 jars of it. I am not making any likker right now. But I probably won't never quit till they put my ass to rest at the Bend of the River.

I used to hide likker at a certain place along a road one day and go back the next day and get my money. You had to know who to

trust. Hell, now days you put a jar of likker somewhere for somebody to pick up. Hell yes, they will pick it up, but when you go back to get the money, they would not be a red damn penny there. You can hardly trust nobody at all now days. I have sold likker that was being took all the way to England, Australia and France. They come over here on a plane and I told them how to get on the plane without the metal detector picking up the metal lid on the half gallon jar. I told them to get a 2 liter plastic Pepsi bottle that has a plastic cap on it and put the likker in it. They don't worry about getting caught with it. Anyway I just write all this down as I think of it.

There are two things that I don't want a God-damn thing to do with, that is bad moonshine and Viagra. I drunk some bad likker one time and it come one tinkers damn killing me. I couldn't sleep or I couldn't just By-god pass out. Anyway I did go to sleep in the

wee hours of the morning, but when I did wake up I was in a daze. The bed I thought was By-god spinning around and all at once it stopped spinning. Then I looked down at the foot of the bed and there set a little purple eyed monkey with a pair of combat boots on staring at me . That's when I stopped drinking bad ass likker. And the Viagra to Hell with it anyway, I ain't over the hill yet.



## MAKING STILLS

I guess the reason I started doing that was the man that used to make my stills, died. He's been dead about 25 years. So here a while back I wanted to learn how myself. So I went over on Cosby and as far as I know there is not but four still makers left, and I am one of them. Two of the others are disabled and can't make one if they wanted to. That's a damn shame. I had one of the older men teach me how and it is not an easy damn job. I am getting better at it ever damn time I make one. Although a moonshine still is not to look perfect in any way. They are not supposed to look like they was made in a factory anyway. I sell them stills about as fast as I can make them. Some buy them for display such as the one I sold Dennis and Shirley in Dillard, Georgia. They have it in their new restaurant. I have made some that I am damn sure won't be on display.

I made one for a young man one time. He just got it set up and some low-life son of a bitch just about got him caught, but he got it moved before the law caught him. He was a fine young man. I felt sorry for him because I know how it feels for a low-life reporting son of a bitch to turn somebody in to the law. I have been reported three times and I hope the ones that done it "MAY THEY REST IN HELL IN PEACE."

I made another pot for another young man I don't know his name and I'd swear, but By-god I wouldn't tell who he was if I knowed. I never will forget the day he come to pick it up. Me and a friend of mine, Doug Ramsey, was setting here on the porch about half drunk. That young man walked up and said "Popcorn, have you got my still ready to go?" I said, "Hell yes, it should have been fired up two days ago. I never will forget how he was pleased to get it. He said" Boy, it looks good! I

can make me and my Daddy some likker now." We loaded the pot and all the parts on a pickup truck and he covered it up with some old blankets. I looked at Doug and asked "who in the Hell is that young man?" Doug said, "Damned if I know but I have seen him somewhere" and to this day I don't reckon Doug has figured out who he was and I damn sure won't ever know who he was. But if he ever wears that one out before I depart. He will probably come back for me to make him another one and I damn sure will.

I took another feller with me one time to help me temper a run of likker. He was a Sutton too. We went to the place and he got to see something he had never seed, a damn 12 barrel [600 gallon] pot. He had made, drunk, and sold likker all his life just like I have, but the stills he had run didn't hold but 2 or 3 barrels. He said, "Damned if I knowed they made them that big." I said, "Hell, yes we do, me and another feller made

that one. To make one that big you have got to have one man on the inside holding and moving the bumping iron around to crimp it down. One that big has to be crimped two times or that son of a bitch will come apart at the seams when it starts thumping. There are not but two bumping irons that I know of anywhere I got one of them and a man on Cosby has got the other one. The one he has is made out of an old bumper jack. I had mine made in a machine shop of solid steel. The man that made mine, Guy Hawk, is dead now. I have no damn idea of anybody else that could make one. Hell, no body knows what you mean when you talk about a bumping iron, let alone make one.

I want to write something about Tennessee's youngest still maker. His name is Tim Valentine and he is 33 years old. He was born and raised on Cosby, the moonshine capital of the world. If you had what likker that has been made on Cosby, you could pour it in

Cosby Creek and it would make the Douglas Lake run over the God-damn banks. Tim's daddy, Vernor Valentine has been dead for a while. He was a master still maker. He could make one that would look like it come out of a factory. Tim didn't start makin' stills till his Dad died, but now he is one of the best still makers they are. He still uses all his Dad's tools to make pots with. Tim is now a professional pot maker. He can make one as good as his Dad could. I make pots too, but Tim is a lot better at it than I am. After all, Tim has been around makin' pots all his life and I ain't. Me and Tim are going to twist 2 worms here shortly. Me and Tim are the only ones that have a worm bender. He has the one his Dad had. I have borrowed it before. But later I had my cousin, Cookie Wood, to make me one. Mine is all steel, handle and all. Tim's has wooden handles on it.

Good likker is just about a thing of the past The way I look

at it, when they bury my ass at the Bend of the River; the good likker is gone unless I can find some young man who wants to learn how. Making likker is not for no lazy man. It is the hardest damn work they are. Used to, you would hear people saying ol' so and so won't work. He just lays around and makes likker. Lays around Hell, if they would get off their lazy ass and make a run, they would know how hard it is.

I once had this young woman working for me. She started helping me make likker when she was about 21 years old. Now she's about 29 years old. She would do things just like I told her to do it. She was the best help I have ever had making likker. She would do everything just exactly like I showed her. She learned to do everything, but light the burners and she was scared to death of them damn burners. She has seen me get blowed backward and burnt to Hell with them. But if she hadn't had to quit helping me, she

would have learnt how to light them I am damn sure of that. When we was tempering a run of likker she used to jar it up in half gallon jars and By-god they would all be the same. Hell, I couldn't do that if I had to.

I was running a run of likker just before I quit the last time and I have quit 37 God-damn times and started back. But I will quit for good like I said when they take my ass and bury me in the same place Letha Hicks is at the Bend of the River.

Well, I will start writing again. I have been out riding the circuit again. I have been all over Hell and half of Georgia looking for something I can't find. I have just got done talking with a business man here in Maggie Valley. He knows I won't tell who in the Hell he is, but he come to me and said "Popcorn, can you get me two jars of brandy?" I looked at him and said If there is any brandy this side of Hell you will

have it tomorrow. He said he wanted it for a man from Floridy. But I don't believe that worth a damn, because

a damn week ago he got two jars and he told me he give it to two of the finest looking God-damn women this side of Hell. I know all about that. I been there and done that.

I have been worried all day. My doctor come to see me yesterday and he told me "[Popcoin]" notice the spelling. You have only 62 years to live. Who is my doctor? It is nobody's damn business. I also had two of the best friends of my life visit me, Tunney Moore and his wife , Alice.

Me and Tunney Moore and all the Moore Family goes back many years. I used to get drunker than Hell with Clay Moore. His brother played a guitar and sung a song "Nobody's business what I do". One time me and Ken Moore was out one night. He had just bought a brand new Ford car. I think it was a

Torino. We left Grassy Fork headed to Newport. We got to Hartford. Then on to I-40 west. Then on to the Bluffton curve. Ken had that God-damn Ford wide open. That is the first time I ever pulled a gun on a man to get him to slow down. I told Ken if we are going to die, By-God, we are both going together. I had a Colt 38 cocked right beside his head. That damn car was on two wheels going round that Bluffton curve around 100 MPH, no less I am sure. We made it to Newport some damn way and I don't know how. We spent the night at Rhinehart's Bar and made it back to Grassy Fork some damn way and I don't know how. Anyway me and Ken Moore was always best of friends just as the rest of the Moore family.

While I am talking about my friends, I would like to mention some more of my Cocke County friends, former sheriff Bobby Stinson, his brother, Roger Stinson, Uncle Add Evans, Caney Creek, Junior Valentine, now

deceased Vernor Valentine,  
brother of Junior now deceased. I  
don't want to forget Lonzo Sutton.  
He done more time in the pen than  
a lot of people went around a piss  
pot looking for the handle on it.  
The last count I had was he had  
been caught 17 times for making  
likker.

One time I was up at a friend  
of mine's house, Dan Ball, on Mount  
Sterling up above Big Creek. They  
was a bunch of us up there  
drinking likker, playing guitars  
and banjo's and Cal Messer was  
playing the fiddle. We was having a  
Hell of a good time. I looked over  
at the jar of likker we was  
drinking out of. And Hell, we was  
just about out. A damn half-gallon  
of likker don't last long when you  
have a whole crowd drinking it. I  
didn't have anymore with me. I had  
sold it all to Ervin Dorsey down at  
Bluffton Bridge below Hartford. I  
told Dan, I said, " Dan, I am going  
to Ervin's to get us a gallon of  
likker." Dan said, " Looks to me  
like we are goin' to need it, we

are just about out." So I started off the porch and Dan's wife said "Wait a minute, Popcorn, I need to go to the store so I will go as you do." I told her to come on before I get too damn drunk to drive. So we went on to Hartford. She wanted to stop at Elmer Davis's store which has been closed for a long time now.

After she come out of the store we went on down to Ervin's at Bluffton Bridge. I went in and got us a whole damn gallon in a glass jug. The reason I went there to get it was that I knowed it was the damn best you could get, cause I made it. That was before I-40 was officially open. It didn't open till November, 1968.

Anyway we was halfway between Hartford and Waterville exit when I happened to look in the mirror and I told Bonnie the law was going to stop us any damn minute. It was in the fall of the year and Bonnie just happened to have on a real long coat that day. It was

pretty cold. Anyway she said, " I can take care of him, catching us with the likker." By the time I looked in the mirror again and looked back over at her she had that damn gallon jug of likker under that coat, placed right on her belly. Hell, it looked like she may give birth any minute. Shore 'nuf, that lawman turned on his blue lights and stopped us. He walked up and looked in the car, then he looked over and saw her and said, "I guess you hope its a Boy ,don't you?" Bonnie said to the lawman, "How did you know I wanted another little boy?" All he said was " I hope you the best" and he went on his way. I am damn glad he did, cause I was half drunk. But he didn't notice me much, he was concerned about her and I am damn glad he was. I told her , I said the next God-damn time I go after another damn gallon of likker, I damn sure want you to go with me." She just laughed and said I will if I can. We went on up to the house and I told the crowd what had happened and you never heard such damn

laughing and hollering in your life.  
The laugh was on the lawman.

One of the men there said,"  
You are God-damn lucky I know  
that damn lawman; he would take  
his damn Granny to jail if he got a  
chance. I never did see him any  
more and I am damn glad I ain't.



This is a place called the Spanish Oak. There is a small spring there that comes out of a rock that runs about 20 feet then sinks and is not seen anymore. Me and another feller carried cement, sand and a pipe in there and made a catch basin and piped the water around the mountain to a laurel patch where we made likker for a long damn time.

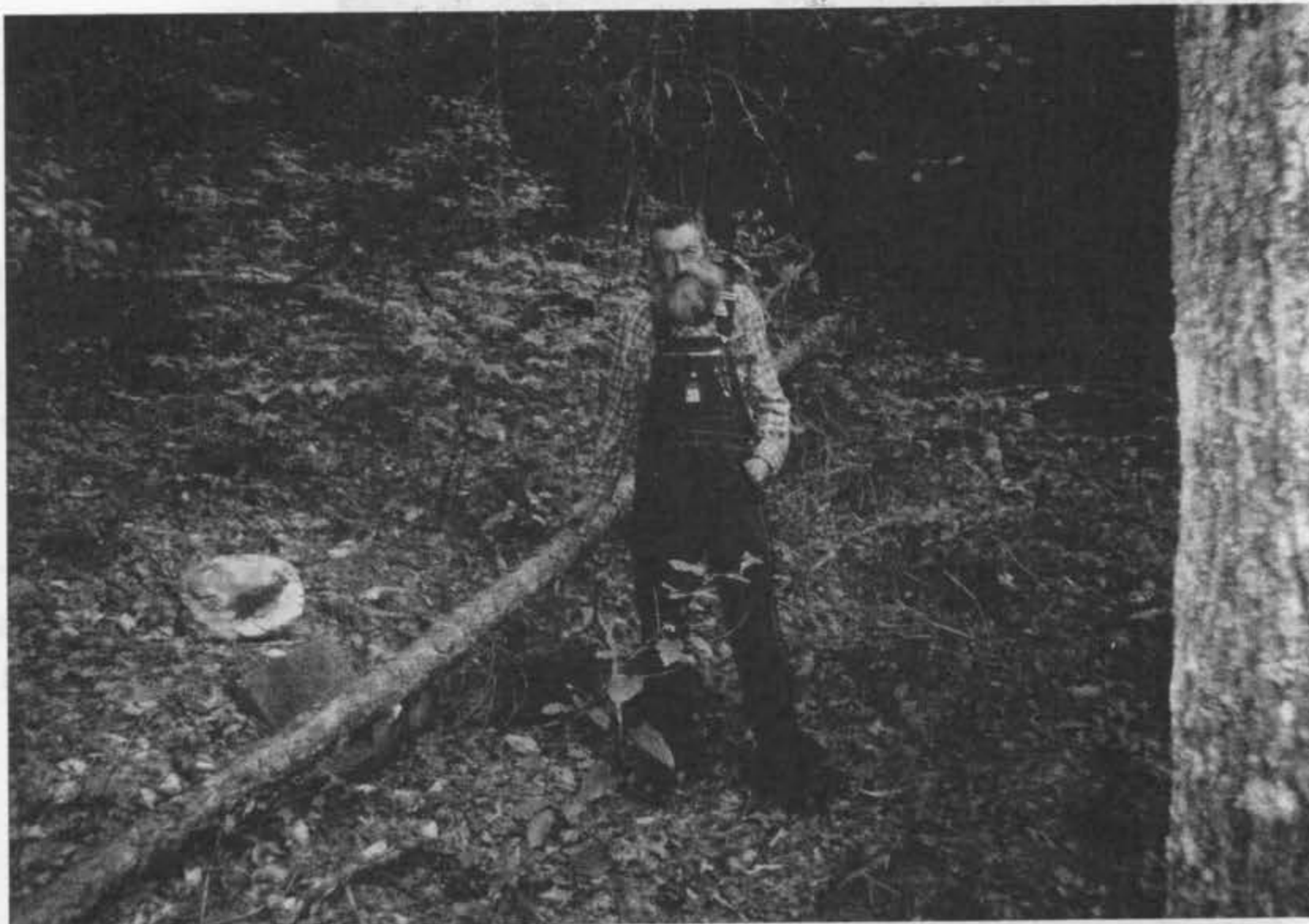
Popcorn Sutton on the Dennis Mountain is a cave  
where I use to make Likker.



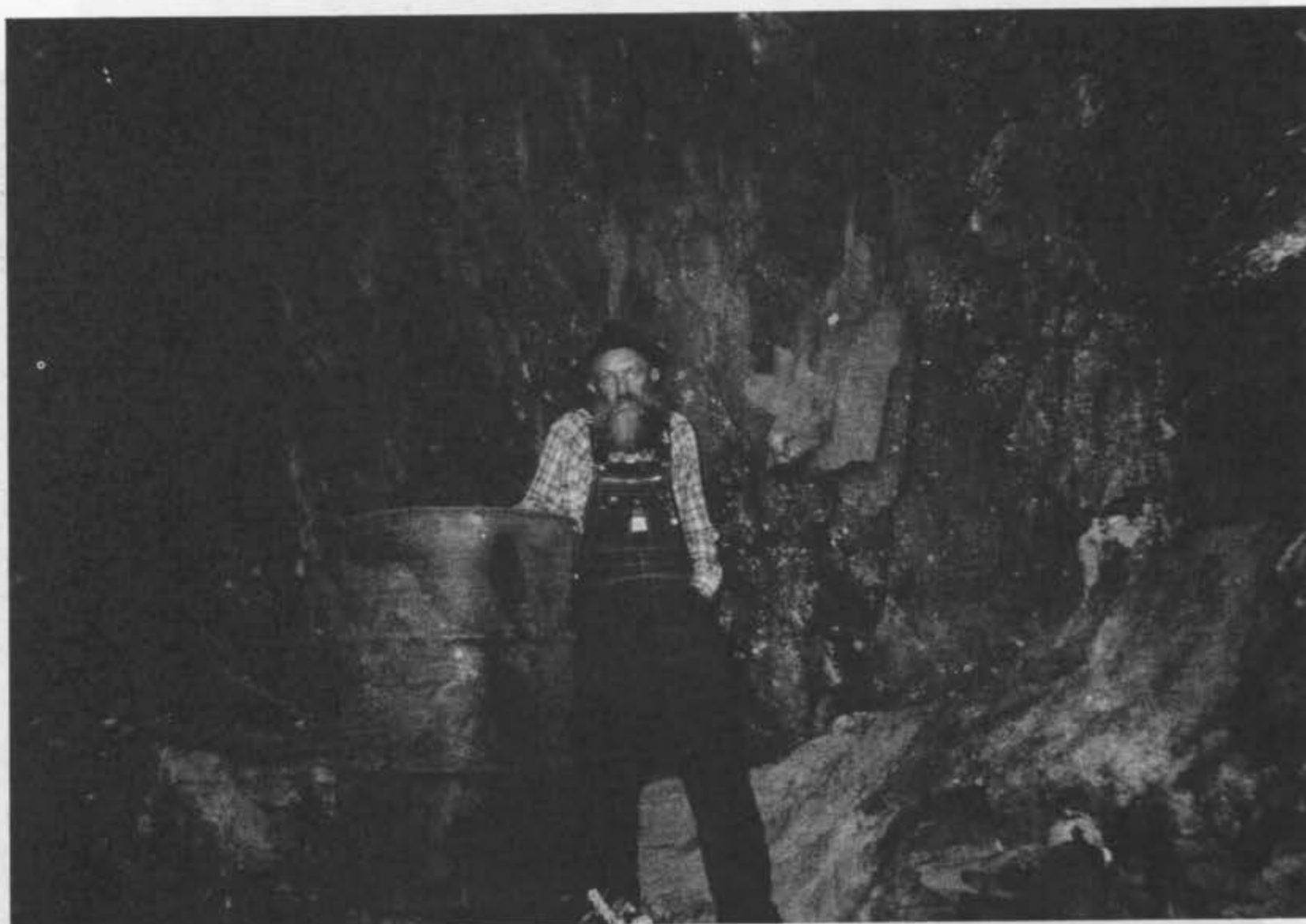
An old still site on Dennis Mountain next to Snowbird Mountain under a rock cliff. This was the hardest place and the very steepest place I ever carried sugar.

Tunney Moore's dad owned this land at the time I made iikker there. He didn't run me off.

All that remains is an old steel barrel that the worm used to set in to cool it and my coffee teacup. Billy Barton took this cup home with him as a remembrance to his trip to the old site.



Popcorn at a Still site, where he use to make Likker  
on Snow Bird Mountain.

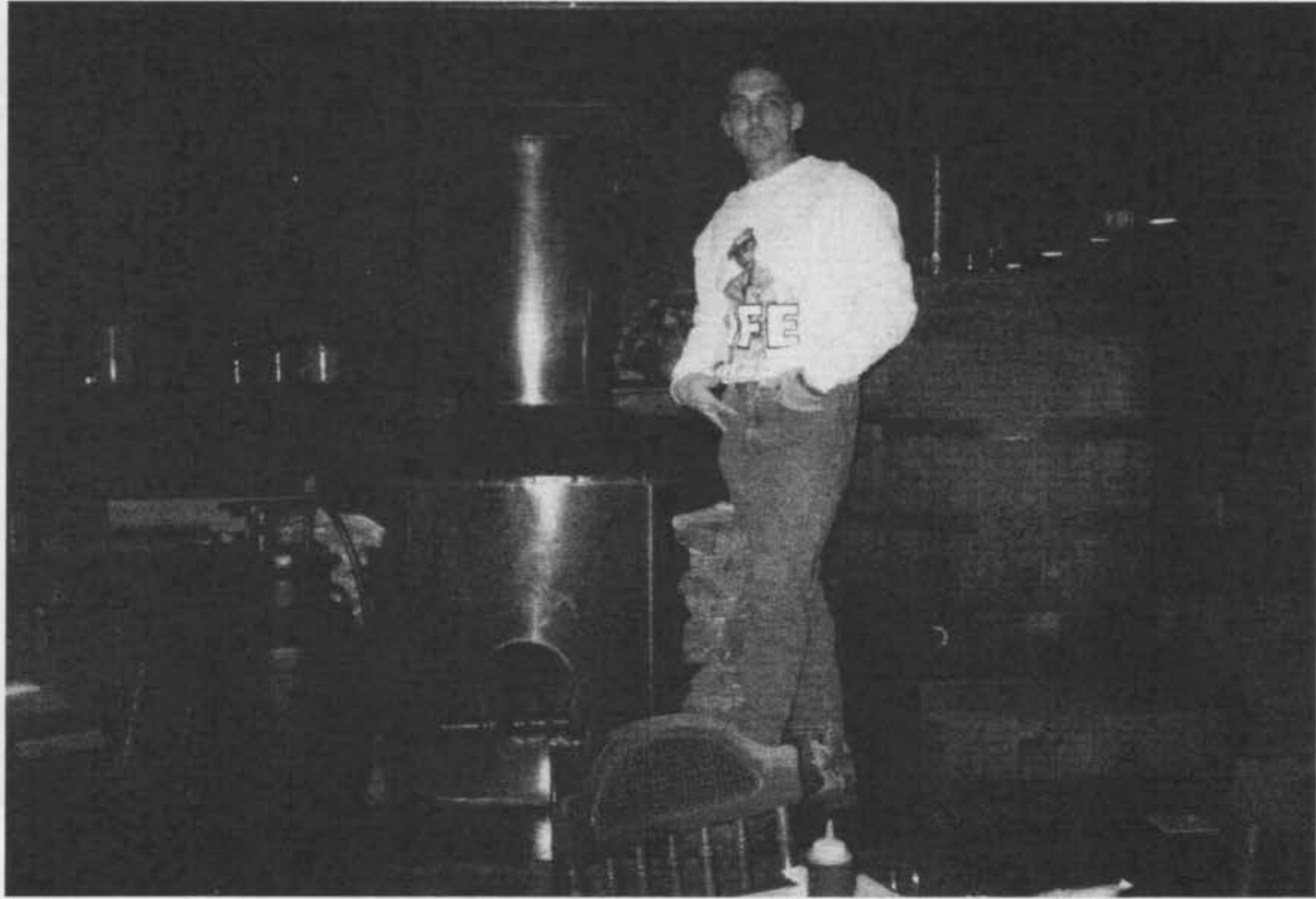


Popcorn Sutton on the Dennis Mountain in a cave,  
where I use to make Likker.

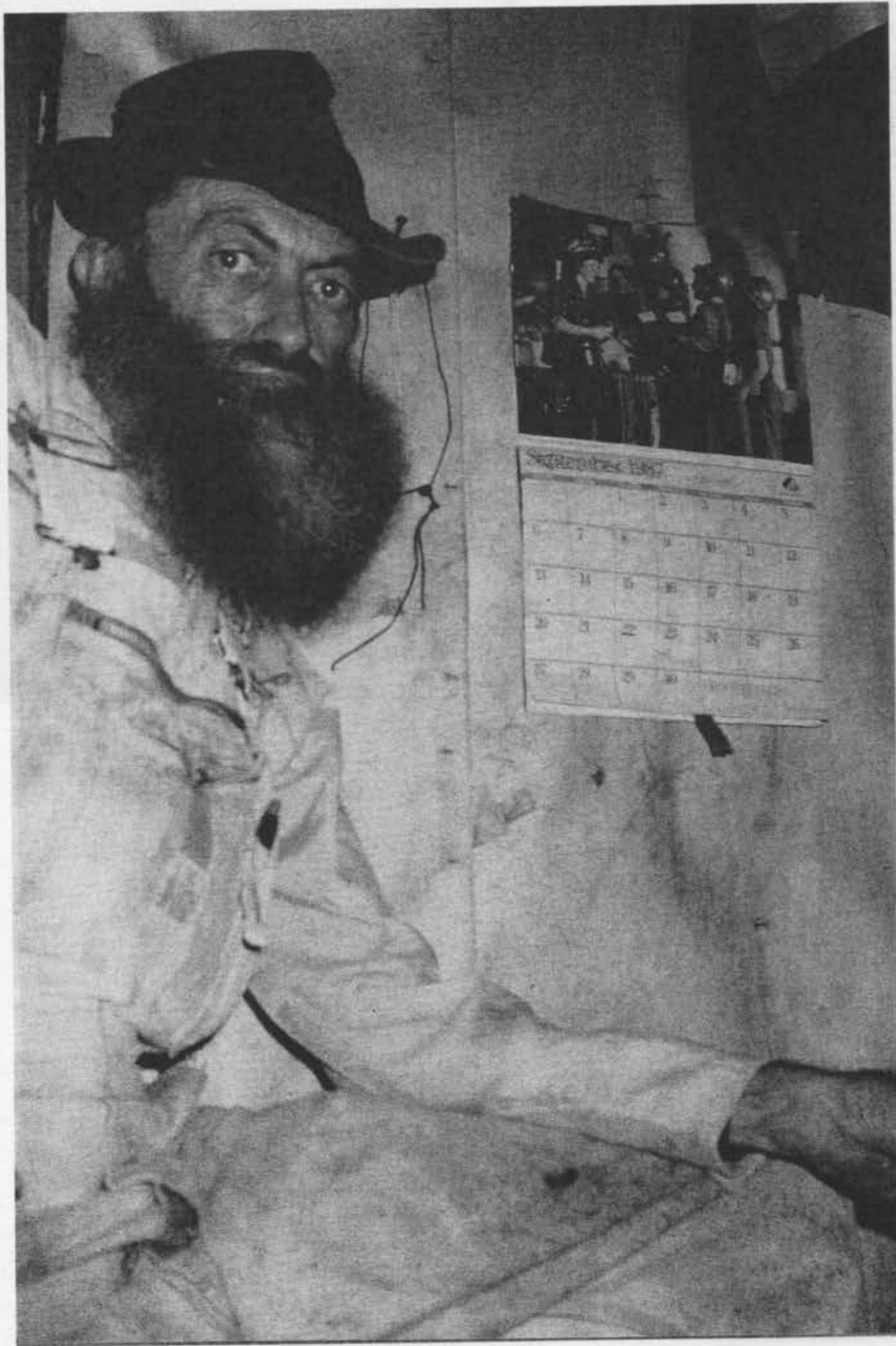


Tim Valentine  
standing by a creek  
in East Tennessee.  
He is only thirty-three.

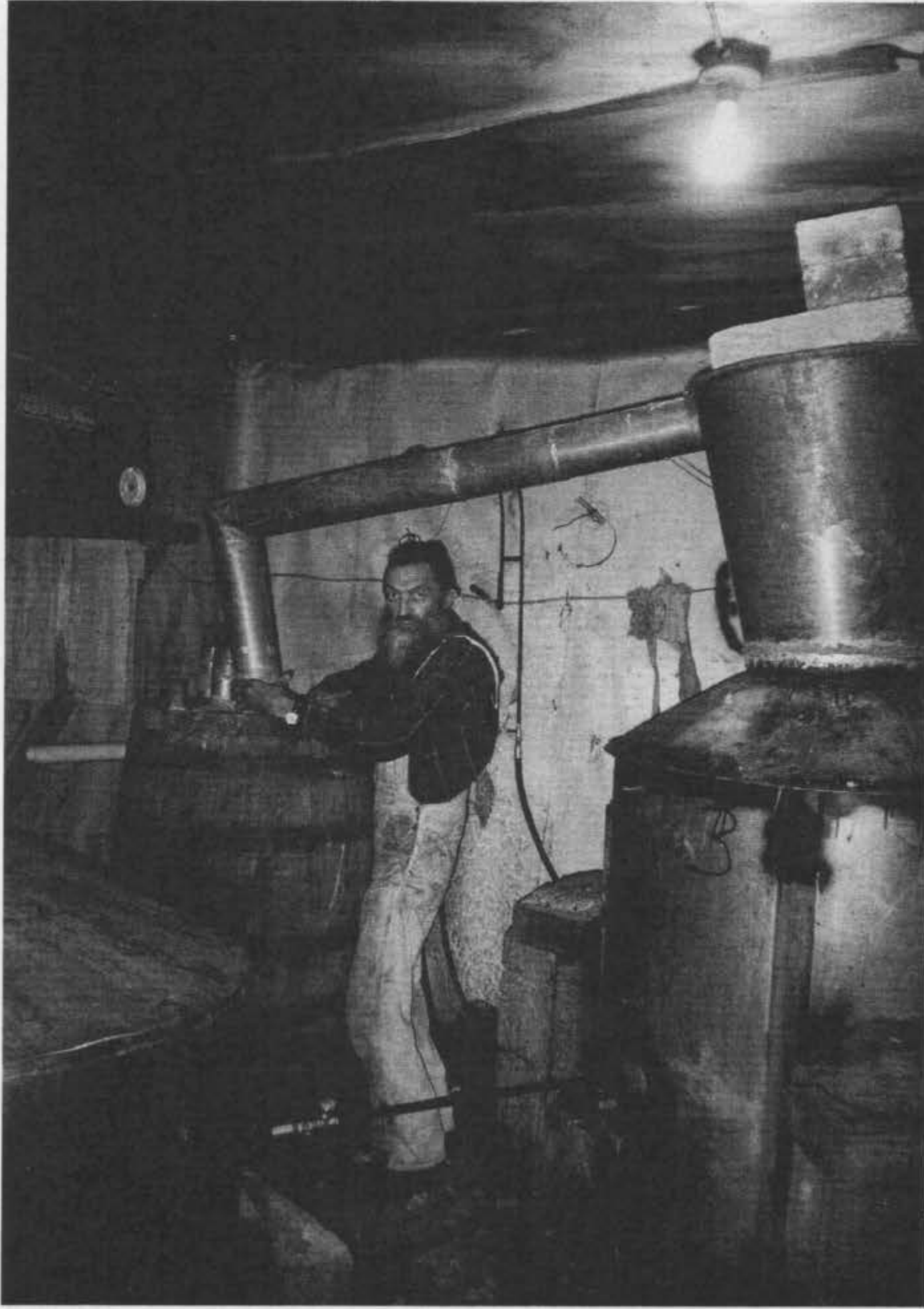
He is  
The Master Pot Maker,  
since his  
Dad Vernon Valentine  
died.



This is Tim Valentine standing beside a still that him and his  
daddy made before he died.

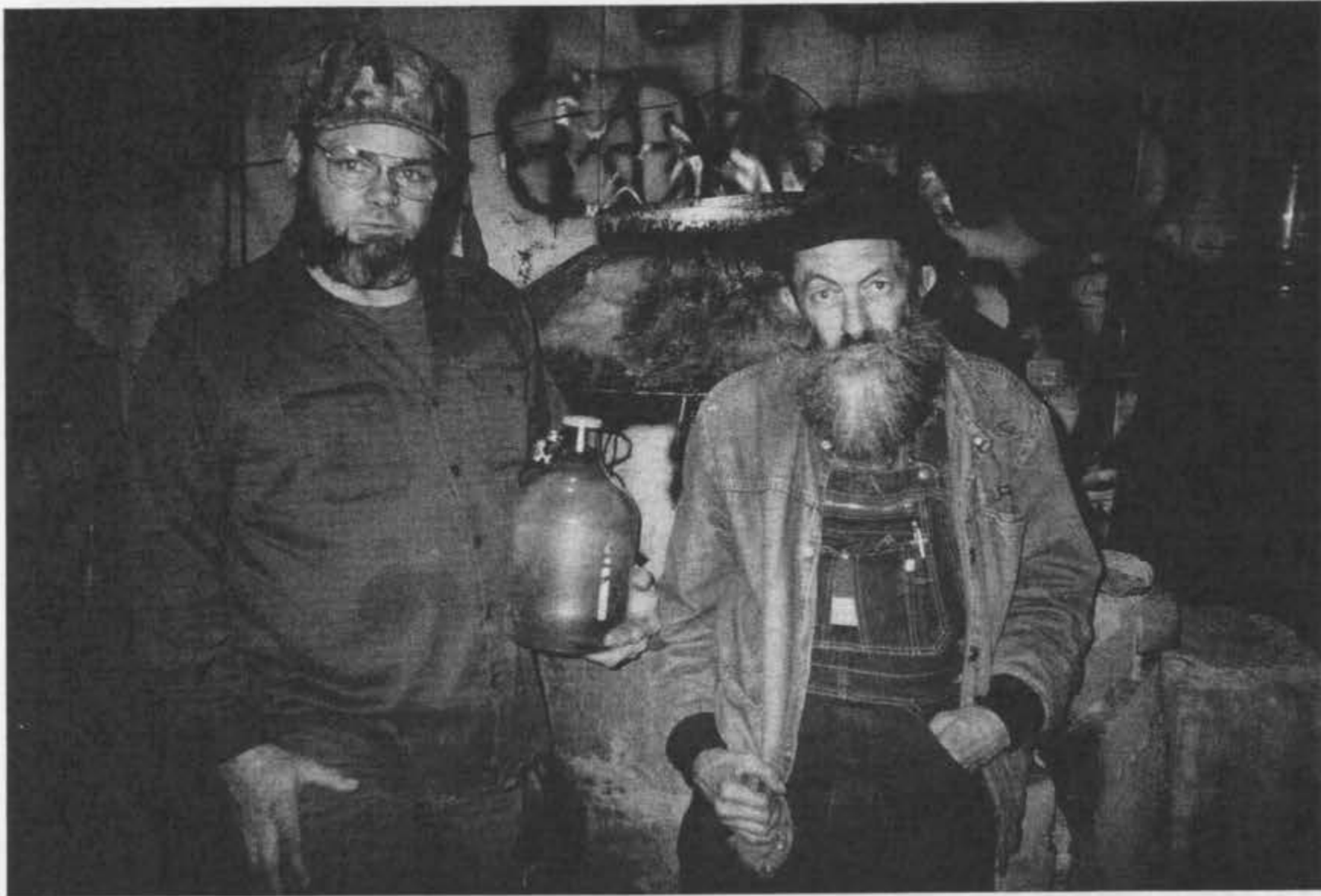


This is Popcorn Sutton. You can tell by the hat and his clothes this picture was taken a while back. He still wears these clothes today.



Popcorn putting paste on thump  
post connection where the horses  
head connects to the thump keg.

This is Tim Valentine standing beside a still that him and his  
daddy made before he died.



Popcorn and Roger Accord of Summersville, West Virginia. Roger is one of the best friends I have this side of Hell. What ever he tells you by-God tnat is just what it means. He has helped me make many runs of damn good likker. Always when he come in to help me make a run, the first thing he would do was get down and smell down in that big 12 barrel pot till he couldn't take it no more. It will make you higher than Hell. I don't see how he stood to inhale that damn likker vapors as long as he did. Hell, it would have paralyzed my ass for sure.





This is what you call high shots; it is actual likker which is 180 proof coming out of the moonshine equipment called the condenser. The condenser is made of 16 oz. soft

copper. I can't make one, not as yet, but intend to learn how.

This condenser was made professionally in a sheet metal shop and I ain't going to tell where in the hell it was made.

It cost me \$1,028 By-God dollars. I use white felt as a filter for my likker. I use a one gallon glass jug to catch in and once I get this made and tempered, it gets put in new 1/2 gallon glass jars.

I started making wine when I was about 12 years old, but I started drinking likker at about age 6. I didn't start making until I went to Tennessee—can't recall the time. But I got in the business in Tennessee. Old man, Nick Price, loaned me the money to make a lil old barrel/ pot and I paid him back with likker for the pot and the sugar which he fronted me with. I didn't have no money for sugar. After I'd made a little there, I come back to North Carolina and then me and my Dad went in the business. We had eighteen barrels and ran it 20 years.

Then I went to Tennessee.

I went to Tennessee and I just liked it there. It's a different world, than what it is here. Down there you can live half way like you want too and here you have to live like they'll let you. That's what it amounts too. Anyway, I made likker down there on Snowbird Mountain and I come back and I went to Farmville, Va. to that all-girl college and bought a 300 gallon stainless steel tank. Brought it back to Tennessee and had a fellow over on Cosby to make a still out of it. Back then I didn't know how to do nothing like that, but I do now.

Anyway me and Dad run it for 20 years right here in Haywood County. Cars going by everyday --- we could have thrown a rock at them and they never knew where it was. Still don't. We run it of a night cause we didn't want anyone to see us. The old furnace is still built out of concrete blocks and cement. I might tell where it is someday.

We run that for 20 years.  
Never was busted there.

I got caught in August 1974  
for the first time in Hartford,  
Tennessee. Somebody ratted me out  
just like they did the rest of the  
time. Actually I have been to  
court two times and then another  
time I got out of it. Been tried  
two times. First time, they give me  
five years probation that was on  
August 17 on a Thursday. I went to a  
lawyer's office and asked him "How  
much will it cost to get out of  
this?" He said his flat rate was  
\$1,500.00 for all the Cosby  
fellows " but since it is you I  
won't charge you nothing." I was  
tried in Greenville. It pays to  
have friends like that. I got 5  
years probation and a \$2,800 fine.  
They gave me time to pay the fine.  
That was back when they were real  
rough on you. But they wasn't  
hardly as smart as they thought  
they was.

I was caught on Thursday, and went to the lawyer on Friday, and went to the place where I bought my copper at Friday - got me enough copper to have another pot made with, man up on Cosby could make the pot. He's dead now, the man was Junior Valentine. You see, they don't think the same way I do. I took my new pot back to the same place where I'd been caught - back to the same furnace that they'd just pulled the pot out of. Run it all the time I was on probation. See, most people caught at a still site, you couldn't run them back there with a big stick. Me, I just went right back to the same furnace, run the two barrel pot which was a hundred gallons. I run it 5 years, cause I couldn't sell no more likker there at the house like I usually did.

So my daddy would come and get it and take it to North Carolina to sell it. Since I

couldn't sell from my house, my Daddy would come at 3 a.m. They couldn't catch me. Never keep nary a drop at the house for those five years. I kept what I wanted to drink in the woods. My daddy has never been caught.

He worked at Unagusta and he sold a bunch of likker to the guys he worked with. Carried it in his dinner bucket. A half-gallon jar will fit right in a dinner bucket. He'd deliver from car to car in his dinner bucket. He'd take 10 jars at a time in his old jeep, threw rags over them to cover it up. He'd go from car to car of the fellows - using the dinner bucket as his camouflage.

Sugar was only \$15 a hundred at that time, now I guess it's more than twice that much. The last sugar I bought at an undisclosed location I paid \$20.50 for a 50 lb.

Bag. That's \$41 a hundred, two years ago.

Wholesale price was \$6 for a gallon. I can't recall-bout middle 60's 1966-Sugar was cheap back then, and bran and meal and corn, and rye was also.

Well I've not made any in 2 years, but I might make some more. You can't just go to Ingle's for ingredients. You have to find a source, like a feed store and the closest one I know of is in Tennessee. You cannot buy wheat bran in the state of North Carolina - no where -- Have to go to Morristown or Sevierville, it comes in 50 lb. sacks and 100 lbs. sacks. Now the corn that you buy - you have to have white corn and it can't be that hybrid stuff - has to be corn that will sprout. You put the white corn in tub of water to make the malt - leave it for 10 to

20 hours, to soak in the tub - Then put hay or sawdust on the ground (this is in summer time) spread bed sheet on top of hay or sawdust, then spread your corn real thin and cover with another bed sheet. The ideal size of sprouts is 1" long. Will sprout in two or three days. Once the malt corn sprouts are 1" long, I scatter them on an old screen door to dry. Now in the winter, you have to bury the corn in barn manure, laid between tow sacks and repeat the layering of bed sheets. In hot weather, the sprouts will dry in a day, sometimes one more. Once you get it dried, the way I used to grind it with an old hand mill that I got from George Caldwell. It had Corona Cornmill on it's side, It was a malt mill to start with and had come from Sears Roebuck. I used the hand mill for years. Then I got better equipment, I had an old electric coffee mill that had come out of A & P Grocery store (1948 model). I took it home with me and ground my malt corn in the house. It had

a 1 hp Hobart motor and all you had to do was pour it in there and it was gone, just like that.

To put up a barrel of beer, first you need a 50-55 gallon oak barrel. Then you put 25 lbs. of course ground meal, if you make it out of fine meal, you will scorch your meal and burn your pot up. Pour 25 lb. meal in the barrel, then add boiling hot water to the meal, stirring with a stick to make a thin mush, break it up, leave no lumps, and cook it thoroughly. If you don't cook the meal, it makes likker so mean you can't drink it. Fill the barrel up with boiling hot water, but leave enough room for 50 lbs. sugar. Stir so there are no lumps, and leave the barrel down - so you have enough room for the sugar. You get good with practice. I can get with within a teaspoon, I guess and a gallon of malt corn. You can use corn, rye, or barley. The last I made I mixed all three

together. It was real good. Barley comes from out west somewhere. Cover the barrel with something, leave overnight and let cool so you can put your hand in it so it doesn't burn.

Stir in sugar, stir real good and leave no lumps. Then add the gallon of malt corn in the barrel.

That is what makes it kick off - makes it work. A lot of people, instead of the trouble of making the malt, will get a pound of yeast and throw in it. That is cutting corners. You can put rye malt, corn malt or barley malt in there - for the good stuff - that is what you call capping it off. Keeps it warm, keeps the alcohol from evaporating and it will start to work within 15 minutes after you add the sugar to it. Now that is on a hot day. Most time it takes 'til the next morning and you go back, you stir your barrels, it'll have that cap,

setting there frying like rain hitting a tin roof.

I have seen it literally jump 6" above the barrel, like a artesian well, that is what they call "ground hogging". That's the term, the old moonshiners used.

Somebody asked me if I ever knowed Norman Green?

Yes, I can tell you about the time he helped me when I was just getting started. I had me a still up on Snowbird Mountain and had cooked me two barrels of beer in. Well, me and this woman had been out riding around for two or three days and man did she love still beer. I took her by the still to check it and she drunk all of the beer she wanted. I went back the next day and the barrels had just scummed over. Well you know other fellows sometimes get mad at you or jealous that you might sell a jar more than they do - and salt down your beer. The salt will ruin it for you. I got me a 1/2 gallon

jar of the murky brew and come up to Norman's house on Black Camp. He shook the jar after I asked him what was happening. The liquid did not fizz, it was just cloudy. Norman said, "Law, law, you've had a sick woman around your mash. You go back, pour out your mash, put straw in your barrels, burn them out on the inside. Then wash it out, cook your new meal and start over. And keep that sick woman away from your mash." I have ever since. You know they say kraut won't work if a "sick" woman puts her hands in it. I learned my lesson. I don't take no woman around the place where I am making likker if it is the wrong time of the month. Back then when you lost fifty pounds of sugar, you lost money.

Norman told the judge that he'd make likker as long as water runs down hill. I will too and I said when the water gives out, I'd buy me a damn pump to pump water with.

Well, you can't use city water that's got chlorine in it. You need to find you a branch where red horse mint leaves grow. It has skinny leaves. It looks like a tomato plant and smells mint strong when you break it in your hand. To check out good water, fill a 1/2 gallon jar with water and shake it, it should have beads the size of buckshot.

I used old logging roads and when I first started making likker, I had an old 46' jeep which had the gas tank under the driver's seat. I'd put in a gallon of gas when I left Cosby and that would take me where I wanted to go and I'd carry an extra gallon so I could get back to Cosby. Well, that day I forgot to set my gallon gas can in the jeep. When I got the jeep loaded, and I didn't temper my likker that day, and had the high shots and the backing in the Jeep. That thing choked down,

out of gas. Here come Nick Price in his new truck and he'd come to warn me that the "big law" was down on Grassy Fork. I was out of gas and no way to cipher gas out of Nicks new truck. I got out the first and second jugs of high shots and poured into the jeep gas tank. I always had to roll it off to crank it. Well it fired and it had the horse power. You could see blue smoke. There were some real rough gullies over three feet deep on Snowbird, but I went across the mountain to Grassy Fork. I was taking a chance going down Grassy Fork because the "big law" was coming up that way to Snowbird. I by-past them somewhere - but I made it to Parker Ford's barn and pulled the jeep in behind it. I gave him the last jug beading that came off that day to make medicine out of, tempering itself, the last beading jug. The last jug that beads tempers itself. You know Parker Ford was a good country doctor and he knew how to fix you up with home-made

medicine. I went on to Cosby and didn't see a soul.

On another occasion I made a run on Snowbird. I remember one time when I had a 1949 Chevrolet truck and in it fifty gallons of likker. I was going up a place called Groundhog, where I lived on Chesnut Mountain. I met these two kids (boys) that was both from likker families and they warned me, "The big law is setting up there at Les Sutton's store." I kept hoping they would not stop me and search me. I set around up on a logging road and finally, I took about a half-pint of "liquid courage" and went on home, round behind the house and unloaded.

You see at one time, over on Cosby, you could buy likker about every two hundred feet. I'd say the heyday of moonshining was from 1965 to 1972 not in prohibition - Now there are only probably two pots running. Because it takes work to make good likker. The young people went to town and

got jobs as more industry and tourism came into being in Cocke County instead of taking a chance on going to jail. Bunch of the old ones died out and moonshining is becoming a part of the past.

You had more of an opportunity to make in Tennessee than you did in North Carolina.

Yeah, the Law was not too bad on you down in Tennessee, but up here back when Fred Campbell was in there, they was rough on you.

About Willis Beck, he didn't stay in there long enough to bother nobody. He like to drink it too good and he wouldn't bothered you anyway.

Jack Arrington came after him. Onetime Fred Campbell was after my

uncle J. B. Sutton, you probably knowed him.

Well, Fred and him was best of buddies, I guess you'd call it. Somebody reported my uncle and Fred went the evening before the raid and told Uncle J. B - We know where the still is and you'd better move it. And he done just that.

J. B. lived on Hemphill and he was making likker on the Purchase.

He never figured out who told on him.

Nah, you can never really pinpoint the son of a bitch who turns you in. You might get ideas, but you can never pinpoint it. The law is not going to tell you who turned you in. They will not tell

you under no circumstances who turned you in. It's just that, and that's it.

Ever since I was a lil old kid, I started drinking likker when I was six years old. They made music up there at the house on Saturday nights. Them guys come there to make music, but they would never bring their likker in the house and I don't know why they didn't. I ain't figured out yet why they



This is Smut Webb and his wife Lucille, Smut is dead now, he is the one that taught me how to make a Damn Moonshine Still a long time ago.

didn't cause Daddy didn't care if they did. They'd hide it out under boxwood bushes in the yard. On Saturday night we always "camped out" in the barn loft. We watched the musicians who'd come out to the hiding places in the boxwoods to take a drink. When they got about half drunk, they wouldn't miss a couple of tablespoons of each jar. So my friend and I would follow them to the hiding place, immediately after they'd been out for a drink and take us a drink out of each. I have knowed of 6 or 8 or 10 jars been hid around the yard. We'd pour so much out of each one of them jars. We was smart, when they went back in the house, we knowed they weren't coming back out for a little while. So we got the pint can nearly full and of course it didn't take much to make us drunk as Hell. About 2 drinks, you'd be plastered. We would go back to barn loft and pass out. Daddy never did catch us. If he had caught us, he'd beat the hell out of us, I guess.

you under no circumstances who  
turned you in. It's just that, and  
that's it.

We liked it and one thing,  
I guess that started me drinking  
likker, they used to keep asafetida  
there at home. They kept asafetida  
and white likker as a stomach  
medicine, sick stomach or stomach  
hurting, more like Tagamet pills  
today. That was all they had back  
then was asafetida. I sneaked in  
the cabinet to get that stuff and  
I got addicted to it. Anybody else  
can smell a bottle of asafetida and  
they say whew that makes me sick,  
but I loved the taste of that stuff  
and the smell of that stuff. It was  
only the likker that I loved with  
the asafetida, but it must have  
given it an extra boost, but that  
is really how I got hooked on it.

Leon Wells is a bluegrass musician  
who come here to play with  
Raymond Fairchild and all these  
bluegrass musicians in the bands  
around the country. Leon Wells



This is Smut Webb and his wife Lucille, Smut is dead now,  
he is the one that teachd me how to make a  
Denn Moonshine Still a long time ago.

came to my house and I had a bottle of asafetida and I was drinking it like it was going out of style, still do right today. I drink it.

Old Leon was going to get him a drink of that . We was making music, me and him and Cookie Wood. Leon got him a big cup of the likker and asafetida, when he did, old Leon couldn't get out of the house fast enough. He puked all the way out. Me and Cookie just dying laughing at him. He couldn't stand it. Made him sick as Hell, but it won't make me sick no matter how much I drink of it.

Cookie is my first cousin who camped with me and he has helped me with my business. He's helped haul and he's drunk a hell a lot of it.

and crisp it - it would even look like a moonshine still. Like I said, a still is like monkey wrenches and horse collars, they come in all shapes and all sizes. A still if you'll notice in any book you've seen about making likker.

I Hugh and Carroll Silvers, boys of Ave Silvers. Tommy is dead and he was about 49 years old. Can he pick a banjo, Hugh, sure the hell can, and Carroll can play a fiddle and a banjo also!

Hugh and Carroll, they've been there many times. Old man Ave Silvers was really a banjo picker like ol' man Rufe Buff up here. He could burn one up.

Back when I first had a still made, I reckon I thought Junior Valentine was going to live forever. He's been dead twenty some years now. Just a few years back, I had people come in here

wanting to know where they could buy a moonshine still and I thought if there's a market for them then I need to learn how to make one if I can. I went to Tennessee and I found this man. He's eighty years old as far as I know he's one of the last ones left over there on Cosby that can make a pot. Well, he helped me make one up at a friends house on Chesnut Mountain in the basement. I watched him real close cause I was interested in it. And anything I'm interested in I'll learn how to do it no matter what it is and especially if it's got something to do with likker.

Bout making these stills, the first one I made, well in the first place, a moonshine still is not supposed to be perfect in anyway. If it was made in a sheet metal shop and you had the tools to roll it and crimp it - it wouldn't even look like a moonshine still. Like I said, a still is like monkey wrenches and horse collars, they come in all shapes and all sizes. A still if you'll notice in any book you've seen about making likker,

the still in there is very crude looking. And the way I make them, I don't have the proper tools all I've got is a pair of wore out pliers and a bald-headed claw hammer. I've still got some of the old torches that burns kerosene that you heat soldering irons with like back in the twenties. I've got four of them back there in the floor, full of gas but they was designed to burn kerosene, but I got brave with it and I burn unleaded gas in them.

"They say that, gas will explode on you, I light em and they hum just like a bee right there in the door. They set there and blow like a freight train a coming.

Back to the source of fire, I want to get on that situation. Anyway bout making a still. Don't

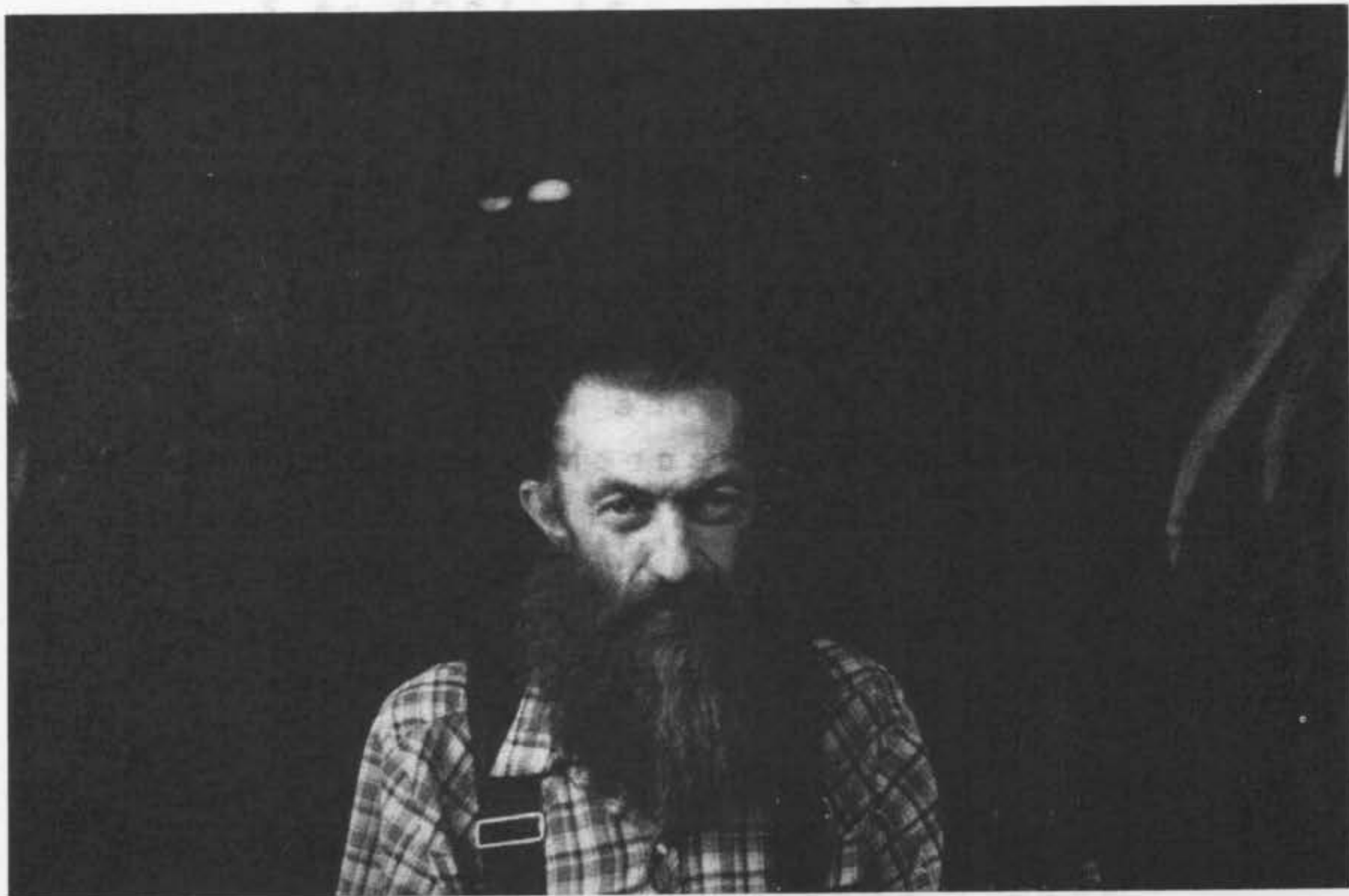
undercover agents at 2 times, and know how many I've made, never kept in account of them. But ever one I make I seem to do a little bit better about it. Like I said, they're not supposed to be perfect in any way, but I can sell them as fast as I can get them together. It's good if you've got someone to help you hold one. It is almost impossible to make one by yourself. But I take vise grips and clamp them together instead of someone's hand. I sell the thangs as fast as I can put them together. Use water pipe clamps around the connection instead of some one to hold it for me. I've made pots that would hold from 2 gallon to 300 gallon. Most people buy them to look at. Two weeks ago I made one for a brand new fine restaurant in Dillard Georgia for a woman named Shirley.

I'm invited to come there and eat free anytime I'm in the state of Georgia. I go through there on my buying trips to South Carolina.

The 300 gallon still is for use, the 20 gallon is just for show. I'll be making a 60 gallon still next week in the yard. It is against the law to make these stills. It used to be if they caught you with any part of that still or making a still, that was against the law. They'd give you a year and a day in Atlanta, Georgia and you'd build it. You didn't have to be making no likker. Now it is a misdemeanor and I think it shouldn't be against the law in no way. It has been a misdemeanor for about 10 years. I'd have to research that through an attorney or the sheriff. The punishment is according to, if you get caught. I made a still for the undercover agents and sent it to them in the mail by UPS. They charged me for 2 charges that I was not guilty of.

The two counts I was not guilty of was manufacturing moonshine and having ingredients to make likker with. When I went to court I told them "you charged me on five counts, I'm only guilty of three, I sold likker to

undercover agents at 2 times; and the charge of possession of non-tax paid likker. The other warrant said I was in possession of ingredients to make moonshine likker. I'd be God-damn, there wasn't a teaspoon of sugar or any other ingredients when they raided me.



Popcorn

I told em when they raided me - they took my hammers, tools, got my torches, tools and barrels. Why don't they go to other peoples houses and get their damn hammers. But anyway. I went to the judge and the D.A. and I got back my sheet metal tools and barrels . Well, we better leave that chapter plumb out. They'd give me hell.

They come in here and raided this place on January 24, 1998 at 3 p.m. I was gone home. I wasn't here. They had search warrants, took \$2,600 worth of high quality likker and fined me \$980. I was put on 1 year probation unsupervised, 24 hours of community service work and they have an open search warrant. They cut the locks off the doors. They got my likker. Anytime they want to come back from Feb. 11, 1998 'til Feb. 11, 1999 - They can come

back and go on in - They did come back August 5 - they didn't find nothing, because I quit fooling with it. Ain't got none, and ain't going to have any. I quit fooling with it.

They are welcome to come back anytime, I don't have any likker and ain't goin to have none. I'm thinking about moving to West Virginia and see how God-damn long I can get by up there.

Now, to fire a still, you level off a place and pick up all the rocks, out of the dirt. You need to put sand under it. That pot does move, people might not think it moves, but it does. Put sand down and build the furnace around it. You can't see it vibrate, it shakes like ol' Elvis. On Snowbird Mountain, I didn't have anything, but mountain rocks and mud - plain old dirt. Later on, I got to where I could buy a bag of cement and I'd use cement blocks and cement. I carried them in there. I've carried enough sugar that I have

Dixie Crystals stamped on my right shoulder and on the other shoulder I've got Ball-Mason fruit jars stamped on it.

Ball jars went out of business about ten year ago. I bought the 1/2 gallon size. But they are making them now.

The Ball is thicker than Kerr and has more weight and the thinner the jar the greater the chance of breaking. You can throw down a Ball jar and it won't break. The Kerr will.

You've got to know somebody where to get them jars at. Sometimes I bought them over there at Ingle's. I'd get a couple of cases like I was going to can blackberries. Soon as they saw me come through the check-out line,

they knew ... well I wasn't going to can blackberries. I used to know this place somewhere in Tennessee that you can back up and get all the jars that you had the money to pay for. But now you can't get them no damn where. They quit making them. I don't know what moonshiners will put their likker in now.

Back to setting this pot up, you build the furnace up out of rocks, cement 2/3 way up on the still. If you build it higher, it will cause your pot to stick, scorch, and burn. And then you've lost your pot and your likker.

Now let me tell you how me and Letha Hicks built one back at the Bend of the River when we burned wood. You build your furnace up 2/3rds around the pot. We took an old steel barrel and cut both ends out of it and scooted it up against the pot, not where it would touch it, but almost. We chinked around that with clay mud and the barrel is

where you build the fire, we left a hole in the back of the furnace. That fire would lick around both sides of the pot and up the back firing it with wood. If it gets too hot you got to keep a bucket of water nearby to cool the flame down or reach the wood and jerk it back one. It is best just to pull the wood back---- or "pull the fire." Water cools the fire down and slows cooking until it dries off.

Well, me and Letha, the first run we made on wood, we went and set our pot up one day and next day we took a bow saw, that's what she had to saw wood with. You start sawing dead locust with that and it will wear the hide off your hands. Solid blisters, I done it that day enough to cook that thing in. Letha, she's kind skiddish of new fangled things such as power saws, drills, and skill saws. She'd never seen anything like that. All she'd seen was a cross cut saw or bow saw or an axe. She said "you're not goin take that racket

making thing off in the holler, are ye?"

It's called the Holly Holler. I reckon she named it, it's off behind the graveyard where I'm going to be buried at. My marker is down there. It sez on that grave marker, "Popcorn" Sutton, ex-moonshiner, chiseled in stone. The marker has been down there about 10 years. My grave is already dug and a vault, in the ground and I'm goin' to put a picture of it in this book. Cost me money and I had them put a new fence around the graveyard. Well, I took some steel wool and put it in the Hasqvarna chain saw muffler. She said "you ain't going to take that racket making thing in the woods, are ye? Yeah, Why you can hear it that to the interstate." I said, "Naw you can't. Have you got any steel wool?" I took a screwdriver and punched it up in the muffler on the chain saw. Now you can't run it, but about 15 minutes like that or it will burn the valves out of

the saw. You can cut enough wood in that length of time to make 5 runs of likker and I didn't have no damn more blisters on my hand either. We wuz running a lil old 35 gallon copper pot, that's all it helt.

Back a long time ago if you had a 35 gallon still, you had a big un. But if you ain't got one now that holds at least 300 gallon from my experience, you ain't even got one.

When me and Letha Hicks made likker, we cooked our mash in, got the water a boiling, put the meal, in the barrel and poured the hot water on it. She stirred it while I poured the water in the meal - then we had our malt corn at the house where we ground it on a sausage mill. It would crack the corn like chicken feed. We cooked our meal and then let it cool until you can hold your hand in it. Then add 50 lb. Of sugar, and a gallon of dry malt corn, dried and ground. If you put green malt in there, it'll give you the headache.

You got to let it dry. Then we put our 2 gallon of wheat bran on each barrel. We didn't fill the barrels all the way full. No need to fill it all the way, our pot just held 35 gallons. We run four short barrels. That's what you call it.

I went back and stirred it the next morning. She didn't need to walk in there if she didn't have to. Most of the time when we came out of there, we wuz so drunk we had to lead each other out of there ever run we made. That ain't no lie. We'd drink that stuff. When we started, Letha would get a Vienna sausage can where we'd throwed it the day before and catch the high shots and drink it right off the worm. 180 proof pure likker----high shots.

I went back and stirred it the next morning and it was just a frying, like a hail storm hitten a tin roof. Well, that was in the summer time. It'll work off a lot quicker in the summer time than in the winter. In winter it takes

about 30 days sometimes and in the summer somewhere between 3 to 8 days - somewhere in that range. Most of the time every five days - worked it off every fifth morning. Once you get it soured up just right, after the sweet mash process. Well, we went back in and I dipped and poured it in the pot while she placed the kindling to build the fire out of. By the time she got the kindling placed and the wood packed in there. Then she'd light it and you'd have to stir it to keep it from sticking. I had an old broom and chopped it off 3" from where the threads are and made me a scrubber out of the broom. Old folks used to take a hickory stick and lay it down on a stump and beat the Hell out of it to frazzle up the ends of it and that is what they made for a scrubber. On the first run, that's called sweet mash which the likker to me is no good on the sweet mash run. Lot of people love that, but I don't want none. Your prime likker comes out of the second run. The third and fourth run is your best

for quality. It's up to the moonshiner how long he wants to run his beer. I have seen them run 'til it got black as black could get. Nasty stuff. You can run it for twenty five times, for selling likker, the more you run it the meaner it gets. I have seen it run 'til the meal is black. It wore the meal out, they were just wanting to get the alkihol out of it, that's all they cared. But I do. If you're going for quality likker you can run it up to four times.

Back years ago when wild hogs roamed these mountains, they did fall in and get drowned and the moonshiners was not about to throw out that beer. They pulled out the hog and throwed him down through the woods and run it any way. Some of em did call it hawg likker.

Me and Letha run two runs a week.

Well we always kept a jar hid under the bed. When you got to feeling bad just charge it up again with another drink. That the way to get over a hangover is get you another drink.

Well, I was down there at Mt. Sterling one day and got in with an old man named Burn Leatherwood who lived above Mack Caldwell's store. Everybody called him Uncle Burn. Burn was my drinking buddy. He was an old man and I was young. I had nerves of steel back then, now they've about melted down. He asked me "what are you goin to be doin' for a little while. I want to go to the Bend of the River." At that time nothing would go in there but a jeep. At that time I had some kind of an old Plymouth car. I said, " Will this old car go in there?" And he said we can make it go, I know what he meant, if we drunk enough of that ... likker, it would go or blow up one. He said I

want you to take me to the river, I've got 300 lb. Of sugar that I've got to take to Letha and Oliver. It come in hundred pound sacks back then. We put it in the trunk of that old Plymouth car and we went in there with it. I don't see how in the Hell we got in there. It knocked a dent in the oil pan that you could stick a teacup up in the hole, but it didn't punch a hole in it. Knocked the muffler off it and the whole undercarriage was banged all to Hell. And that's how I got to meet Letha and Oliver.

Yeah, I took em sugar and then I took jars. Back then if you wanted high quality likker, you got it at the Hicks. They made the best in North Carolina.

Oliver died in 1968. I remember that. I've got Oliver's hat that they give him when he got

out of prison in 1931. He was doing 3 years for making likker.

Oliver looked like the old Booger Man and he was mean. One time I took a woman with me to the Bend of the River. And Letha took her to the back room and showed her scars, there was not place on Lethas body where Oliver hadn't cut her. Mommy had a picture of the old Booger Man. She'd show it to us as children to get us in line. The first time I ever saw Oliver, I thought of that picture. Oliver's eye brows were thick, long, and curved up like two horns. He scared the living shit out of me. Letha had blowed off his thumb with "Old 12", the name she had give her shot gun. That gun had the most hair trigger. I would sit around drinking me, and Burn, and Oliver. I used to drive drunk on the highway, but I don't anymore. I just drink beer in the evening.

I've been working on this sixty gallon pot. It's going to Louisiana and not to set there and look at. I've got two littlun's in the works.

A still sells for three hundred on up to four hundred dollars. These little kegs I have to buy. After expenses I may make \$100. It takes 2 days and I have to be here anyway.

A feller that works for Ed Sutton up here on the Fie Top over

a year ago happened to run upon this old pot and cap that had been chopped into bug bites. He brought it down here and said, "Don't reckon you could fix this as bad as it is chopped up." I said they might think nobody can fix this, but I can. It won't be so purty, but it will work when I get done with it. I took the cap and I took some acid and cleaned it where it had been a setting all these years. The thing had been chopped at least 40 years ago. I cleaned it up real good and got me some small patches of copper to fit the holes and I took lead free solder and put it right back. The arm was chopped up too bad to fix. I just put a brand new arm on it. It has been working at an unknown location somewhere. The old still is sitting down here below my truck. I'll fix it some day when I get time. I'm behind on working on my pots.

Some people come in here and others go back home and tell what they've seen at my place. Or they ask me if I'd sell them a still and they put down money. I'm two behind right now. I've managed to have what I've promised them when they come back.

Before I came here to operate this antique store, I made likker.

Mainly I worked on the interstate down yonder so the bunch of nosy people would think I had a job. I'd work down there on days I wanted too, and they'd come a day that I needed to run my likker and to the Hell with my job, I'd go run my likker. Done that a long time and finally at last I just went likker wide open. I didn't care what nobody thought.

There's people from here to California that knows it. I've had people drive all the way from Florida to make a special trip just to get likker. They didn't come up here for a vacation --- They come to get likker to drink.

Yeah, that big pot I'm working on now holds 75 gallons. I've got it all cut out except the bottom. I've got to make a bigger worm. The one I've got in yonder is too small. You don't want it to run hot on you. That'll ruin your likker.

The worm, needs to be a certain size to match a certain size pot. Small worms in yonder are 5/8", but for a big rig you need 1" to 1 1/4" worm. That's the reason that pot right there cost \$600. Big worm is more expensive. It's sold and its going to Louisiana and the man that is buying it is not going to set it up in the God-damn corner to look at it.

When I was on Snowbird Mountain while I was waiting for a jug to fill up, I would set and watch the wild creatures around me. I would see a deer once in a while. One time a pole-cat come up to the place, pretty close to me. I didn't make a move. I was very still, I didn't want that son of a bitch to piss on me, that was for sure. Anyway it found some bread I had throwed down in the woods. Then it went on its way and I am damn glad it did.

I saw quite a few squirrels, boomers and ground squirrels, more ground squirrels than anything. Anyway I want to tell you this, I thought up about a boomer. They are the fastest little creatures they are ,I guess.

One time this little boomer was up in a damn big hemlock, plum in the top of it, probably 150 feet from the ground. The little boomer had to take a shit and just to show

you how damn fast they are; he took a shit and by the time it hit the ground, the boomer was already on the ground and had a hole dug for it to fall in. They cover their shit like a house cat does, I have been told.

One time this boomer was up in a damn big pine tree and it was coming one hell of a lightning storm. And if you think a damn boomer ain't fast, that little son of a bitch was on the ground looking up that big pine, hollering "SPLIT, DAMN YOU, SPLIT". That just goes to show you, they are faster than damn lightning.

A boomer is a mean little son of a bitch. A gray squirrel is three times bigger than a boomer is, but that damn little boomer ain't afraid of that damn gray squirrel one bit.

Do you know what a boomer will do if he catches a gray squirrel messing around with one of his boomer girlfriends? He will get

that big squirrel down and chew his God-damn balls off! That will damn sure stop his messing around.

I was thinking the other day about when I used to sell likker before some low-life son-of-a-bitch had me caught about this damn good lookin' black woman that used to come to see me at my junk shop. She would always come to see me between the first and tenth of July. She has been coming there for a while. Anyway I never will forget the first time she ever come to see me. I never did know her name and By-God I wouldn't tell it if I did know. Ever time she come to see me, she always had a damn brand new Lincoln Town car. She got a damn new one ever time they come out. Anyway I won't ever forget what she looks like. She was a 44-Magnum, if you know what I mean. That is the reason I won't forget her, because that is just my size. The first time she ever bought any likker from me she wanted 6 jars. She always got the same amount ever time she come to

see me. The first time she paid me for the likker she had the money rolled up in a tight little roll. It must have took her all day to roll that money up that damn tight. Anyway when she handed it to me, like anybody else would do, I unrolled it and counted it. Man, did that piss her off! She said, "Man, don't you trust me?" I told her I didn't mean anything by counting the money and By-God, I never did count it no more while she was there. Ever time after that when I counted the money, THAT IS, after she was gone, I would have a \$10 tip in there tightly wound. I never will forget the last time she come to see me was July, 1998. She come walking up the driveway and I knowed what she wanted when I seed her coming. She started to hand me the keys for her new Lincoln Town car. Then I told her to go read the sign just inside the door of the store which plainly states:

I DON'T HAVE ANY  
LIKKER....SOME LOW LIFE, SON OF  
A BITCH HAD ME CAUGHT:  
POPCORN SUTTON

Anyway she said, "Popcorn, who in the Hell done this to you?" I said, I don't have the least damn idea who done this. She said if you find out who in the Hell that MF was, let me know and I will break their MF neck. That is the first time I ever heard her talk like that in all that that time that I have knowed her. Anyway she left my place mad as Hell and without any likker. She will probably come back this coming July to see if I have got anymore likker. But she will be shocked again. Because I am afraid to have any around, because I am sure that the same low-life son of a bitch that had me caught will be watching me again.

When I first started makin' stills, a man from near Chattanooga, Tennessee come by my antique store here in Maggie Valley one day. I was out on the porch makin' a one barrel pot[ 50

gallon]. He said I have always wanted me a still and to learn how to use it, but I never could find any body that could make one or that could learn me how to work it either. He watched me work on it for a few minutes. I could tell he was real interested. And I could tell he was a very wealthy man, [rich as three foot up a bull's ass]. Anyway, he proceeded to ask me if I would make him one just like the one I was workin' on. Also he asked me if I would come to Chattanooga and stay till I showed him how to work it. I told him, "Hell, Yes, I need a vacation any damn way." He didn't even ask the price of the outfit. Money didn't mean shit to him anyway. I could tell that. All he wanted was a damn still and know how to use it.

I told him when I would have one ready to go and sure as Hell, he sent a brand new big van to haul it in and that wasn't all. He sent a damn chauffeur driven limousine for me to ride down there in. That was the first and

A BITCH HAD ME CAUGHT  
POPCORN SUTTON

last time I ever got to ride in a damn big limousine. I stayed higher than Hell all the way down there and all the way back.

Being an old mountain boy, I thought I was in high cotton to get treated this a way. When we got down there, he had a brand new block building built to put the still in. He had already got two real good wooden barrels. I first set the barrels, then I started setting the still up. I put me some sand on the ground first, cause you can't just set it on the ground. If there are any rocks touching the bottom of the pot after a few times in use, it will wear a God-damn hole in it. After I got the pot set, I built a furnace around it with 8 inch blocks and cement. Then I filled it up with water. Then I lit the burner.

By the way, ever time I light one of them Cocke County Burner apparatuses, I think of one of my best friends, that I have in the

whole world, Tunney Moore, who invented the damn thing.

I had that water boiling like Hell in less than 30 minutes. Then I put 25 lbs. of coarse ground meal in each barrel. I divided the boiling hot water between the two barrels. I stirred the meal up real good so there would not be no lumps, cooked it real good, and let it set over till the next morning. Then, I put 50 lbs. of sugar in it; finished filling the barrels up with water, leaving them down about 4 inches from the top, then I added some rye, corn, and barley malt and one gallon of wheat bran to cap it off. By that evening it was working like Hell. It was almost working over the top of the barrels. It took it five days to work off. Then come the day to run it. The man that owned this new operation was pleased to Hell and back, I dipped one of the barrels in the pot and in about 45 minutes I had some of the purtiest

likker you have ever seed coming  
out of that worm.

Well, the next run I let the  
man that owns it do it all. He  
watched me real close on ever  
thing I done. The only thing, he  
had any problem with was the damn  
burners. Finally he got the hang of  
it and as far as I know he is still  
makin'' likker just as I taught him  
to do.

I am setting here in my lonely  
God-damn motel room in Clayton,  
Georgia watching a movie on TV.  
The name of it is THE EDUCATION  
OF LITTLE TREE. I don't miss but  
one damn thing more than I do my  
little home in Tennessee and that  
is My Likker.

It was a damn shame on that  
movie too watch them revenuers  
harass that little boy like they  
did. WHAT IF he had been their  
little boy? You reckon they would

have wanted him done that way, I guess not. In some cases I have a God-damn heart as big as Texas and in some cases it is not as big as a God-damn gnat's ass. I heard Letha Hicks say that when I was with her at the Bend of the River.

I know my life is just about over with and I could care God-damn less, I have been dogged since day one. If it ain't one thing against me, it is something else. Like I said the name of my book is "Me and My Likker" and if I can't have MY LIKKER, the Hell with it all.

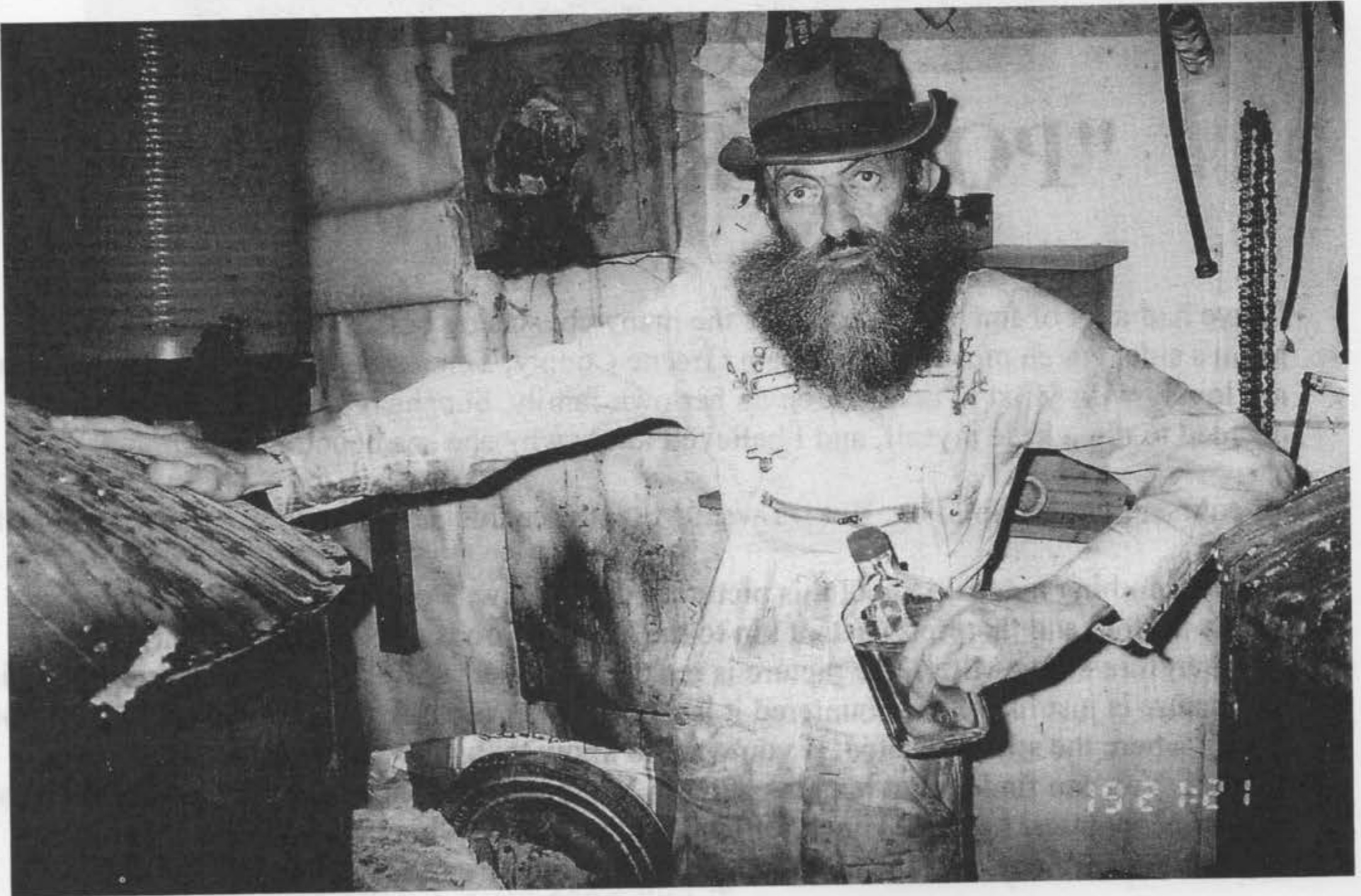
You have heard people talk all your life about other people, which I guess

That is life, but what a Hell of a life. I have knowed people in my life that goes to church and they will talk about somebody like me makin' that old Likker. But if they got sick, they would God-damn sure want some of my likker to make some cough syrup or camphor

# Popcorn Sutton's Licker Still

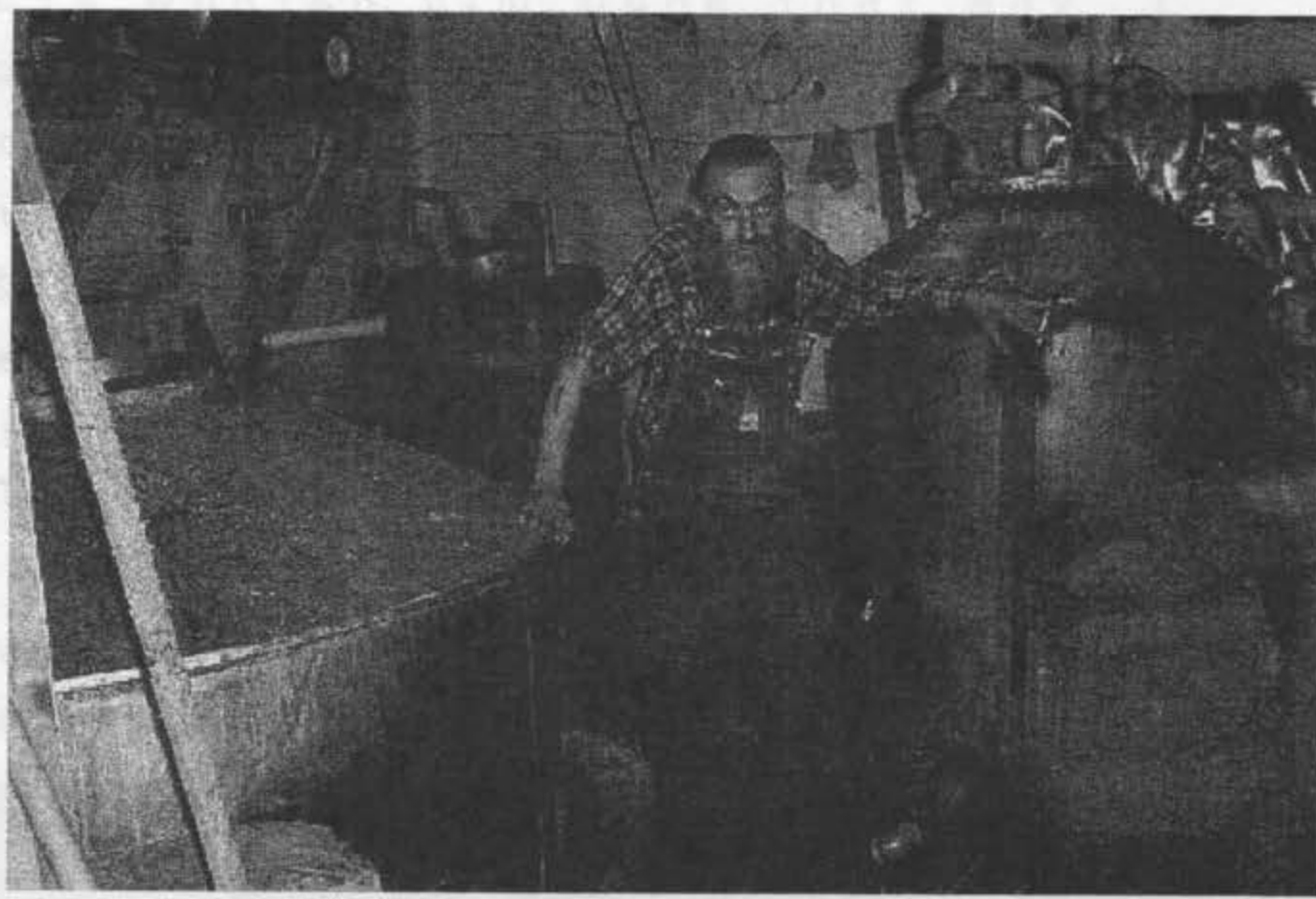
or asafetida or just drink it to ease the pain.

Alkihol has and will be around as long as time whether it is for medicine or to get drunk as Hell. I hope I will be there to help them in one way or the other.



Popcorn is something of a folk figure in the Smokies, and has just written a book, which I cannot recommend either, since it is so full of explicit. But the book does accurately portray who he is. But with all his vice, Popcorn is extremely likable and generous to a fault. If he likes you, there is nothing he wouldn't do for you.

# Popcorn Sutton's Likker Still



## "POPCORN" SUTTON

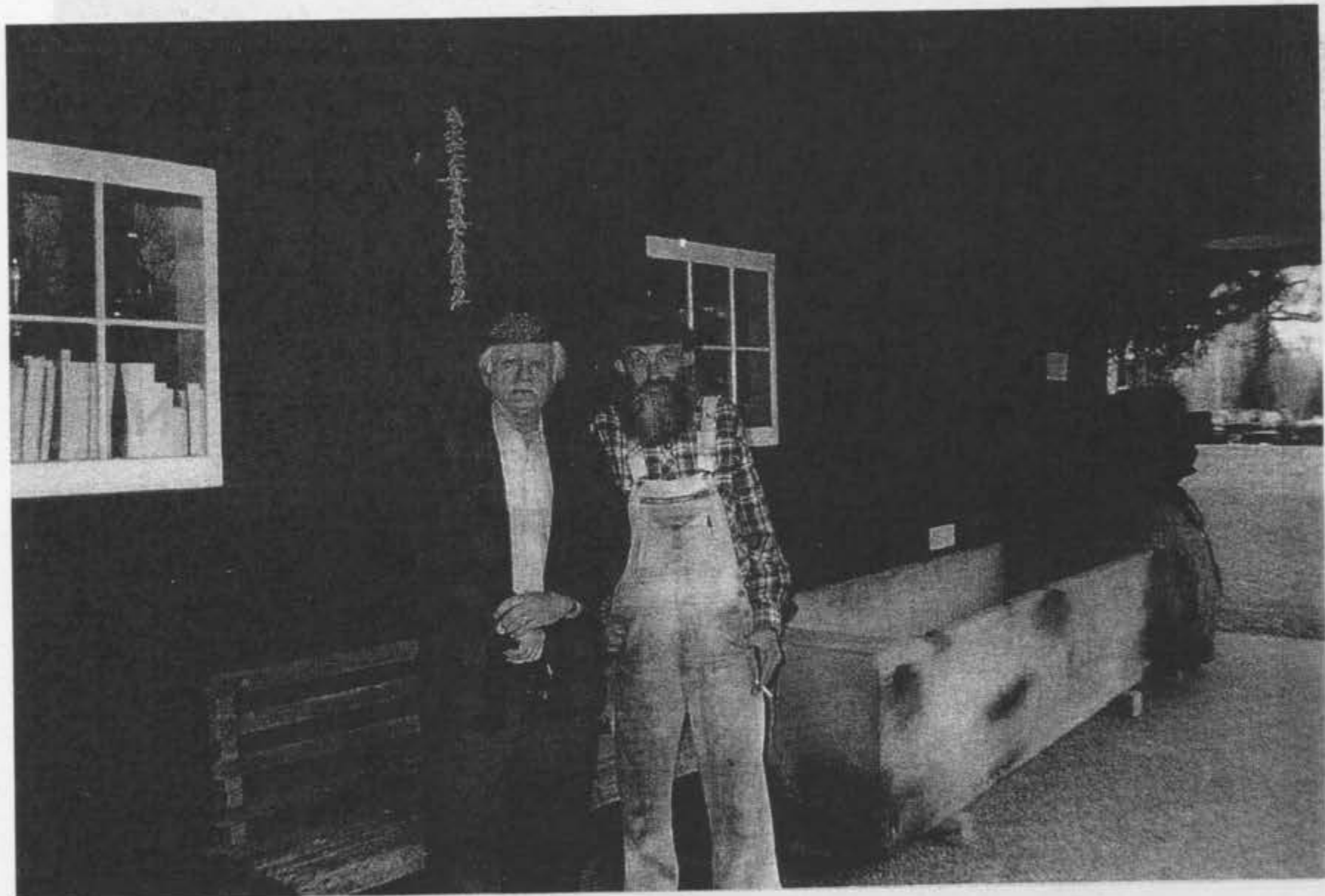
I have had a lot of fun getting to know the many cousins on both the Munsey side, and my Mom's side, which mostly comes from Greene County, Tennessee. I have been encouraging my lovely wife Mitzi to do research on her own family, but she protests she is too busy. I decided to dig a little myself, and I believe I know why she has been reluctant!

Of course, I am just kidding. But if I want Mitzi to see this page, I will let her know myself.

There is nothing made up about this picture. I don't know "Popcorn's" real first name, but he is a Sutton, and therefore distant kin to the Leatherwoods of Haywood County, N. C., and therefore kin to Mitzi. The picture is real, the "Likker" still is real. In fact, everything in the picture is just like we encountered it last May when we took this picture. Now, I am not saying where the still is located. If you want to know that, you will need to ask Popcorn himself. You can find him at his junk store in Maggie Valley, N. C., at the foot of the Great Smoky Mountains. I cannot vouch for his Likker either, having never taken a drink in my life, but Popcorn says it is the best, and that folks come from all over to buy it.

Popcorn is something of a folk figure in the Smokies, and has just written a book, which I cannot recommend either, since it is so full of expletives. But the book does accurately portray who he is. But with all his vices, Popcorn is extremely likeable and generous to a fault. If he likes you, there is nothing he wouldn't do for you.

## At The Museum of Appalachian Norris, TN

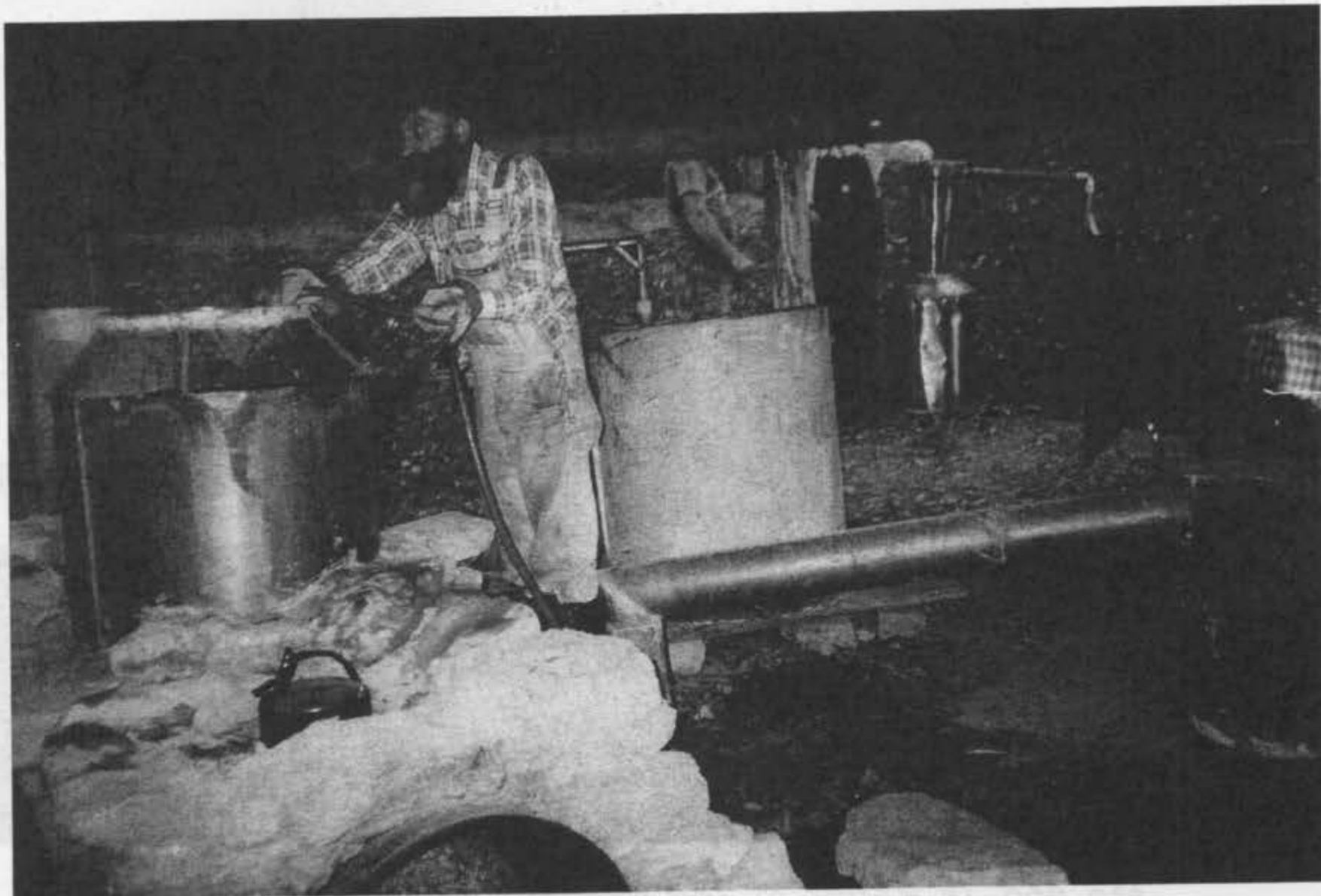


Here I am pictured with John Rice Irwin, founder and owner of the Museum of Appalachia in Norris Tennessee. This is one place everybody should visit one time in their life. There is nothing else I have ever seed like it.



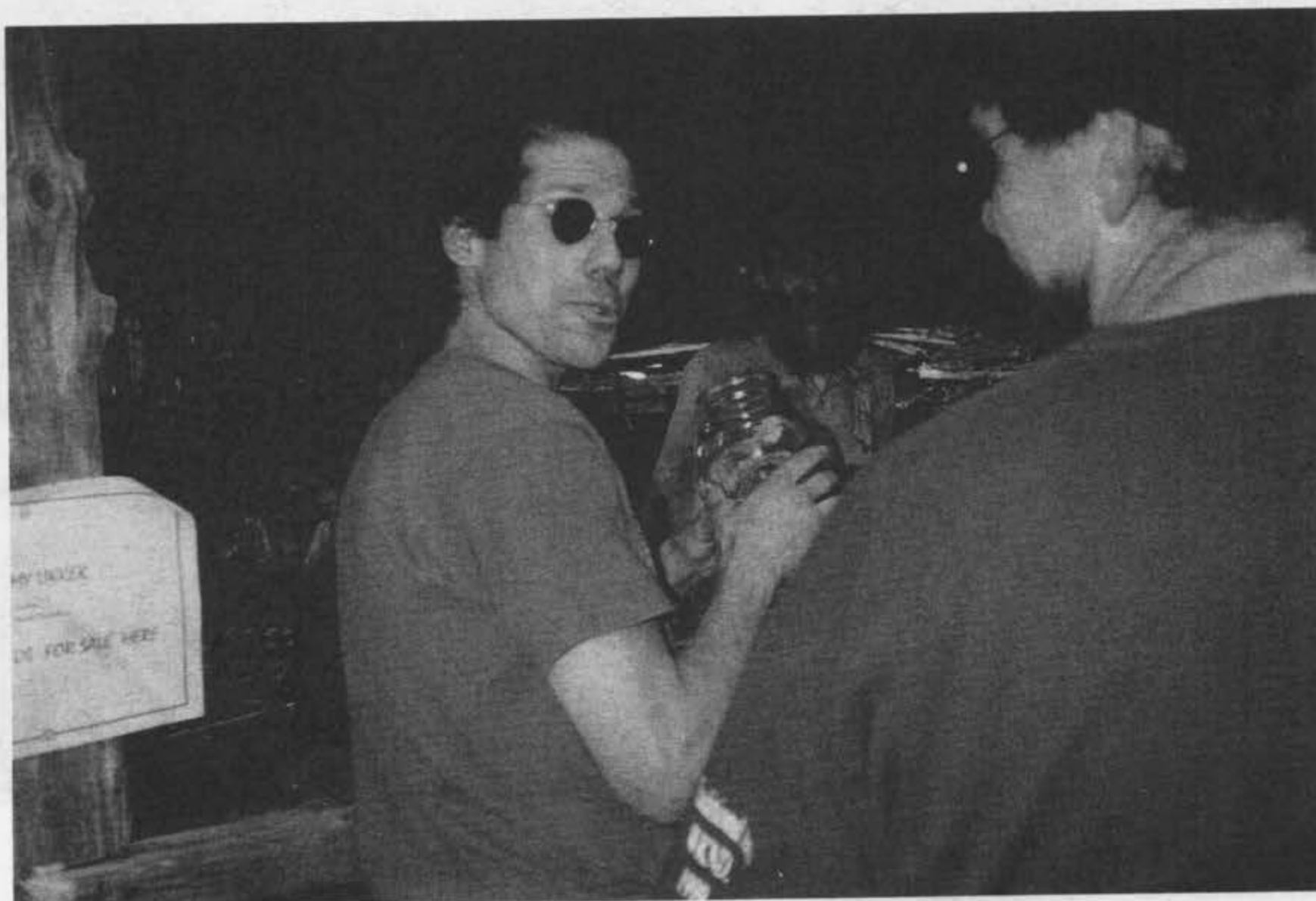
At The Museum of Appalachian - Norris, TN





This is J.B. Roder he use to help me at the Museum of Appalachie

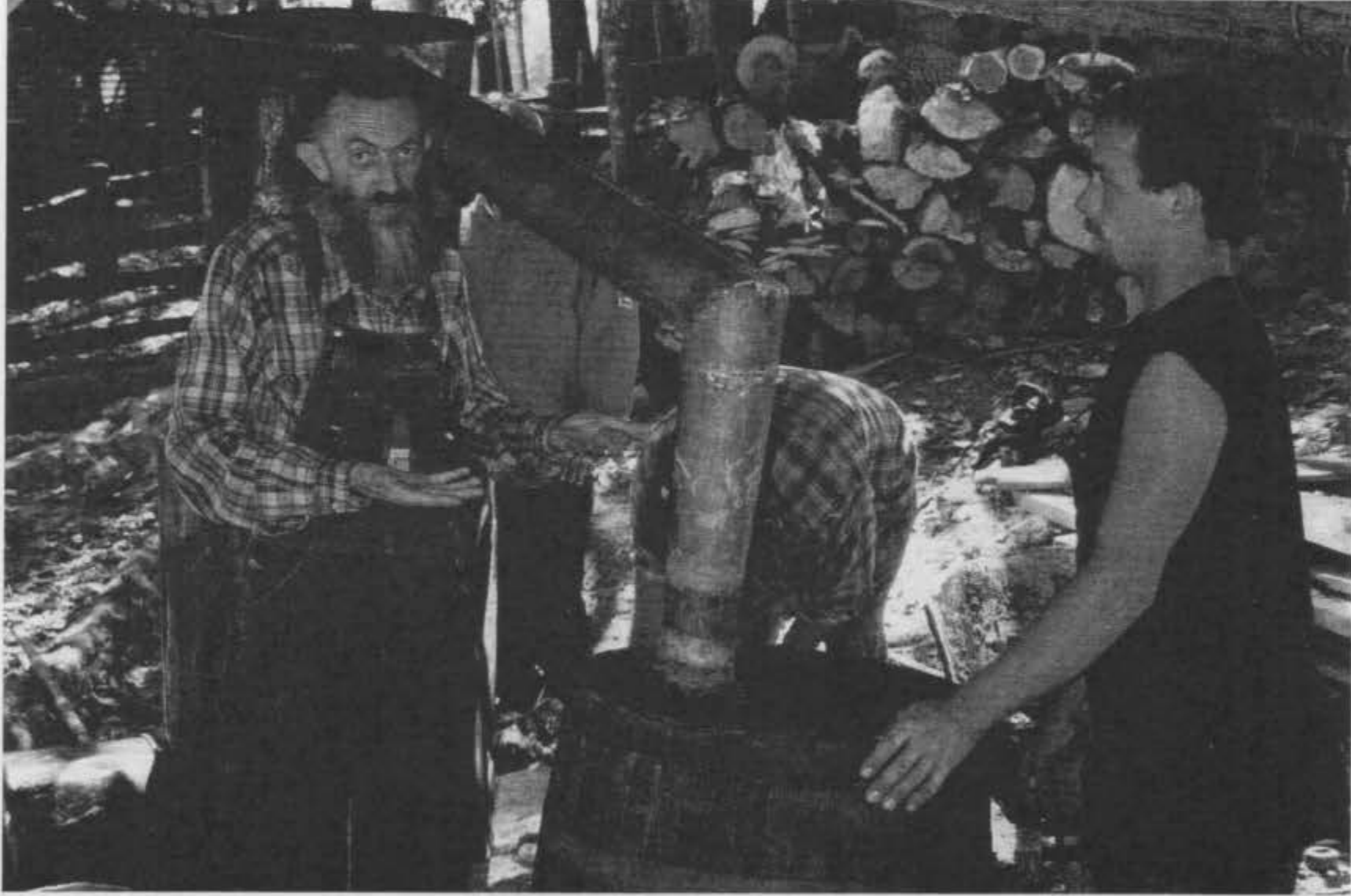
At the Museum of Appalachia - Norris, Tennessee





Me and JB Rader at the Museum of Applalachia

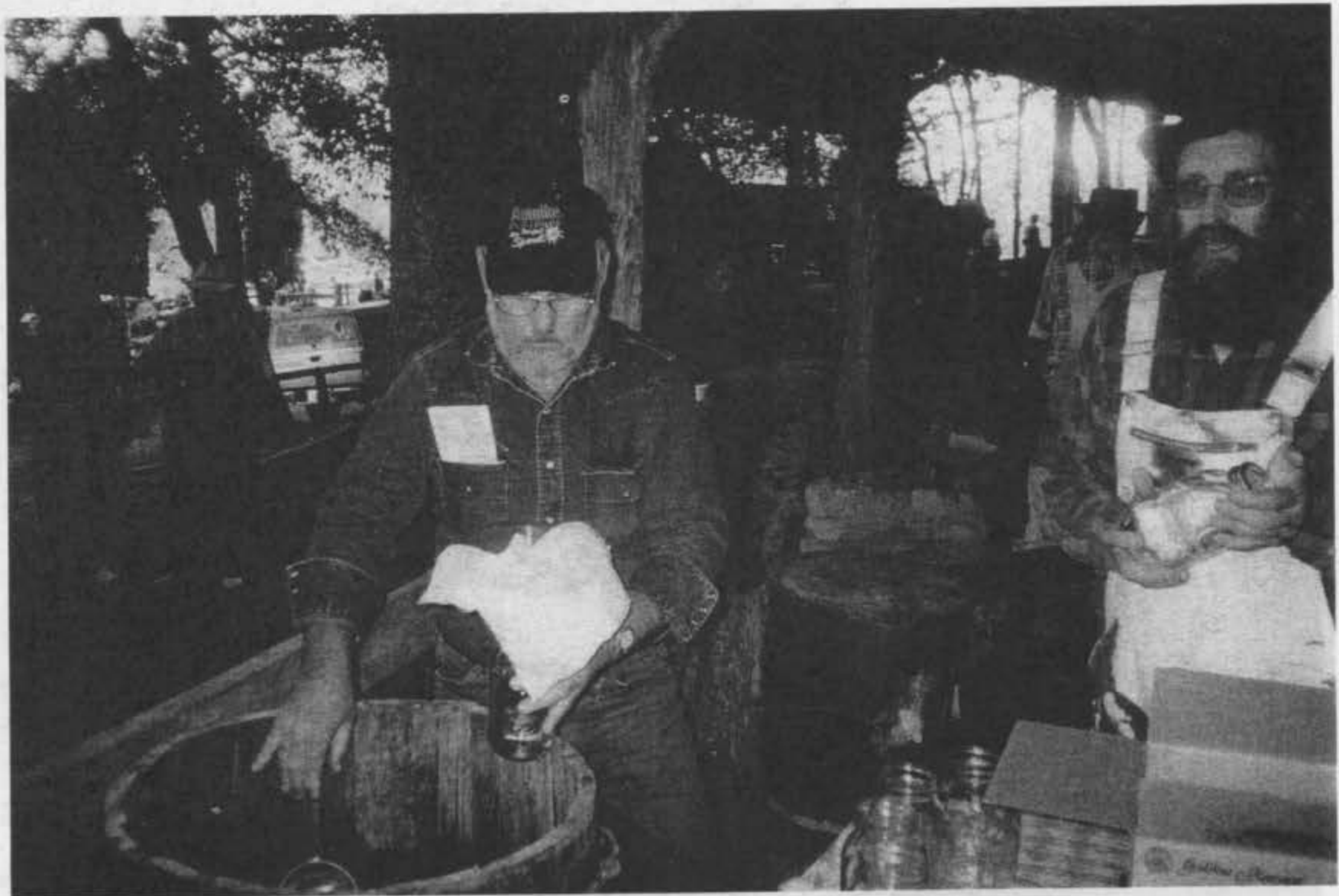
At the Museum of Applalachia - Norris, TN  
At the Museum of Applalachia - Norris, Tennessee



At the Museum of Applalachia

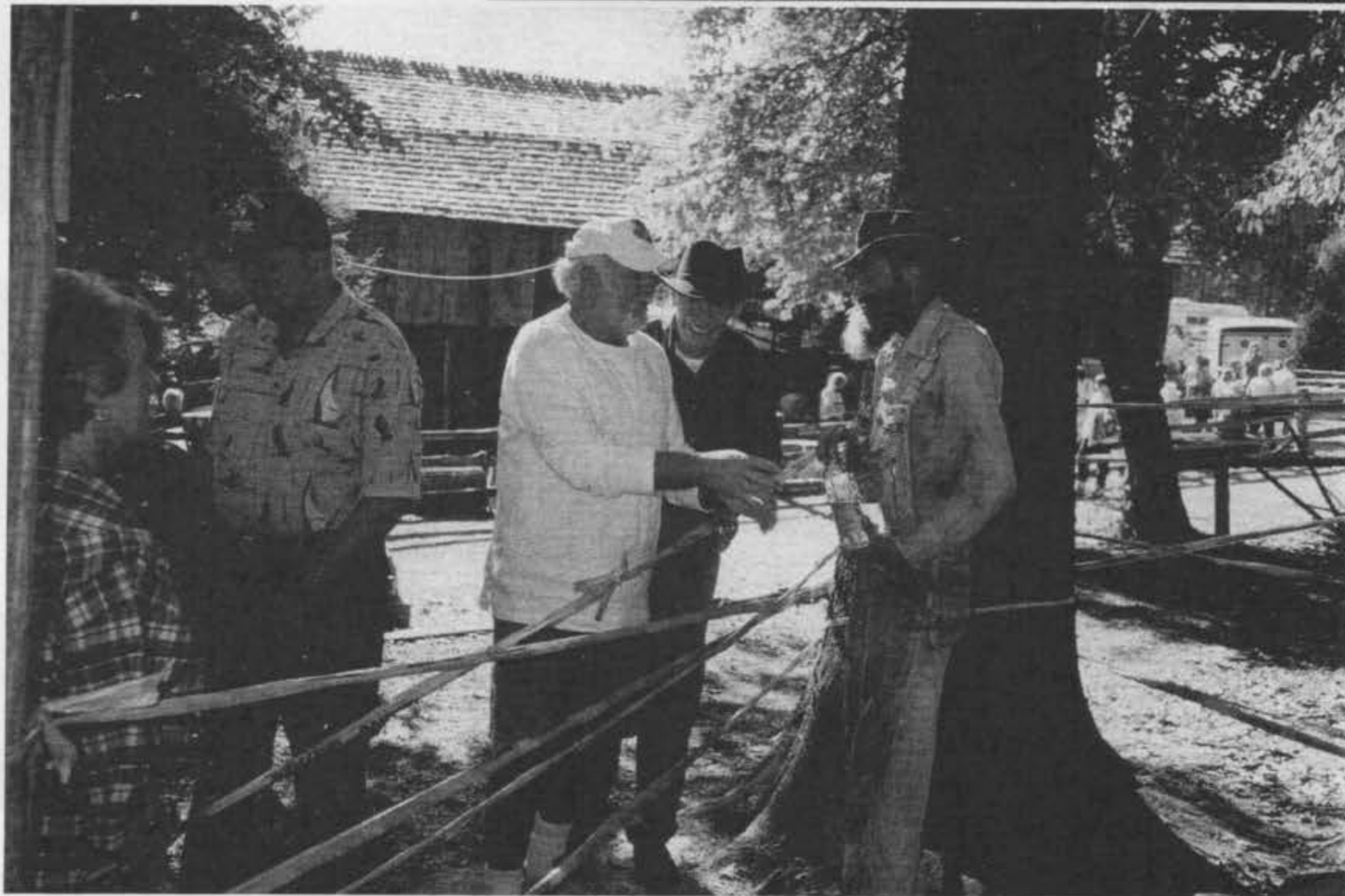
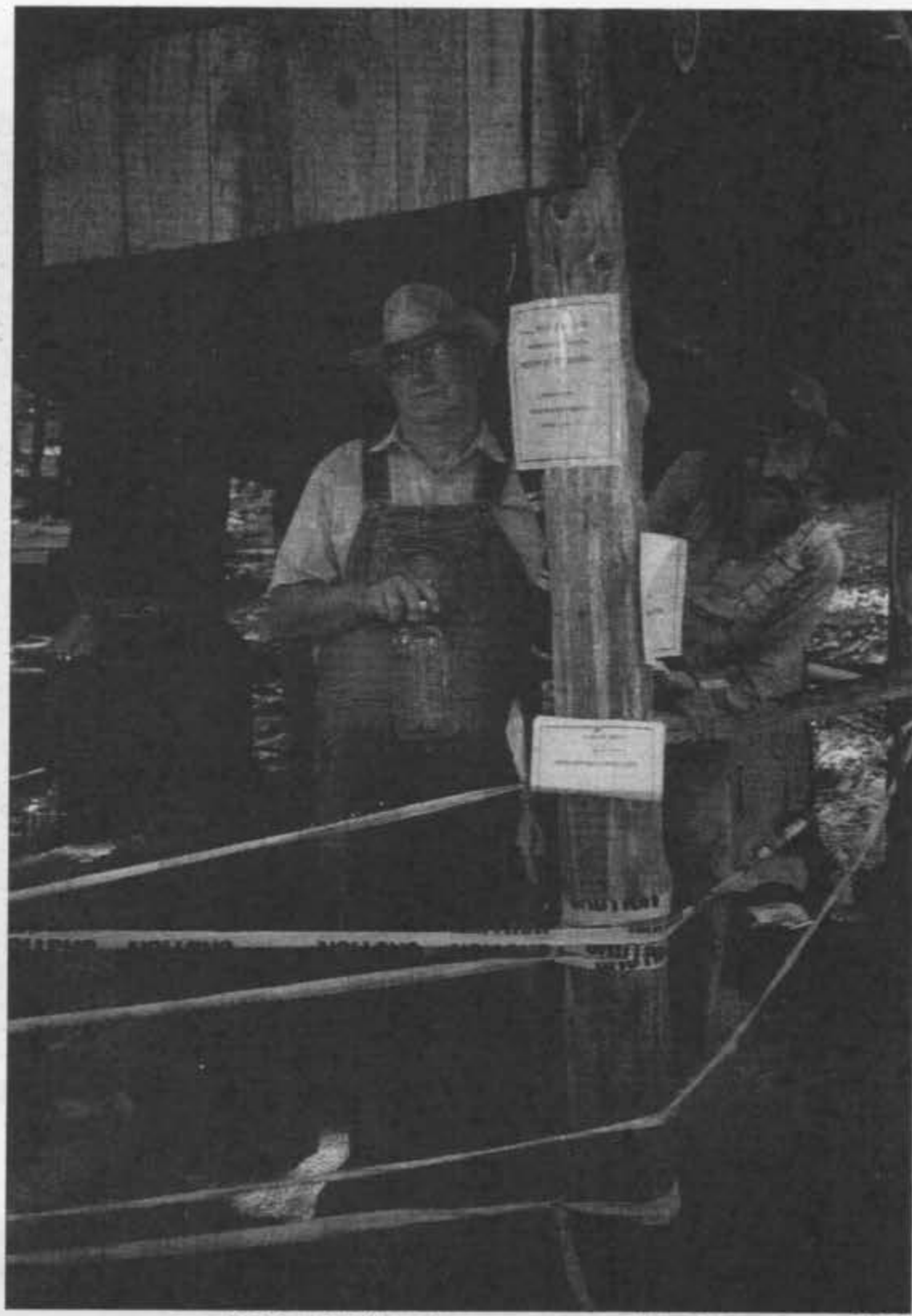


This is J.B. Rader he use to help me at the Museum of Appalachia.

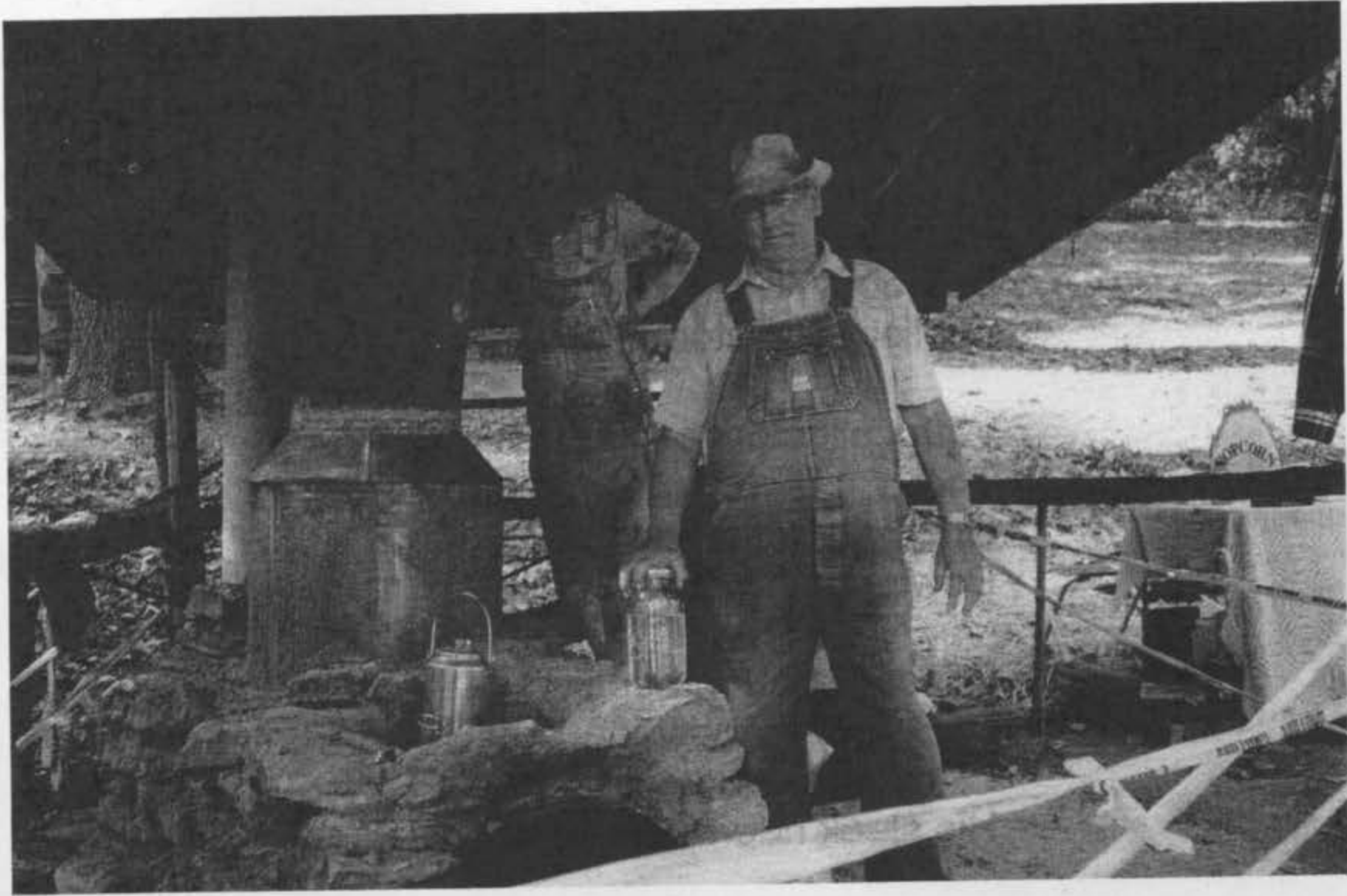


Left Floyd Sutton, right JB Rader At the Museum of Appalachia

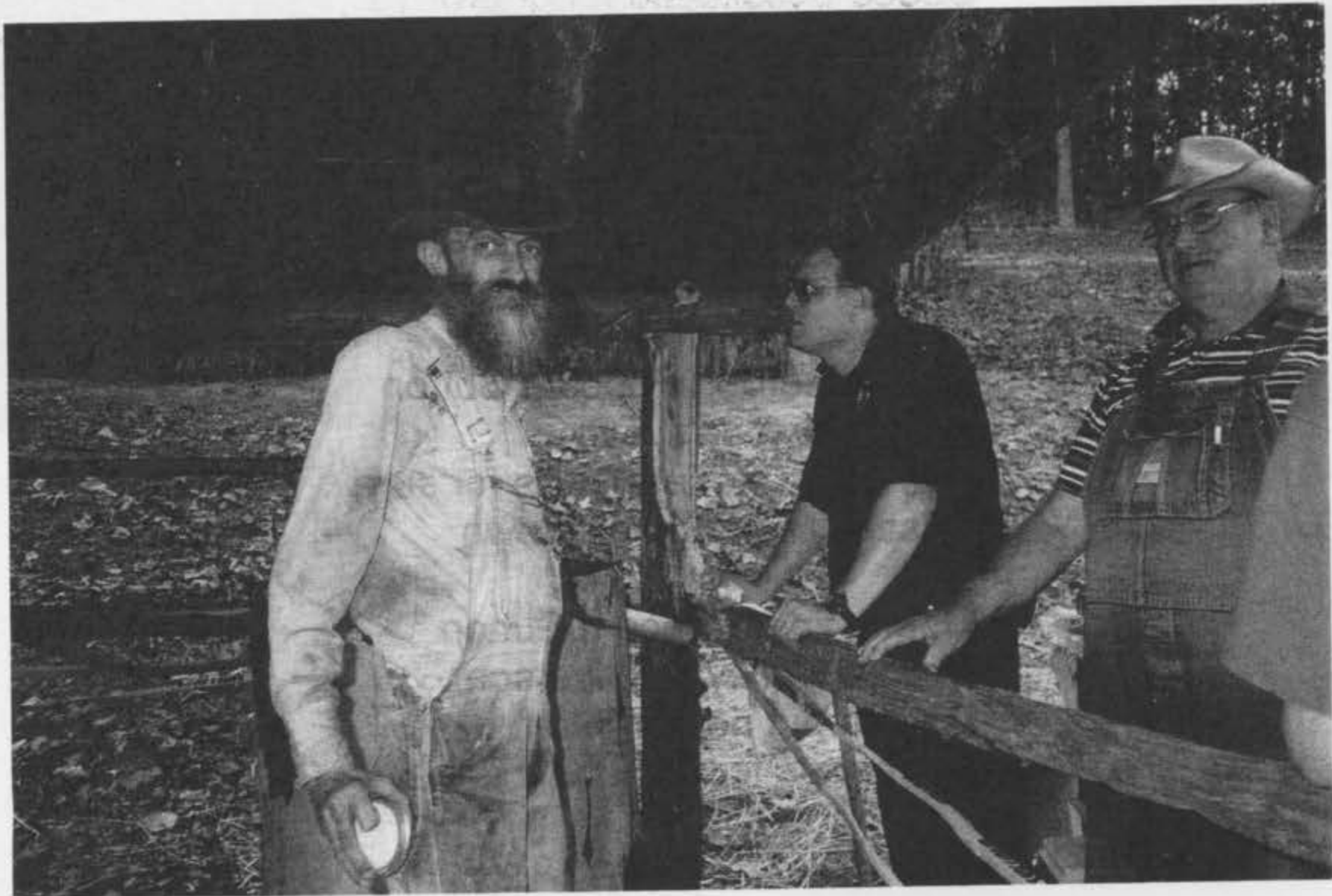
Big Rob Ottinger & Me  
at the  
Museum of Appalachia  
makin  
a run of Likker.



At the Museum of Appalachia



Me and Big Rob Ottinger at the Museum of Appalachia



Me and Big Rob Ottinger at the Museum of Appalachia  
I think the man in the middle is a Law Officer.  
I don't know who he is.

**Popcorn Sutton**

by Bobby7L

published: October 29, 2005

With collectors on his trail  
Through Georgia's northeast hills  
Up north from Maggie Valley  
Down south to Dawsonville

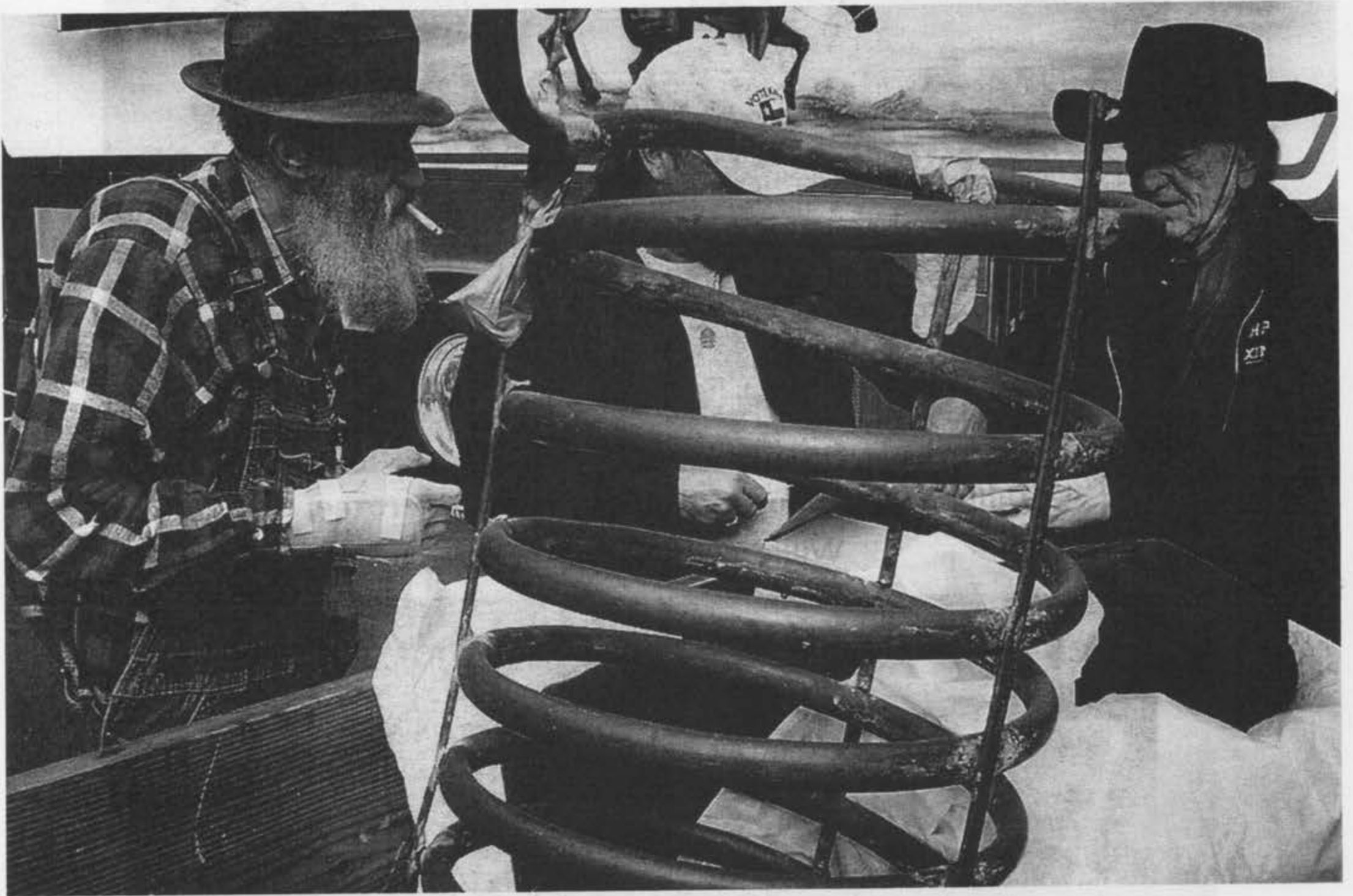
Popcorn Sutton bootlegged  
Backyard-moonshine-liquor  
One more thing of import  
His sleek ride was quicker

Munching kettled corn on go  
Like a rocket/He'd whiz by  
Speed-possessed for getaways  
Folks swore they'd seen him fly

Little then did Popcorn know  
He'd spawn stock car racing  
Armed marshals couldn't catch him  
They just kept on chasing

White-bearded Popcorn Sutton  
North Carolina's own  
Has some stories/That's for sure  
Of stills and engines blown

Moonshiner Popcorn Sutton  
Maggie Valley's native son  
Retired but not forgotten  
No regrets for what he'd done



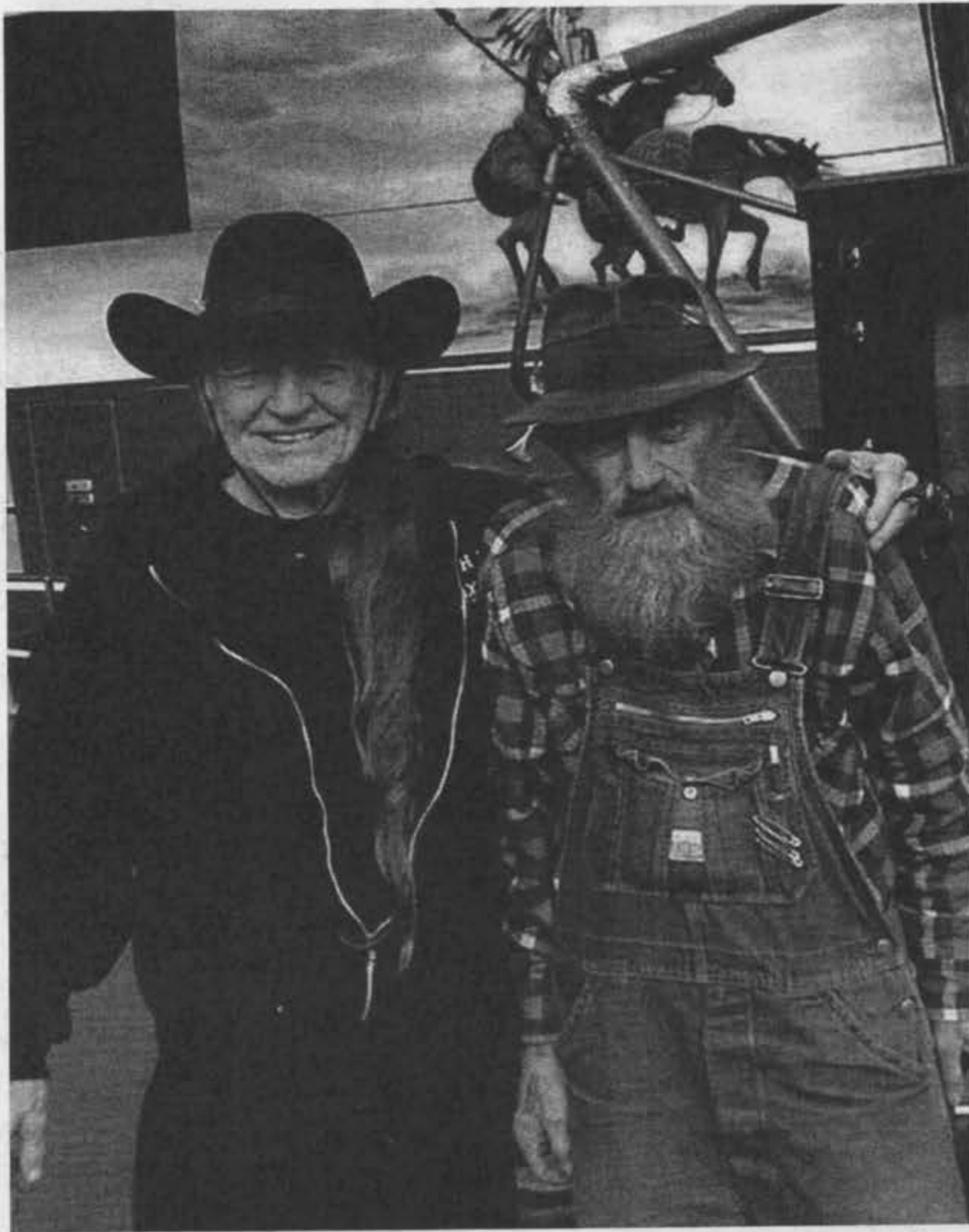
Popcorn, A Worm and Willie



Willie Nelson's Bus in background at Cherokee, NC  
Willie and Me at My Truck

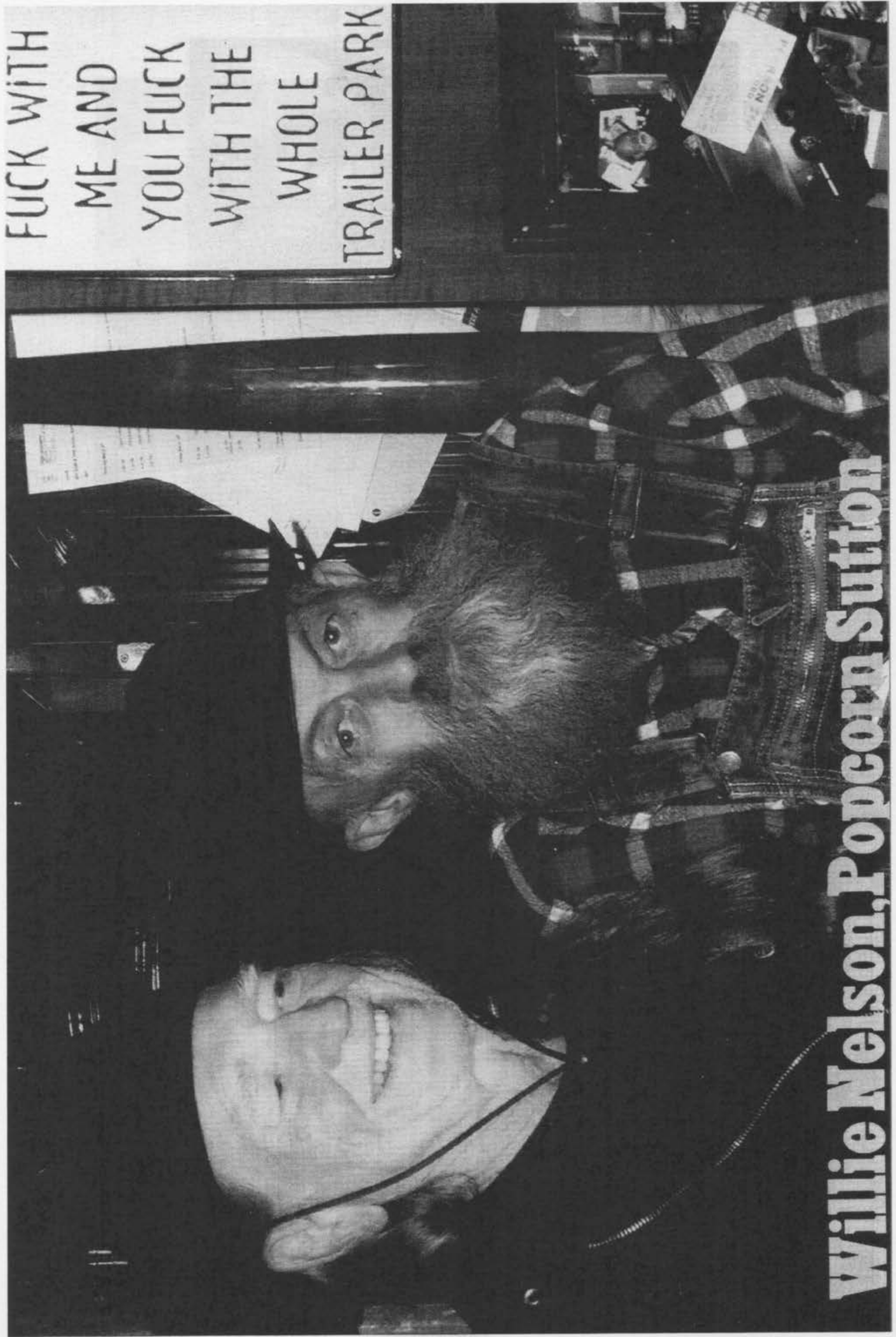


Picture of Willie Nelson and Popcorn Sutton  
Popcorn received a standing ovation when Willie introduced him at  
a sold out concert at Harrah's Casino in Cherokee, NC

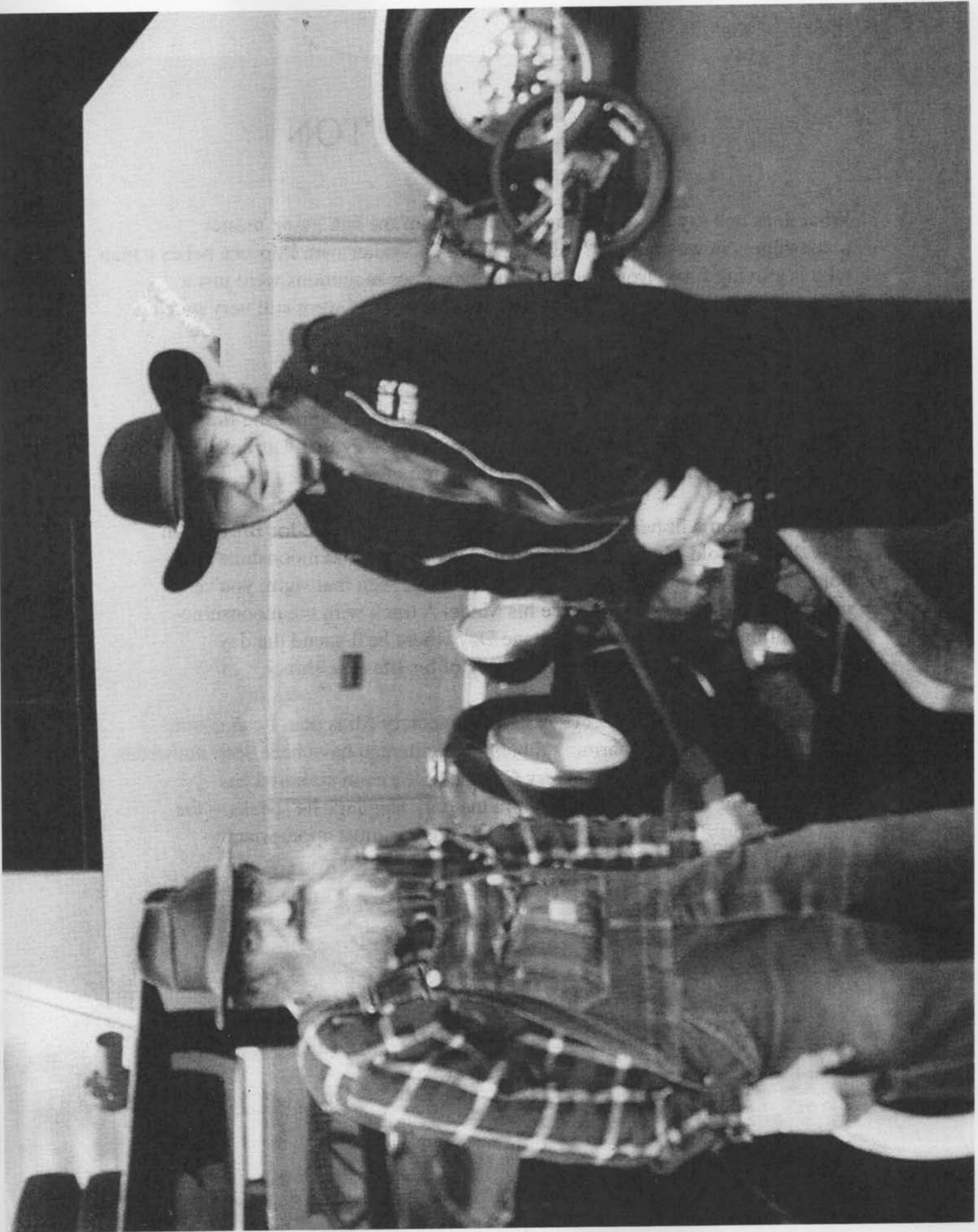


More pictures of Popcorn & Willie





**Willie Nelson, Popcorn Sutton**



## POPCORN SUTTON

What does one say about a living legend...one of the last living master moonshiners in western NC? Even a quick encounter with Popcorn belies a man who is a living fossil from another time, when our mountains were just a little younger, and the old ways that have almost faded were still very much a part of everyday life.

Popcorn will help bring to life what is most likely the first industry ever in Transylvania County that was no doubt started up after the first settlers got in their first good corn crop -- corn whiskey that was both life saving medicine and recreation on those remote farms.

Popcorn Sutton will head out from his Maggie Valley home for Brevard on May 20 in his old Model A pick-up with his beautiful old moonshine still bolted to the bed of his Model A. If you've never seen that sight, you've missed a treat! Popcorn will drive his Model A truck with the moonshine still right into the tent area at Heritage Day where he'll spend the day meeting the crowd and sharing something of his life as a 'shiner.

Popcorn has been the subject of more documentary films than I can count. Documentaries on this charming mountain gentleman have been seen numerous times on PBS and on the Discovery Channel. He's even authored his autobiography, unashamedly written in the only language he speaks -- the rich and colorful mountain vernacular. His book is most appropriately entitled "Me and My Likker".





**We are happy you visited us on Sunday. Please come again.**



All God's work is done in faithfulness.

*Church Membership*

*This certifies that*

Popcorn Sutton

*has publicly confessed Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior and has been received into full membership of*

Bewley's Chapel U.M.C.

*by way of Transfer on following Date on the* 4th *day of* March *in the year of our Lord* 2007

Bobby Dunford

*Pastor*

*And the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved.*

ACTS 2:47

This is one of the many Churches that Bobby Dunford preaches at, I go visit him as often as I can. I am very sick and sometimes can't make it.

If there ever was a true Man of God, He is.

*Hope to see you again real soon.*

*Bewley's Chapel U.M.C. Church*

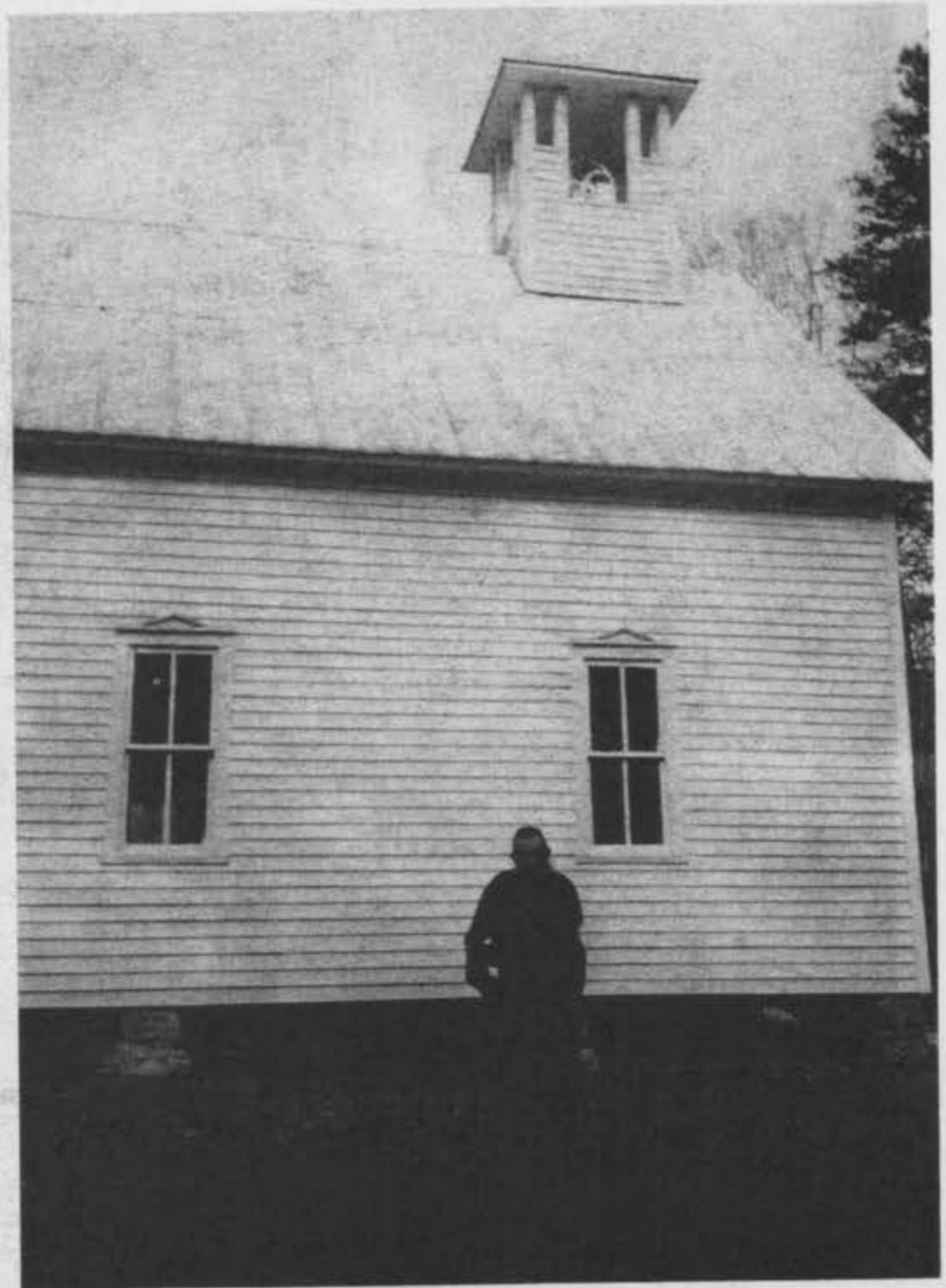
- Jan & Marcella Purdy
- Shirley Adams & Sarah Beale
- Mike & Melissa Chambers
- Lora Holt
- Ken & Helen Reelwood
- Stence & Winfred Taylor
- Flora Mae Talliver
- Kyle G. & Aricia Talliver
- Alan & Peggy Brasler
- Ally & Melba Taylor
- Jeff & Latoma Wolfe
- Kyle G. & Mary Ann Talliver
- Junior & Nellie Lowe
- Arise Talliver

*Sure hope the day is close at hand when you'll feel good as new and that the best of health is in store for you!*

*Bewley's Chapel Adult Class*

*A Get Well Wish*

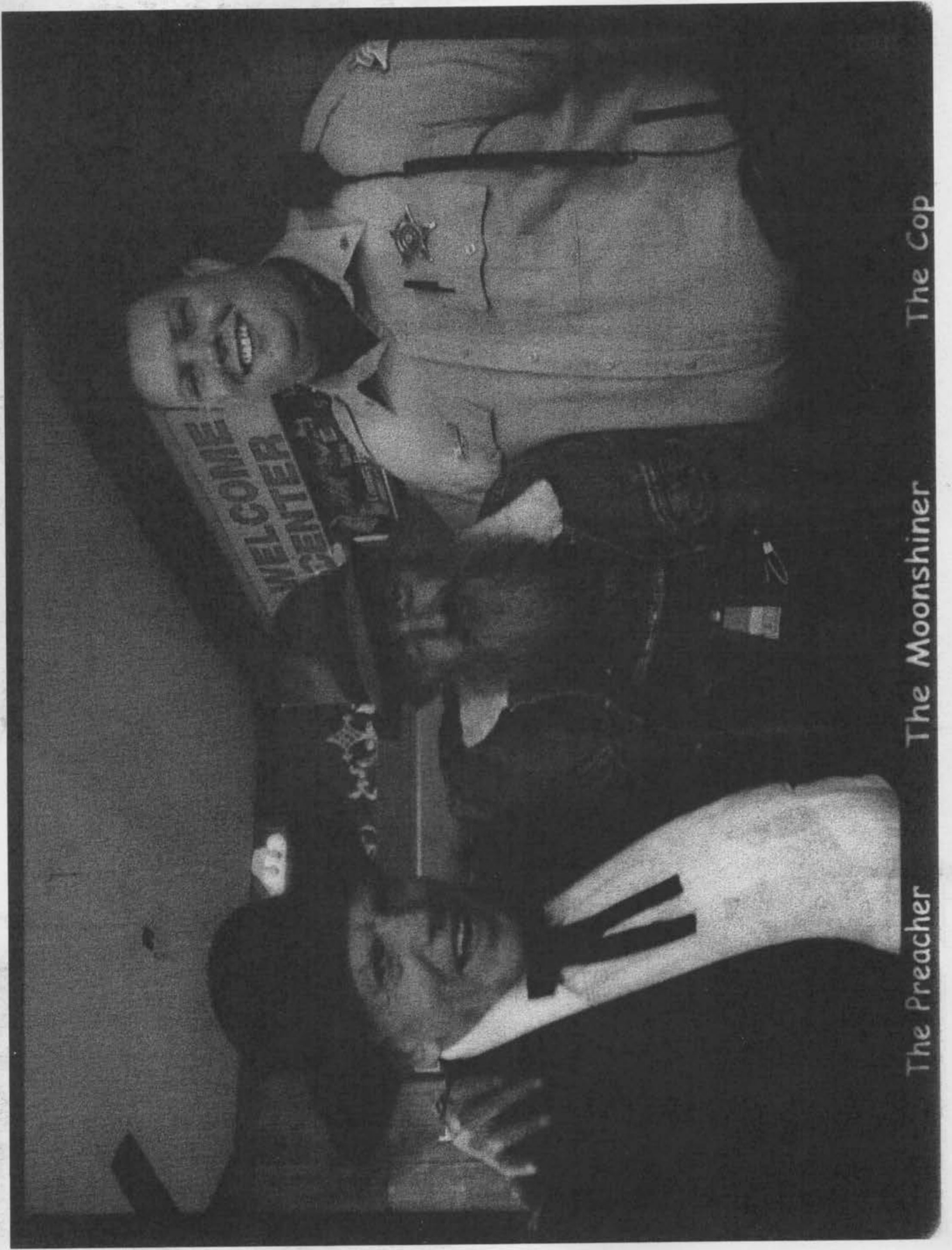




These Pictures were taken in Cades Cove, Tennessee



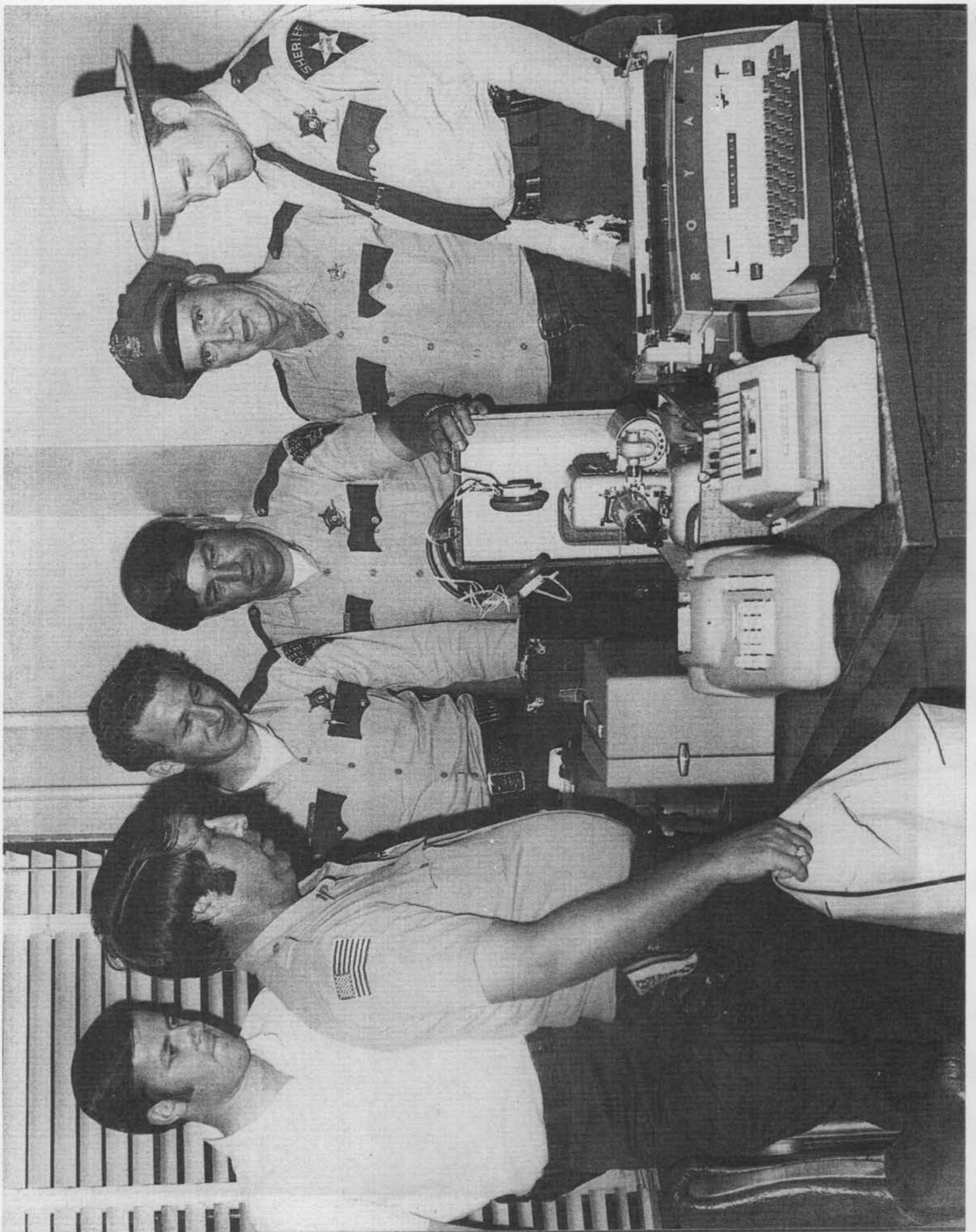
Popcorn Sutton at his Junk Shop in Maggie Valley, NC - just past Ghost Town on the right.

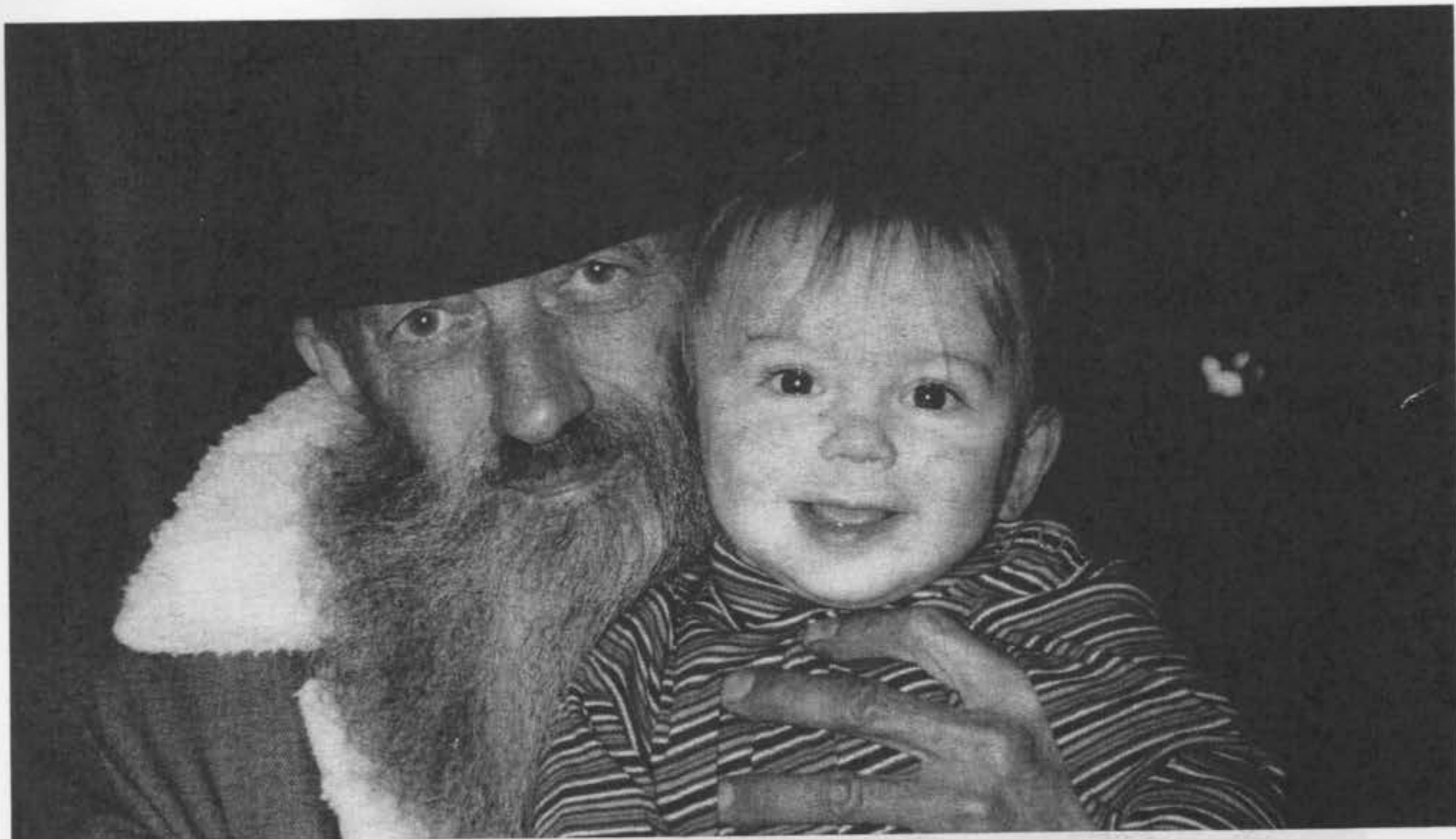


The Cop

The Moonshiner

The Preacher





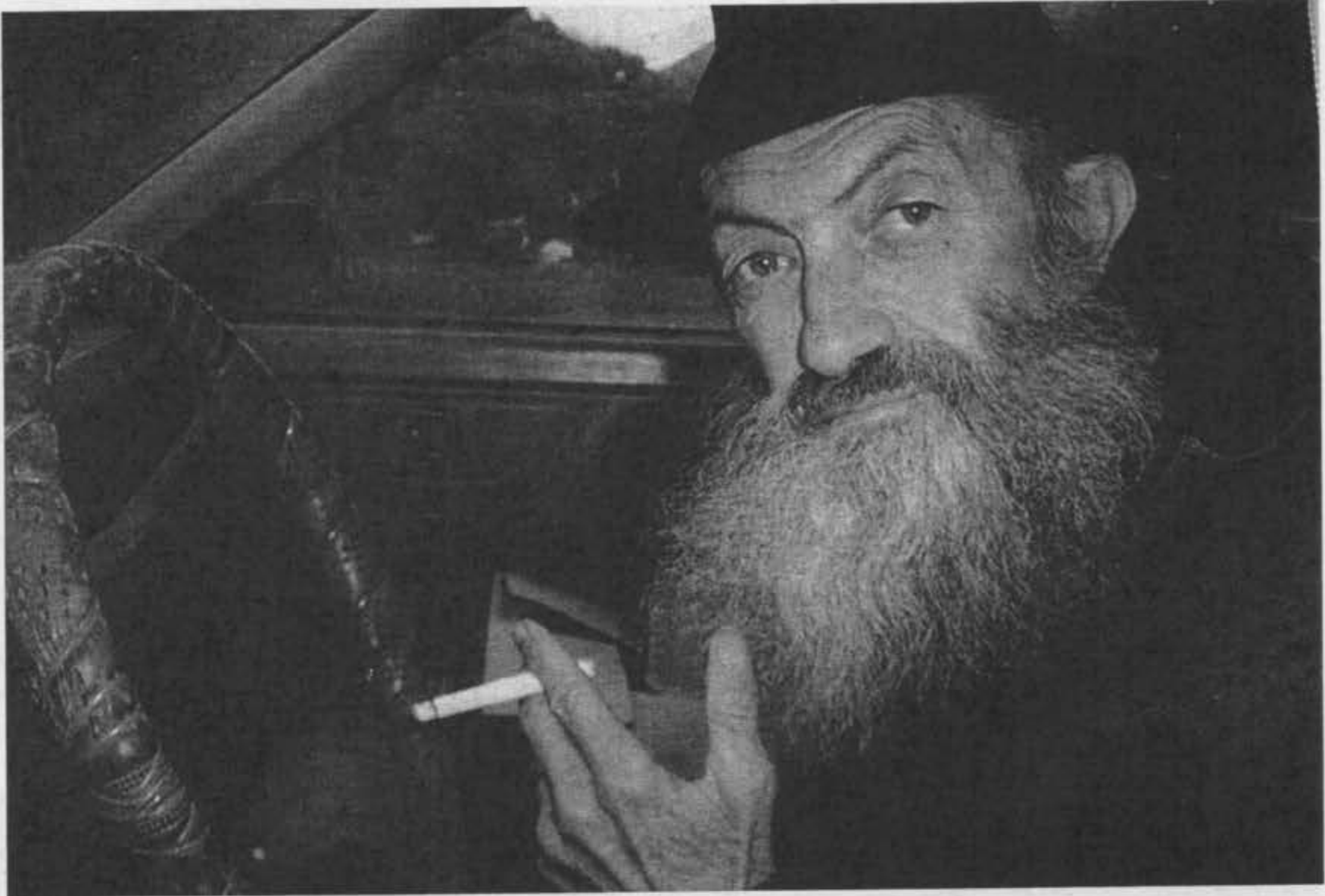
This is Popcorn Sutton and Adam Sutton Dec. 17, 2004  
As Paul Harvey says now you know the rest of the story,  
but I'm not telling the rest.



Popcorn Sutton at a Car Show in Cherokee, NC  
57 Chevy and 56 Ford



Popcorn at The Rod Run Show with a Moonshine Still in Newport  
and Mark Ramsey's 55 Chevrolet Sheriff's Car.



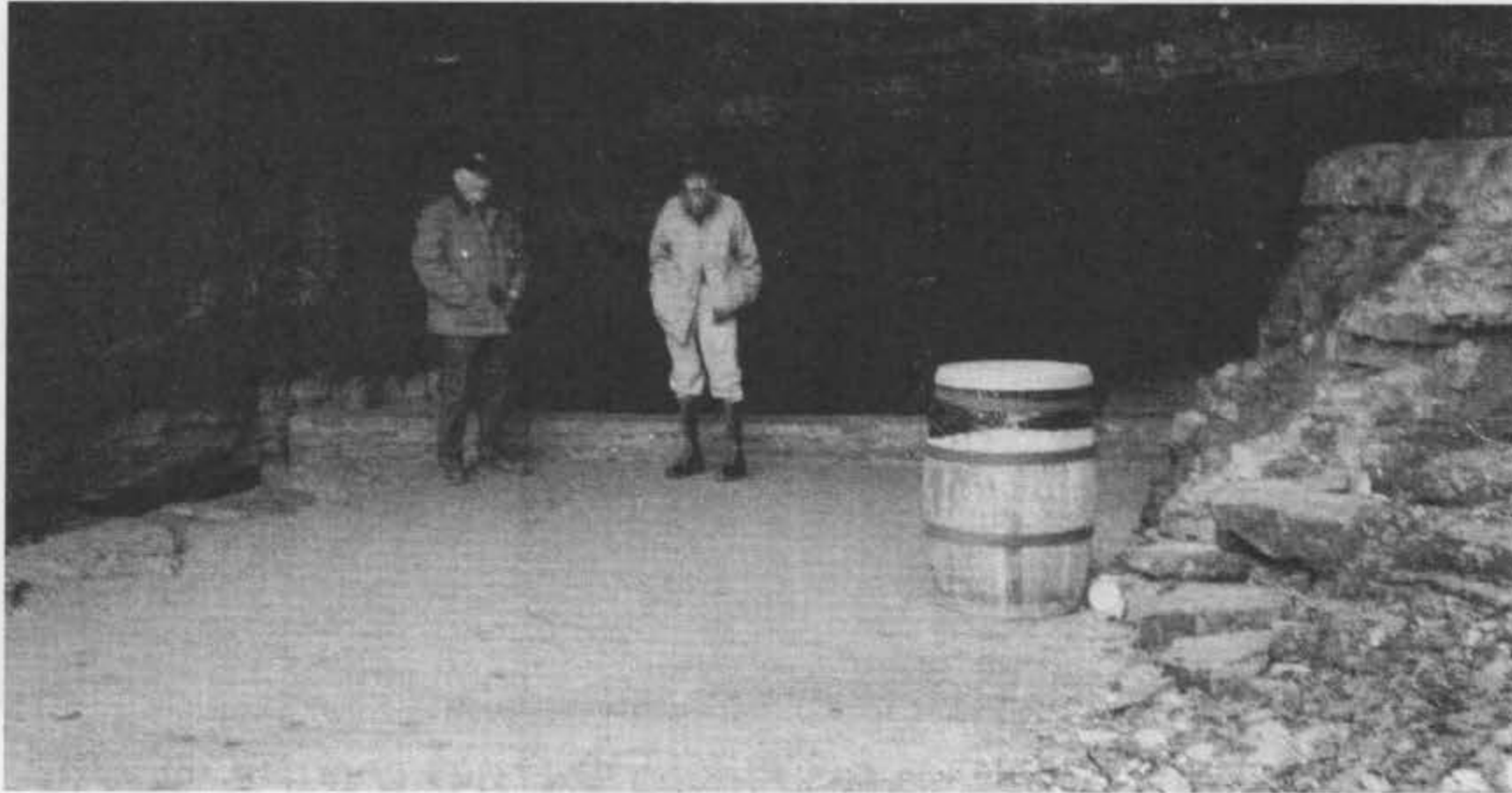
Popcorn somewhere in Maggie Valley, NC



Popcorn and a Jar of his Ass Kicking Cherries charged up with  
180 Proof High Shots Moonshine



At Jack Daniels Distillery in Lynchburg, Tennessee



At the Spring at Jack Daniels Distillery, their source of water.



This is a picture of me and Abigail Moore. She is a fine young lady she can play a Fiddle like you have never seen. I give her this fiddle and I be dam if she wasn't offered \$5,000.00 for it the next day. But she says it will not be sold at any price simply because I give it to her.



Abigail Moore and her fiddle I bought her. I got it in a Bar Room in South Carolina



Popcorn and Abigail Moore



Bill Milsap and Abigail Moore at the Still Shack on Shitty Britches Mountain.



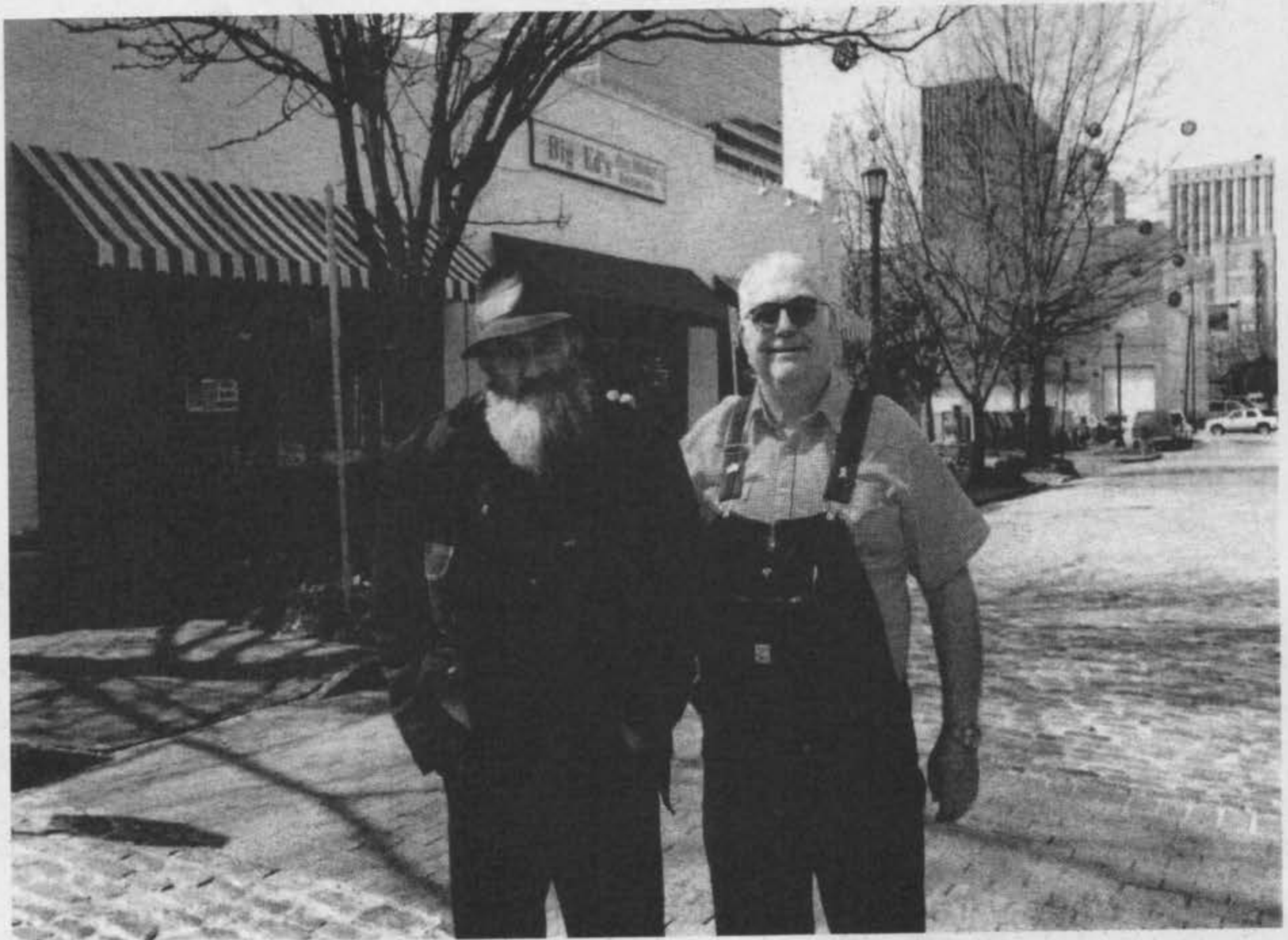
Abigail Moore



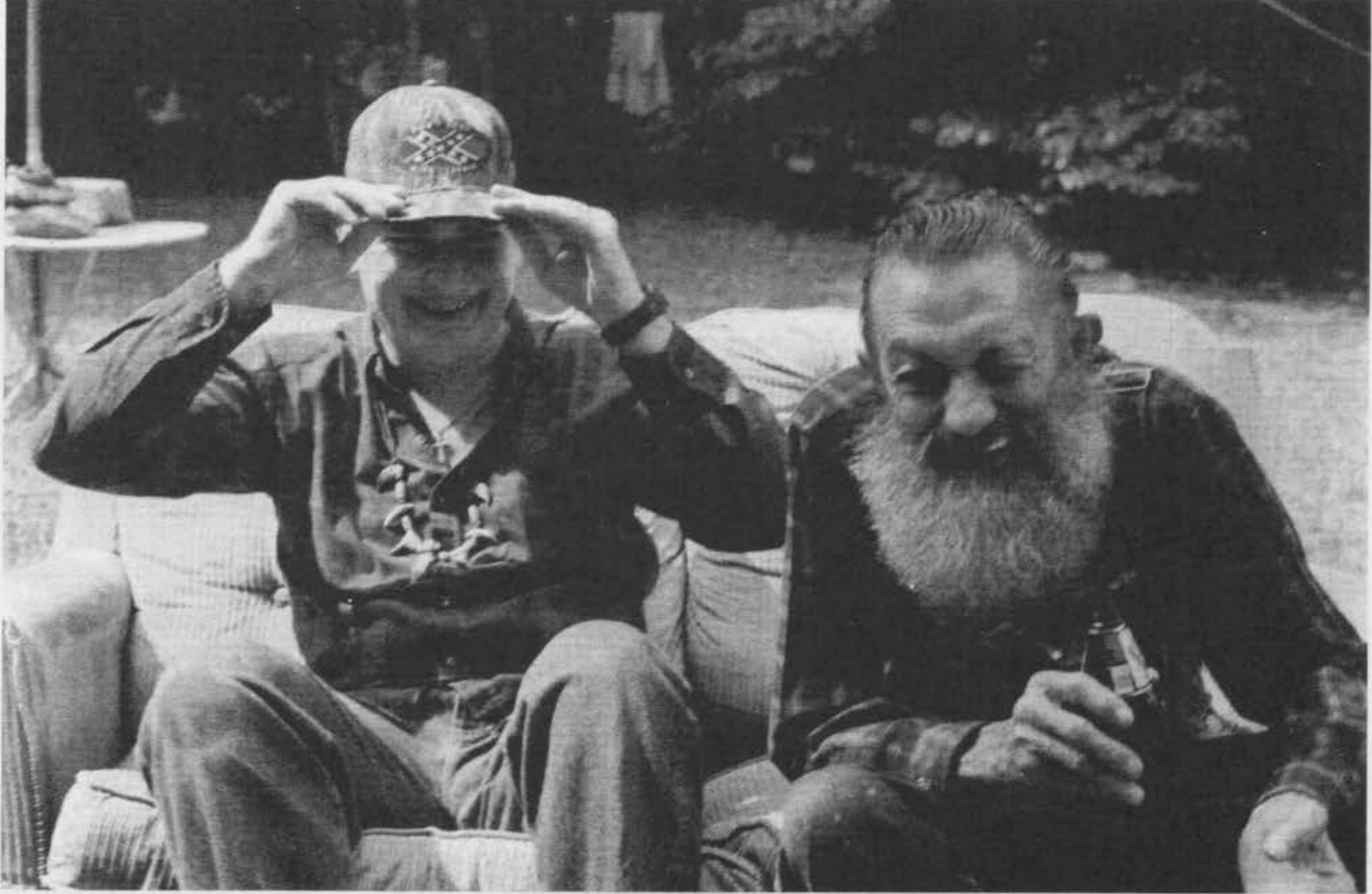
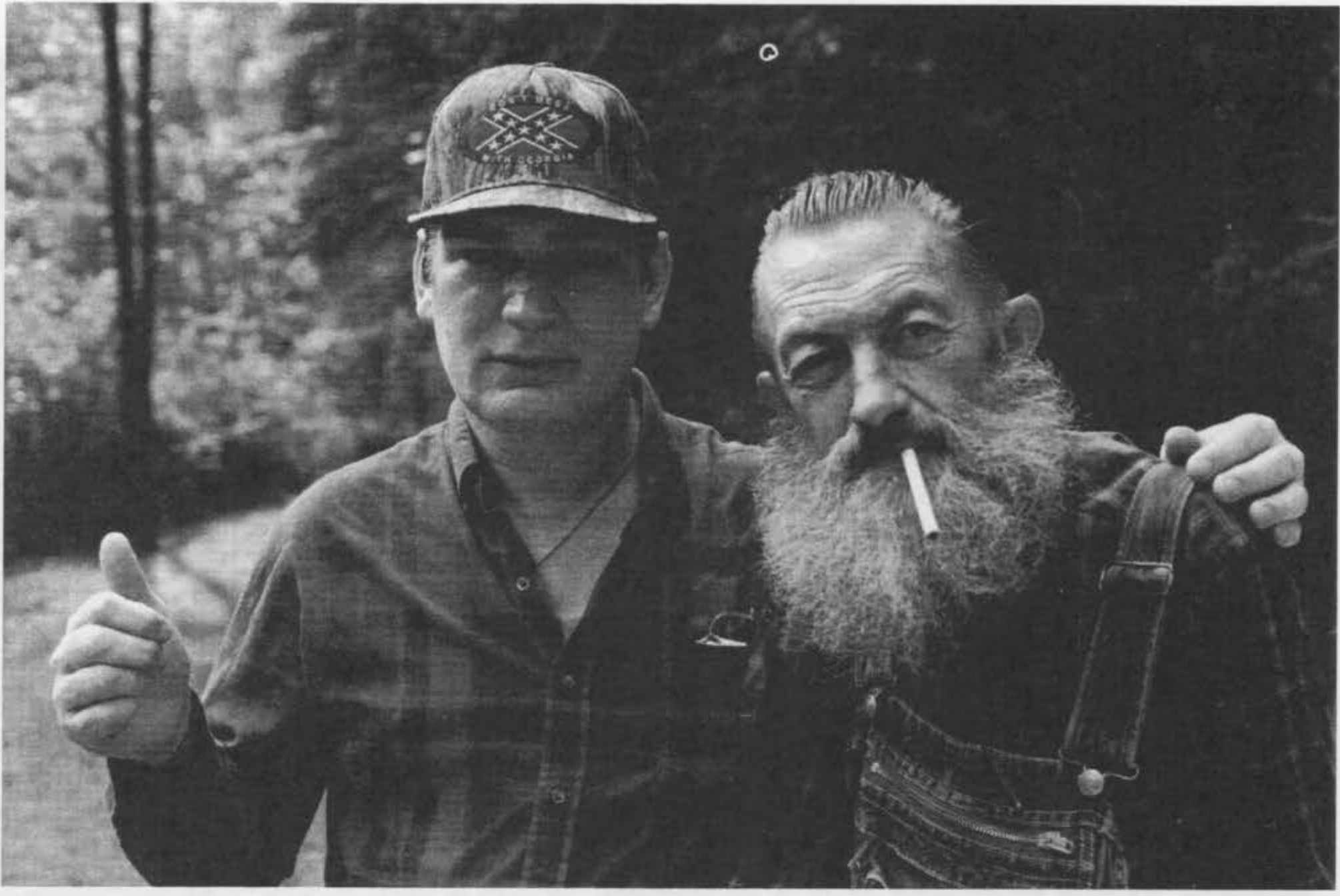
Abigail Moore playing the Fiddle I give her



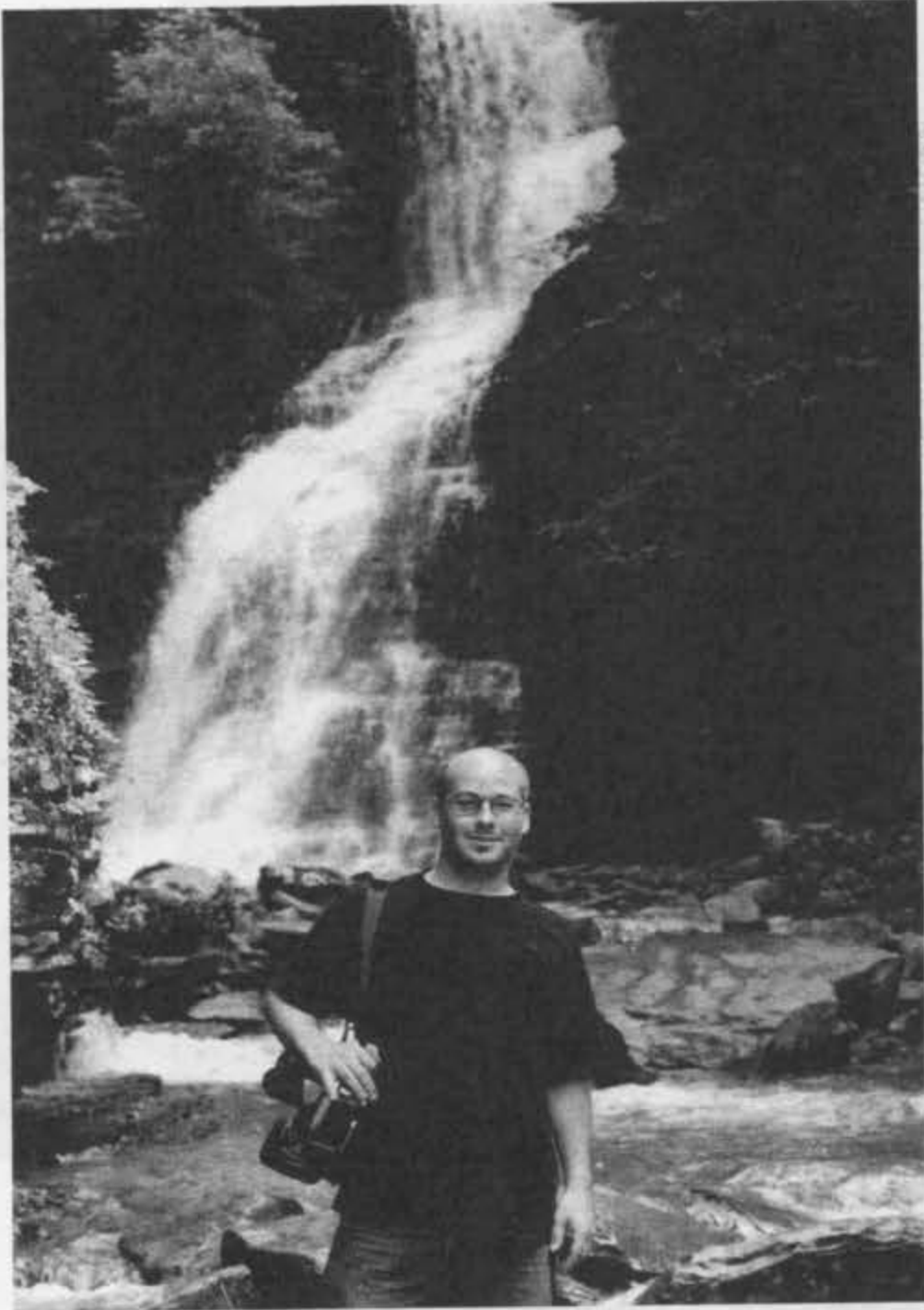
Popcorn and Big Ed Watkins at his Restaurant in Raleigh, NC  
THE BEST DAMN FOOD IN RALEIGH



Popcorn and Big Ed Watkins in Raleigh, NC

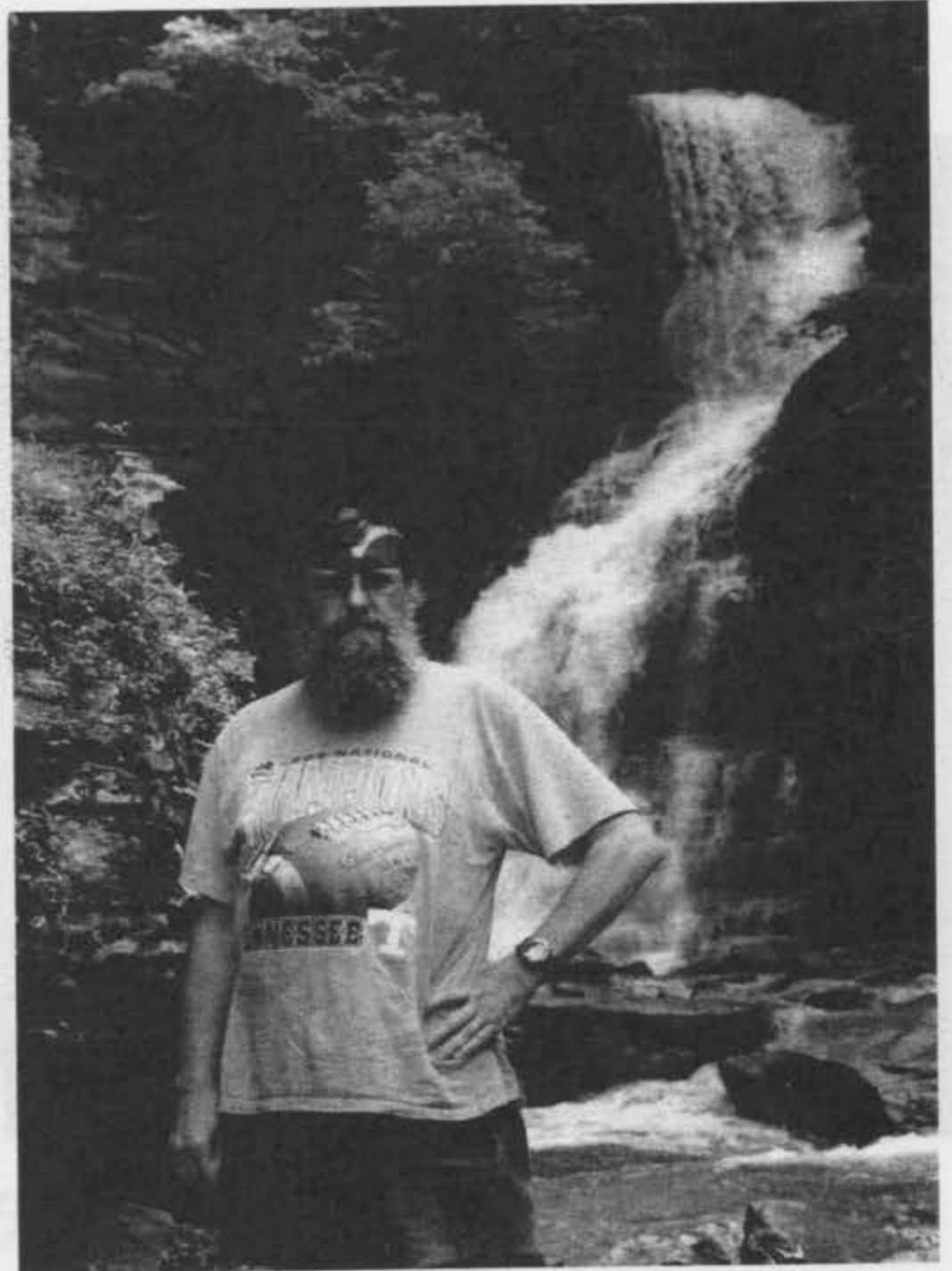


Jesco White - The Dancing Outlaw, and Popcorn - The Moonshiner  
from a vacation to West Virginia  
(The first Fucking time I have ever smiled in a picture.)

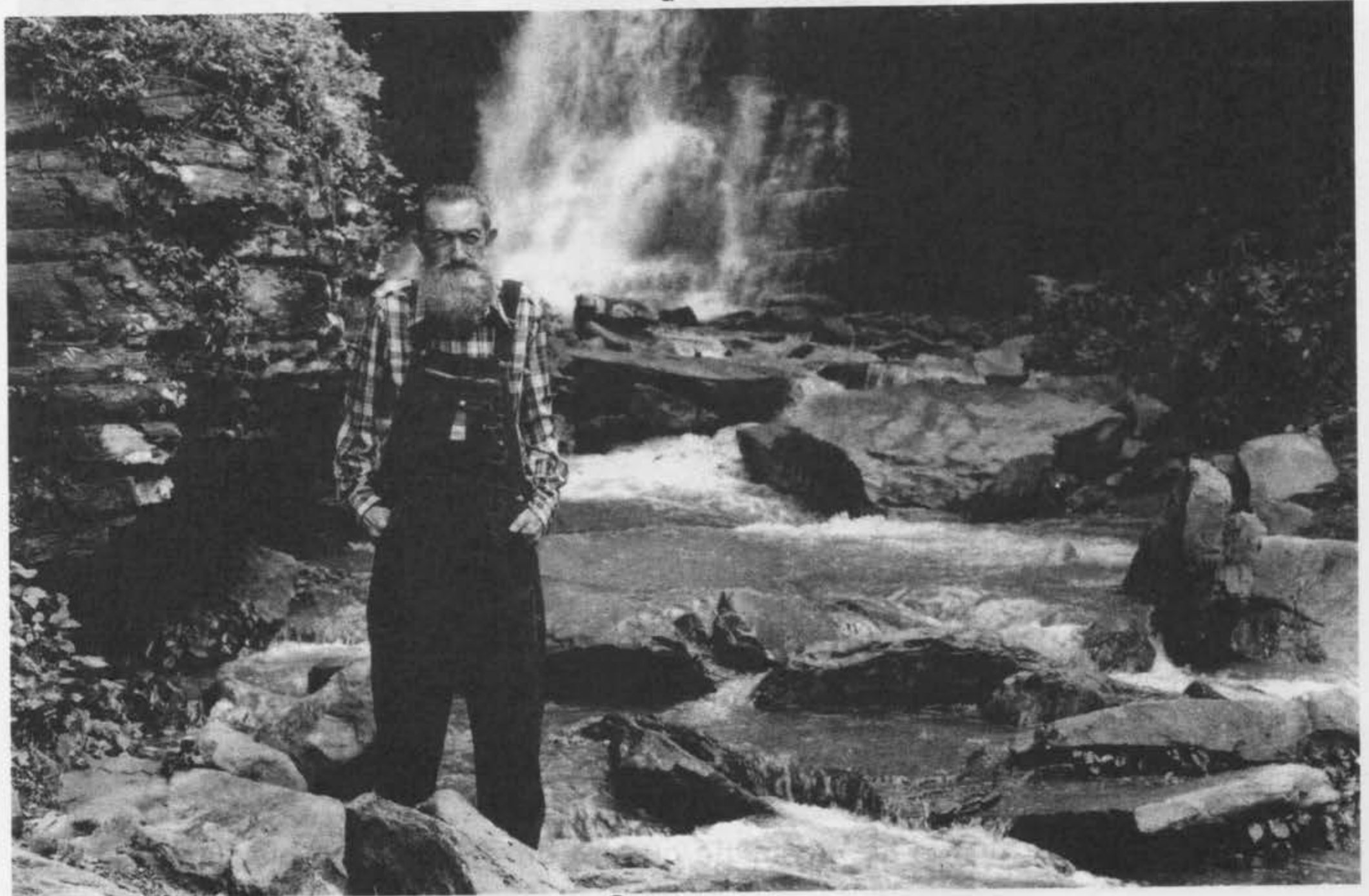


Neal Hutcheson

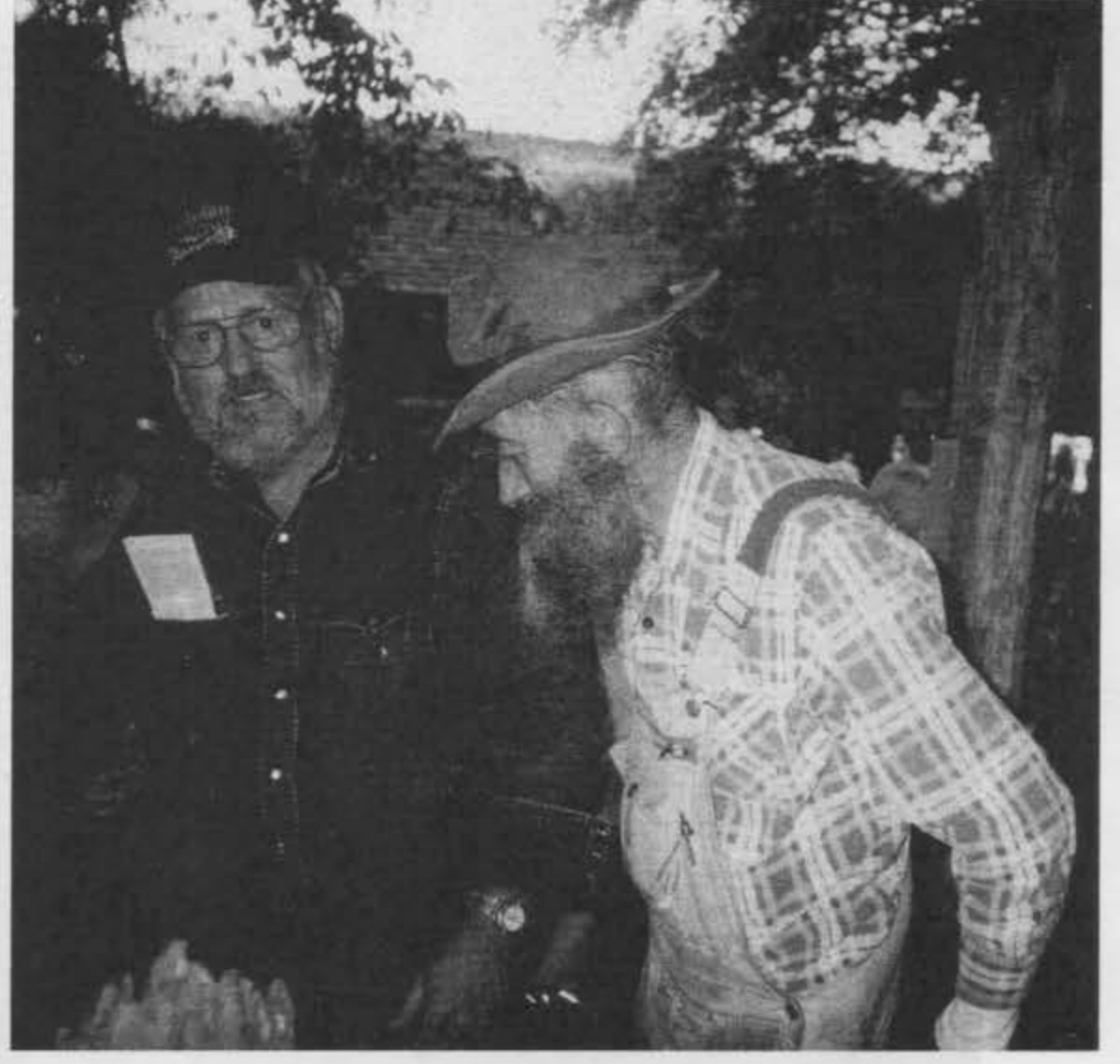
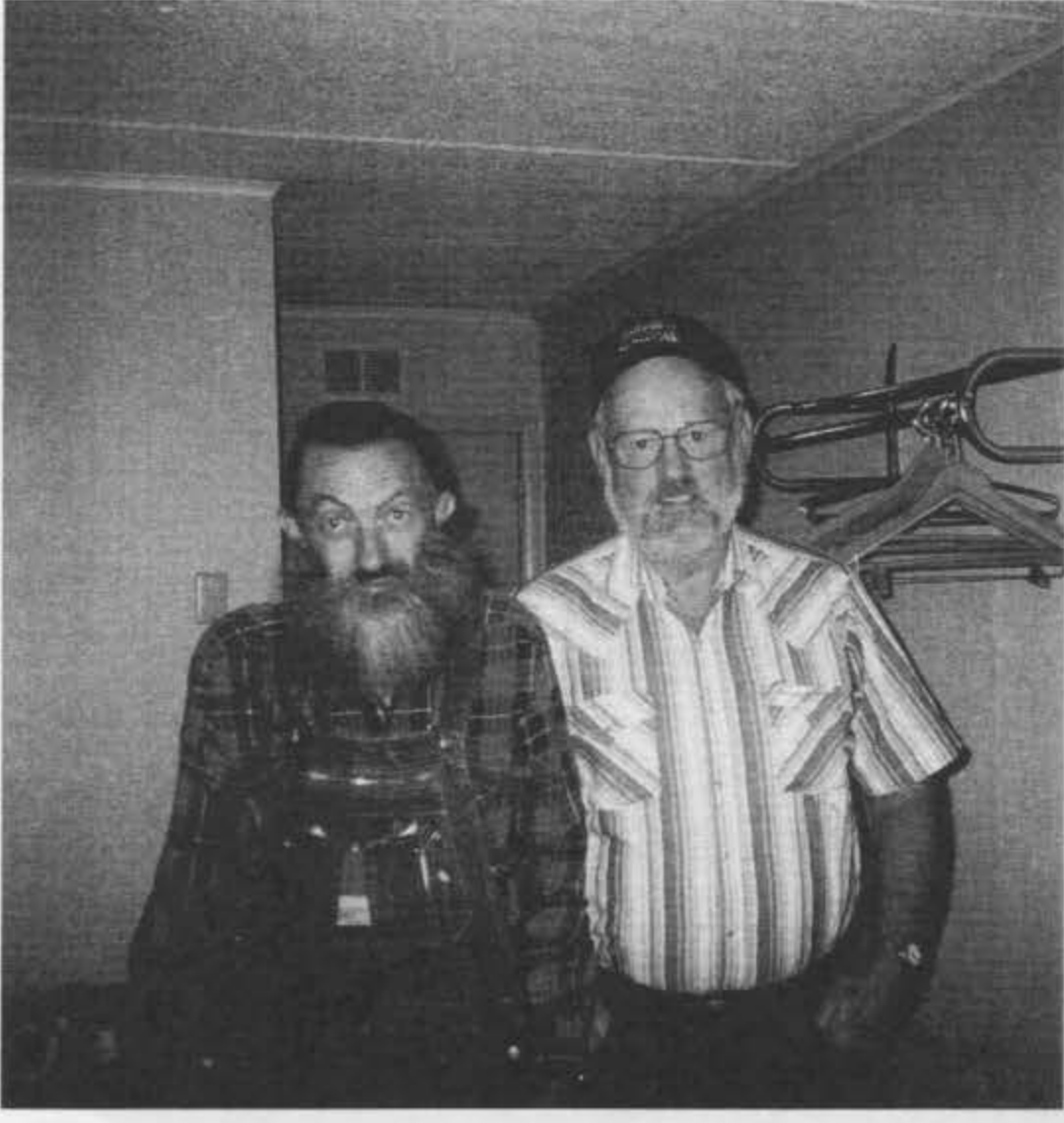
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J.B. Rader



Popcorn

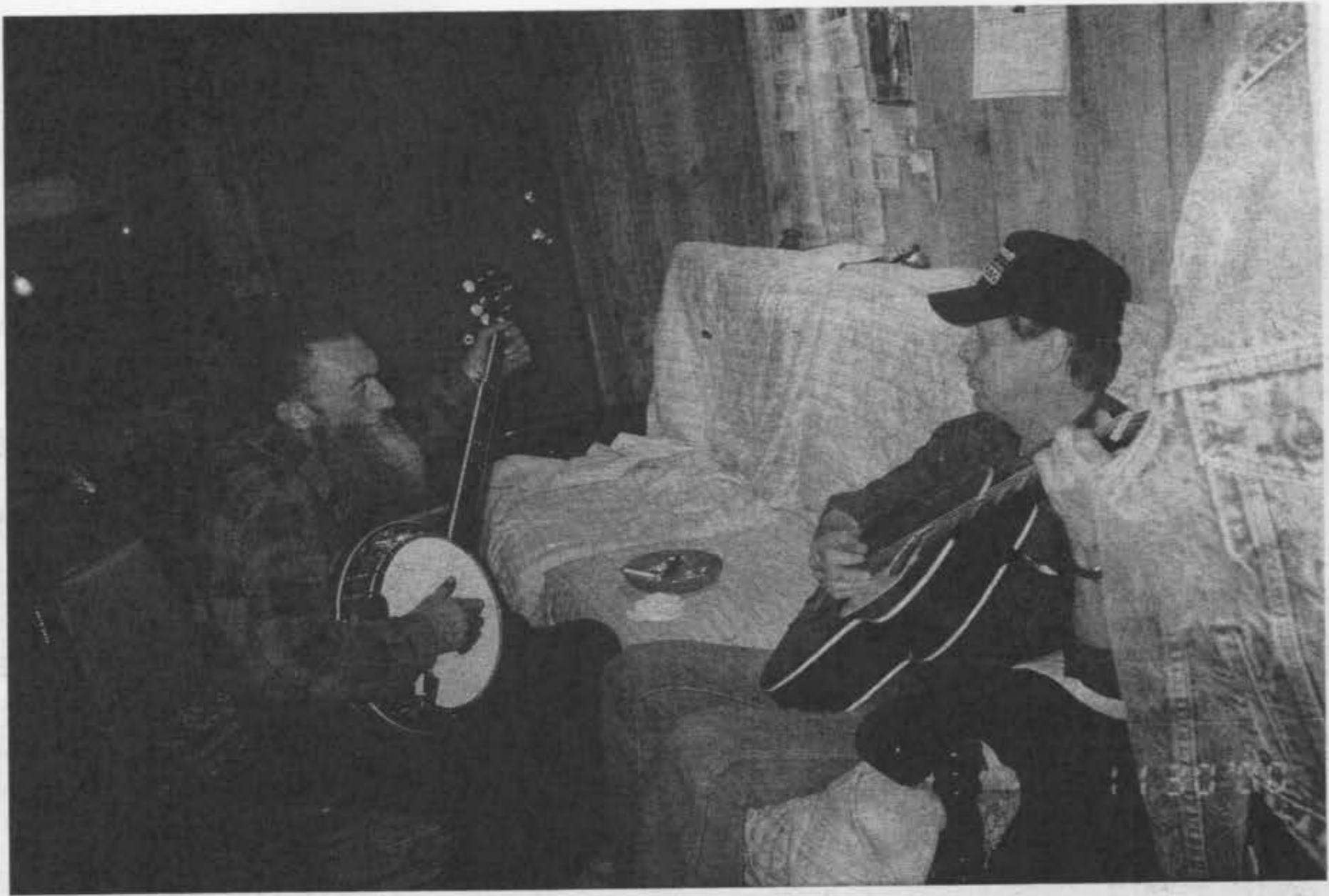


Me and my cousin Floyd Sutton



Floyd Sutton he has made quite a bit of Likker in his time

(The first fucking time was when he was in a property)



Here is me and Leon Wells,  
and Leon Wells is a Dam Professional Banjo Picker, Guitar Picker and he is a  
song writer too. If you could hear him sing where you could not see him, you  
would bet your ass it was George Jones.  
He can sing By-God just like George Jones.



Popcorn & Frosty looking at my A-Model, I use to own.  
I do not know his last name or where he is from, but I have sold him a hell  
of a lot of LIKKER, he likes Peach Brandy.



This is The Maggie Valley Restaurant.

I call it James Carver Restaurant but it really belongs to James and his brothers and their wives, they are mighty fine folks all of them.



*Maggie Valley Restaurant  
is Maggie's Family Eatery*

*Breakfast served anytime - Open 7 am*

- Omelets • Country Ham
- Meat Loaf • Fresh Corn on the Cob
- Homemade Breads

*"Carver's" since 1952*

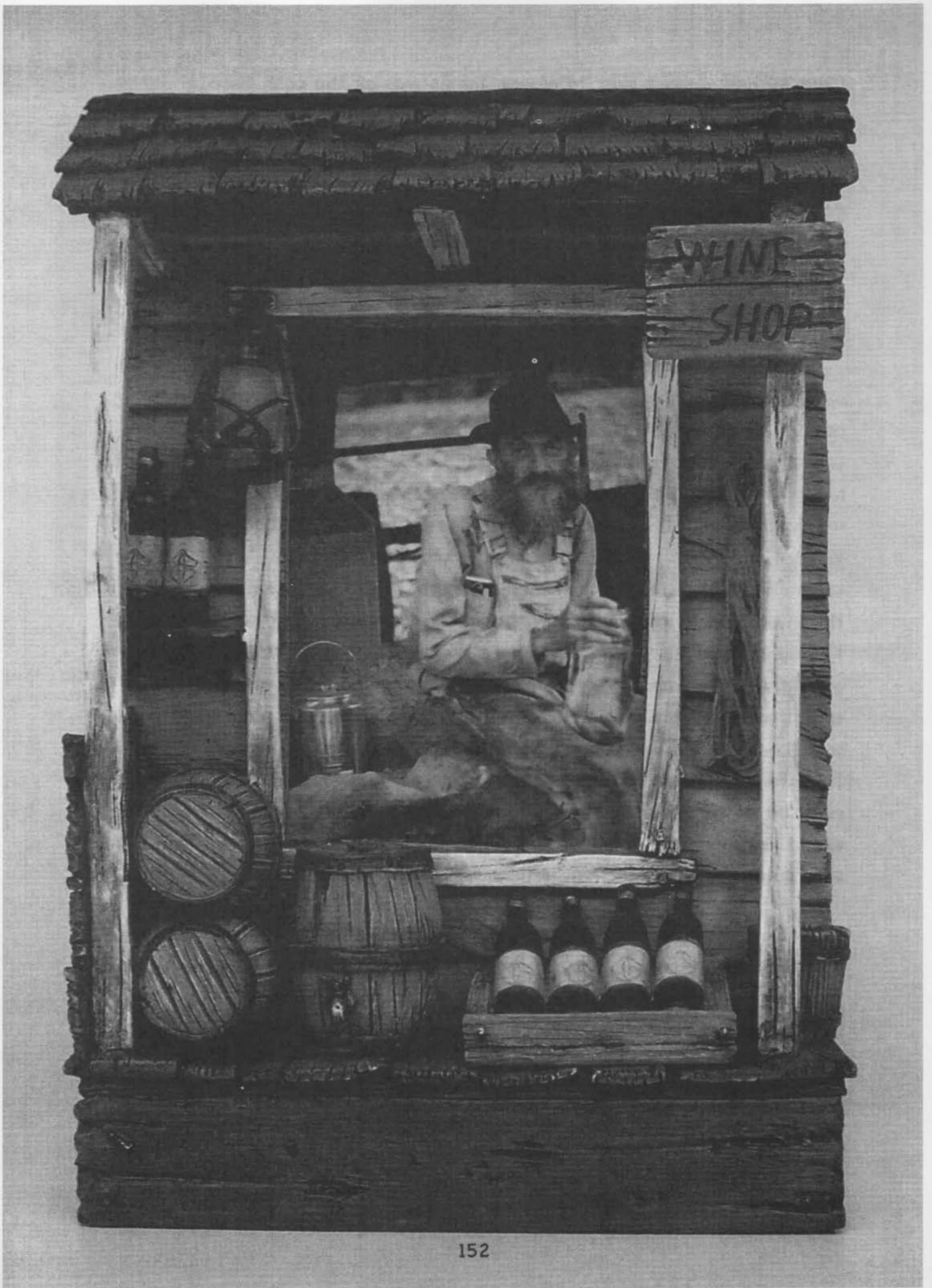
2804 Soco Road • Maggie Valley, NC 28751  
(828) 926-0425

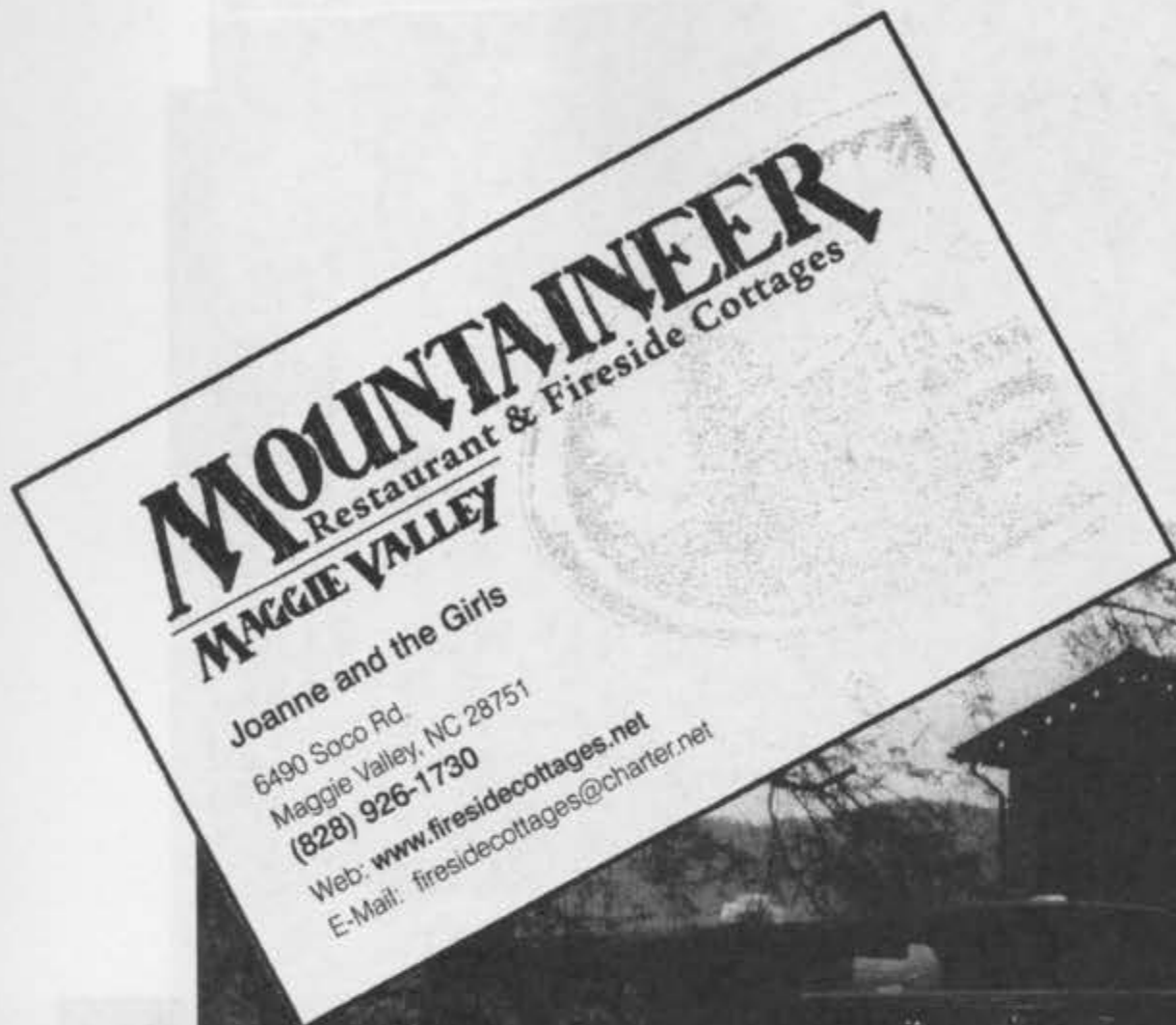
I go to Maggie Valley Restaurant ever day they are open in the summer months. Do you know what it cost me to eat there? Not a Damn Penny. There is not a damn thing I wouldn't do for the owners of Maggie Valley Restaurant if I possibly could. A few years ago me and a man that use to help me went into Carvers Restaurant one morning and got a sandwich and some coffee, it was real early in the morning. I was running a little short of money.

I got up and walked over to where James was at the cash register I told James I needed to borrow some money to buy some sugar and jars with. He looked at me and said how much money do you need? I told him I needed \$1500.00. He didn't even say a damn word. He reached in his front pocket and counted me out \$1500.00, so I went back over to the table and set down with the other man and he looked at me and said I be God-Damn I didn't think he would do that for you. I payed him back later all at one time \$1500.00.

And another time back when I use to be bad to get drunk ever damn nite, I would call Leroy Cagle (he is dead now) but back then I could call Leroy and he would take me any God Damn where I wanted to go. So I called Leroy one night after I closed up my Junk Shop at the foot of Soco Mountain in Maggie Valley, NC. Then we went down through Maggie in Leroy's big yellow Cadillac, by the way Leroy used to be the bouncer at a Maggie Valley Night Spot, which I will not say which one. He use to be a Colonel or some very high rank in the Armed Forces of the USA, when we got down to the lower end of the valley I was drunker than Hell. By then I told Leroy to stop at Teagues Superette. I went in the store and Steve the man that owns the place was at the cash register. I walked up to him and told him that I was going to pull me one Hell of a Drunk. He then looked at me and said "Looks to me like you are doing pretty good at it right now" I told him I wanted to borrow \$250.00 to get drunk on, he never said shit, he just reached in the cash register and handed me \$250.00. Then I told him I would see him later and told him I appreciated that very much. That I damn sure could get drunker than Hell now.

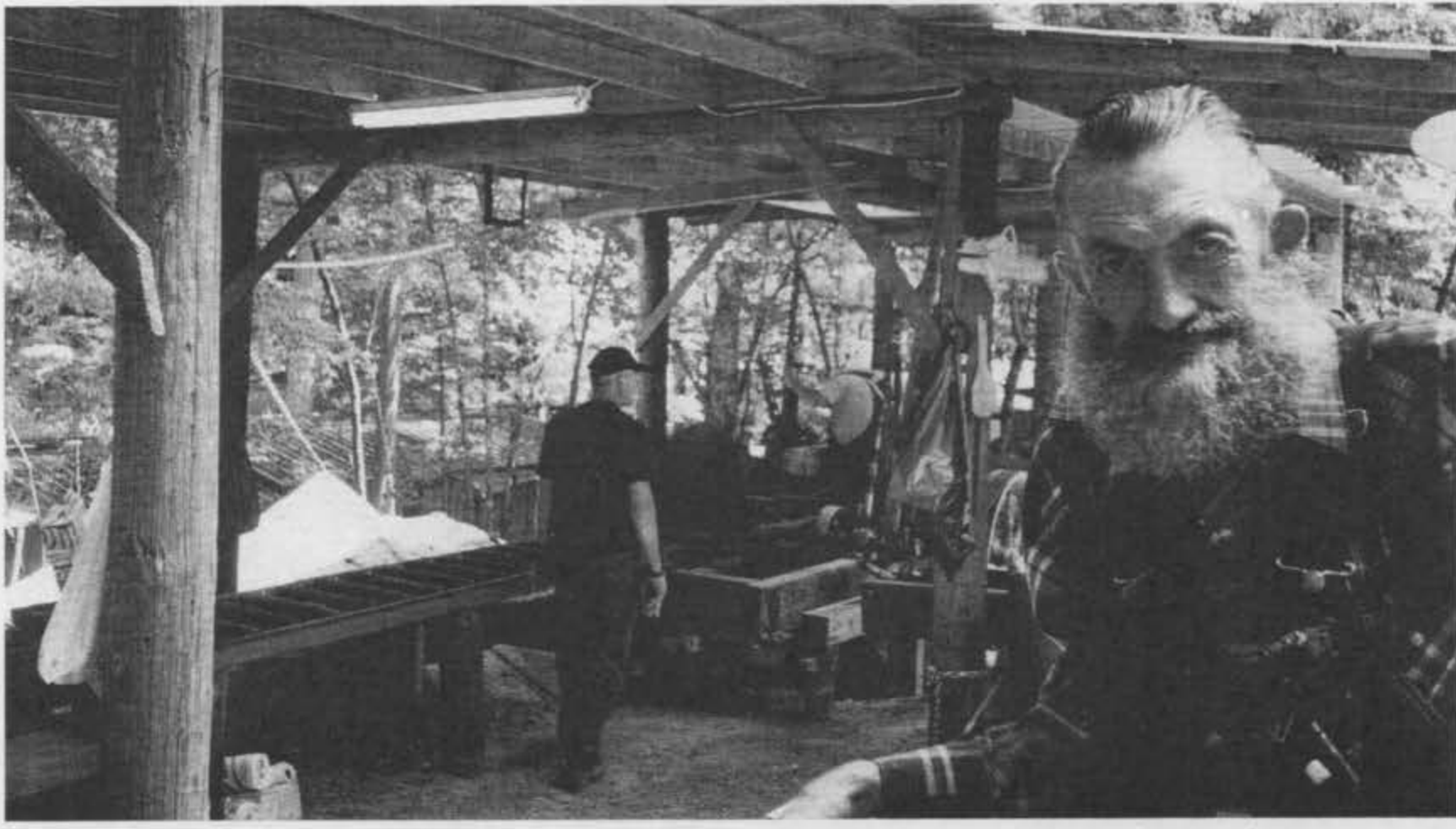
So I went out and got back in the car with Leroy and told him what I had done, Leroy said - Why in the Hell did you do that? I told him I was just trying my credit out. I had never ask Steve to borrow any money before that. So the very next day I took the same money I had borrowed back to Steve and told him why I had done that. He laughed like Hell! It pays to have people to trust you. You can ask anybody that knows me and they will tell you I will pay ever Damn penney I owe anybody. I can get credit any where I want to go. And I am very proud of that.





Popcorn and Joanne,  
 Joanne over the years has had quite a bit of my LIKKER. Before I had to By-God quit. I have been very sick for a long time and not able to make any more God-Damn LIKKER or I Damn sure would.





Me at a Saw Mill at The Georgia Mountain Fair

Bob Hedden and me  
@ Hiwasse, Georgia Mountain Fair  
He is demonstrating how  
to make Likker.  
He does it every year.



Bob Mackey  
visits me at  
The Old Mill  
in Pigeon Forge, TN



Popcorn and his Flint Hill Special Edition of an Earl Scruggs Gibson Banjo. The Banjo cost \$8,200.00.

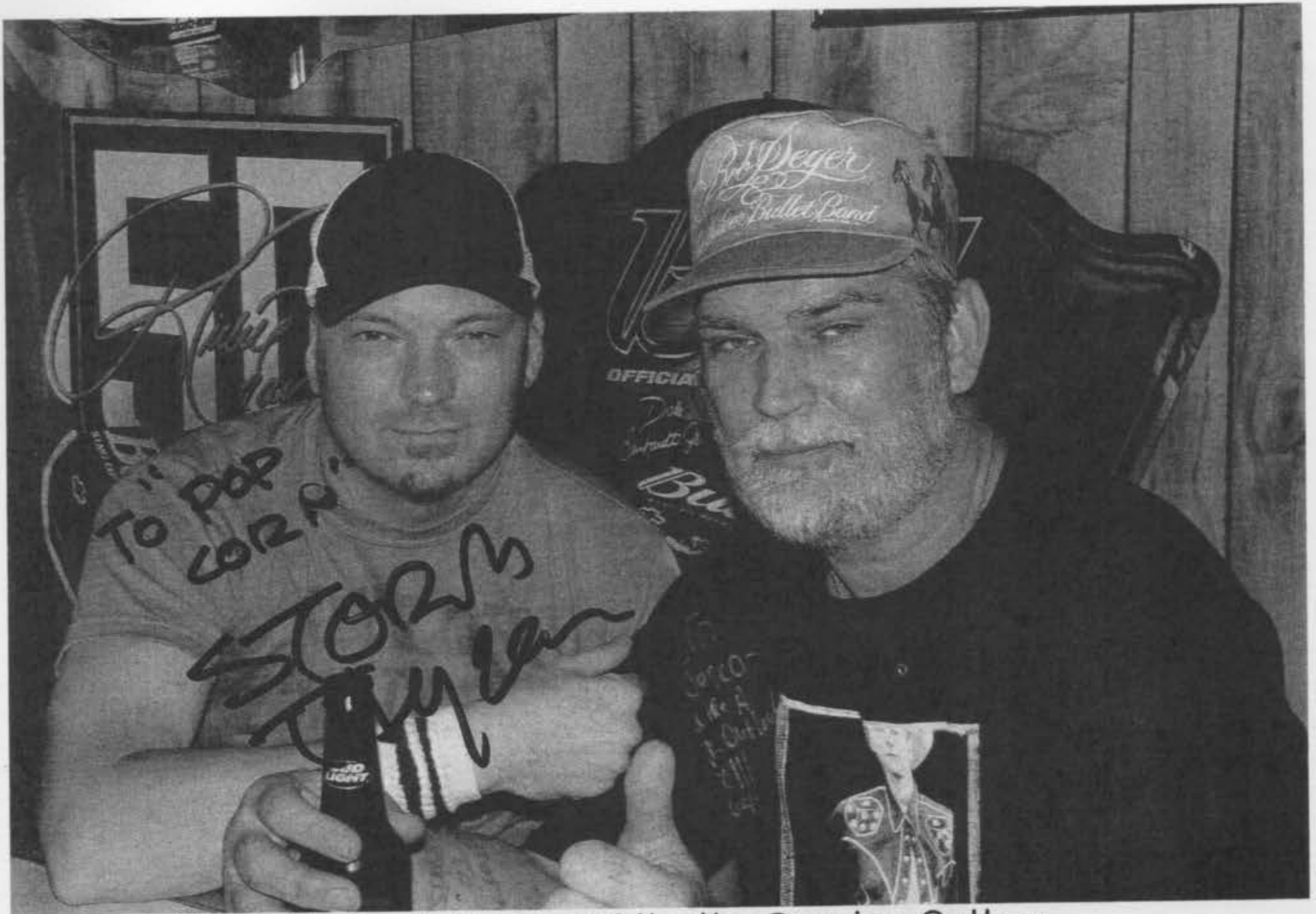


Popcorn and Little Rufe Sutton Dancing at The Opry House in Maggie Valley, I was drunker than Hell.

This is Popcorn. When he is not in school. I have tried to get his parents to let me adopt him. When he turns 18 he will be with me ever step of the way, the rest of my life.



Popcorn Sutton playing his Banjo



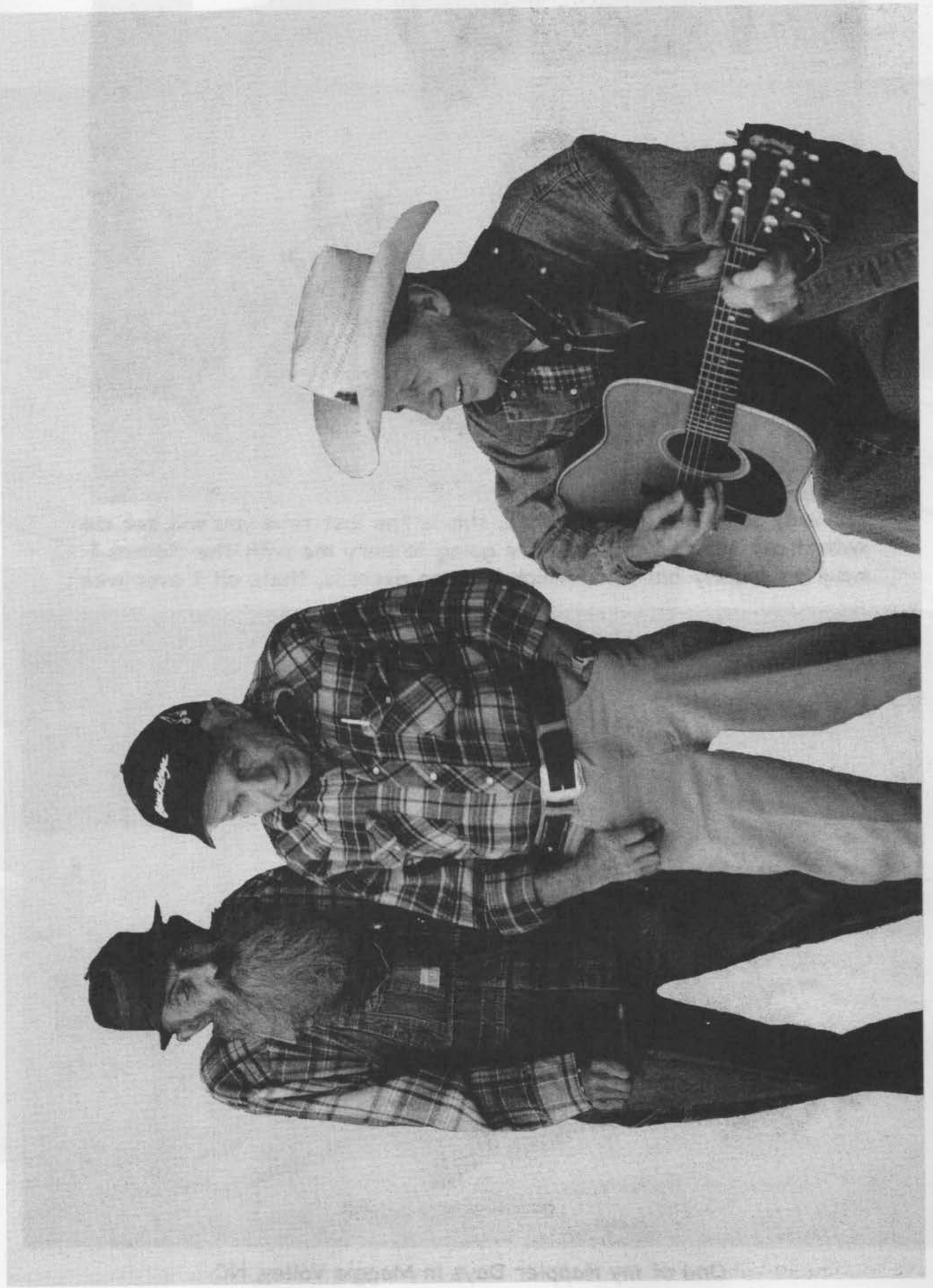
Storm Taylor & Jessco White the Dancing Outlaw



This is Popcorn's nephew Rodney Hazlewood, he helps Popcorn on weekends & when he is not in school. I have tried to get his parents to let me adopt him. When he turns 18 he will be with me ever step of the way, the rest of my life.



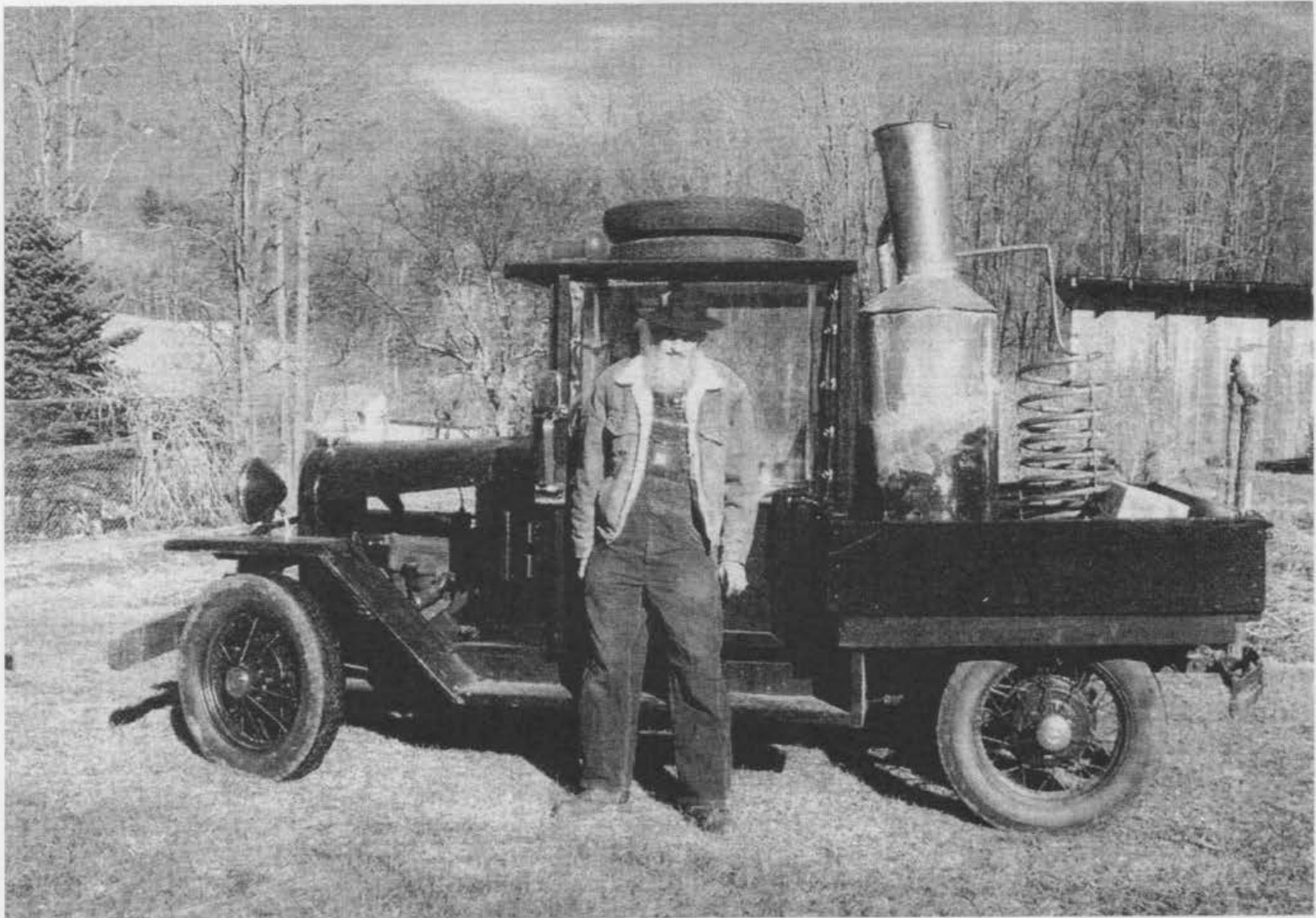
The man on the left is from The History Channel or CMT but Popcorn can't remember which one it is.



Popcorn and Jim Wilson drunker than hell, Leon Wells on his way. Jim Wilson can sing just like Jimmy Rogers.



The only suit I have ever owned, this is the last time you will see me with it on. When I die they are going to bury me with the clothes I have on and my hat also. Which is damn overalls, thats all I ever wear.



One of my Happier Days in Maggie Valley, NC

**HIGH LONESOME:  
THE STORY OF  
BLUEGRASS MUSIC**

USA 1991 Dokumentation 95  
Regie: Rachel Lieblich

Fr 29.09. 20.00 Uhr Saal 2  
Mi 04.10. 20.15 Uhr Saal 1

Hervorragende Dokumentation zur  
Entwicklung der Bluegrass-  
Musik und zugleich. Mit Bill Monroe, Lester  
Scruggs, Jimmy Martin und vielen anderen

**HILLBILLY  
BLITZKRIEG**

USA 1942 Komödie 63 Minuten  
Regie: Roy Mack  
Darsteller: Bud Duncan, Edgar Kennedy



**HILLBILLY  
BABYLON**

**EIN FILM & MUSIK FESTIVAL**  
7 TAGE · 45 FILME · LIVE-MUSIK · LESUNGEN · WHISKEY-BAR  
**EISZEIT-KINO 28.09. - 04.10.2006**

HEGZATERKINO 25UHGQST 70, KOW7ESUN KSELZ520, TEL. 41 40 14, INFO UND PROGRAMM AUF WWW.HILLBILLYBABYLON.COM

**KENTUCKY PIONEERS**

USA 1942 Lehrfilm 11 Minuten  
Produktion: ERPI Classroom Films

Fr 29.09. 16.00 Uhr Saal 1

Der Film zeigt in recht beschaulichen Bildern  
den Alltag einer Pionierfamilie in Kentucky  
um 1780.

**THE LAST ONE**

USA 2005 Dokumentation 60 Minuten  
Regie: Neal Hutcheson

Fr 29.09. 18.00 Uhr Saal 1  
So 01.10. 22.00 Uhr Saal 2

Hochinteressante Dokumentation über Pop-  
corn Sutton, einen 'echten' Schwarzbrenner  
aus North Carolina, der für diesen Film die  
letzte Lage 'Moonshine-Whiskey' seines Le-  
bens brennt.

**MA AND PA KETTLE**

USA 1949 Komödie 76 Minuten  
Regie: Charles Lamont  
Darsteller: Marjorie Main, Percy Kilbride

Pa Kettle in ihrer ersten Hauptrolle. Pa  
nimmt an einem Preisausschreiben teil,  
winnert er nicht den erhofften Tabaks-  
vertrag, sondern ein neues Haus mit modernster  
Ausrüstung. Die hochtechnischen Ap-  
parate sorgen für einige Probleme.

So 01.10. 16.00 Uhr Saal 2

„Das  
Rausch-  
schicksal  
Der Tage

Termin

Kleines Th  
Karten: 821 20

Program from Berlin, Germany film festival which featured  
The Last One in two special showings, Oct. 2006

## MAKING MOVIES WITH POPCORN

The road was the roughest one I had ever been on, and I have been to some far-flung undeveloped areas of the world. JB was taking me back to the cabin from the site where we were filming him and Popcorn making Pop's last batch of moonshine liquor. The old jeep's headlights bounced wildly across the brush and trees, now lost in a black Appalachian sky now shining brightly on the chewed up dirt track. JB and I had to yell at each other over the bang and rattle of the car. Just below my open window there was a vast dark, scraggly void, where I hoped we would not end up. The day before Popcorn had run off the edge in broad daylight, nearly turning his truck over. Well, it would have turned over many times. That kind of thing doesn't shake Popcorn up. Nothing really does.

We were making the film that became "This Is the Last Dam Run of Likker I'll Ever Make." Popcorn and JB camped out by the still all that week, but every night JB ran me down to a cabin where I could charge my camera's batteries on Popcorn's gas generator. I met Popcorn while making "Mountain Talk" for PBS. Every time I came up to the mountains to film, Pop would take me out driving the mountains in his Model A, or invite me to a party, or get some people together down at the old store. That film became very successful, was shown on PBS many times, and Popcorn Sutton is one of the main reasons. Every one who sees it remarks on the mountain man driving the Model A throughout the film. These days most people recognize him by name.

Popcorn grew up in a tough world and learned to live by its tough rules, but he's also as good-hearted and generous as anyone you'll ever meet. While making "The Last Run," and every time I go to stay with him or travel with him, he keeps an unlimited supply of food, Pepsi, and beer, and I have never hesitated to accept his hospitality. Since that blazing hot summer of 2002 when Pop made his last batch, I have traveled with him extensively, sometimes filming and sometimes just having fun. And when the weather snaps cold I start thinking about making a trip to see him again, because he always keeps a great fire blazing, wherever he is.

No one who has not made a documentary can understand the kind of hours and work involved in putting it together. In the same way, no one who has not made liquor (particularly good liquor), has any idea of the labor and costs involved. I have seen it and it is non-stop back-breaking work and worry. Popcorn works harder than anyone I have ever met. It takes a lot of smarts to keep it all together too: so much sugar, so much gas, so much corn, apples, pears, charcoal, jars, etc. etc. Few people could do it even without the pressure of keeping it hidden, supplying customers discreetly, and on top of it all brilliantly promoting yourself as a brand name. If you haven't figured it out already--Popcorn is a truly brilliant man. His health has been down in the past couple of years, but he manages to keep on keepin' on. He's kind of like mountain culture. Despite all that the world has done to it, it's too tough to kill. A world without Popcorn will be much less interesting, but his legacy will last, to borrow one of his sayings, as long as time.

# POPCORN SUTTON

# JB RADER

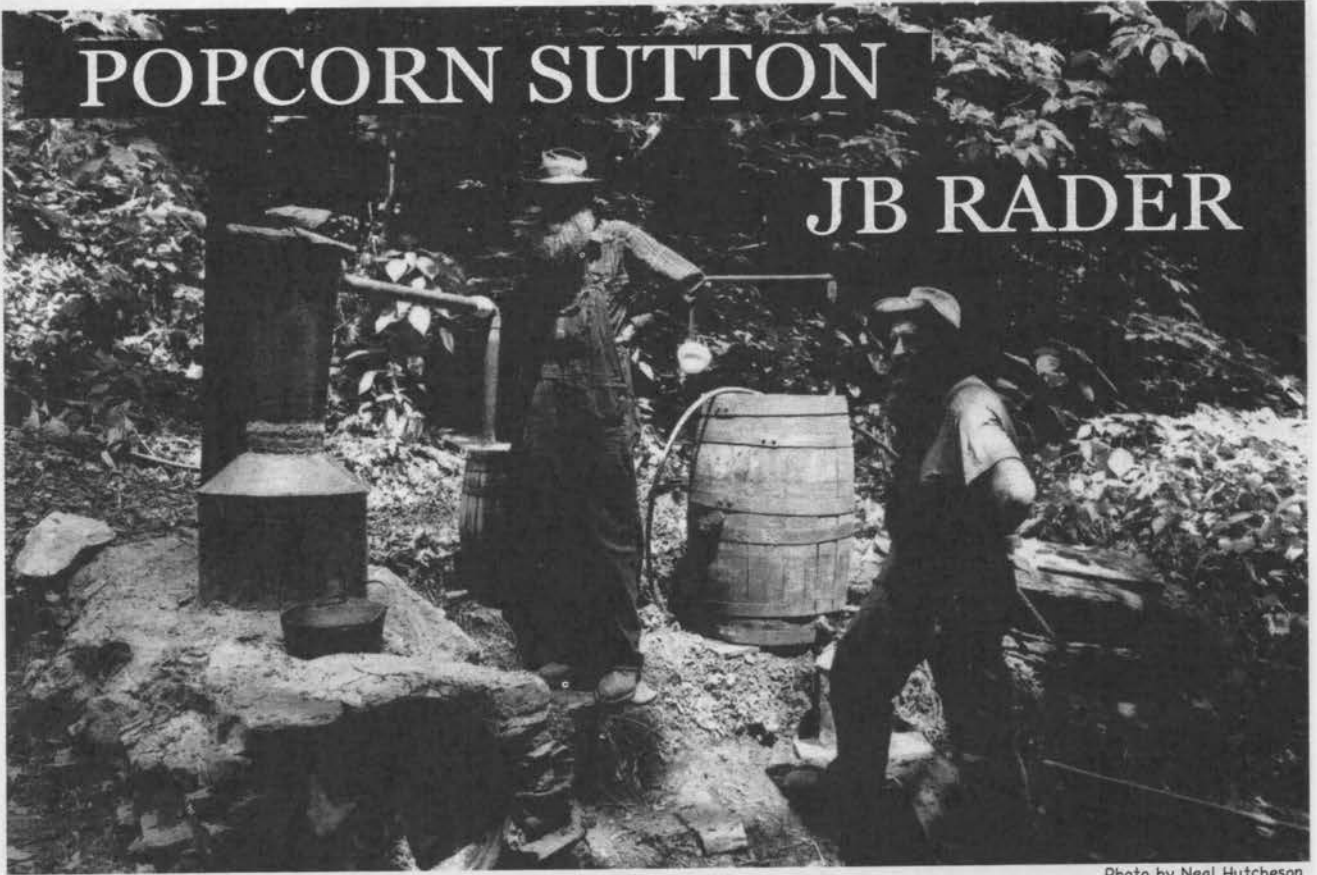


Photo by Neal Hutcheson



Photo by Neal Hutcheson

J.B Rader - Neal Hutcheson - Popcorn Sutton



Photo by Neal Hutcheson



Photo by Neal Hutcheson

Building the Furnace around the Still for the DVD



Photo by Neal Hutcheson



Photo by Neal Hutcheson

JB Rader and Popcorn making LIKKER for the Video



Photo by Neal Hutcheson

This is the Still house we were building on a mountain called Shitty Britches where the Video was made at



Photo by Neal Hutcheson

Still Site and Shack where the Video was made



Photo by Neal Hutcheson

## On Location

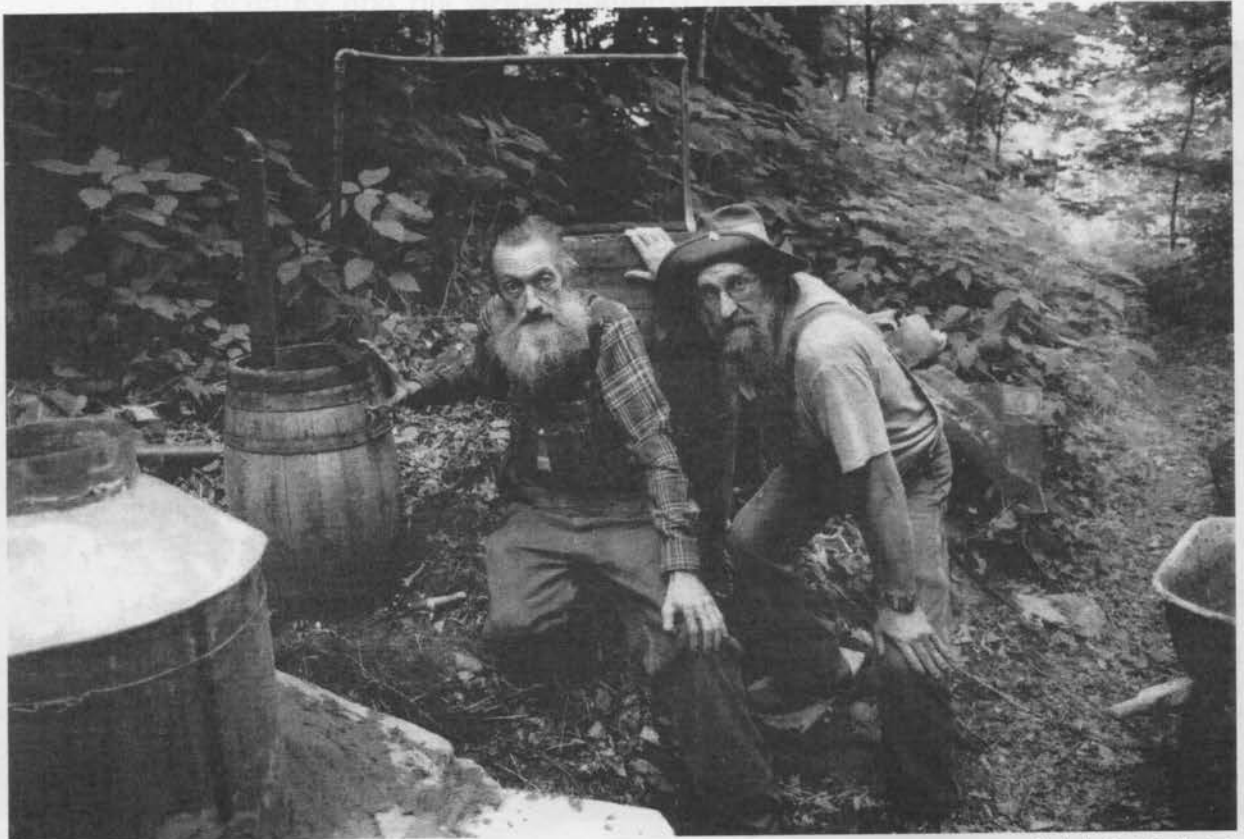


Photo by Neal Hutcheson



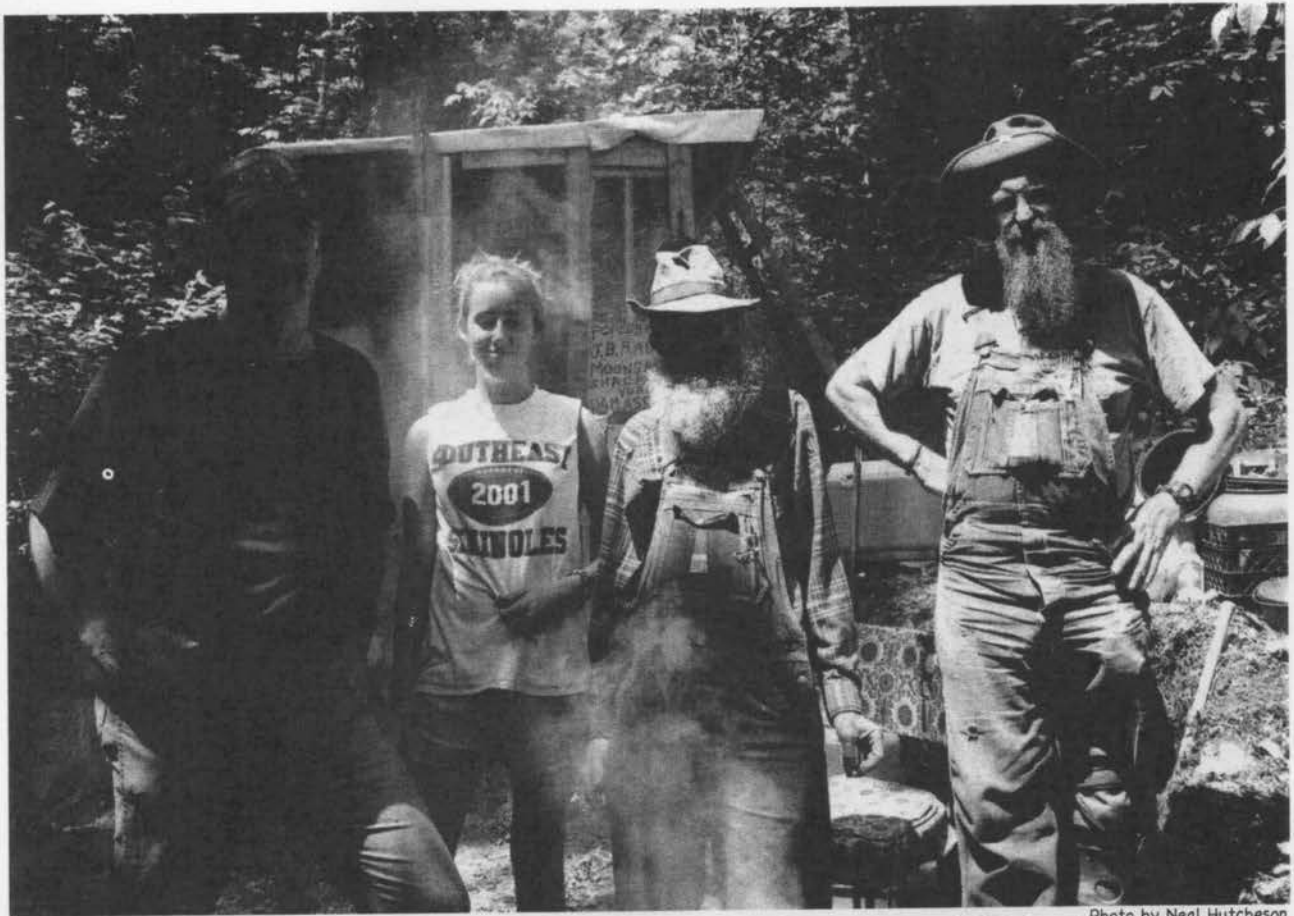
JB Rader changing jars

Photo by Neal Hutcheson



Filling up a jar at the Movie I made on a Mountain called Shitty Britches

Photo by Neal Hutcheson



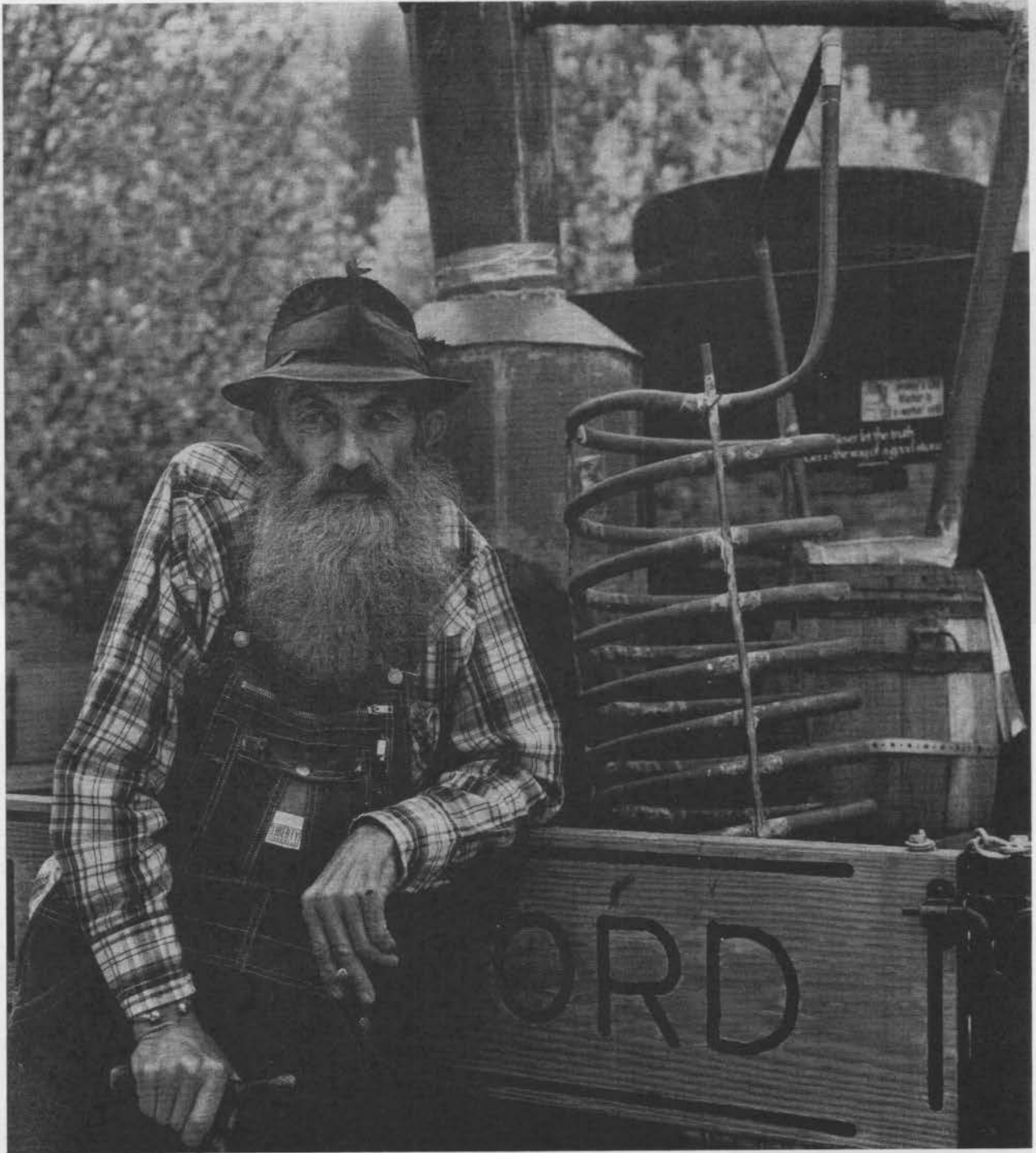
Bill Bradley and his Grand-daughter, Popcorn and JB Rader

Photo by Neal Hutcheson



4 jars freshly run LIKKER

Photo by Neal Hutcheson



Shirley Britches, a 70-year-old woman, lives on a mountain called Shirly Britches. She is a very hard worker.

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# News Briefs

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THE ENTERPRISE MOUNTAINEER

Friday, February 13, 1998

## News Briefs

### Haywood County moonshiner pleads guilty

A Haywood County man who was charged with making and selling moonshine pleaded guilty Wednesday to three misdemeanors.

"Popcorn" Sutton, was charged Jan. 25 with 3 counts of possessing and/or selling non-tax paid alcoholic beverages, possessing equipment and ingredients to make alcoholic beverages, and manufacturing spiritous liquor without a permit. Officers alleged the incidents occurred in January and last October. Haywood County deputies and N.C. Alcohol Law Enforcement agents said they seized a still and 60 gallons of homemade whiskey in the case.

Sutton pleaded guilty in District Court to three counts of possessing and selling



**Sutton:**

Pleaded guilty to moonshining

non-tax paid alcoholic beverages.

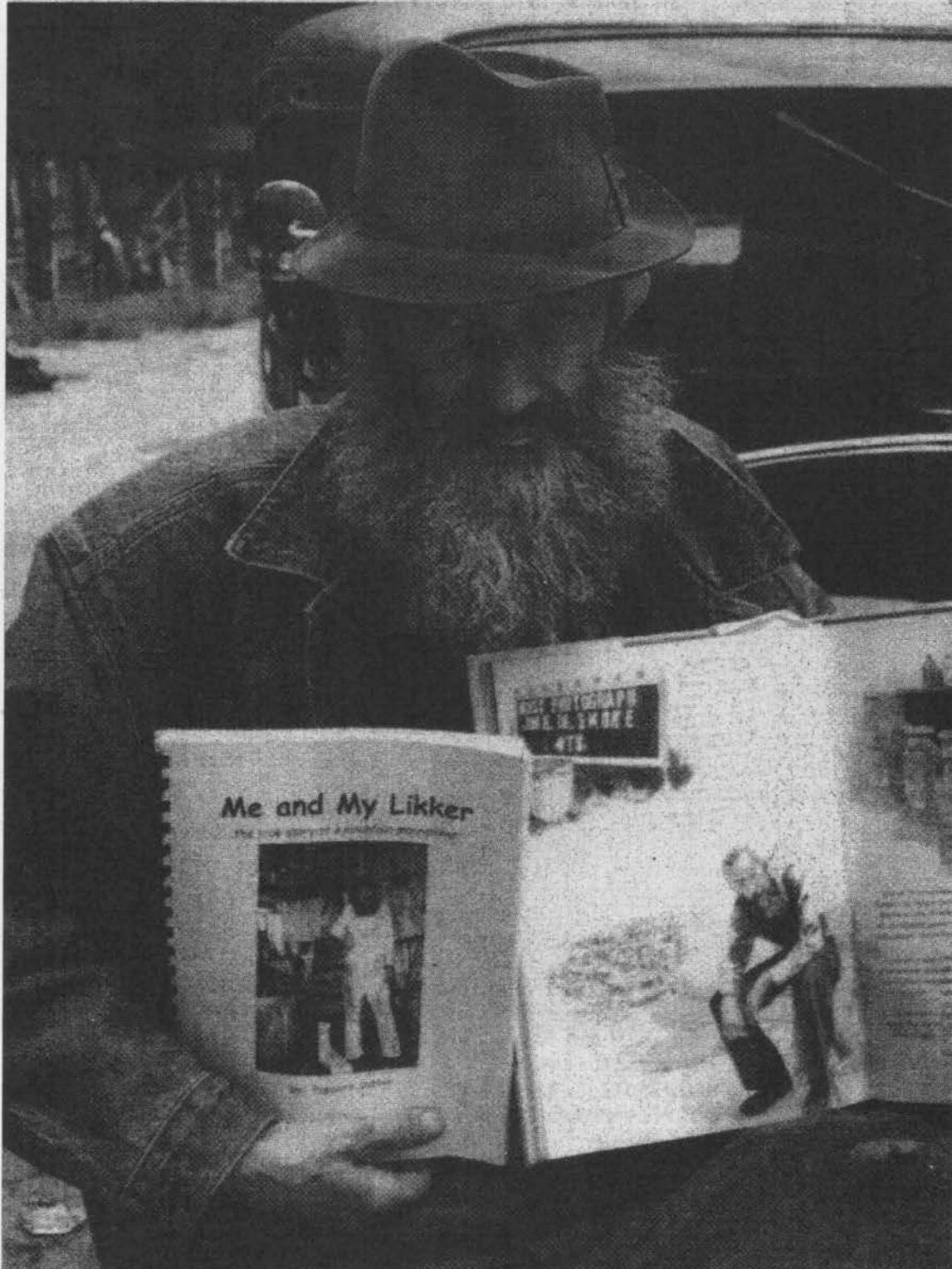
Judge Danny E. Davis sentenced Sutton to two 45-day jail terms, then suspended the sentences for one year. Sutton was placed on unsupervised probation for one year under the conditions he submit to warrantless searches of his home and business, serve 24 hours of community service, not violate any laws, and pay court costs, a \$100 community service fee and \$800 in fines.

Sutton owns "Popcorn's Antiques," a roadside shop in Maggie Valley that sells miscellaneous mountain memorabilia.

CELEBRATING 23 YEARS 1978 - 2001 FREE

# The Tourist NEWS

Vol. 23 no. 07 • Your Enjoyment Guide To The Mountains Since 1978 • July 04, 2001



# Popcorn a Living Legend

This Article has been edited, due to limited space.

*Maggie Valley* - Popcorn Sutton, operator of the Old Store in Maggie Valley, can tell real life stories about making moonshine, an activity and livelihood since the Scotch-Irish colonists arrived on American soil. His vocabulary is spiced with obscenities and he has the wit and realism of mountain folk. Popcorn exemplifies the trait of the Ulster heritage of the revolutionary ideas of liberty and uncompromising individual freedom which is commonly found in the local folk of Maggie Valley. He has published his first non-fiction book, "Me and My Likker."

When he realized that few people were willing to put in the hard work necessary to build a still, or to make good liquor, he decided he could write a book to pass on his experiences and skills in the trade. He tells a humorous story and has changed his anecdotes to protect his friends.

Sutton is an authentic moonshine distiller as he builds by hand samples of a workable still. He demonstrates a unique sense of character and

value system much as the mountain forefathers have held and with which they survived and reared their families for generations. Popcorn learned the trade early in life. He chose to drop out of school as he says, to drive fast cars and chase women. He is knowledgeable about the quality of whisky and adamantly opposed to those who make "bad likker" which can be deadly.

Popcorn is a subject in the art book, *Mountain on The Mist*, Impression of The Great Smokies by Roger Bansemer. This book reflects the glories of the Great Smokies.

Bansemer captures the breathtaking beauty of the flora, fauna, living history, and the spectacular natural vistas and

wild life. Potters have portrayed Popcorn's image in pottery which is a juried work in the Southern Highland Guild. Scholars seek to interview him to document folkways and language patterns.

As he ages, he reminisces about his life in the moonshine business in his younger years. He

laments that with his declining health and the rising cost of making liquor that he will not have his last wish, that is his desire to be changing jars at his still in the old time way when he dies.

The Old Store, located around the curve from Ghost Town, features antiques and junk. He prides himself in having the best boiled peanuts in the valley. Stop and shop with him at The Old Store, seven days a week, daylight to dark, when he has the notion to be open.

His busy season is June through October. Come and experience conversation with an unusual character, a true mountain man. The book, "Me and My Likker," is for sale by mail order at P.O. Box 38 Parrottsville, TN 37843



Popcorn Sutton and his A-model Ford



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P.O. Box 38  
Parrottsville, TN 37843



# HAYWOOD Living

This Article has been edited, due to limited space.

## Mountain moonshiner's tales of running 'likker' helps Maggie Valley tourism

By Edie Burnette

HAYWOOD COUNTY NEWS CORRESPONDENT

**MAGGIE VALLEY — Popcorn Sutton** is an original, a self-proclaimed mountain moonshiner who has spent most of his life tending stills in the mountains of Western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee.

Popcorn is also a reflection of an earlier time. Flip pages of history back two or three generations for a glimpse of a way of life, echoed by Popcorn. It was a time when selling whiskey might be the only way a man could feed his family.

"Popcorn has retained some of that quality of life," says **James Carver** of Maggie Valley.

Popcorn and his craft have garnered a fair amount of fame, creating a local living legend who appears in videos about WNC. He is also the subject of his self-written book "Me and My Likker," the true story of a mountain moonshiner.

"I have been famous for years in all the wrong ways," he says, "But I am honest, and I have good credit."

He revels in his notoriety.

"Likker put me in the spotlight. My likker has been in every state and to England, Scotland, France, places like that. People bought it here and took it back with them," he says.

Popcorn's thin, wiry body is clad in overalls, a plaid flannel shirt and felt hat drawn low over his eyes. His full beard is graying; his spine, slightly bent, protected with a fabric brace circling his waist.

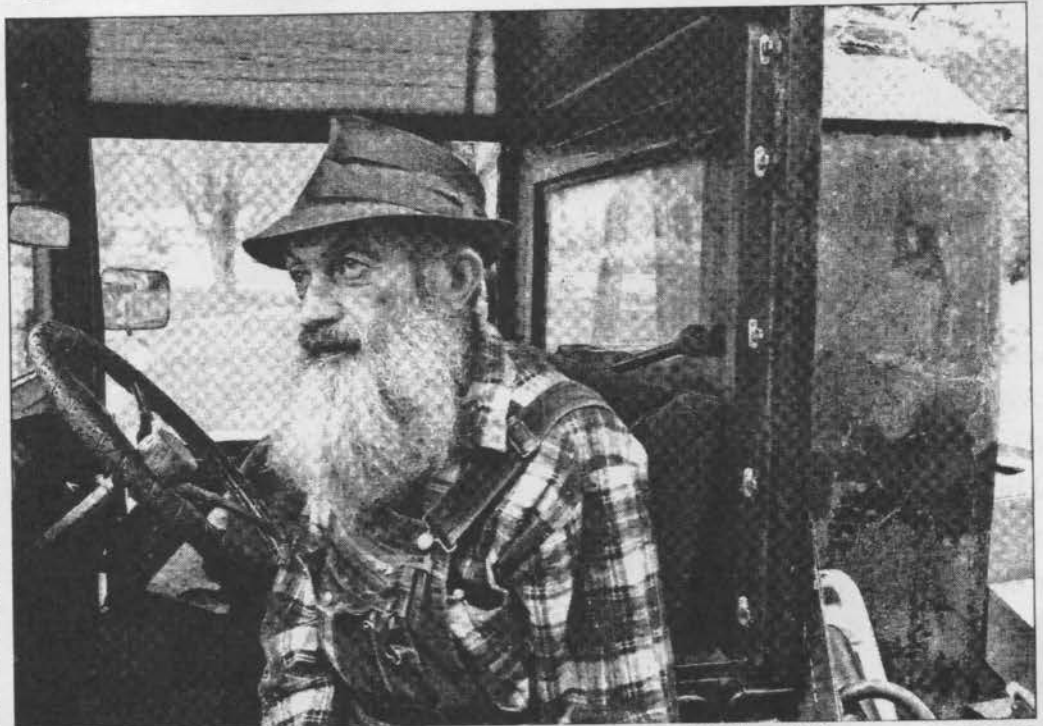
The last still he used, he says, is mounted on the back of his refurbished A-Model truck.

He answers only to Popcorn, acquiring the name following an altercation with a popcorn machine that gave him neither popcorn nor his money back. The machine lost.

His back is worn out, he says, from carrying 100-pound bags of sugar up steep mountainsides to remote sites, wherever his still was located.

"I can't do that no more," he says.

Popcorn grew up on Hemphill, near Maggie Valley,



Edie Burnette/SPECIAL TO THE CITIZEN-TIMES

Popcorn Sutton sits in his A-Model truck with the last still he used secured in the back.

where his grandfather "Little" Mitch Sutton and his father, Vader, both knew the moonshine trade. He was only 6, he says, when he began sneaking sips of "likker" from jars hidden by men gathered — Saturday nights to hear the war news and the Grand Ole Opry on his father's battery-powered radio.

"I went to Rock Hill School — Rock Hill Academy — but I was no good in school and quit in the ninth grade," he says. "But I guarantee I could come up with a college education if someone wants to talk to me, if I haven't burned my brain cells out drinking likker."

He left home at age 16 to work for a furniture manufacturer in Hickory, lasting four years before answering the call of the mountains. He tried pumping gas for a living before hiring on as night watchman guarding equipment for contractors working on Interstate 40. He entertained himself taking joy rides on the unfinished road in a dump truck.

"I made likker in different

places, on Hemphill and on Snowbird over in Tennessee," he said. "I moved to Upper Cosby, Tenn., where I found out what sugar was made for."

It was then he turned to his life's work — building copper stills and making moonshine whiskey.

"The law was not too bad on you down in Tennessee, but up here back when Fred Campbell (former sheriff) was in there, they was rough on you," Popcorn said.

This is what he knew best. He had been exposed to the art of making moonshine but says that he taught himself. He was meticulous, both in making stills and in brewing the fiery beverage sometimes called "white lightning."

Popcorn was caught running whiskey in 1974 around Newport, Tenn.

"I was on probation, and they like to have drove me crazy checking on me," he said. "They busted up my still but I made a new one and put it in the same place. I didn't figure they would

think I would put one in the same place. They checked on me every day but Saturday and Sunday so I made likker on weekends."

He was caught three more times, in Maggie Valley and Tennessee, but evaded charges.

Popcorn is tough, that's true. He has had to be tough to survive the years of making and running whiskey. But, underneath that carefully maintained, crusty exterior, he can't completely conceal a different side of Popcorn.

He speaks precisely what is on his mind, inadvertently dropping crumbs that lead to a man who is loyal to his friends, capable of deep affection, generous in ways he won't reveal.

"Maggie Valley, Home of Popcorn Sutton" reads a wooden sign on Carver's Maggie Valley Restaurant.

"Popcorn is a good ambassador for the valley and promotes tourism," Carver says. "He has friends from all over. He talks to people, encourages them to come to Maggie."



DAVID CRIGGER/BRISTOL HERALD COURIER

Popcorn Sutton of Maggie Valley is as legendary for his moonshine-making as for his arrests. He has used some moonshine to make medicine. "You can make cough syrup out of it," he said. "But you can't make cough syrup out of store-bought liquor. It will not work. I've tried it."

# MOONSHINE & POPCORN

# MOONSHINE & POPCORN

**REFORMED** moonshiner's life could make an action movie script

BY JOE TENNIS  
BRISTOL HERALD COURIER

**MAGGIE VALLEY, N.C.** – Every 10 minutes or so, Popcorn Sutton disappears.

He doesn't say why. He just gets up and goes.

Outside, you can see him puffing.

A big plume of cigarette smoke rises between his grizzly mustache and beard – a web of black, white and gray hair tangled and mangled in so many directions that it looks like wire.

The hair on his head lies hidden, at almost all times,

beneath his well-worn hat. And his face – bearing a boyish, sometimes devilish grin – wrinkles into enough lines to make a road map.

Still, there may not be enough lines on that unforgettable face to lead down all the wild paths of this man's life.

Popcorn Sutton makes moonshine. Or he did.

To run from the law, he's probably used to disappearing quietly, just like he does on his smoke breaks – and never saying where or why.

"I've been making liquor over 40 years," he says. "I made liquor a long time before I ever figured out how you do it. The only way you teach yourself to

do anything is you do it yourself."

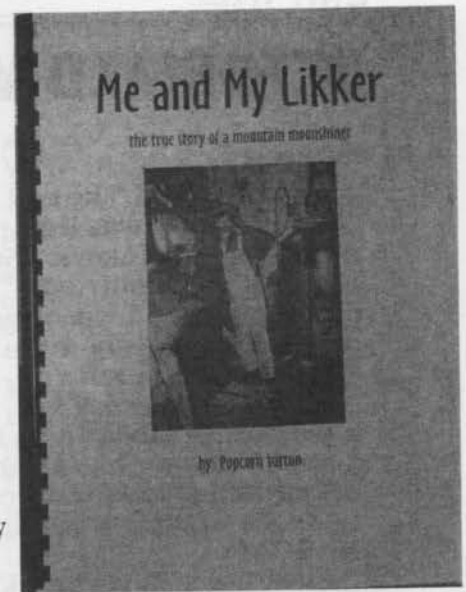
A short man, Sutton's scruffy exterior matches his short temper and terse tongue.

To put it plainly, Popcorn Sutton is plagued with potty-mouth. He curses constantly.

Still, if you don't like it, he doesn't care.

A living legend in North Carolina, Popcorn Sutton is so well-known for his string of moonshine arrests that out-of-towners come looking for him. A local inn, Misty Mountain Ranch, even features a room bearing his name and likeness.

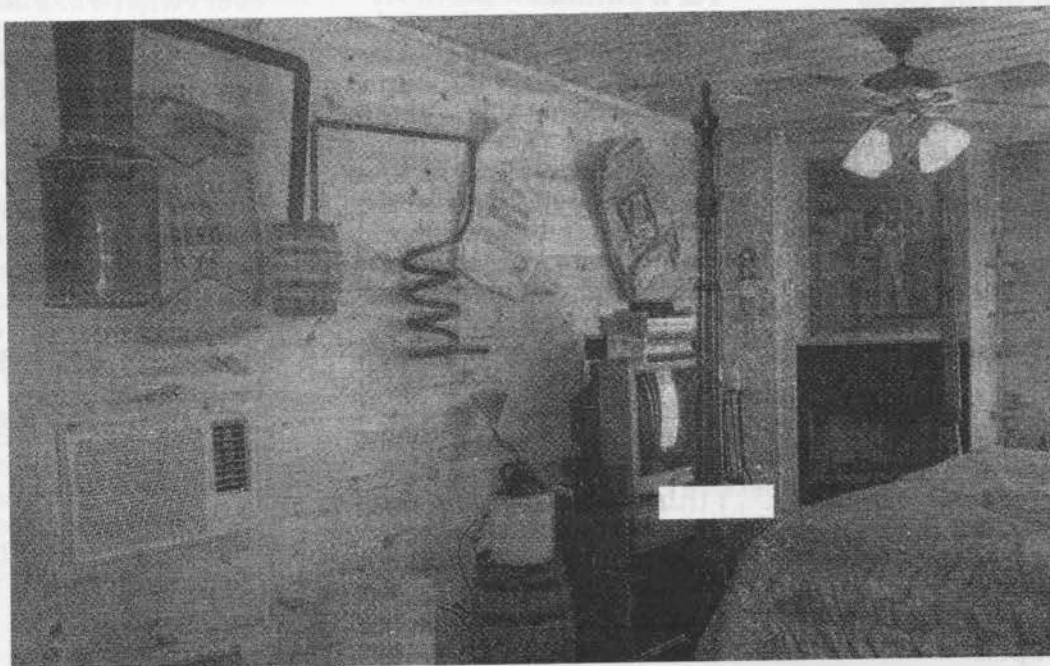
"Ever since I was big enough to know anything, liquor just



*'I can brag about one thing, MAKING LIKKER. They ain't no damn body that can beat me making likker. I knowed of two people as good as me at it, but they are both dead.'*

- Popcorn Sutton,  
from the autobiographical 'Me and My Likker:  
The True Story of a Mountain Moonshiner' (1999)

See **POPCORN**, Empire 3



# REFORMED MOONSHINER POPCORN SUTTON:

From Empire 1

got on my mind," he said. "All my family was liquor makers and drinkers. And proud of it ... I started drinking when I was 6 years old. Smoking at the same time. Cussing, too."

Often, he's invited to moonshine conventions, like a recent one in Georgia that celebrated moonshine's connections to the beginning of NASCAR.

Back home in Maggie Valley, the all-ages clientele at a local restaurant calls Popcorn by name as he passes through to the salad bar and feasts on a big plate of steak on a wintry afternoon.

Sitting down, Popcorn's head bobs on his fuzzy neck like a cartoon character.

The man just doesn't seem real.

But, maybe, he's about as real as anybody can be.

Most adults go around with this facade. They blend into what you want them to be. But he is so innately honest. He's simply fun.

And he's a hard-working man, even in the snow.

On this day, Old Man Winter has dumped white sheets on Maggie Valley, burying the little village with a blinding blanket.

To make a trek up a hill, Popcorn has grounded his trademark Model-A Ford in favor of his Toyota, saying the newer truck has better traction.

The cold roads are as slick as butter.

Slowly, Popcorn snakes uphill, past Dirty Britches Drive. Then he halts his visitors at a gate and fumbles for five minutes with an old lock and chain. Later, he cusses that lock, saying why it wouldn't open. Or how it wouldn't open.

Sloshing through the snow, Popcorn's Toyota finally reaches his little cabin. It's a place that looks perfectly fitting for an ageless moonshiner—with a wood pile on the porch. And, at the edge of the woods, there's an outhouse with a half-moon carved on the door. It's like something you would see on "Hee-Haw." Or it's like something you could have recently seen on CMT's "Most Shocking" during an episode titled "Moonshine Madness."

Inside the cabin, Popcorn plops down on a chair next to a wood stove. Soon, a crackling fire warms an oval rug on the hardwood floor.

The cabin kitchen faces a bed, which, in turn, faces a tiny bathroom. In between, there's just enough room to sit and get acquainted.

It's a place smaller than a standard mobile home, or about the size of a single-car garage.

## 'I'M A DRUNK'

His age is allegedly unknown: "It ain't nobody's damn business," he'll tell you.

But Popcorn brags: "I've drunk everything that'll make you drunk, except shaving lotion ... and shoe polish. I'm not an alcoholic. I'm a drunk ... I like drunks, because they was part of my business — at one time they was."

He sees no evil in what he does. He's proud of it. I think he enjoys the renegade status, too.

The "Popcorn" nickname comes from a years-ago incident in a barroom, he said, when he busted a popcorn

machine and had to pay 75 dam dollars for it.

Today, he added, "If you don't call me 'Popcorn,' you don't know me."

## 'NO HARDER'

Popcorn drinks beer. But he doesn't like the taste of it. He spits out most of what he swallows.

"Beer is not the same as moonshine," he said. "It ain't got the 'Wop.'"

Popcorn's health lost its "Wop" a few years ago. To keep his back straight, he must now wear a belt around his stomach.

"I've got spurs on my backbones and arthritis in my hips. I couldn't carry a damn bag of sugar if you give it to me."

Sugar?

Popcorn uses sugar to make moonshine.

"There ain't nothing no harder than making liquor," he said. "I've worked on construction. I've worked on farmwork. I've worked everywhere ... There ain't nothing no harder."

The hardness comes from hauling — taking loads of sugar and jars to a secret place in a hard-to-reach holler, he said.

"You know you've got there when you got there," he said. "You've got to carry the stuff in there and carry the stuff out. You can't put it out here where people are loafing around at. You've got to kind of get off the beaten path."

Like where?

# 'There ain't nothing no harder than making liquor'



Popcorn Sutton in his Still House

"I made it on different people's land," he said. "Where I made it was either nobody knewed I was there. Or the man who owned the land knowed I was there and wouldn't run me off."

The last time he was caught, in January of 1998, Popcorn was taken away and fined. Then he was put on probation. Since then, he's quit the business, he said.

"I'm over the damn hill and can't make any more," he added.

### 'THAT'S NOT LEGAL'

"I'm going to the coast next week - to where they catch shrimp at, wherever that's at. I don't know. I ain't never been there."

Sutton then recalled another trip.

"I went with a doctor friend of mine from there, to get a load of shrimp. But I

stayed drunk from the time I left here until the time I got back, so I don't remember seeing the ocean."

He grinned.

Popcorn says he's now "legal, for a change."

But he does not shy away from saying how moonshine is made.

"If you ain't got the proper equipment to start with, then you don't need to get in the business, because you don't need to kill a bunch of people and make 'em sick," he said. "I wanted to make a product that they'd come back and see me when they got that drunk up."

Over the years, Popcorn figured he has made "a few thousand gallons" of moonshine. "Enough to flood the river."

It came in various kinds.

"I made the cryin' kind, the laughin' kind, the divorcin' kind, the fightin'

## YOU SHOULD KNOW

To order a copy of Popcorn Sutton's "Me and My Likker" and/or related videotapes, write to: Popcorn Sutton, P.O. Box 38, Parrottsville, TN 37843.

kind. I even made some one time that had four fights to a damn pint. That was powerful stuff."

### 'NAILED TO THE TOP'

Whenever it's not snowing, Popcorn tools around town in his antique Model-A truck. On the bed stands a moonshine still, bolted on the back. The truck was made with parts of models dating from 1928, 1929, 1930 and 1931. "The spare tire's nailed to the top."

Popcorn has popped into prominent places with the truck, like the Museum of Appalachia in Norris, Tenn., where he once offered a moonshine demonstration and samples of his craft.

"I had more people hanging around me than anybody else around there," he bragged. "And I guarantee I can come to your town and have people hanging around."

Some come to buy copies of his book, "Me and My Likker." He sells it for \$50.00 A Revised Edition.

"I wrote it myself, because who in the hell else knows all that, except me? Nobody," he said.

The book tells the moonshiner's life story.

"Ever since I was a little ol' kid, I swore, by damned, that if I ever got big enough, I'd make liquor and haul it. That was my life's dream. And I done it," he said.

"And that ain't no lie."

jtennis@bristolnews.com | (276) 669-2181

This Article has been edited due to space.

COCKE COUNTY'S HOMETOWN NEWSPAPER SINCE 1900

# The Newport Plain Talk

TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 2003

ONE SECTION—VOLUME 103—NUMBER 254

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## 'STILL SHINING'

### Popcorn Sutton visits Hard Times Street Rod Show

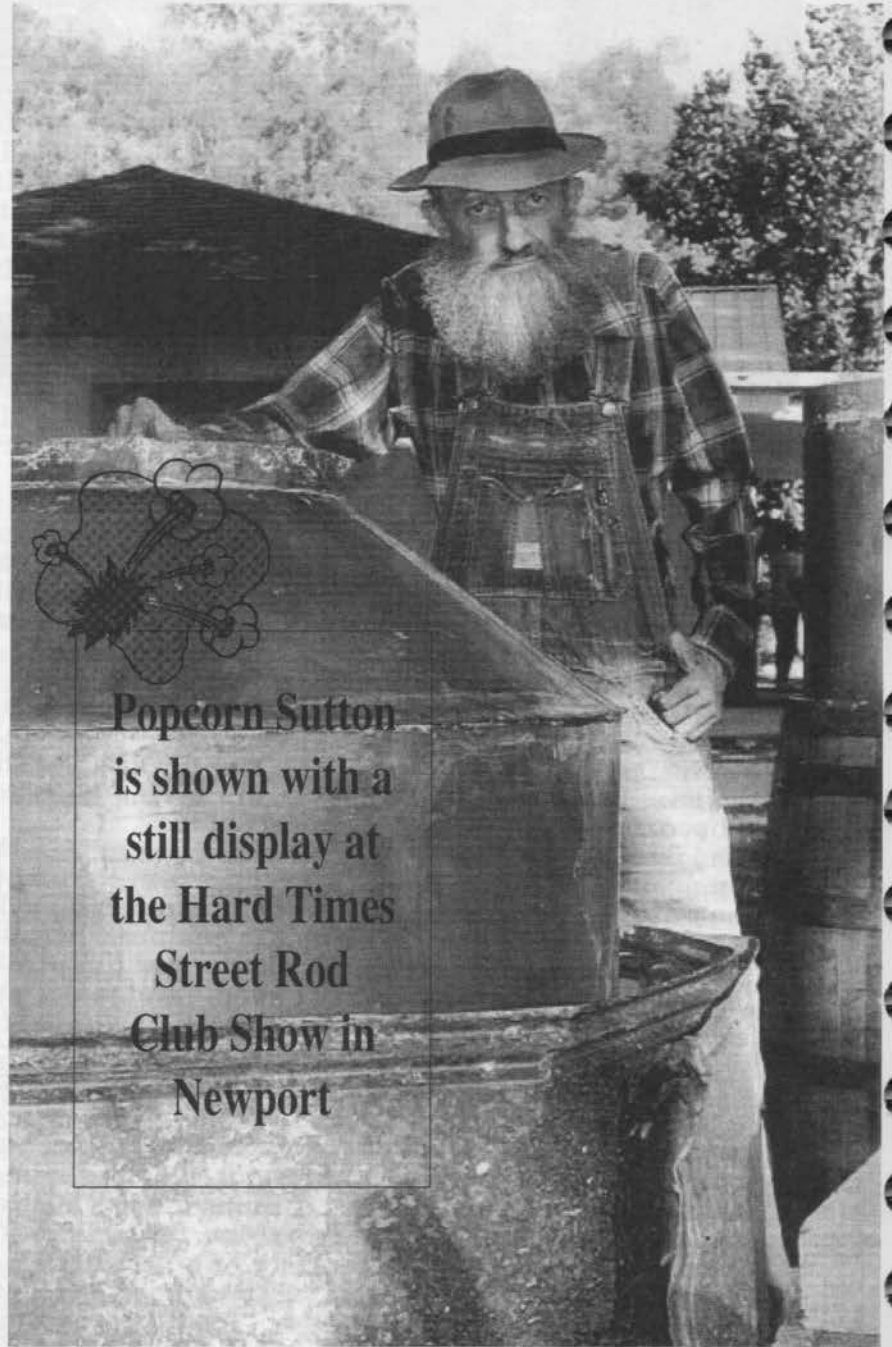
**W**hile visiting Newport during The Hard Times Street Rod Clubs' The Moonshine Rod Run, Popcorn Sutton made the 20<sup>th</sup> annual event a true moonshine experience.

The Maggie Valley, N.C. resident was in town to participate in the celebration of vintage automobiles at Newport's City Park. The acknowledged grand elder of western North Carolina moonshiners, Sutton is the author of an autobiography entitled *Me and My Likker* and star in the cult classic film *The Last Run*.

Sutton is known across the south for his craft, which he does not try to conceal what he has become famous for. He is the last of a generation that has almost become forgotten. In his autobiography and movie, he has managed to capture and share the lost art and mindset of the era for generations to come.

During the two-day car show, there was a second attraction which drew hundreds of eyeballs, a display of moonshine stills around Sutton's vehicle. From the display visitors were able to purchase Sutton's video and meet a piece of walking, talking, breathing part of Appalachian history for themselves. Many at the event have heard tale of Sutton from friends or family and now were able to meet him.

Parked next to the Sutton moonshine display was a *Mayberryish* vintage of police car of Sutton's friend Mark Ramsey. A stark contrast to the relationship that have occurred between Sutton and law enforcement in the past. It has been reported that he has been arrested many years ago for his craft. Today he speaks kind words of law enforcement.



Popcorn Sutton is shown with a still display at the Hard Times Street Rod Club Show in Newport

Photo Courtesy of Newport Plain Talk

# The Newport Plain Talk

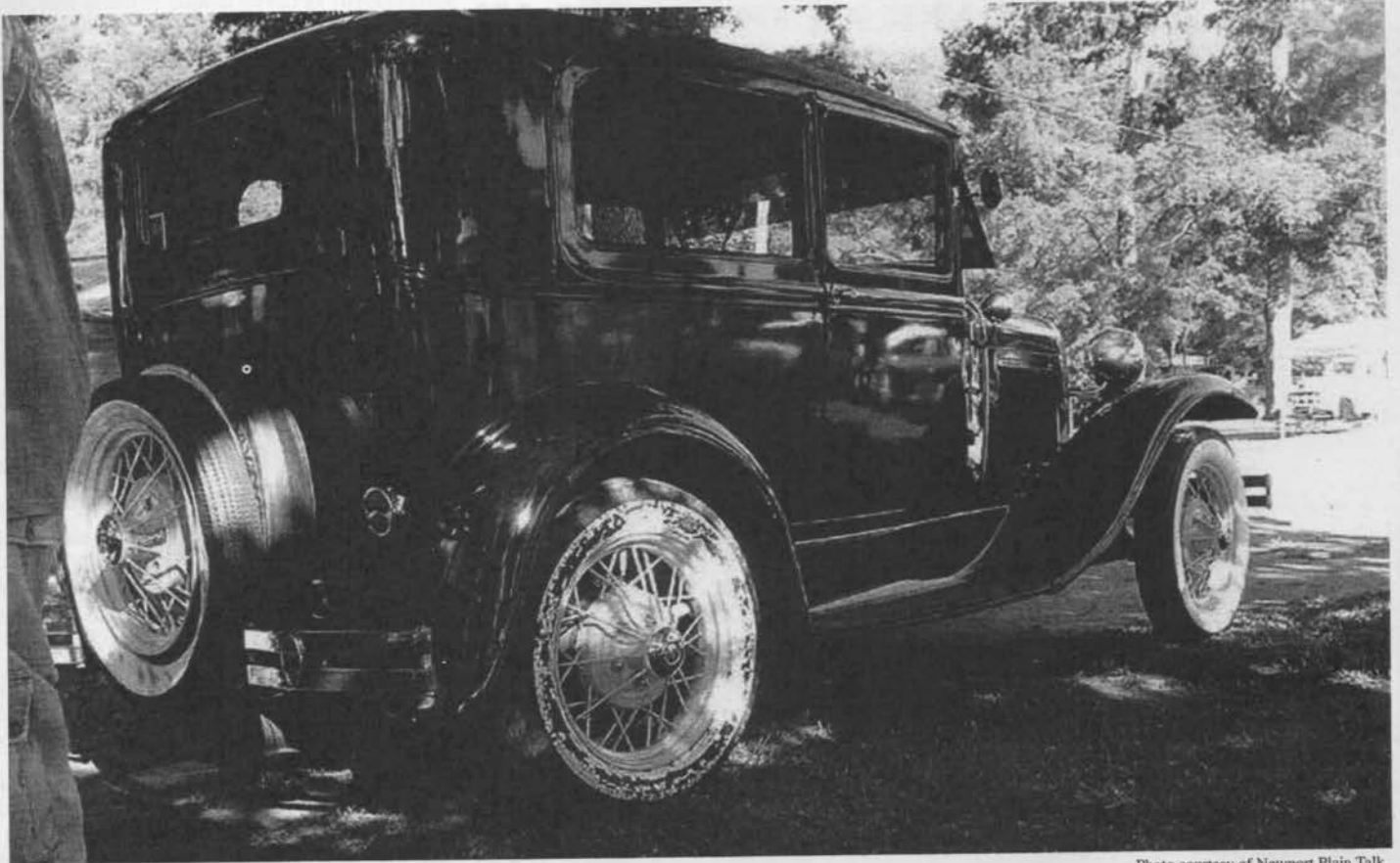


Photo courtesy of Newport Plain Talk

Above: This vehicle was often used to make early moonshine runs. At the right is a last jar of moonshine while at the bottom, is a display of the movies about Popcorn Sutton.



Photo courtesy of Newport Plain Talk

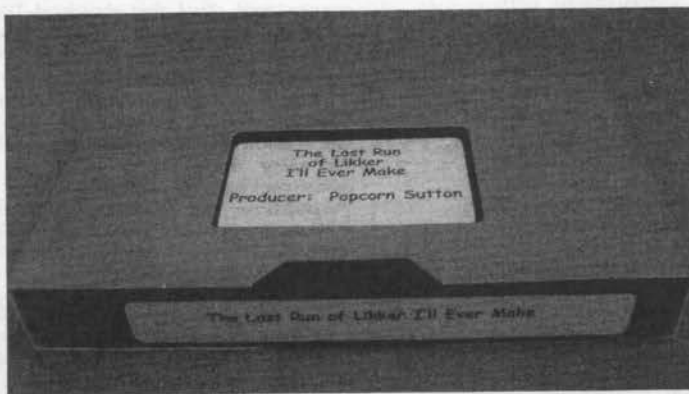


Photo courtesy of Newport Plain Talk

# The Oak Ridger

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Friday-Sunday  
October 8-10, 1999

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JUST BECAUSE THE WEEKEND IS HERE, THE NEWS DOESN'T STOP. CHECK OUT WHAT'S GOING ON — INCLUDING FOOTBALL GAMES — BY CLICKING ON AP WIRE THROUGHOUT THE WEEKEND, NIGHT OR DAY.

OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE

\$1.00

This article has been edited, due to limited space.

## APPALACHIAN SKILLS ON DISPLAY



Moonshiner Popcorn Sutton of Maggie Valley, N.C., explains how to make moonshine whiskey Thursday at the Museum of Appalachia's Fall Homecoming. — Staff photos by Kelley Scott Walli

## Moonshinin' out in the open at Fall Homecoming

by Donna Smith  
Oak Ridger staff

**NORRIS** — "Popcorn" Sutton is making moonshine — and he's not even bothering to hide it.

But it's OK — he's demonstrating the mountain art at the Museum of Appalachia's Fall Homecoming. It's also legal because he isn't selling — or even offering a taste — of the canning jar of clear liquid to any passersby. Popcorn, or his friend, Robert "Big Rob" Ottinger, will hold the jar so you can get a whiff to assure you that this clear liquid may look like water but it carries considerably more kick.

"If it's any 'real-er' than that, I don't want to fool with it," says Big Rob, of Newport.

Small crowds gather around the shack on the hillside.

"You put that mash there in that copper pot," Popcorn explains, shortly afterwards adding wood to the fire beneath that pot. The heat-

ed liquid will go through another process and another pot before flowing through "the worm" of copper coil inside a water-filled barrel and dripping — drop by drop — through the filtering-charcoal and into a glass canning jar.

A golf cart driven by Anderson County Sheriff's Department officers wheels periodically through the crowds in the fields and on the hill-sides, but here at the museum Popcorn doesn't bother to hide. He's even offering his book and video, "Me and My Likker," for sale.

Not so, in the past. He taught himself how to make moonshine whiskey about 40 years ago and three times he's been arrested for moonshinin'.

Popcorn says the first time, he got five months' probation, the second time he "finagled" his way out of the charge, and the third time he had to pay a fine of slightly more than \$4,400.

On this the 20th anniversary of the Fall Homecoming, Popcorn is giving this moonshine still to the

museum and its founders, John Rice and Elizabeth Irwin. When the Fall Homecoming ends at dusk Sunday, Popcorn will return to his home in Maggie Valley, N.C., but this still will stay.

Although a sign describes the still as "legendary," Popcorn says he made the still only two or three weeks ago. But the repaired "cap" of the copper pot is older, he says. He found it in the woods after it was "chopped up" by officers.

The Fall Homecoming continues today through Sunday, 9 a.m. to dusk each day. Craftspeople will be showing their skills — from lye soap-making to sheep-herding — throughout the festival. More than 250 musicians are slated to perform, including bluegrass musician/singer Ricky Skaggs on Sunday.

Adult tickets cost \$15 today and \$20 on Saturday or Sunday. Children ages 6 to 12 get in for \$5 each day if they are accompanied by an adult. Thousands attend the homecoming each year.

The museum is located on state Highway 61 near Norris.

# Popcorn Sutton Comments on Local Moonshine Tradition

By Henry H. Mitchell, 2002.

Popcorn Sutton with his book, *Me and My Likker*.

While visiting Chatham during August 2002, Popcorn Sutton made several interesting observations on the local moonshining tradition. Sutton, of Maggie Valley, North Carolina, was in town to participate in the fourth annual Moonshiners Jamboree at nearby Climax, Virginia. The acknowledged senior spokesman of western North Carolina moonshiners, Sutton is the author of an autobiography entitled *Me and My Likker*.

Sutton is well-known for the craftsmanship of his custom-made stills, seen at demonstrations throughout the Appalachians. Commenting on local stills displayed at the Moonshiner's Jamboree, Sutton bluntly stated, "They'd be liable to kill you. They're making them out of galvanized sheet metal. Even if it was copper, it would have to be clean, with none of that green stuff on it."

Further questioned on choice of construction materials for stills, Sutton said, "Back home, I make mine out of stainless steel. Some of these here are so bad they even use a car radiator instead of a worm [condensing coil]. Oh, it'll work, but it'll kill you."

"It's just the cheapest way to do it. These fellows can go into business for three hundred dollars. The way I do it costs ten thousand."

"I reckon that's why they say this Jamboree's 'In Memory of the Moonshiners.' Around here I guess they're all dead from drinking their own stuff."

Sutton further mused that the language of moonshiners is for the most part universal, but that there are a few local variations. "What we call a 'still' in North Carolina is a 'pot' in Tennessee. And here they call it a 'submarine' or a 'black pot' or a 'black pot submarine.'"

Asked about his experience, Sutton laughed, "Oh, I've run more whiskey than Jack Daniel." From his occasional brushes with the law, Sutton speaks charitably of North Carolina law enforcement officials and local members of the legal profession, but not so of "alche-hol enforcement agents."

Where does he get his name "Popcorn?"

"Years ago in a barroom I busted a popcorn machine, and had to pay for it. Since then, that's what they call me. It's on my car titles and everything."

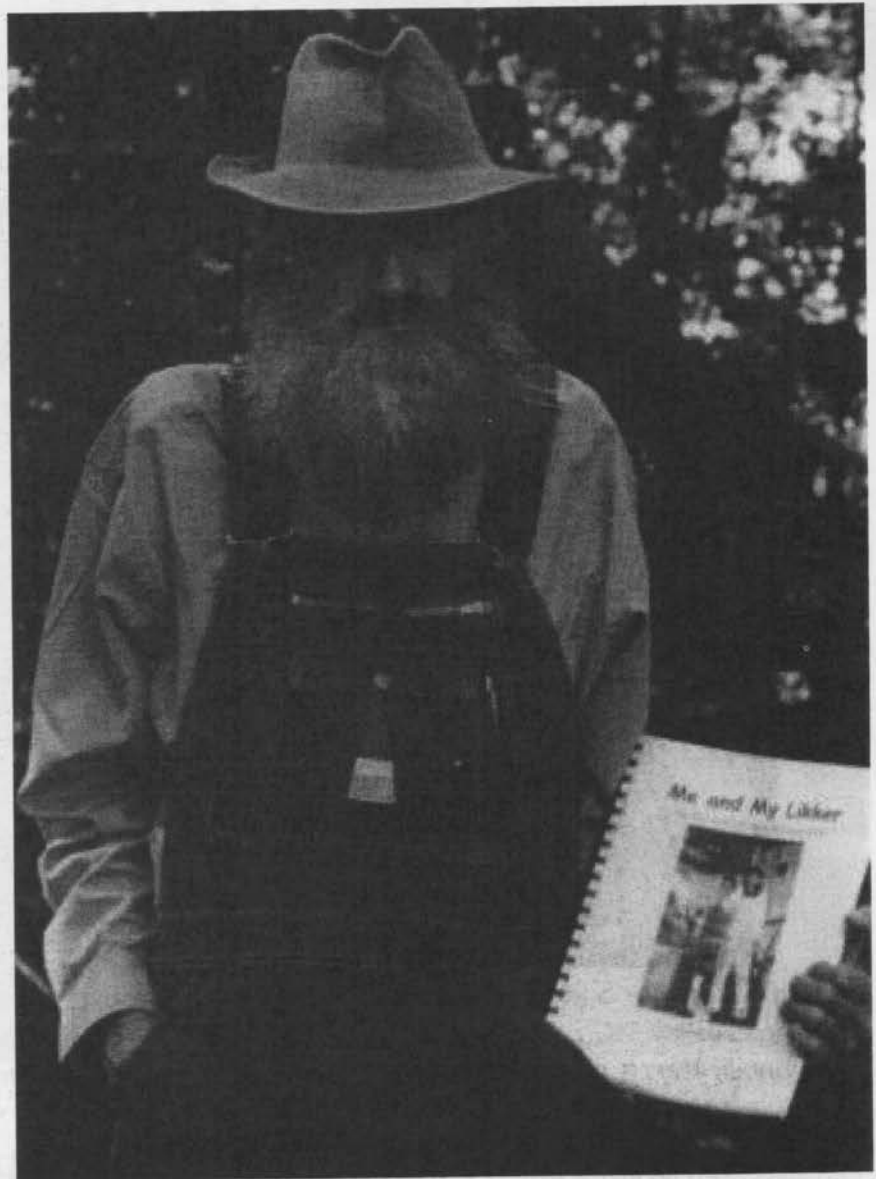
With that description, one's imagination tends to run toward the idea of a wild-west-movie brawl, but this incident was a private misunderstanding between Sutton and the plastic dome popcorn machine which took his money and didn't give him popcorn!

Nowadays Sutton has his own "salon," (not "saloon"), a popular antique shop in Maggie Valley. "People come from all over. Just ask anybody in Maggie Valley where to find Popcorn Sutton, and they'll tell you where I am!"

Notes:

For information on the history of moonshining, see Jess Carr, *The Second Oldest Profession: An Informal History of Moonshining in America*, Prentice-Hall, Inc. 1972.

To contact Popcorn Sutton about his book *Me and My Likker* and/or related videotapes, write: Popcorn Sutton, P. O. Box 38, Parrottsville, TN 37843



## Misty Mountain Ranch Bed & Breakfast and Maggie Valley Cabin Rentals



This is Popcorn Sutton and Karen Hession she is Peter Hession's wife, they own Misty Mountain Ranch in Maggie Valley, NC . If you would like a nice place to stay in Maggie Valley on vacation, you can call Misty Mountain Ranch at (828) 926.2710 They are two of the best friends Popcorn Sutton has in the world.

From Asheville NC, all points NC and SC and those coming up on I-95.

I-40 west from Asheville exit 27 and next Maggie Valley Exit 103 on to Highway 19 into Maggie Valley look for a Ramada inn on the right side or North side. Once you see it get immediately into the left lane turn left next road (Campbell Creek) and go up until you see a Bridge on your left (Johnson Branch Road) turn left onto bridge and right next corner (Caldwell Drive) come up, pass a old barn and our Cabins, we are right next door 561 Caldwell Dr. The B&B goes around to the right in front of ranch into parking area. The Cabins go into driveway White Vinyl fence to your Cabin driveway and come on in Keys will be on table and Karen or I will be along to say hello.

From Florida I-95 see Asheville above; west Florida, Atlanta, and south. I-75 to bypass Atlanta 285 go west to 85 north and merge unto 985 go north and it will merge unto 441 by pass Franklin and north to the Smokey Mountain Express way 23/64 to Waynesville N.C. look for the Maggie Valley exit 276 North. Turn right and stay on it till a Tee turn Left your on High 19 into Maggie Valley. Follow instructions above to get here.

From all states east, and north of NC. I-40 around Knoxville and east on I-40 to exit Maggie Valley or 276 north. Turn off to the right and come up to the tee. Turn right onto highway 19 and into Maggie Valley. Once in Maggie Valley see directions above to get here. If you get lost or if you're a real man like myself and will never ask directions then sneak in to local gas station and call 926-2710 and we will help you find us. We are normally home to meet you but if not Make yourself to home and go to your suite and or Cabin chances are the key will be on the table and we will be along shortly.

# SMOKY SIGNALS

Edited by the  
Adventure staff

## An 'INN-CREDIBLE' tribute to a local legend A Maggie Valley B&B honors Popcorn Sutton with its special suite



The Popcorn Sutton Suite (above right) at Misty Mountain Ranch is a veritable mini-moonshine museum, with whimsical tools of the trade scattered throughout. There's also a portrait of the local legend hanging above the fireplace (above left), and a slogan that says it all in the kitchenette (below left).

WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA boasts scores of fabulous bed and breakfast inns, with a variety of themes and amenities. But the Misty Mountain Ranch in Maggie Valley is so unique that it received a 2004 award from the prestigious *Arrington's Inn Traveler* magazine stating as much, and recently was featured on a Country Music Television documentary (more on that in a moment) — among various other distinctions.

Aside from its heralded country breakfasts, collection of mountain artifacts and such amenities as mini-kitchens, wet bars, fireplaces and whirlpool baths in each suite — and rustic yet luxurious charm — the inn is known for its whimsically-themed accommodations.

There's the Dream Catcher, which pays homage to American-Indian culture with lots of Cherokee artifacts. There's the Prospector, a showcase of woody turn-of-the-century antiques. But the most popular — and famous — suite of all is the Moonshine, dedicated to legendary local character, Popcorn Sutton.

"It's by far our most requested suite," says Peter Hession, a Chicago native who opened the inn with his wife, Karen, about three years ago. "People come from all over the world to stay there."

Sutton, a bona fide hillbilly (and proud of it) of indeterminable age, is well known for his prowess as a, er, backwoods chemist. The suite is a monument to his colorful life, with a portrait of Sutton above the fireplace, distilling devices serving as decor and an amusingly informative video guests can pop in the VCR, featuring Sutton and his buddies Rufus Sutton and Peckerhead in action. (Cookie Wood)

### People

Last year, Sutton gained further acclaim when he was featured on the aforementioned Country Music Television, in the documentary show "Most Shocking: Moonshine Madness," an investigation into the backwoods brewing of illegal substances. He has also authored a book called "Me and My Likker" (Shockwave).

When *Adventure* recently caught up with Sutton by phone, he revealed how the idea for the suite came about. "Peter came out to my house one day to buy one of my books and video. He found out I made [liquor] stills and wanted to buy one. I stopped making them, because copper got so damned high. But he wanted one made to put on display in the room. So I did, and I gave him some [sugar] sacks."

Sutton also revealed that he has retired from the moonshine business, due to frail health. "I'm past making liquor; I'm just not able to carry those sugar sacks," he sighed. "I don't think anybody else will be doing it, because ain't nobody gonna' work that hard."

However, he is working on a new, as yet untitled book — about his life. "It should be on the market by July, if I get off my a\*\*." Meanwhile, he assured, "It won't be the kind of book you read in Sunday School."

(For more information, call the ranch at 926-2710.)

# The Mountain Press

■ Sevier County's Daily Newspaper ■ Vol. 3, No. 268 ■ September 25, 2004 ■ www.themountainpress.com ■ 50 Cents

Saturday

This Article has been edited, due to limited space.



Photo by Brian Graves

## Colorful moonshiner to demonstrate at Heritage Day

By **BRIAN GRAVES**  
*Staff Writer*

PIGEON FORGE — Just pull up a tailgate and sit a spell with Popcorn Sutton.

He'll spin as many stories from his life as there are "railroad tracks" in his face. And just like his name implies, you can be sure that the language will be salty.

Sutton is in the area to demonstrate moonshine mak-

### WHERE TO SEE HIM:

■ **Popcorn Sutton is just one of many personalities and activities featured at the Old Mill Heritage Day in Pigeon Forge today from 9 a.m. until 7 p.m. The event is designed to spotlight the heritage and traditions of life in the Great Smoky Mountains. Admission is free.**

ing as part of the Old Mill Heritage Day being held today. But, unlike many of the day's

participants, he will not be selling any of his wares.

It's not because he hasn't sold it before.

"I'm afraid the police will get me if I sell it," Sutton says. "I've been on the front page before, but it was in handcuffs."

Sutton was having a little problem Friday as he was setting up for his weekend show.

"I'm gonna have to put some

See **MOONSHINER**, Page A4

## MOONSHINER

◀ From Page A1

water in the barrel," he noted, pointing out where a small leak had sprung. "It set out in the sun and dried up. Water swells the wood back up (and seals the leak)."

Sutton is from Maggie Valley, N.C., a point he makes several times and with some pride. It was in that area he learned the art of moonshine making from his grandfather 40 years ago.

"They caught him making moonshine in 1929," he recalls. "They put him in jail for 30 days."

But, that wasn't the whole story.

"He sold this man a case of liquor on a credit, and he wouldn't pay Granddaddy," Sutton explained. "So, Granddaddy went and got a warrant on him for bad debt. It went to court.

"They made the man pay Granddaddy for the liquor, then they turned around and gave Granddaddy 30 days for selling it to him."

Sutton says his grandfather only stayed three days before walking out of the jail and going home.

"The law never did go get him because he had a whole house full of younguns he had to raise, and they felt sorry for him," he said.

It was sometime in the 1950s, Sutton says, that moonshine started getting a bad name.

According to Sutton, moonshiners started using galvanized sheet metal that produces lead and rust. Some even used old car radiators, which produced the same poisons as the metal.

"If that wasn't bad enough, they started putting rubbing alcohol in it to stretch it and make more of the batch," he said.

By using those methods, the moonshine they produced often caused blindness and death.

"That hurts people like me that puts pride in what their product should be," Sutton said. "People that do something like that, they should be caught anyway."

"When I sell a man a jar of liquor, I don't want it to make 'em sicker than hell; I want him to drink it and come back and buy some more," he added.

One surprising bit of information Sutton provided concerned the strength of alcohol.

"Weak liquor will make you sick to your stomach — like 70 or 80 proof," he said. "One hundred proof won't make you sick."

"The way you determine the proof on it is when you shake the jar, it produces a good size bead and it'll hang on and

hang on and stay there," Sutton continued. "With weak liquor, you shake it and there'll be little, fine beads and they'll go 'whoof' off right quick. That'll show you've got weak liquor."

"You can bring me a jar of liquor, and all I have to do is shake it, smell of it, and I can tell you if I want any of it or not."

And he does enjoy a drink now and then.

"I can't drink none here (Saturday). I've got to put on my show," he said. "If I get into that stuff, I'll tear something up."

When asked about the morality of using alcohol, he bemoans the fact that people can make beer in their homes when he can't make moonshine.

"It just isn't fair," Sutton said. "I know a lawyer back home if anybody had the money could tear that law up."

He says moonshine can make "the best cough syrup ever was in the world."

"You can't buy none in the drug store that compares," he said.

He added that his cough syrup recipe involves getting a pint bottle and pouring in "an inch of honey," two tablespoons of lemon juice, "a wee bit of ginger," and any kind of candy (Sutton recommends peppermint). He left the amount of moonshine option-

al.

Sutton published a book, "Me and My Likker," which he said sold out several times, and added, "Every bit of it's true."

The Internet book distributor Amazon.com current ranks it 1,152,422th in sales; however, all seven reviews posted on the site give it the highest five-star rating.

"Somebody told me they found it on the Internet, and they were charging \$125 for it," he said.

Would he pay that much? "If I wanted it bad enough," he replied.

He also has a video called "The Last Dam Run of Likker I'll Ever Make." He noted that it was produced by the University of North Carolina and made in seven days.

If you plan to purchase one, be careful. There are two versions available.

"On one I'm not raising too much hell," Sutton says. "On the other, I was drunk and you can just imagine what I say. You wouldn't want to play it in Sunday school."

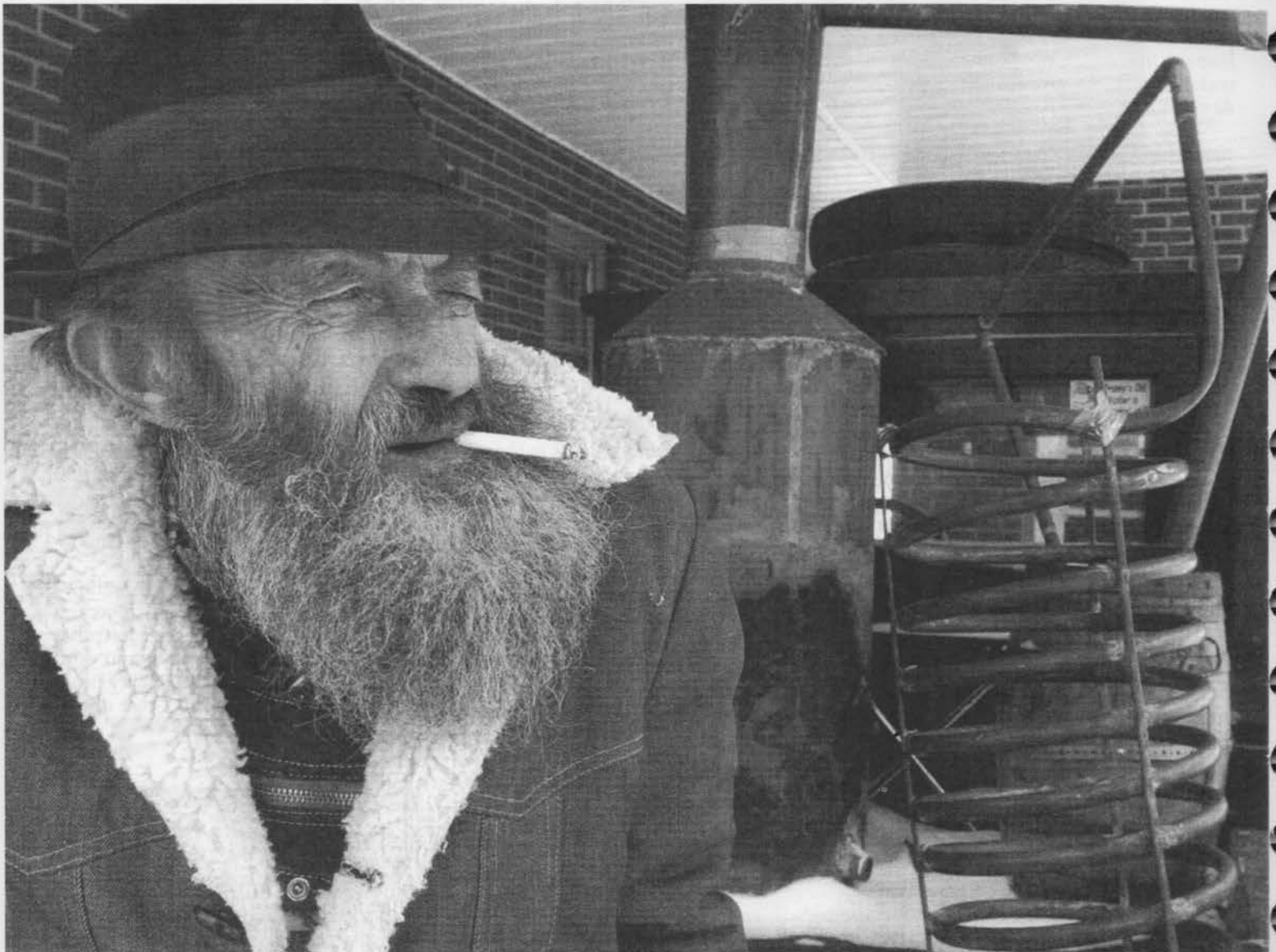
Sutton says he's out of the commercial side of the moonshine business.

"I'm just out doing shows right now," he said. "I reckon I'm the only one left that knows how to do it and do it right making top quality product. That was all I ever done," he said.

*"I made the cryin' kind, the laughin' kind, the divorcin' kind,  
the fightin' kind. I even made some one time that had four fights to a damn pint."*

Popcorn Sutton, moonshiner

## The Moonshiner



MEDIA GENERAL NEWS SERVICE PHOTOS

## If anybody knows about stills in the hills, it would be Popcorn Sutton

By Joe Tennis  
MEDIA GENERAL NEWS SERVICE

**M**AGGIE VALLEY — Every 10 minutes or so, Popcorn Sutton disappears. He doesn't say why. He just gets up and goes.

A big plume of cigarette smoke rises between his grizzly mustache and beard — a web of black, white and gray hair tangled and mangled in so many directions that it looks like wire.

The hair on his head lies hidden, at almost all times, beneath his well-worn hat. And his face — bearing a boyish, sometimes devilish, grin — wrinkles into enough lines to make a road map.

Still, there may not be enough lines on that unforgettable face to lead down all the wild paths of this man's life.

Popcorn Sutton makes moonshine. Or he did.

To run from the law, he is probably used to disappearing quietly, just like he does on his smoke breaks — and never saying where or why.

"I've been making liquor over 40 years," he says. "I made liquor a long time before I ever figured out how you do it. The only way you teach yourself to do anything is you do it yourself."

**Sutton's height and scruffy exterior** match his short temper.

To put it plainly, Popcorn Sutton is plagued with potty-mouth. He curses constantly.

Still, if you don't like it, he doesn't care.

A living legend, Popcorn Sutton is so well known for his string of moonshine arrests that out-of-towners come looking for him. A local inn, Misty Mountain Ranch, even features a room bearing his name and likeness.

"Ever since I was big enough to know anything, liquor just got on my mind," he said. "All my family was liquor-makers and drinkers. And proud of it.... I started drinking when I was 6 years old. Smoking at the same time. Cussing, too."

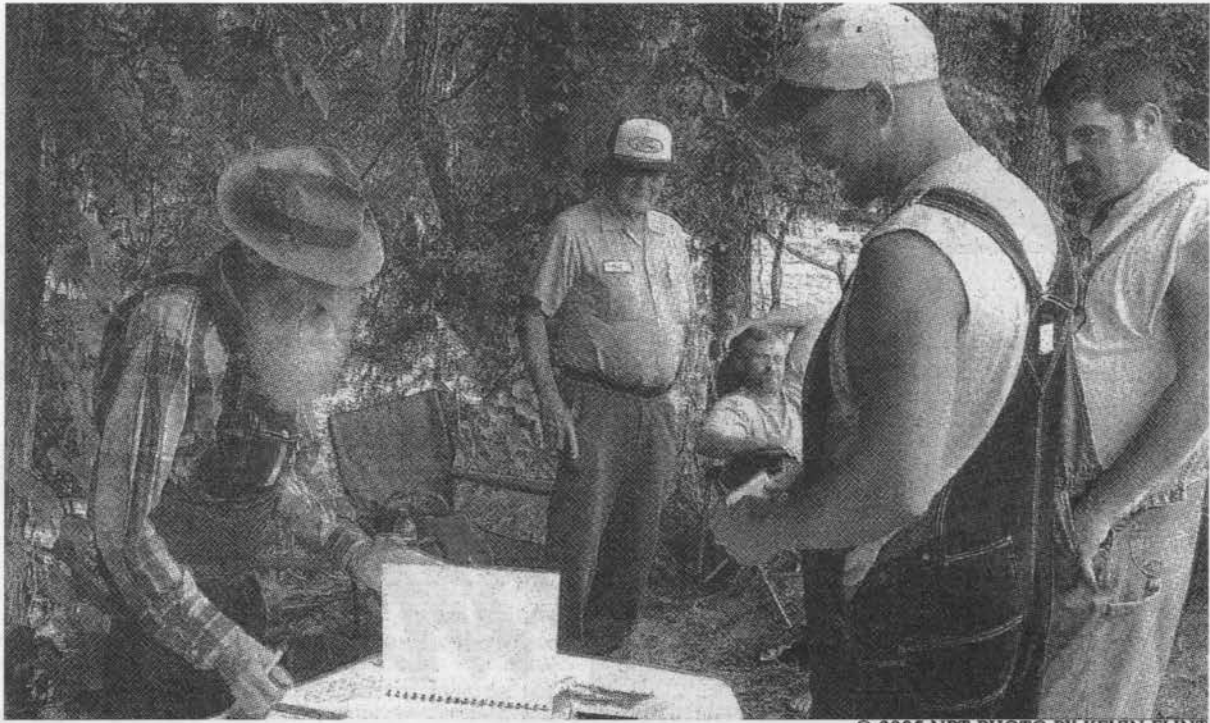
Often, he is invited to moonshine conventions, such a recent one in Georgia that celebrated moonshine's connections to the beginning of NASCAR.



The Popcorn Sutton Suite at the Misty Mountain Ranch in Maggie Valley.



The story of Sutton's life sells for \$50.00



© 2005 NPT PHOTO BY KEVIN FLINT

**Del Rio's Fourth of July** celebration was held Saturday with special guest Popcorn Sutton, a popular moonshiner from the Smoky Mountains. Sutton, who claims to be the best moonshine maker around, sold videos and books and talked "shine" to visitors. Pictured is Sutton signing books for Scott Jones and Wayne Lawson.

## World famous moonshiner to headline Del Rio's 4<sup>th</sup> of July celebration

DEL RIO— Popcorn Sutton, the self proclaimed "best whiskey maker alive today" will demonstrate the fine art of "moonshine makin" at the Del Rio Preservation Society's third annual patriotic and cultural festival on Saturday, July 2nd at the Society's grounds on Highway 107 South in this East Tennessee mountain community.

Sutton, of Maggie Valley, North Carolina, is a frequent visitor to Cocke County, has many friends here and is immediately recognized around the world as an unforgettable character from the Smoky Mountains. He's the author of a book on his own life, the subject of many film and television documentaries and a much sought after expert on "mountain dew."

Beginning at 10 a.m. the show features local foods, entertainers, children's games and artists and crafters. Robert



**Popcorn Sutton**

Ashley, preacher at Del Rio Church of God on Blue Mill Road will offer the invocation. Bobby Seay of Seay's Country Store and other local vendors will sell lunches, desserts and beverages.

"The entire Del Rio community will be honored," said

the Society festival planning committee," as we celebrate our mountain families, showcase our musicians and singers and display much of our history from a hundred years ago." The old Runnion Store, now owned by James and Evelyn Adams, will be available for tours and local history buffs will share stories and photographs of the growth of the community. "And it will be good to see our friend Popcorn back in the mountains of Del Rio. He's an interesting fellow," they said.

# Del Rio 4<sup>th</sup> of July Festival to be largest yet

DEL RIO—"We are loaded with vendors, entertainers, speakers, food and expect fine weather for our 3<sup>rd</sup> Annual Del Rio July 4<sup>th</sup> Celebration," said the planning committee of the Del Rio Preservation Society and the sponsoring organization, "and our very special guest this year will be Popcorn Sutton the famous moonshiner."

Sutton is the self proclaimed "best likker maker still livin'" and one of the Smoky Mountains most interesting characters. Sutton will have copies of his autobiographical book and video tapes documenting his life in the mountains available for sale at the Festival.

Gates for the Celebration open at 10 a.m. on Saturday, July 2, with a brief program of welcome at 11 am. The Preservation Society grounds lie across Highway 107 South from the Mrs. Tatum's Boarding House, (of Christy Mission fame) now owned by the Adams family.

Food vendors include Bobby Seay's Country Store with chicken and pork bar-be-que and soft serve ice cream and Thelma and Valery with hot dogs, chili cheese fries and treats.

Entertainment will include Jayne Ogle and Jessie Ramsey with renditions of patriotic tunes, Cornelia Edminster with her song stylings, Lois Smith and her group Family and Friends and Jack Allen and the

Boys. Expect more local entertainers to perform.

National Bank of Tennessee will attend with their always popular Money Machine, Newport Utilities will provide their give aways, Doug and Carol Lutgens with wooden furniture and birdhouses, Strange Honey Farm of Del Rio, Bill and Lucille Jenkins with their hand made soaps, Shirley Garner with paintings, Barbara Smith with crocheting and novelties, Jimmy

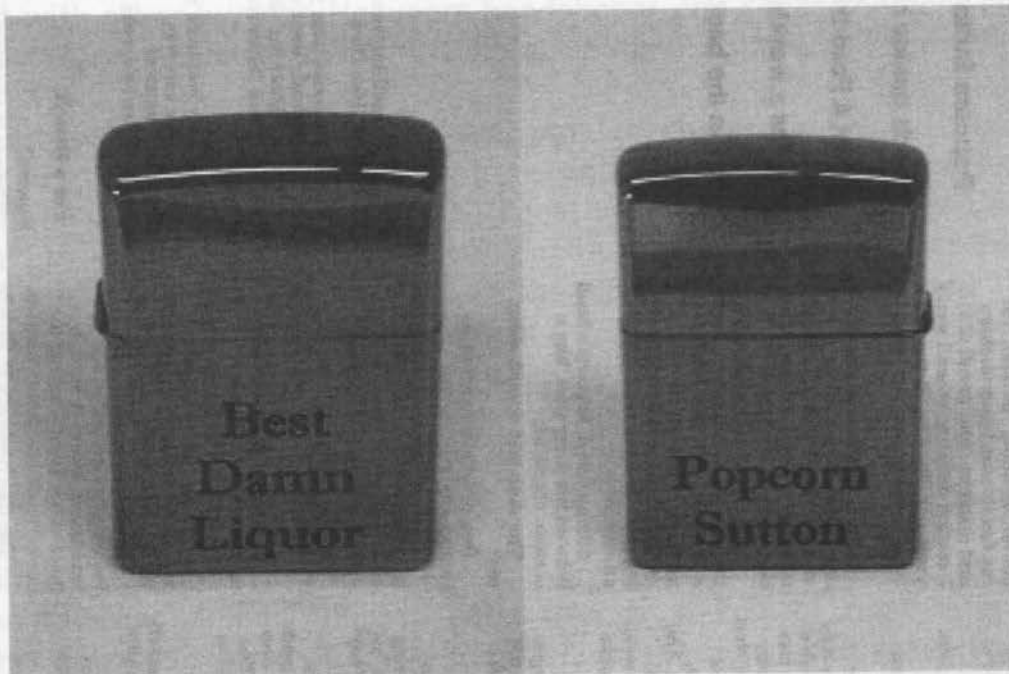
Morrow with his hand made crewel dolls and primitive plaques, Parrottsville's Joan Beaver with her drawings and prints and Phil Siedenschwang with hand made ceramic moonshine liquor stills for display.

Brenda Wilburn, local author and historian for the Del Rio and Grassy Fork areas and kin to many of the County's original mountain families will have autographed copies of her works at the Celebration.

The old Runnion Store, now owned by the Adams family, will be open and available for touring. It is adjacent to the Boarding House on Highway 107 South.

Wanda's Florist of Newport will decorate the newly constructed French Broad River side pavilion with flowers.

The committee reminds folks to bring their lawn chairs for comfortable seating and to call Tommye Dean Jones in Del Rio at 423-623-2629 to become a vendor or for general Festival information.



# 'I can brag about one thing, making likker'

BY JOE TENNIS

MEDIA GENERAL NEWS SERVICE

MAGGIE VALLEY -

Every 10 minutes or so, Popcorn Sutton disappears.

He doesn't say why. He just gets up and goes.

Outside, you can see him puffing.

A big plume of cigarette smoke rises between his grizzly mustache and beard - a web of black, white and gray hair tangled and mangled in so many directions that it looks like wire.

The hair on his head lies hidden, at almost all times, beneath his well-worn hat. And his face - bearing a boyish, sometimes devilish grin - wrinkles into enough lines to make a road map.

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"Ever since I was big enough to know anything, liquor just got on my mind," he said. "All my family was liquor makers and drinkers. And proud of it ... I started drinking when I was 6 years old. Smoking at the same time. Cussing, too.

Often, he's invited to moonshine conventions, like a recent one in Georgia that celebrated moonshine's connections to the beginning of NASCAR.

Back home in Maggie Valley, the all-ages clientele at a local restaurant calls Popcorn by name as he passes through to the salad bar and feasts on a big plate of steak on a wintry afternoon.

Sitting down, Popcorn's head bobs on his fuzzy neck like a cartoon character.

The man just doesn't seem real.

But, maybe, he's about as real as anybody can be.

"Most adults go around with this facade. They blend into what you want them to be," he says. "But he is so innately honest. He's simply fun."

And he's a hard-working man, even in the snow.

On this day, Old Man Winter has dumped white sheets on Maggie Valley, burying the little village with a blinding blanket.

To make a trek up a hill, Popcorn has grounded his trademark Model-A Ford in favor of his Toyota, saying the newer truck has better traction.

The cold roads are as slick as butter.

Slowly, Popcorn snakes uphill, past Dirty Britches Drive. Then he halts his visitors at a gate and fumbles for five minutes with an old lock and chain. Later, he curses that lock, saying why it wouldn't open. Or how it wouldn't open.

Popcorn Sutton

stands beside his

Model A Ford that

carries a working

still in the back,



DAVID CRIGGER/MEDIA GENERAL NEWS SERVICE

Popcorn's health lost its "Wop" a few years ago. To keep his back straight, he must now wear a belt around his stomach.

"I've got spurs on my back-bones and arthritis in my hips. I couldn't carry a bag of sugar if you give it to me."

Sugar?

Popcorn uses sugar to make moonshine.

"There ain't nothing no harder-er than making liquor," he said. "I've worked on construction. I've worked everywhere ... There ain't nothing no harder."

The hardness comes from hauling - taking loads of sugar and jars to a secret place in a hard-to-reach holler, he said.

"You know you've got there when you got there," he said.

But Popcorn brags: "I've drunk everything that'll make you drunk, except shaving lotion ... and shoe polish. I'm not an alcoholic. I'm a drunk ... I like drinks, because they was part of my business - at one time they was."

The "Popcorn" nickname comes from a years-ago incident in a barroom, he said, when he busted a popcorn machine and had to pay for it.

Today, he added, "If you don't call me 'Popcorn,' you don't know me."

No Harder

Popcorn drinks beer. But he doesn't like the taste of it. He spits out most of what he swallows.

"Beer is not the same as moonshine," he said. "It ain't got the 'Wop.'"

It's like something you would see on "Hee-Haw."

Or, it's like something you could have recently seen on CMT's "Most Shocking" during an episode titled "Moonshine Madness."

"He's a very romantic man," "He really acts one way, and yet he's far more intelligent than he'd ever, ever talk about."

I'm a Drunk

Popcorn?

His age is allegedly unknown: "It ain't nobody's business," he'll tell you.

Once, for example, Popcorn was invited to get into a hot tub at a bed-and-breakfast. But Popcorn refused, saying, "I'd just as soon get into a septic tank."

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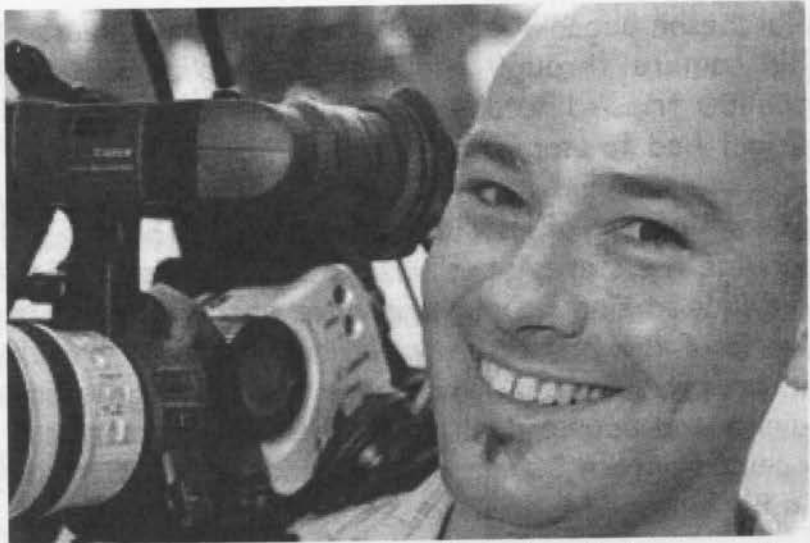
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SEPTEMBER 10, 2003

Neal Hutcheson

BY DAVID FELLERATH



Filmmaker Neal Hutcheson with a trusted companion

Photo by Alex Maness

Neal Hutcheson spends half of his waking life in a tiny, airless office deep inside N.C. State's Tompkins Hall. There are no windows in his office and he has no contact with other humans. He wears headphones and keeps the door closed. The light in the room comes from the twin computer monitors in front of him.

It's a strange and lonely way to live, but for the defiantly independent and remarkably prolific Hutcheson--who recently completed the marvelous and empathetic *Mountain Talk*--there is no other way to get things done. Many filmmakers enjoy the editing process, but Hutcheson won't go that far. "I'll go in at 8 p.m. and come out at 4 or 5 in the morning. Every other day I do enjoy it, when things start to click," he says in a recent telephone interview. "But the majority is incredible tedium, punctuated by moments of elation--the ecstatic moments that make it all worthwhile."

But the fearful quantities of time that Hutcheson must spend alone are necessary compensation for the amount of time he spends in the field, pursuing his subjects. Thanks to these alternating currents of activity, the Raleigh documentary maker has churned out a steady stream of films in the decade since his graduation from N.C. State. He's made personal and evocative works in celebration of folk artists, and he's directed music videos for local bands. And the 34-year-old filmmaker has supported himself and his young family by making educational and instructional videos through various grant-driven projects at the university.

Hutcheson cut his teeth professionally by working with the NCSU linguist Walt Wolfram and other social scientists, making instructional and anthropological films. On his own time, he experimented with the possibilities of Super-8 narrative. Now, his career has taken a step forward with the recently completed *Mountain Talk*, a charming, amusing and informative look at the lingering vocal mannerisms of Western North Carolina.

Hutcheson began the project two and a half years ago, following leads and taking his camera through the hollers, gulches and dens of the Smokies. "I made 50-100 trips--I totally got sucked into the mountains," he said. "After a while, I just had to stop."

It's a measure of Hutcheson's respect for his subjects that *Mountain Talk* doesn't indulge the stereotypes born of *Deliverance* and *Snuffy Smith*, but the filmmaker did indeed find people who have only a nodding acquaintance with the outside world of the 21st century. Although Hutcheson features dozens of mostly elderly interview subjects--who share their thoughts on such locutions as *si-goggin'*, *airish* and *boomer*--his most charming discovery is a man of indeterminate age named *Popcorn Sutton*, a moonshiner who putters along the region's narrow roads in his vintage Model-A.

The briskly edited and highly entertaining *Mountain Talk* is scheduled to air this winter on WUNC-TV. "PBS is doing a big program on Appalachia," Hutcheson says. "Maybe they'll run it at that time." He also plans on submitting it to the Full Frame documentary festival and some others. "I'll need to do some research. It's been a while since I was actively submitting to festivals." In the meantime, Hutcheson is editing about 40 hours of additional material into a companion film called *Tarheel Talk*, which covers speaking styles from across the state. He hopes to have it finished by the end of the year.

One of the most striking aspects of Hutcheson's work is his genuine and unironic fascination with marginal subcultures. His most well-known and successful project prior to *Mountain Talk*, for example, is a short Super-8 film called *Vollis Simpson's Whirligigs*, a beautiful contemplation of the Tarheel folk artist's kinetic sculptures. In *Mountain Talk*, his subjects have rewarded his respectfulness with remarkably un-self-conscious reflections for his camera.

"Mountain culture is surprisingly vigorous and surprisingly alive and will be until the current generation of 50-somethings dies out. And it is dying out," Hutcheson says.

"Psychologically, there's a fundamental difference in the way they look at the world and treat each other," he continues. "We wear masks and assume roles--which is not necessarily a bad thing, but mountain people are not capable of that."

## Popcorn Sutton

COMMENTS

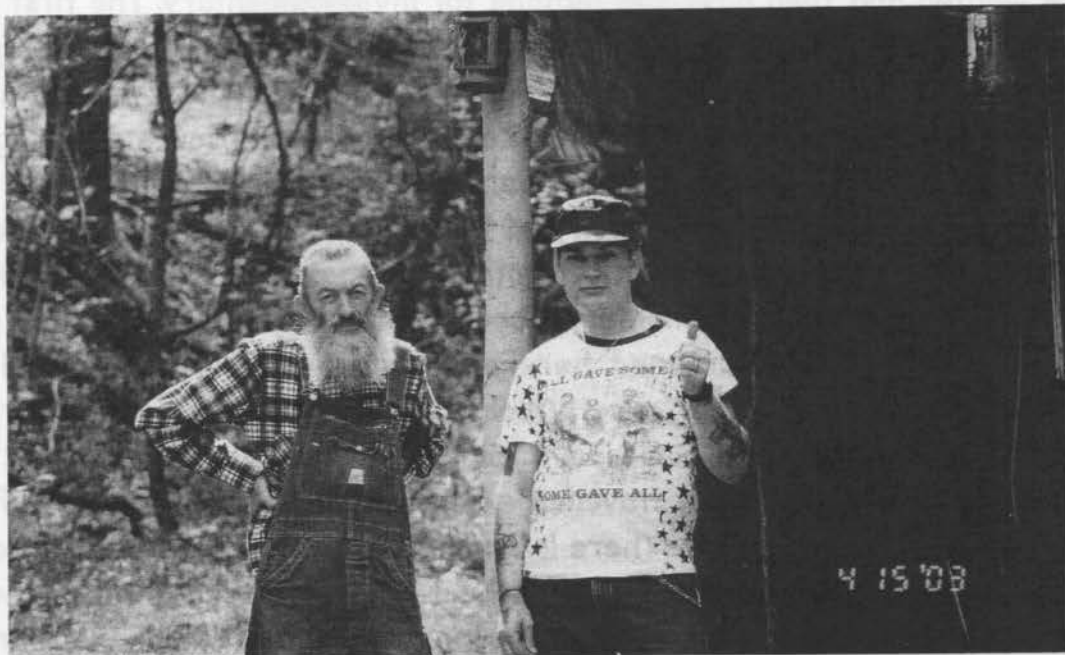
Hutcheson has drunk so deeply from the Appalachian spring that he's continuing in this vein for his next project, The Last One, featuring Popcorn Sutton. "He's a living anachronism from the past who doesn't fit in with the modern world," Hutcheson says. "He's a dying breed and he sticks out living in a world his personality is ill-equipped to handle."

But rather than seeing mere pathos in the lives of Sutton and his neighbors, Hutcheson admires their old-fashioned, rawboned sense of reality. "Their presence in the world is incredibly physical, while we're a lot more ephemeral," Hutcheson says. "If Popcorn built a cabin, it would last for 200 years."

Hutcheson has maintained his relationship with Sutton in other ways. Recently, he accompanied Sutton to Racine, West Virginia where the older man wanted to visit Jesco White, the subject of the celebrated underground documentary Jesco, the Dancing Outlaw. Although Hutcheson recorded this unlikely meeting, he doesn't expect to use his footage of it, which would be the documentary equivalent of a Freddy v. Jason encounter.

And Hutcheson somewhat ruefully acknowledges being the author of a film called The Last Damn Liquor Run I'll Ever Make, for sale only at select stores in the vicinity of Maggie Valley, N.C., where its distributor--one Popcorn Sutton--is known to do business.

For more on Neal Hutcheson's films about Tar Heel dialects, see [www.talkingnc.com](http://www.talkingnc.com).



Popcorn and Jesco White in West Virginia.  
He is the World Champion Tap Dancer and Joke Teller.  
He is funnier than Hell.

## COMMENTS

Post a Comment - comments posted for this article

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David Fellerath, Indy Arts Editor 1/17/2007 - 9:30am

Neal says he hopes to have another Popcorn movie coming out within a year, if all goes well. Stay tuned!

[Report this comment](#)

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patchwork, Hillsborough, pinellas.cty.fl. 1/30/2007 - 2:37pm

I would like to know where i can purchase the movie last run with popcorn sut-ton, i've heard a great complemints about it, can't find it anywhere. sure would love it if you could help in this matter. thanks harold brown. seminole, fl. 33777

[Report this comment](#)

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Neal Hutcheson, Raleigh 2/01/2007 - 10:26am

I thought I would add a little information here about the work with Popcorn. Initially, after getting to be friends with Popcorn over the course of making Mountain Talk, I wanted to make a documentary about him. He wanted me to make a tape for him to sell, so we struck a sort of bargain. I would make the tape he wanted and then have the footage for my documentary. The first result was called "This Is The Last Run of Likker I'll Ever Make," which is the tape (on VHS) that only Popcorn sells. His only request was that I make it as long as possible so folks get their money's worth. (Except that when he saw me filming some mountain fields out of his car, he told me, Don't put none of that \*#\*& in my video.) He is a remarkable salesperson and the tapes have sold well and gone far. From that material, plus a little other footage shot later, I have made a shorter and somewhat different documentary about Popcorn and his last batch called "The Last One." It has screened here and there, even in Berlin, and been appreciated, though it has not exactly been the toast of the festival circuit. I hope to make it available at some point. Since that hot summer of 2002 when Pop made his last batch, I have travelled extensively with him, sometimes filming and sometimes just having fun. There is no one better to travel with. I hope to complete another film on him one day. His health has not been great in the past couple of years, but he manages to keep on keepin' on. I have just finished making a DVD for him of "The Last Run of Likker," so he should have that for sale in a matter of weeks.

Remembering

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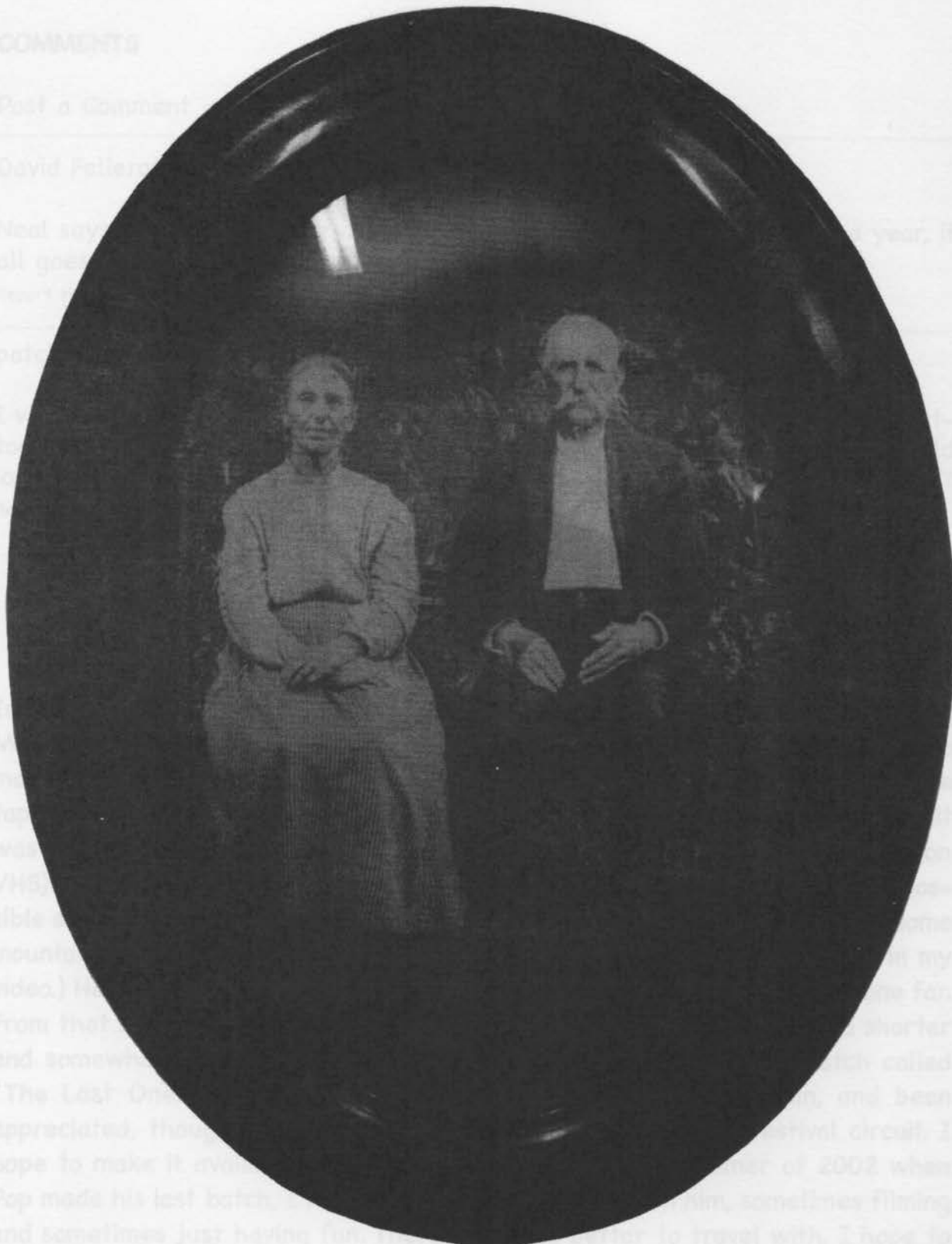
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Grand-daddy's Daddy and Mother  
Old Joe Sutton and Martha Jane Rathbone

They were just fucking around and here comes Grandpa. They were never married, back then my Grand-daddy would have been called a Bastard, now they call children born out of wed-lock illegitimate children. I borrowed this picture from some of my kin folk.

## Remembering

Christmas is the most saddest time of the year for me because I set and think of shit that has happened since my childhood. I think of how hard my poor ol Mom and Dad had it trying to raise me. They went thru pure hell trying their best to give me all they could. It was pure hell back then to make it at the place where I was raised, Hemphill, N.C. What I call Hemphill is the "Asshole of the World". If the world has a asshole it is by-god Hemphill.

Things I remember about being raised on Hemphill, some I will tell, others I won't. I remember the first telephone on Hemphill, Brown Burgess had it. When someone in the community died, somebody would walk or ride a horse or maybe take a car or truck if they had one. There wasn't many cars up there at that time. They would go to Brown Burgess's and call the funeral home. I have always heard Ol Man Nathan Carver had the first car there was on Hemphill. I guess it was a damn T-Model, I don't know. Anyway back to the telephone when someone died somebody would go to Brown Burgess's house and have Brown's wife to call the undertakers. Hell, I guess most of the folks that lived up there wouldn't know how to call on the damn thing anyway. I believe Brown's wife would have to call the telephone operator to get connected with the funeral home. Anyway, she would always do the talking all the times I was there.

Brown Burgess also had a store. He also cut and hauled cordwood to Champion Fiber in Canton. One time he bought 2 damn big brand new log trucks at one time. They were both made by Chevrolet. I can't remember what model they was. But I thought to myself, he must be a damn rich man. At that time my dad never had a car. He rode a horse or mule or walked to work from Hemphill to the Fie Top. He worked for a real wealthy woman from Paris, Texas. He was the care taker at her fine home on the Fie Top. I still remember her name. It was Edith Bengi. My Daddy would bring me a coca-cola once in a while when he came home from work. She would give it to him to drink with his dinner, but he would save it and bring it home to me. I had the bestest daddy in the world, at least I think so. If there is such a place as Heaven, which I believe there is, my Dad is there with the good Lord right now.

I can almost hear Dad telling the good Lord about his only son Popcorn. My poor ol mom done every damn thing to help Dad raise me. I remember she would save the cream off the milk from the only milk cow they had and churn it into butter and put the butter in an old wooden butter mold. Then put it in a spring box to keep it cold till they would go to town on Saturday then she would take it to Ray's Grocery store in Waynesville and sell it. Then take the what little money she got for the butter and buy things at the store. They did not make or grow at home. My Dad and Mom always growed a big fattening hog. I remember pulling weeds for the hogs. All the hogs had to eat was what slop they had left over after meals and corn they growed around the house. I remember picking up apples to feed the Hog too. My Dad saw it rough to raise me. I remember when he would kill the big hog. He would take the bladder out of the hog, take a hollow weed and put it in it and blow it up for me, a God-Damn balloon. I thought that was really something. It makes me so sad to think of things he done to raise me. I remember very well that when we killed the hog he would have to take the best ham to the doctors office to pay the doctor for medical services on me. Kids think they have it rough now. By-God they should have been raised like me on Hemphill and they damn sure would think different.

In Maggie Valley, N.C., if you ain't a Democrat, you ain't shit. In Cocke County, TN, if you ain't a Republican you ain't shit. As you see I don't write my shit in Chapters I just write it as I think of it. My Daddy told me of his Daddy, Little Red Mitch Sutton as everybody called him, about going to the election. Grand-daddy never voted for nobody as my Daddy Vader Sutton told me. All he went there was to sell some likker to support his family. He said somebody came up to Grand-daddy Mitch at the election and handed Grand-daddy some money and told him "Now you know how to vote," and Grand-daddy told them he did. He had never voted a damn ticket in his life.

I just want to die in peace without the God-Damn law after my ass for my likker.

## Square Dances

I remember a long time ago they used to have Square Dances at the Cataloochee Ranch way high on the mountain above Hemphill. They would move all the tables and other things out of the big dining room and make room for the square dance. The ones that played music for the dance would set in the middle of the big room and the square dance would circle around them. I think when they first started doing that the music makers started out with the Champion Banjo Picker Rufe Buff and Master Fiddler player Cal Messer. Then I was told Frank Howell and Old Man Rufe Sutton would play the fiddle also. The main reason they had these dances was to entertain the guest at The Mountain Top Ranch where only wealthy people come from every where to spend leisure time at the ranch.

The Ranch was started by Tom and Miss Judy Alexander. The Ranch started out by being a barn owned by the Campbell Family of Maggie Valley. They sold it to Tom and Miss Judy then they turned the big rock barn into an elite Ranch for wealthy people to come and spend a week or two or more being pampered at all times. Just like it still operated today. I remember one time one of the very wealthy men staying at the Ranch come over to Miss Judy one Sat. nite when they was having a dance and Miss Judy was a very pretty, attractive woman at that time and she always stayed real pretty till she died of old age.

Anyway at that time the real wealthy well dressed man got to drinking Moonshine and he got to feeling 10ft. tall and bullet proof, so he comes over to Miss Judy and asked her if she would give him a little, and she told him I sure will if you will go over yonder and tell that big tall grey headed man what you told me. That is my husband, the man looked over there at Tom Alexander and Tom Alexander was one hell of a man he must have been 6 ft. 6 in. tall and had arms nearly as big as a damn stove pipe. The well dressed wealthy man looked over there at Tom and he never said another God Damn word. I guess Miss Judy fixed his ass didn't she.

Now back to the square dances Rufe Buff and Cal Messer and others played there for many years along with other guitar players that I can't remember who they was. Anyway later on Cookie Wood and his brother Amos and my Mommy played for the dances Cookie played the Banjo, Amos played the Guitar and my Mom played the Fiddle, and I also at a few times would try to pick on an old Banjo I had. The old Banjo wasn't worth a shit but I tried to pick it anyway, at least I thought I was doing pretty good. Because the only time I would try to pick it I was always about half drunk anyway.

Cookie Wood my only cousin always had a Gibson Banjo, I would listen to him pick that Gibson Banjo and it sounded so good and keen it would make me have chill bumps. When I heard him pick it I swore I would have me one of them if I ever lived long enough to get the Damn Money to buy one. So about 3 or 4 years ago I finally got enough money to get me one, it is a top of the line Earl Scruggs Flinthill Special Edition Gibson Mastertone Banjo. The Damn thing is even gold plated, I don't keep it where I stay at I am afraid some Bastard will break in and get it. So I have it stored at 2 of the best friends I have in Maggie Valley, NC. They are always at home, no Damn body won't steal it there, or they will get their Damn Ass blowed off. I don't know if I will ever learn to play it again or not. The only way I could play it again is to have Master Musician Leon Wells to play lead guitar then I might catch on and play it pretty good. I sure to hell hope so, it is a shame to have something like that and it not do you no Damn good to own it.

## Deaths and Funerals

Deaths and funerals used to be not like they are today. They used to bring the body back home. Now they don't. Back a long time ago when someone died, there was no telephone in the very mountainous area where I was raised at. Somebody would either walk or ride a horse or have someone that had a car, which there was not that many cars where I was raised. Anyway, somebody would go to Brown Burgess's Store down at the bottom of the mountain. He had the first telephone there was where I was raised up. The person who went to call the funeral home would tell Brown Burgess's wife Lavada who had died and she would do the calling on the phone. She would have to call thru the operator for the funeral home. You did not just dial a number like you do now. Then people would watch for the big black hearse to come up the steep gravel road. In some places you would have to pull over if you met another car coming down the mountain. The road was very narrow in some places. I have walked with my Daddy to the house where the hearse would be going to a lot of times.

I remember we walked one time to Sam Rathbone's house. His wife had started walking across the old weathered boards on the front porch of the very very old house they lived in. I remember her name, it was Dovie Rathbone. She was laying there on her side. Back then women wore real long dresses like the one she had on, and also a long apron. She had real long greyish hair. The women back then did not never cut their hair. I reckon it says something in the Bible about women cutting their hair. I had one aunt that I know damn well she has never had a haircut, now she has passes on. I remember a long time ago my Aunt Annie Sutton would comb her hair every morning and roll it up in a big ball and use great big hair pens to hold it in place up on the back of her head. When she combed her hair it would hang down past her hips.

This brings back memories to me that one time the Revenoors come to the house and told my Aunt Annie they wanted to borrow my Uncle D's old A-Model Ford Car. They were going to a place called the Purchase Knob to catch somebody makin' likker. Way up at the top of the mountain. She told them Uncle D was gone and the A-model didn't have no switch keys in the switch.

So the Revenoors couldn't take it with no key to start it with. I guess the law thought Uncle D had the keys with him, but hell no he didn't. They was hanging on a nail in the house. Every time he drove the old A-Model he would never put the keys in his pocket he would go straight to the house and put the keys on that certain nail. But my Aunt Annie didn't tell the law that. I was there that evening when Uncle D came home and Aunt Annie told him about it and he said I am Damn glad you didn't let them have the old A-Model or they would have caught my brother J.B. Sutton. I was not very old at that time. I used to go stay with them on weekends because Uncle D would let me drive the old A-Model back and forth thru the driveway below the old log house and also Uncle D would let me roll up a cigarette out of his can of Prince Albert smoking tobacco. I got to where I could roll a damn cigarette almost as good as the ready made cigarettes. He couldn't afford them. He could hardly buy the Prince Albert. I have seed my daddy run out of Prince Albert and he would go out to the barn and pick up some leaves that fell off the stalks of tobacco that he growed and crumble it up then put in an old bread pan and mix up sugar and water and sprinkle on it, then put it in the oven of the old wood cookstove we had and he would roast the tobacco and roll it up and smoke it till he got hold of some money to buy some more Prince Albert. Times were very hard where I come from.

Now back to the days when someone would die. They would bring them back home and some of the neighbors would set up with the body all nite long till the burial next day. I remember one time someone died and they brought them back home, but I'll be damned if I can remember who it was. I have beat my Brains out trying to think of who it was, but I can't. Anyway, when the funeral people brought the body in the casket back to the home place. They placed the casket in corner of a room where they had moved all the other furnishings out so they would have room to put it. Anyway who ever the dead man was had either a cat or a dog. I can't remember which it was. When they opened the casket up, some time during the night either the cat or the dog had climbed up in the casket with the dead man and when someone tried to get it out of the casket. It bit the hell out of them. I was there. I remember Old Man Ernest Wood saying I'll get that son-of-a-bitch out of there. Earnest Wood was married to my mother's sister Letha Wood.

Anyway, he got an old quilt and throwed it over the animal and got it and took it behind the house and put it in a place it could absolutely not get out. He did not hurt the animal, but the next day after they buried that man, they come back home and went out to feed the animal and it was laying there dead as hell. I guess it grieved itself to death.

Now more about Ernest Wood. Me and my Mom and Dad would walk up the creek then up a very steep mountain side to get to Ernest and Letha's house. We would go about every other Sunday. Anyway Letha must have started cooking before daylight on Sunday mornings to fix such a dinner as she would have. They had 4 boys George, Amos, Cookie, and Frank. I liked to watch them work a damn billy goat they had. Ernest had made them a harness out of leather and they used that damn billy goat to pull wood off the steep mountainside above the house. I thought that was really something they cut the wood with an old axe and a cross cut saw. Hell nobody had never heard tell of such a thing as a chain saw back then. Now back to the Big Dinner Letha had put on the table. They had a little old fiest dog. That damn dog jumped right up on the big table full of food. Here came Ernest Wood with a damn case pocket knife he grabbed that God Damn fiest dog and cut its God Damn balls off and throwed it off the porch. I was just a kid at that time, but By-God that is one thing that I will never forget.

I was talking to Cookie Wood a while back and I asked him if he remembered that, and he said, "Hell yes I do. Who in the Hell could forget that?" I remember when Cookie got his first job. He went to old man Hayes Bryson's bulldozer shop and asked for a job. He was only 15 years old. He told them he was 18 years old. Anyway, they hired him to do service work on them Damn Big Bull Dozers. Hell, he had never even been close to one before. It wasn't a damn week till he was on that big dozer running it like he had done it for years as he still does today and thats been a long damn time ago. Cookie and Kyle Edwards were the two first ones to ever come down from Ghost Town on a Big Dozer. You can look where that chair lift and incline railways goes. Hell, it is straight up Ghost Town opens back up May 2007. It had been closed down for 5 or 6 years. Maggie Valley was about to become a Ghost Town during that time, but now when it opens back up,

Maggie Valley will become a thriving town again as it once was. I (Popcorn Sutton) will be in the Ghost Town movie doing what I am world famous for, making Damn Likker.

I always said I would make damn likker till I died, but I am not able to carry no more damn sugar or jars and other things that goes in to makin Likker. It is the hardest work there ever was. I guess that's what's wrong with me now, I killed myself makin' likker. You don't get rich makin' likker, but I survived a lot of years by makin likker. I have been on CMT, Channel 13, Channel 4, and will be on the History Channel pretty soon. CMT come all the way from California to talk to me. People from the history channel come from Boston, Massachusetts. When I am gone, the legend of likker makin' will be gone. I don't see nothing wrong with makin' likker. As you already know, Jesus turned the water into wine, and I turned it into likker.

## Making LIKKER is Hard Work

When one of them Dog Pecker Gnats find you tempering a run of LIKKER they will go back and tell their Damn Buddies about what they found and By-God here will come 5 hundred more. In the summer time I have seed I bet you 2 thousand damn gnats fly in a tub of LIKKER, that is why you have to strain it through white felt and hickory fire coals to catch all the gnats. I can't stand to see one of them Dog Pecker Gnats floating around in a jar of my top grade LIKKER. I have always been proud of my product.

The way I look at it, when I am gone the Damn Good LIKKER is gone. I am very sick with 3 bleeding ulcers and I can't make none now. Well the way I have been feeling here lately, I will not be able to make any more God-Damn LIKKER. I will bet you them Alkihol Agents (A.L.E.) will be glad of that, I have never bothered them (ALE) not one damn bit but they sure have bothered the Hell out of me over the years. Now they won't have to waste their time trying to catch me selling folks a Jar of LIKKER, they can spend their time more wisely trying to catch somebody making LIKKER that might kill somebody or someone selling all kinds of drugs and other shit to kids.

Used to be I was stout as hell to be little, like I have always been. I have always been little all my God-Damn life, but don't never let that fool you about how little somebody is. I have been working at a still site many times, and most of the time I was by myself, but sometimes would hire somebody to help me carry what it took to make LIKKER in to the place where it was made, and to help me carry the LIKKER out. I have had different ones watch me work and carry Sugar, Jars, Jugs, Fuel, Meal, Rye, Barley, Bran and other things you have to have at the Still. And they would say I don't see how in the Hell you work at that as hard as you do as little as you are. That just goes to show you, you don't have to be a Big Man to make it, all you have to have is the ambition to get off your ass and By-God do it.

Used to be when I first started making LIKKER on Snowbird Mountain I was making it down on a big ridge at a place called The Spanish Oak. It was a steep ass trail growed up with Laurel Bushes and Briars. When I made the first run and started carrying it up the trail, hell 3 damn gallons was all I could carry. After several trips up that steep ass trail I got to where I could carry 4 Damn Gallons. And by the way the LIKKER was in them heavy glass jugs, it damn sure wasn't plastic. But before I quit making on Snowbird Mountain I got myself built up till I could carry 6 By-God Gallons, 3 in one sack and 3 in another sack tied together and throw it across my shoulder and by-God go with it, and never set it down till I got to my Ol 46 Willys Jeep.

About my 46 Willys Jeep it wasn't much of a Jeep, but it was all I could afford. It burnt more God-Damn oil than I could buy I would go to some service stations where I knowed the fellers that run them and they would save me that burnt oil they took out of somebody's car when they changed the oil. It didn't have much compression at all, the rings was about wore plum By-God out. I had to roll it off to start it, but By-God when it did start the Damn Smoke would pour out of it. It wouldn't pull worth a shit in straight drive but when you put that 46 in Low Range 4-Wheel-Drive, Hell wouldn't stop it. I have had my 46 Willys in places so steep all you could see was the God-Damn sky, I had to look out the side at the front wheel to make sure I kept it in the road. Back then I had nerves of steel I wasn't afraid to try any Damn thing.

Things have changed now my nerves all went to Hell. I wouldn't do what I had done back then for nothing I have got very high blood pressure now and I am not hardly able to wipe my God-Damn ass. The only way I could make any God-Damn LIKKER anymore is to get Roger Accord out of Summersville, West Virginia to come and carry my sugar and other things it takes to make it out of. He said he would God-Damn carry it for me if I ever wanted him to.

## Revenue Officers

I have heard all kinds of stories about the Revenue Officers raiding stills, catching LIKKER cars and all sorts of things. What I am fixing to write is about A Revenue Officer over in Cosby, Tennessee back in the 1950's. This Revenue Officer got out of his car about Larges Store and took a pair of binoculars and put them up to his eyes to look over on the side of the Mountain about the middle of Cosby, to see if he could spot a still. About the time he got them up to look through them, one of them Cosby Moonshiners over on one of them Damn Ridges burned his Damn Moustache off with a Damn High-Powered Rifle. I have been told this is a true story I don't know, but they told me he never did By-God come back to Cosby again. . . Would You???

Another story I heard one time was about Isom Sutton down at the Cotton Patch just below the Bend of The River down on Pigeon River next to the state line. They said the Revenue Officers come to Isom's house one morning and Isom had just got back to the house that morning from stirring his Mash Barrels and set his mash stick up against the side of the house. They saw the stick with meal and bran on it, they knowed he had just stirred his mash not long ago. So they tricked Isom into taking them to his still site. They knocked on the door and Isom come to the door and they told him that he might as well go with them to cut the still down, that they had already had found it. So Isom got his stick and walked straight to it, they didn't have no Damn idea where it was. They tricked him into showing them where it was at. I think that was sorry than Hell. To do a real old man that Damn way.



Here I am  
Drunk as Hell,  
and  
I don't know  
where at.



## School Boy's Best Friend (Rattle-Snake)

I am trying hard to write only true things in my book, but now I am going to tell you some shit. You can be your own judge at it. Back on the mountain where I was raised I heard my daddy tell shit he had heard all his life from many years gone by. He told me one time that somebody told him about some woman there on the mountain had a gang of pups like 3 or 4 dogs. You know that is a damn bunch of shit, but he had heard of it during his time. Now this next thing I am going to tell could or could not be true. One time this little boy would walk up the mountain after going way down the mountain to the old Hemphill School, a one room school built in the 1800's and still stands today.

Anyway every evening when the little boy got home he would have his mommy to fix him a bowl of corn bread and milk. Then he would take it and go around the side of the mountain on an old mountain trail before he set down to eat. He done this for a long time, one evening his mommy got suspicious about why he would not eat his milk and bread at the house. So one evening there was some man who came there to visit the woman. She had the man to sneak around the trail to see what the little boy was doing, so he did. They said the man found him and watched what he was doing. The little boy was setting below a big chestnut stump. The little boy would get himself a spoon full of corn bread and milk, then he would get another spoon full and reach it over to a damn big rattlesnake. Then he would get him some more till him and the big rattlesnake eat it all up. The man went up there and shot the big rattlesnake and killed it. They said that God-damn rattlesnake was 6 ft long and as big around as a quart canning jar. The man dragged the snake back to the old house to show the woman what he had found the boy feeding. The little boy run back to the house crying all the way home. The next day the little boy would not go to school, and that evening about the same time he went back to feed the snake, he fell dead. I guess he grieved his self to death. My daddy said that was told to him as being a true story and my Daddy would not tell no God-damn lies.

Now about the school teacher at the old Hemphill School. The teacher was there teaching school, then this man come into the school house and asked the teacher when they put a new fence around the graveyard. Why did the school teacher fence his mother outside of the graveyard? The school teacher told him she was not fit to be in the graveyard. The other man, they said his name was Jim Easter, pulled a 44 Pistol from his side and shot that teachers damn head off. Jim Easter left there and was never seen or heard from anymore. Nobody knowed where he ever went.



Popcorn Sutton and Ole Leon Wells, Ole Wells is one of the best musician's this side of hell. He can pick a damn Banjo better than Earl Scruggs. He is a master Guitar player and can by God sing just like George Jones. If he was in another room where you couldn't see him you would swear and be damned that was George Jones, and that's no shit.

Also Ole Wells son is a master Mandolin player, guitar player and can sing like a damn Mockingbird. His name is Ricky Wells, he is also a powder man on big construction jobs, and a professional OTR Truck Driver. Just like Ole Wells his daddy.

One time Ole Wells and Ricky was a fucking the same woman, one had her one night and the other the next night. Neither one knowed a damn thing about what each other was doing. But one night she told Ricky, she said hell Ricky you are a lot better at this than your daddy is.

## Vacation 2002

We left out on our trip out west on November 3, 2002 on a cold and rainy evening me, J.B., and Gene Presnell. I told Gene and J.B. I would take them on a vacation a while back because they had been good to help me work at the cabin on the mountain. We are taking our vacation in a 20 year old Ford car that I traded for just before I got caught the last time in January of 1998. The old car had 248,000 miles on the odometer before we started this trip. I don't know how many damn miles it will have on it when we get back to Maggie Valley and I don't give a damn.

We started out from Newport, Tennessee, then we traveled to Crossville, TN before we stopped for the night. It rained like hell and so foggy you couldn't see the damn road all the way. The next morning we left Crossville and the weather had cleared up. It was a nice day to drive then we was headed on our way to Arkansas. We was coming down the interstate past Knoxville and Gene told J.B. to pull over. He said he had to shit a damn log so J.B. pulled off the interstate on the side of the road and when he pulled off at this big pond of water and stopped, there laid a damn big dead dog in a plastic bag. What a shame some son of a bitch just threw their dog out like that, they could have at least buried it, but that is beside the point everybody is not like me. Any way Gene got out of the old car and walked out of sight to a big field of cotton. He was amazed by seeing so such a field of cotton. He came back to the old car with a handfuls of cotton burrs or balls whatever the hell you call them. He told me and J.B. that was the first God Damn time he had ever wiped his ass with a damn ball of cotton.

Then we got back on the Interstate 40 and headed west again. Then we crossed the Mississippi River no bigger than the French Broad. Then we traveled to Brinkley, Arkansas and spent the night. Then we headed out the next morning to Little Rock Arkansas. We traveled hard all day trying to get as far as we could, seeing cotton fields, broken down cars, and 2 dogs a fuckin'! Then we hit the Ozark Mountains, Gene was calling them mountains and J.B. said no, it is not mountains it is damn hills. Then we crossed over in to Oklahoma then headed to Oklahoma City.

We had never seen so many damn lawmen, before they was ever half mile apart. I don't know what their problem was and don't give a damn. I am glad they just didn't mess with us. They had a lot of road construction going on in that area. We was going up behind the traffic in the right lane, so it was slow as hell. I told J.B. to pull out and pass that shit or we would be there all night, so he pulled out in the left lane and went about a mile and just behind us came a state trooper, but he didn't bother us. We went on our merry way and by the way me, J.B, or Gene does not drink and drive. They may get us for something else, but not for driving drunk.

Then we got to Oklahoma City. The traffic was bumper to bumper. J.B. told me he had had enough of that shit, he needed a damn beer. Then we went through that and stopped at a place called El Reno, Oklahoma. There we spent the night. J.B. got drunker than hell and me and Gene wasn't far behind him.

Then we got up the next morning and started out again. We started out hunting for places about Route 66. Then we stopped at a Route 66 museum. We went and looked at all they had to see. It is something to look at. I went into a place and this tour guide told us about the place first saw an A-Model Ford car. Then I proceeded to tell her about the A-Models. She told me it was her honor to have something such as an A-Model-Ford. She said the one they had in that museum was priceless and I was very quick to tell her so was mine. Then we went on up Interstate 40 West and stopped at a place called the Shamrock Restaurant. We went in and set down ordered some cokes and then went over and looked at the buffet lunch they had. It looked worser than a pile of shit. Then I told Gene to go tell the waitress we was going somewhere else. Then we went on up above it and found another place when we went in the waitress come to the table and asked what we wanted to drink and I told her to let us look at the buffet and menu first. So we looked at the Buffet menu first and it was pretty good, but we decided to order off the menu. Then I told her about our experience of the place below there and she said to me that I had not been the first one to tell her that. We finished eating and then we went to another Route 66 Museum called Devil's Rope which had 2 damn big balls of barb wire out front up on pillars. They must have weighed 1,000 pounds a piece.

Then we went inside, they had no charge admission to this one and it was alot better than the other one. J.B. and Gene bought them some shot glasses that is what they have been collecting the whole trip. A lot of people don't know what the Devil's Rope is but it is damn barb wire. We got back on I-40 then went to Amarillo, Texas then settled down for the night. Then got up the next morn then we took off again then drove about 30 miles. We stopped for breakfast.

Just as we was pulling off I-40 I saw a tumbling tumble weed below in the median strip and I told Gene to go get that damn thing I wanted to take it home. I had never touched one before. I watched as he run to get it when he got hold of it he come running back to the car and said that damn thing is sticker than hell. I didn't know that but I do now. Then we crossed over into New Mexico then that was the first time we saw any wild life. We saw a coyote dead on the road. Then we saw some coyote eating a cow on the road. Then we saw some antelope. They looked like damn goats to me. Then we went on down the road the wind was blowing like hell. I saw a coyote on the side of the road taking a shit and ever time he tried to shit it blowed the same tird up his ass 3 times.

So we went on down the road and pulled in to this place and I told J.B. to pull up to the gas pump and we would fill up with gas then we would go in and look at the jewelry. So I took the nozzle and put it in the gas tank and punched the proper buttons at least I thought I did. I stood there with the wind blowing 90 damn miles per hour till my ass froze off. Then I went inside to see why I wasn't getting no damn gas and this not friendly not pretty woman told me if I wanted any gas I had to pay for it first then I told her I didn't know how much gas I was going to get so I left her a 20 dollar bill. Then I went back out and froze my god-damn ass off putting the gas in the old Ford. Then I went back in and got my change which was 12 dollars. Then I went in and got a cone of ice cream it about made me sick as hell. Then we started to look thru the rest of this big place. Who the hell do you think I am, "Popcorn Sutton"! Then we was on the road again.

Then we went thru Alberque, New Mexico. Then stopped at Grants, New Mexico. There we spent the night then got up early the next morning packed up and hit the road. We stopped somewhere in Arizona and eat breakfast then we went to a place called Geronimos. That is where I bought the turquoise ring. Then we got back on the road and stopped at a place called Williams, Arizona. At Buckles Restaurant we went in and set down and there was an older man setting at the counter and he said to one of the waitresses working there you should see what the guys at table number 1 wants. They look like they are hungry and they might want to be on their merry way. The waitresses were very busy so he came over to take our order. I told J. B. and Gene I bet he owns this damn place and sure enough he did. He got to talking to us and he hit it off with me. I told him I was a professional moonshiner from Maggie Valley, North Carolina.

Then he proceeded to tell me that he had been in that business also. Like everybody I have talked to over the years, he said he had never made no likker, but he had hauled a lot of it. He probably has, but I can't get over it. Every damn body I see has either made, hauled, sold, or had something to do with moonshine likker. By-God I don't think so. I have people tell me how moonshine likker is made. You can hear some hell of a recipe. The only damn way is to do it on your own.

We are here at a motel in Kingman, Arizona. Just about 60 miles east of the California state line. We will be there pretty soon tomorrow then we are going to turn around and head back to Maggie Valley. We are going to stop at the Grand Canyon then we are on our way home to Maggie Valley. We got up this morning which is Monday morning then headed to California. We left Kingman, Arizona then on I-40 to California. The land was bare as a damn jay-birds ass. It was for sale all the way to California for \$595.00 per acre. Hell I wouldn't give 5 damn dollars an acre. You couldn't even grow a damn tater on it. We even saw some land in New Mexico for \$295.00 per acre. When we got to the California state line we had to stop. They were stopping all cars and trucks. The man came up to the old Ford and asked do you have any animals, plants, fruits, or pecans and after he said pecans he laughed. I guess the reason he laughed was because one of the lights on the back of the old Ford was held on with duct tape, and the bumper was held on with a water pipe clamp.

When we entered California the first sign we saw said Needles, California. There is where we took the first picture in California. Then we went on and stopped at the next exit for gas. Damn gas was \$1.95 per gallon. Then we went on and stopped at a McDonald's Restaurant for breakfast. As we started to get out of the old Ford I told J. B. and Gene be sure and lock the doors because there was 4 or 5 damn bums hanging around that place. The police won't let them do that shit in Cocke County, Tennessee or in Maggie Valley, North Carolina. Anyway, we got a sausage and egg biscuit and J.B. breakfast burritos. It was not worth shit, but we had to eat it anyway, because that was the only place to get anything. Then we took some pictures before we left of some palm trees and of a building below. Then we headed back east on Interstate 40. Then we traveled a few miles and stopped on the side of the road and picked up some rocks for souvenirs. Then Gene took some pictures of the mountains. They looked just like the mountains in Afghanistan. Then J.B. said old Ben Laden probably lived right over there. Then here came a freight train carrying a load of military tanks. It blended right in with the Afghanistan looking mountains. Then we traveled on and we got a little bit hungry because the breakfast didn't last long. Then J.B. saw a sign that said Road Kill Cafe. I didn't see it, but he did. He asked if I wanted to stop. I said hell yes it couldn't be no damn worser than McDonald's. The Road Kill Cafe was in a town called Seligman, Arizona. They had damn good food. I got Fan Tail Shrimp, salad, and a baked potato. J.B. got Beer Batter Fish, salad, and cole slaw and Gene got Beef Patty Melt, french fries and as Gene put it a big fucking quart of Coca-Cola. They had false store fronts of an old western town at the place we made a picture of the OK Saloon.

Now we are back in the old Ford and headed toward the Grand Canyon. We got off Interstate 40 on to Highway 64, then followed it to the Grand Canyon. It cost \$20.00 for us to get in, but it was damn sure worth it. Gene was real skittish about getting close to the edge of the canyon. I looked off at one place and I thought to myself, I wonder how many people have fell off in that damn place. Then I also wondered, you reckon anybody has took someone up there and shoved their damn ass off. I wouldn't shove nobody's ass off there, but I know a couple or three son of a bitches that I wish would go on vacation and fall off of it and some people know who I mean. I can't call no names, but I sure would like to.

So now we are back on the Interstate going east again. Then we stopped for the night at place called Winslow, Arizona. We got up this morning and headed east again and traveled to the same place we had eaten breakfast a few days before. Then we drove like hell to Tecumcari, New Mexico. We didn't stop but a couple of times. Then one of the times we stopped on the side of the road was at a big pile of lava rocks. I got a claw hammer out of the old Ford and I told J.B. I would bust the hell out of it now. So I went over and hit that damn rock hard as I could. Hell, it didn't even glaze it. So now we are in a motel at Days Inn at Tecumcari, New Mexico and we will start out again tomorrow.

We got up this morning and hit Interstate 40 again. Then we traveled for a damn long ways and just happened to stop at a restaurant we had stopped at on the way to California. It was called Candelstines. We went in and set down and the same waitress was there. Hell she recognized us and it had been a few days before that we had stopped there. There was a Sheriff or Constable or some kind of lawman come in after we had ordered, but do you know what, he got his damn breakfast before we did. If I ever stop at a place and see them do that shit, I will by-god never stop there again. But I never have no plans of going west again, but one more damn time before I meet my maker. We are now at the Super 8 Motel in a place called Henrietta, Oklahoma. After we travel all day tomorrow, we should be in Memphis, Tennessee. By the way tomorrow will be Thursday, November 14, 2002.

This morning we are leaving Henrietta, Oklahoma and headed on our way east toward Maggie Valley. Again we left Henrietta Oklahoma about 10 after 7 and drove till 5:00 Thursday evening. The farther we went east on Interstate 40, the better everything looked. More trees, more grass, more stores, and everything.

## Don't Piss on the Interstate

Today is December 30, 2006. You do not dare to stop on Interstate 40 in East Tennessee to take a piss. I was not on the side of I-40, I had pulled way off the road at a place where the state dumps trees that fell in roadways through Cocke County and the Forest Service puts trees there also. I have a lot of health problems, I have three bleeding ulcers and a lot of other problems that comes along with old age and the kind of lifestyle I lived. I have made and drunk likker all my life. I started drinking when I was 6 years old. I have drunk just about as much as I've made. I have not had a drink of any kind of alcoholic beverage for at least one year. My drinking days are over.

So what likker I have made was top of the line stuff. I don't make likker anymore simply because I am not able. If I was able I would get me one and fire it up tomorrow. I don't think that it should be against the law to make likker simply because you can go to any good sized town and buy all the stuff you need to make all the beer, wine, and likker you want to. Now I want to know why in the hell you can't make likker. "Alcohol is alcohol" The only difference is you can distill beer and you have likker. You can run wine through a still and you have Brandy. Whatever flavor your wine is, that is exactly what kind of brandy you have. Such as: grape, blackberries, peaches, apples, of any kind of fruit you want to ferment and run through a still you have very clear brandy. So why in the hell can't you make likker. It only takes one more step and that is running the wine or beer through a still. It will all make you very drunker than shit. And you have to buy your ingredients to make the likker, wine, and beer. You pay taxes on it, so why in the hell can't you make likker. If you are caught with any moonshine you have to pay taxes on what they catch you with, which is \$13.80 per gallon. The last time I got caught was January, 1998. If they catch you making beer or wine you don't have to pay no taxes on it. I don't see no difference in making any of it. It will all make you drunker than hell.

Now back to the stop, way off the road taking a piss behind a pile of logs. I stopped and took a piss because I have problems. I have to take a piss sometimes every 15 or 20 minutes.

It feels like I have a piss a damn gallon, but when I get done its only a few drops. I have to stop or piss in my God-damn overalls. So what in the hell am I supposed to do in a case like I have. Anyways, I stopped and pissed, put my seatbelt back on and was going to get back on I-40. Just as I was pulling out the driveway from the log pile. Here comes a Tennessee State Trooper. I saw his name plate on his uniform and it was Kevin Kimbrough, He asked me what I was doing back there and I told him I had to stop and take a piss. He said you ain't suppose to stop at this site for any reason.

I did not see any signs saying to keep out. I bet I have stopped there a damn thousand times over the years and this had never happened before. My car was loaded with an antique collections. I decorate my house with antiques. Anyway, he said to me, do you have a knife or gun on you. I said no, but I have a pocket knife with a big blade and it will shave a damn mouse and it will never wake it up. So, I handed him the knife and he patted me down. I always carry my overalls pockets full of all kinds of things, mostly keys. I have over a hundred keys in my pocket.

I laid out all the contents in my pockets except some of the banjo picks and handful of change. He then patted my pockets again and I told him to go ahead and reach in my pockets to see what was left in there, but he didn't do that. Also, the pocket on my bib overalls was stuffed full. He wanted to know what all was in there. I opened up the snap zipper and showed him a bunch of business cards from people I have met from Maine to California. I can stay in about every town in the U.S. with people that have invited me to come stay with them and give me their address and phone numbers. So, he didn't make me take the cards out. I told him all I had in there was my reading glasses and what little money I had. While he was giving the old car a 3rd degree search, up comes another State Trooper. His name plate was Raines and about the same time here came three Cocke County Deputy Sheriff's cars. When they told him who I was, he was a lot nicer to me. He even had one of the Deputies to take a picture of me with Mr. Kimbrough beside my car. I also had a picture of Bobby Stinson and his Deputies in there.

They also took a picture of it also. Then I showed them another picture of me, Mike Price of the Haywood County Sheriff's Department, and one of the most respectable preachers in the state of North Carolina, Robert E. Harris. It states below the picture: The Preacher; The Moonshiner; and The Cop. Raymond Fairchild's wife Shirley made the picture a long time ago at the Opry House in Maggie Valley owned by Raymond & Shirley Fairchild, I cherish my pictures a lot.

Anyway, Mr Kimbrough asked me could he search my old car and I said you sure are welcome to, but if I had anything illegal in there I wouldn't put you through the trouble to get a search warrant, so go ahead and search it. When he got done he said you seem to be clean and I said I told you I was. So I don't guess I will piss behind the damn log pile again. I will just go ahead and piss in my God-damn overalls. This sure is a fucked up world. I am old and sick and I hope I just go on and meet my maker Jesus Christ. Then they want have to worry about me pissing on the log pile. Anyway I am Popcorn By-God Sutton. I bet you don't see fool wrote all over my damn face either, do you?

I noticed Mr. Kimbrough had a sniffing dog in the back of his car and I thought, I hope he don't put that sniffing dog in my car. I knowed he would not smell a God-damn thing. I was afraid that the damn sniffing dog would sniff my car over and not find nothing and get pissed off and shit in my damn car.

## Dreams - Cars, Women and Banjo

There was three things in my life I wanted ever since I was a kid. I dreamed of owning a 1931 A-Model 2-Door like my Uncle D had. He learned me how to drive the old A-Model and he later on sold me the A-Model for \$20.00, but back then twenty dollars was a damn lot of money. I parked it behind the Old Homeplace and I had got me another nicer car by then, I got me a 1948 Plymouth, 4 doors the back doors opened backward. The called them suicide doors.

I was broke one Saturday night - didn't have enough money to buy a damn gallon of gas, gas was only 29¢. So Mom and Dad had sold some tobacco and a milk cow or they would not have had any money either. I ask Mommy what would she give me for the Old A-Model, she said I can't afford it, we need this money for other things. But after a while she said I will give you \$80.00 for it, hell yes I sold it to her in a hurry. She let the Old A-Model set there till the next summer and some preacher from over in Franklin, NC come by there and offered her \$500.00 for the Old A-Model, of course she sold it to him she made a hell of a profit on it. But my poor Ol Dad he was a lot like me his luck wasn't worth a shit, just like mine.

One time Daddy had a 1934 Ford-5 window Coupe with the rumble seat in the back. His sister caught him in bad luck and traded him the 1934 Ford and \$600.00 for 24 acres of land. He had to be put in the hospital for milk sick, and that took the Damn \$600.00. Then a man come along and wanted to buy the 1934 Ford. My Dad trusted everybody I reckon, he sold the man which I will not call his name the 1934 Ford for \$20.00 on the credit, and By God Daddy never did see that money again. I don't like dishonest people, you can tell me of a dishonest person and I will have no use for them.

Well now back to the things in my life that I vowed I would have before I die. I did get the 31 Ford A-Model - 2 door I wanted, it was a damn nice one, I used to travel up in Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia and down in Georgia in the A-Model.

I sold it to Jerry Hux in Tennessee, I bet you couldn't buy it from him at any Damn price. I lost a lot of money on it because I did not have no where to put it in a garage. So I sold it.

Well I also got another one of my dreams, I use to play a Banjo a little bit, I said if I could live long enough I would have me one of the finest Gibson Mastertone Banjos on the market. So I got it and still have it, it is an Earl Scruggs Flint Hill Special Model, and it is By-God Gold Plated, I took it to Raleigh, NC where Earl Scruggs was playing, and I got him to sign his name on the back of the resonator on it. I also have an extra head for the Banjo with Earl Scruggs Signature on it, I have it in a glass covered case to preserve it. I probably never will put it on the Banjo. I don't ever pick it anymore the only damn time I would ever pick it was when I was drunker than hell anyway.

Leon Wells just moved back to Maggie Valley, NC, from Arizona he is an expert musician, by the way he can sing just like George Jones. With the help of Leon Wells and the Good Lord I am going to try to learn how to pick my Banjo again only I will be sober this time, because the doctor told me was drinking days was over. Leon Wells can play lead Guitar like you have never heard before so I can follow him and maybe I can get to play my Banjo again, I hope so. I am also having me some DVD's made of me making Likker in Maggie Valley, NC high on the mountain it is Rated X also. I hope I can sell enough Books and DVD's to pay my doctor bills as I have no Insurance at all.

## Dr. Visits

Today is January 5, 2007 I just got back from Duke University Hospital in Durham, NC. About 6:00 this evening. I was helped with my medical services by some damn good friends of mine. I will not disclose no names at this time. I have been sick for quite a while. But with the help of Jesus Christ and Dr. Michael Wiseman and his staff, I am getting a lot better than I was. Arrangements have been made for me to go to Duke University by what I call My Friends In Low Places. Some of them I will mention at this time. Leon Wells is on stand-by if something happens. A very special thanks to Preacher Bobbie Dunford of Bewleys Chapel United Methodist Church. I attend church at two of the churches he preaches at every time I can make it. I have been to some different churches where people look at me and it seems to me they are saying, "What are you doing here?" Its like walking into a walk-in-freezer. When you walk in a church where Bobbie Dunsford is, it is like walking into a room at 90 degree temperature. He sure is a true man of God.

Now to all you folks that know me as "Popcorn Sutton". You know I say whatever hits my mind to and I don't give a shit who likes it and who don't. If they don't want to hear what I have to say, they can go some damn where else. Now I am going to tell you about my trip to the doctor at Duke University. I will not call his name: Anyway my doctor from Morristown, Tennessee faxed all my records to this doctor at Duke University. He said I seem to be going to one of the best doctors I could find who is Dr. Wiseman at Morristown, Tenn. Kyle Edwards of Maggie Valley, highly recommended that I go to see Dr. Wiseman I am glad I took his advice or I would be dead by now. Dr. Wiseman sure to hell has the right name Wise-man, because he damn sure is a "Wise-Man". Now back to the doctor at Duke. He sure as hell is a very smart man also. The doctor at Duke took me back in to this room with an examining table and 2 chairs. He first took my blood pressure which was o.k. at this time, but I have blood pressure problems. I have been taking blood pressure pills for a long time. Then he walked out of the Room and told me to take all my clothes off.

So, I did as he said and he came back in a couple of minutes later and told me to set on the end of the table with my legs hanging down. He reached over and got a little purple looking hammer and tapped my knees with it and as he did my legs jerked outward. Then he told me to lay down on the table then he mashed on my stomach and all around, then he asked me if it hurt when he pressed on certain areas of my stomach and intestines. I told him, yes, it does hurt in certain places, because I have three bleeding ulcers. He then reaches and pulled down on my nuts then he asked me if I could still have an erection and I said hell no and I am glad I can't because I ain't got nothing to fuck anyway.

He laughed like hell and said don't you have a girlfriend and I told him hell no. Then he told me that he could not do nothing for me that I might need to see a special stomach doctor. I told him I was seeing one of the best stomach doctors there was in the state of Tennessee which is Dr. Michael Wiseman. He said well you have one of the worst cases of depression I have ever seen. He then told me that I needed to go get me a girlfriend. The people at the hospital didn't know what to think of me. They had heard about me on CMT or other means. I don't know whether they will send me back to Duke. I will have to wait and see.

## I Love Big Fat Ass Women

Today is January 10, 2007, I was setting here watching television and it come on the news a young lady got caught for having sex with a 13 year old boy. She was a fine looking woman with a Big Ass and Big Titties. They charged her with child abuse. Well I remembered the first Piece of Ass I got, I was 11 years old. Hell I didn't think that was no damn child abuse, I knowed right then I was going to like ever piece of ass I got from then on.

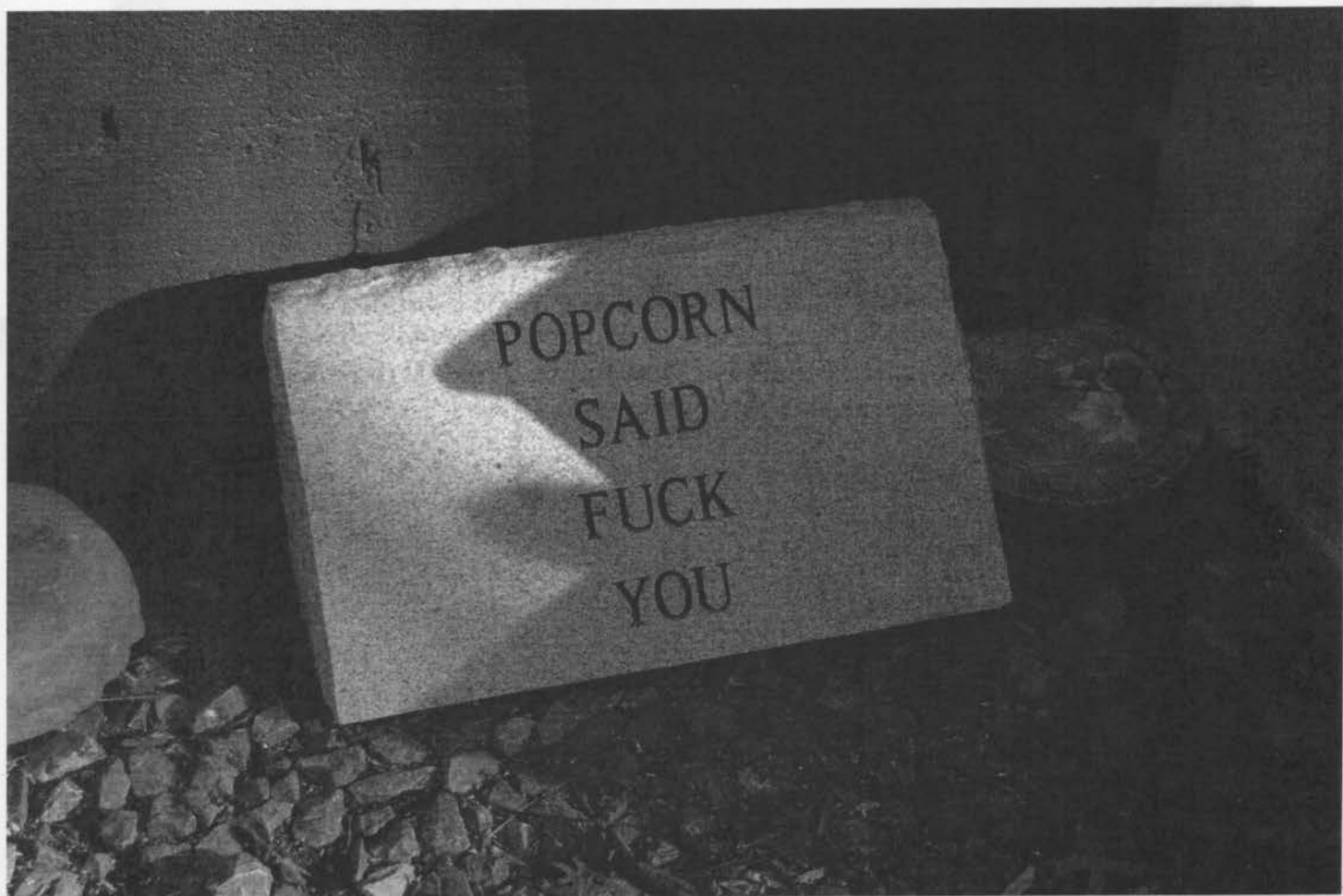
When I fired off it felt like a covey of God Damn Quails flew out of my ass hole. And by the way the very nice woman that give me my first piece of ass was 36 years old at that time. She has been dead a long time since then, I never did tell but 2 people who she was and that was a long time. If a woman is good enough to give me a piece of Ass I fucking sure won't tell it on her. If someone today ask me who she was, I will give them the same answer if they ask me how old I am "It ain't none of their God-Damn Fucking business".

And by the way I Love Big Fat Ass Women with Damn Big Tits and Legs. You hardly ever see a Big Fat Ass Woman with Big Tits and Big Legs that don't have the most beautiful face you will ever see. I Love Big Ass Women, AND I also know how to eat pussy, and if you think I don't drop your damn bloomers.

Most men are looking for little women, but no offense to the nice looking little women.

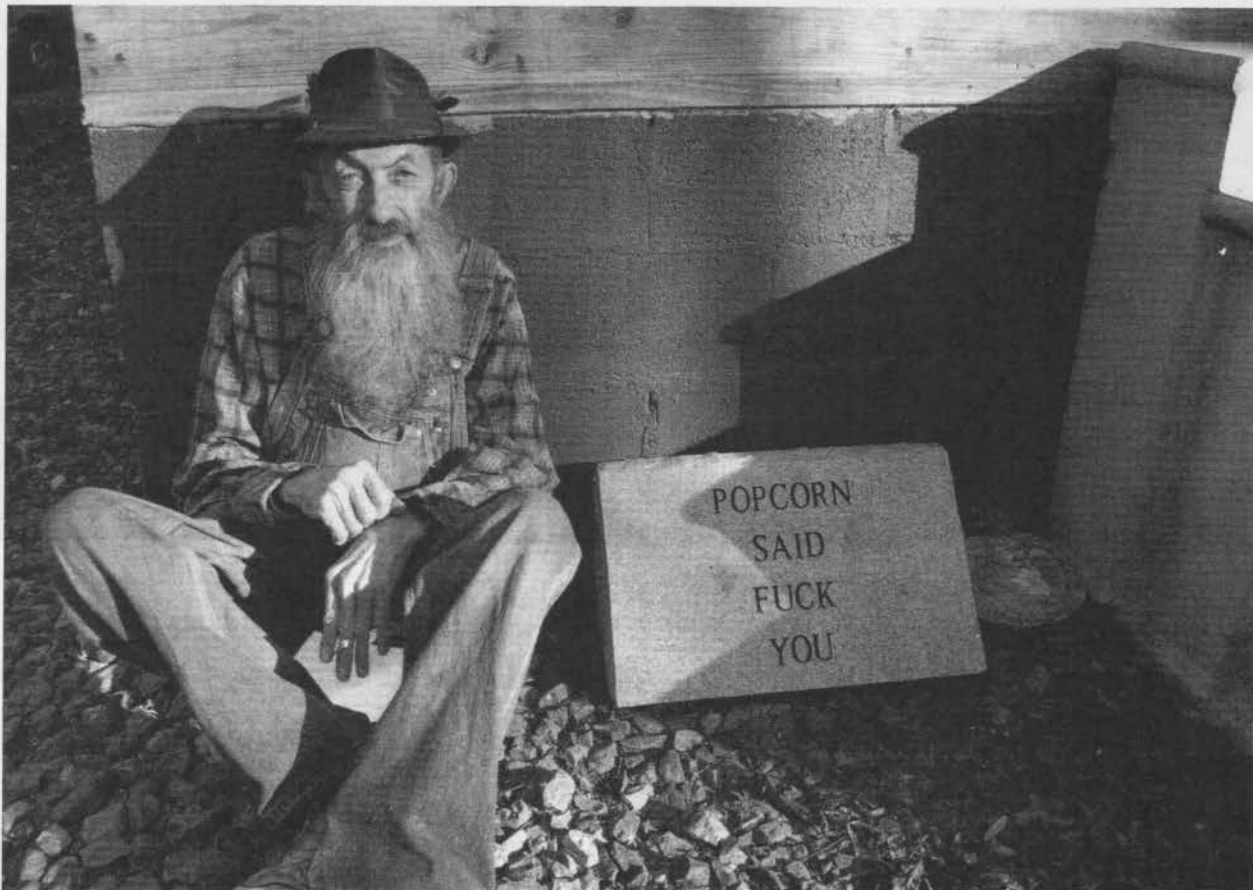
I just Love Big Ass, Big Tits and Big Legs type of women.

Like I told that Doctor at Duke University hospital when he ask me if I could get an erection and I told him Hell No, and I told him I hoped it didn't get hard because I did not have nothing to fuck, anyway.

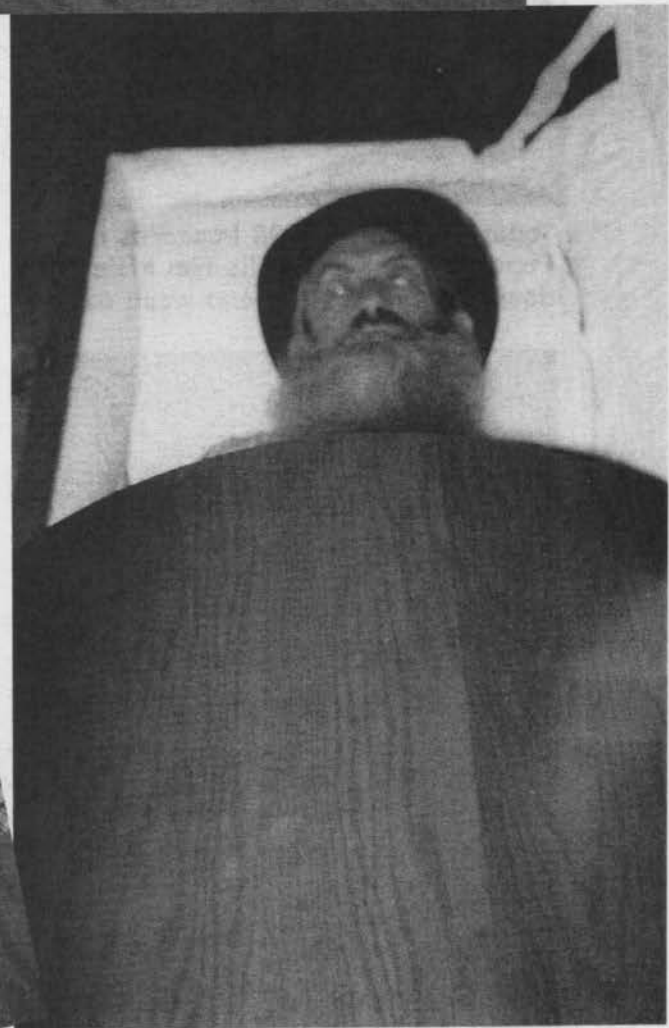




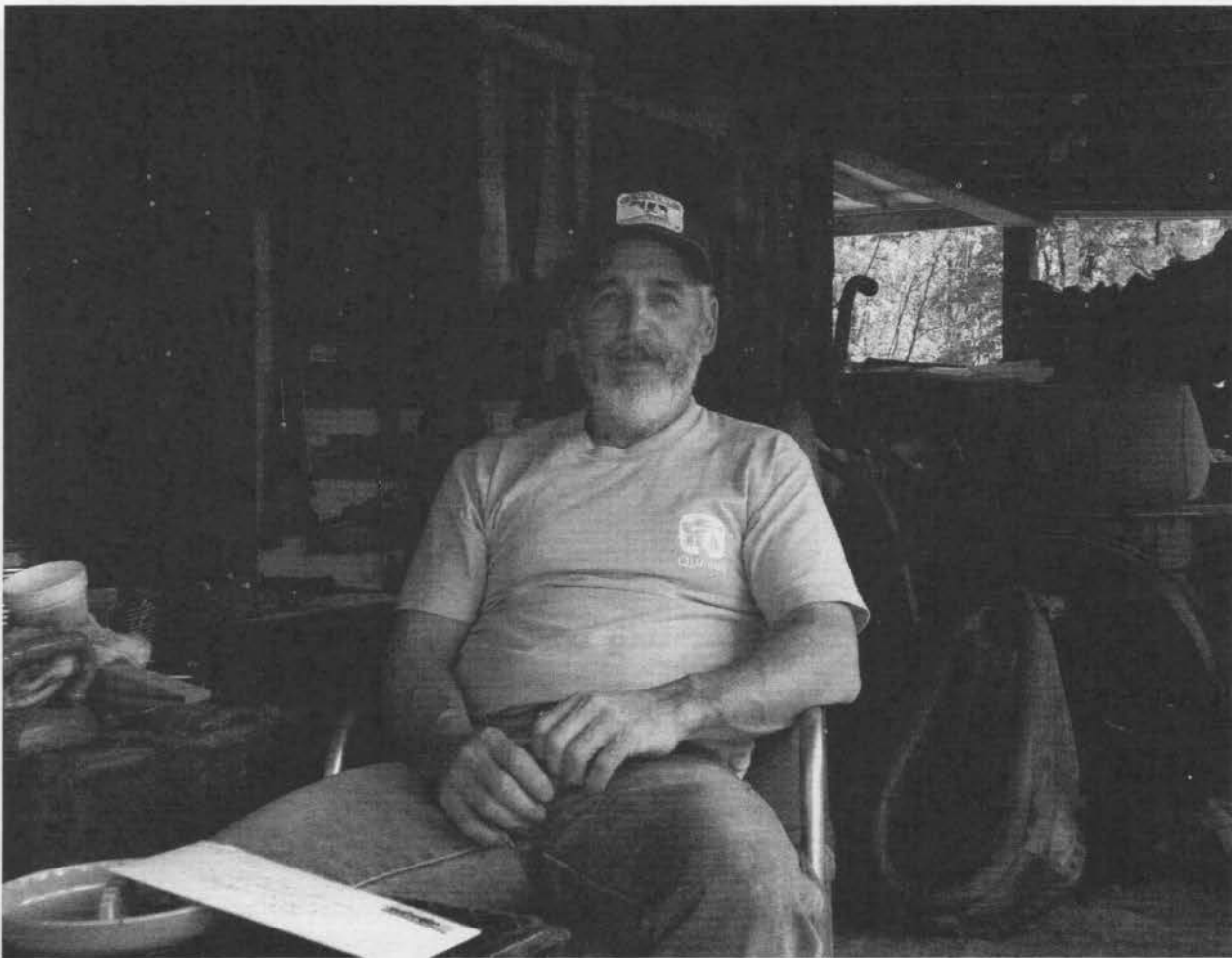
This is Popcorn's Grave Marker, it has been here 22 years. The reason the leaf is over the date is, it is nobodys God Damn Business how old I am.



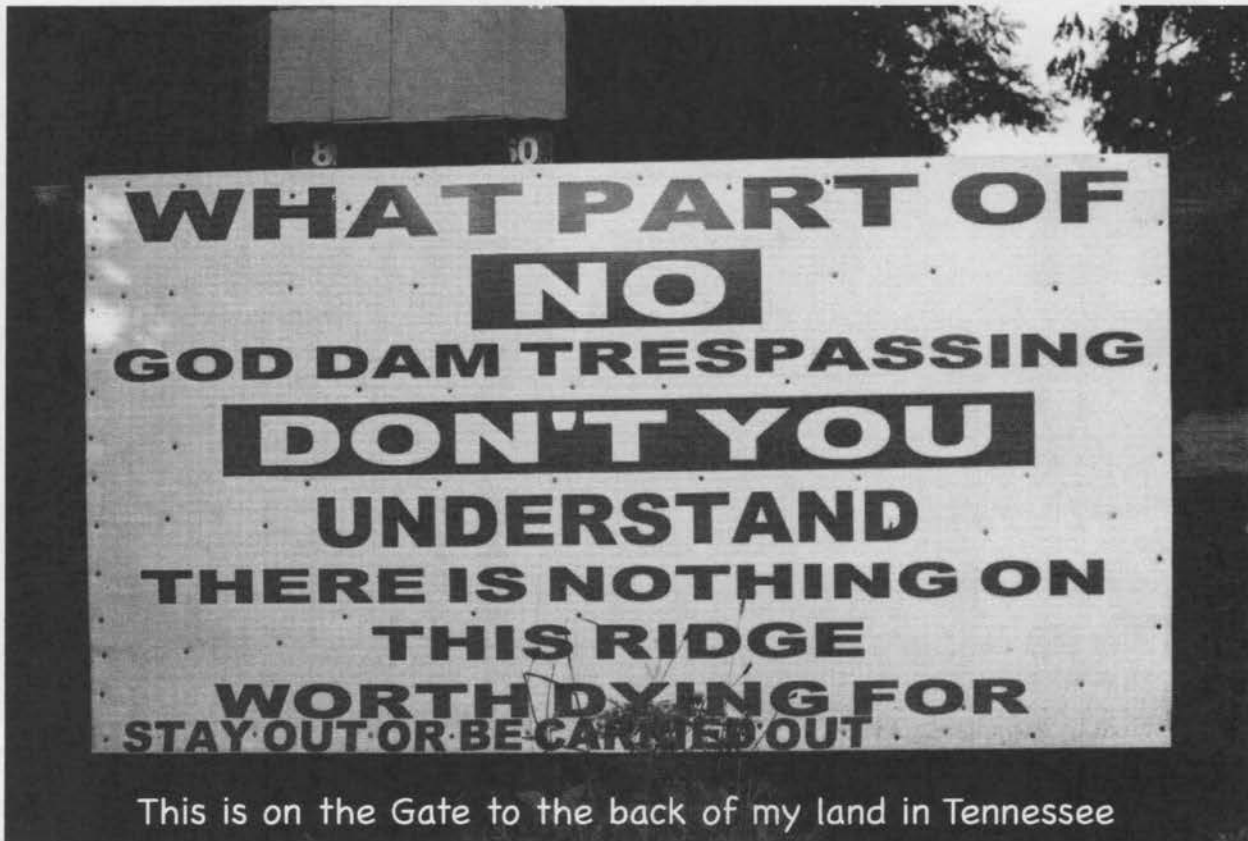
This is my Foot Stone for my Grave at the Bend of The River, they will put it there when they bury my ass. I also already have my own Casket and my Funeral is paid for.



These are pictures of me in my Casket here at my house  
April 2007 (The day my Still House burned down)



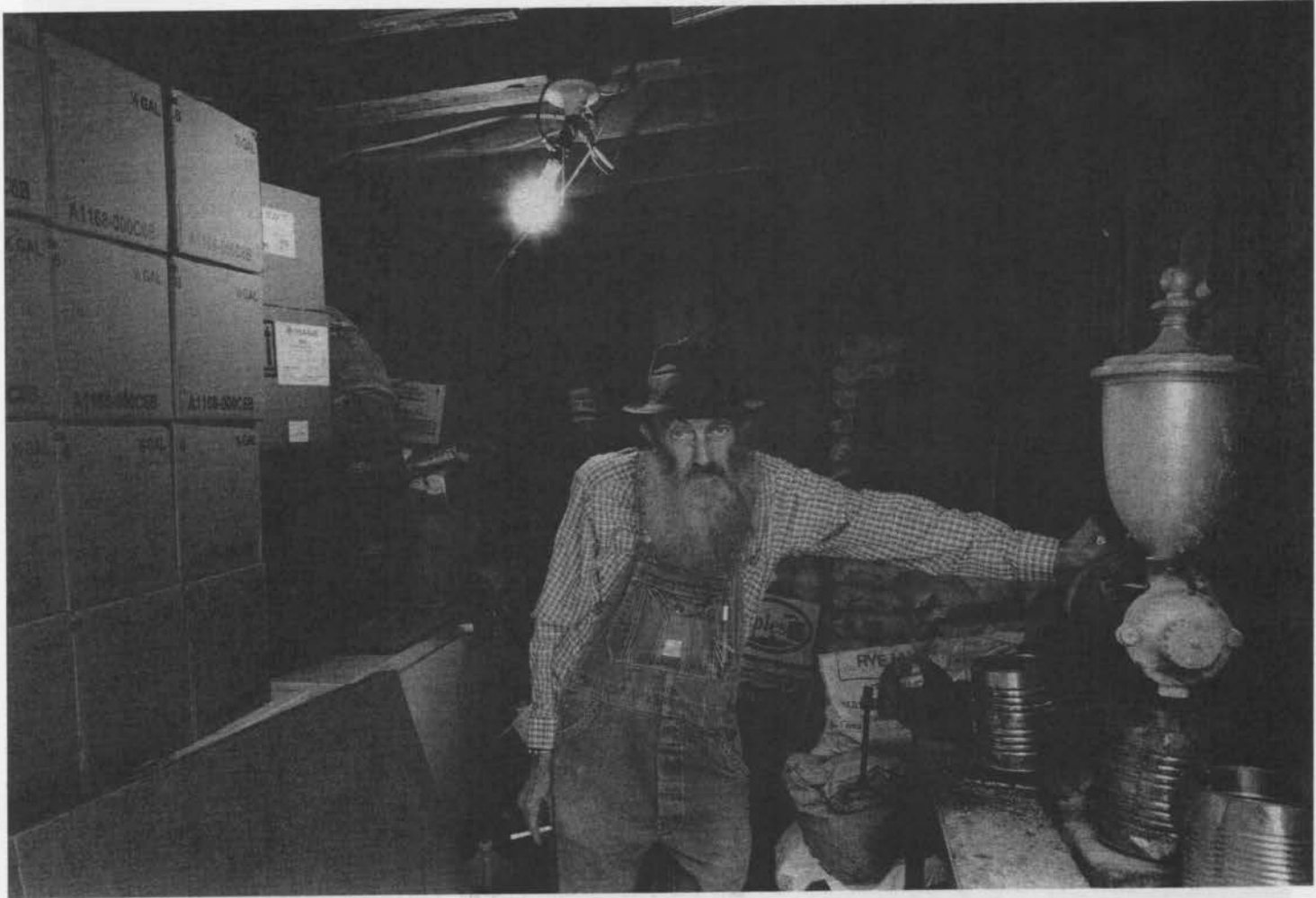
Today is April 8, 2008 Popcorn's best friend in the whole damn world come to check on Popcorn. Popcorn calls him little buddy, but his real name is William Hux and all he does is play with tits and wash cow shit.

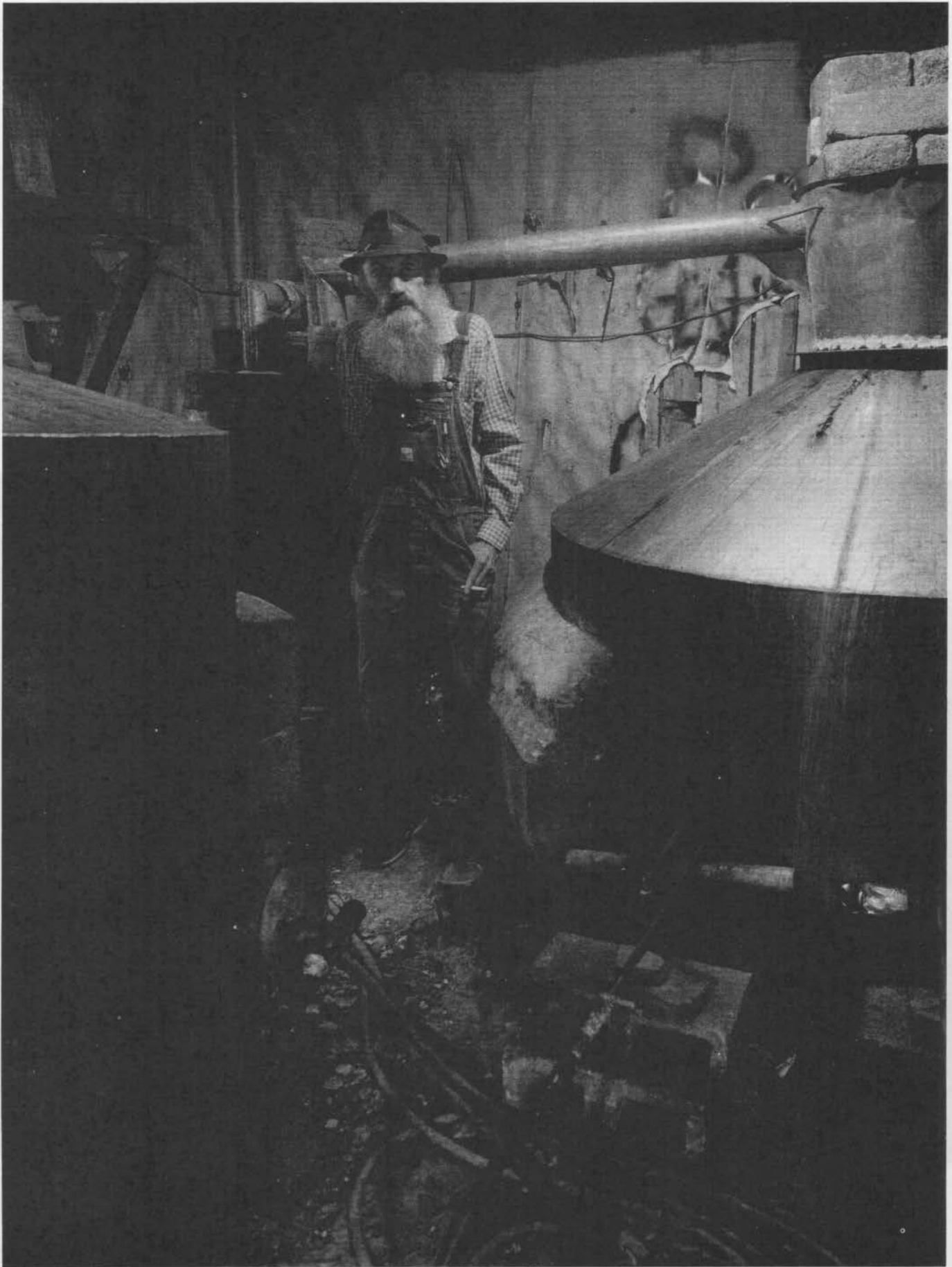


This is on the Gate to the back of my land in Tennessee

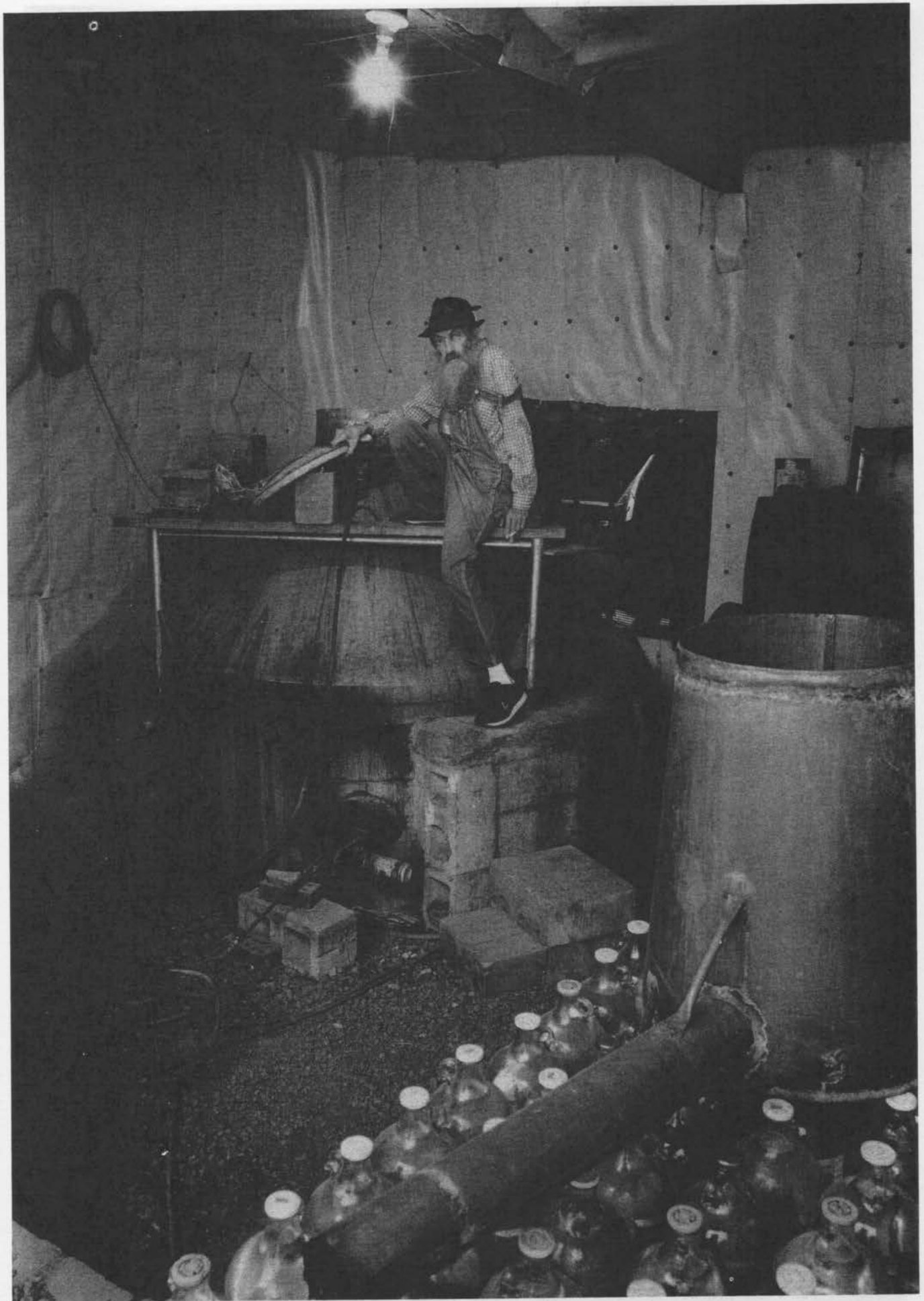
# And Now...

## The Rest of The Story

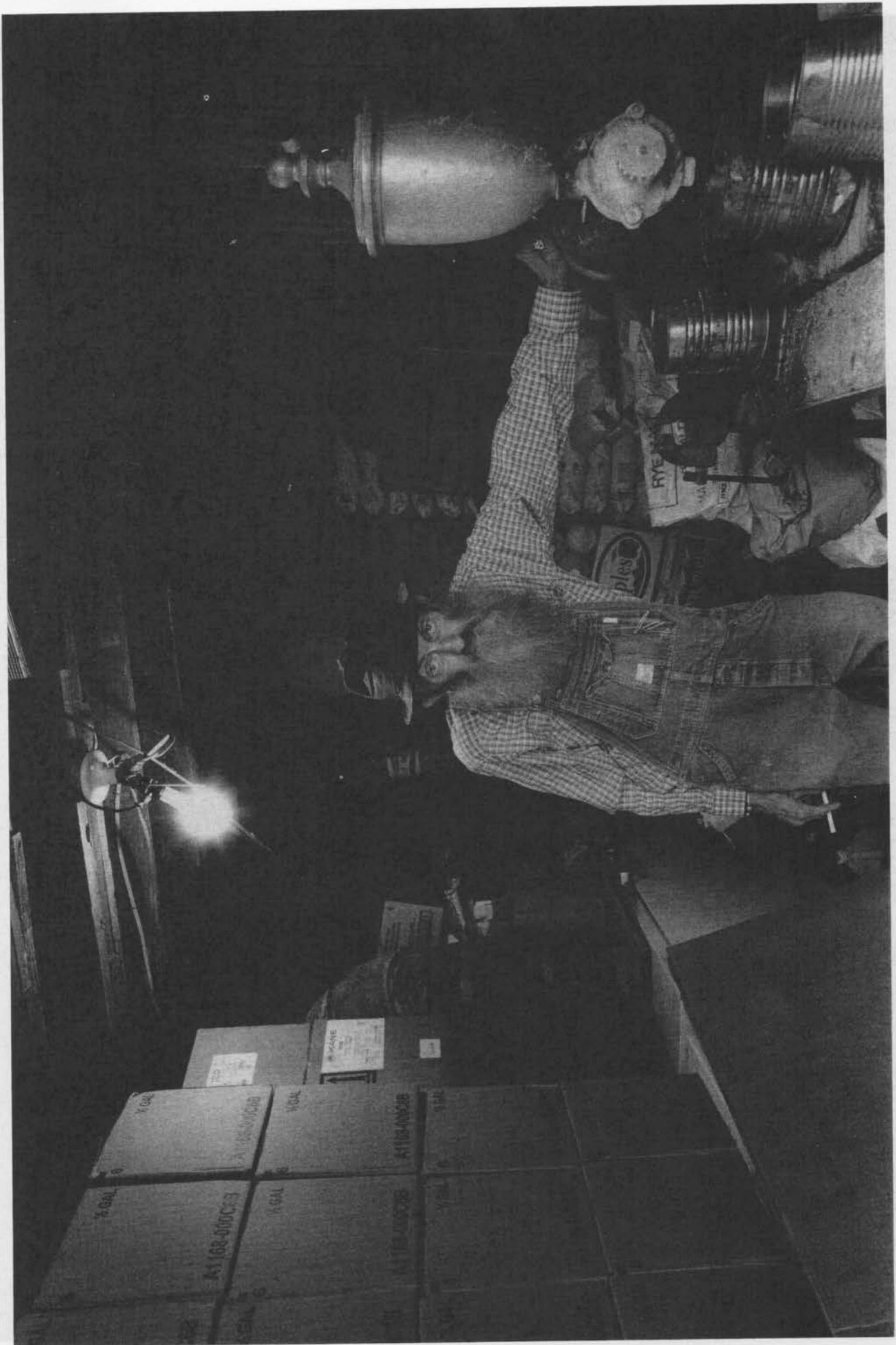


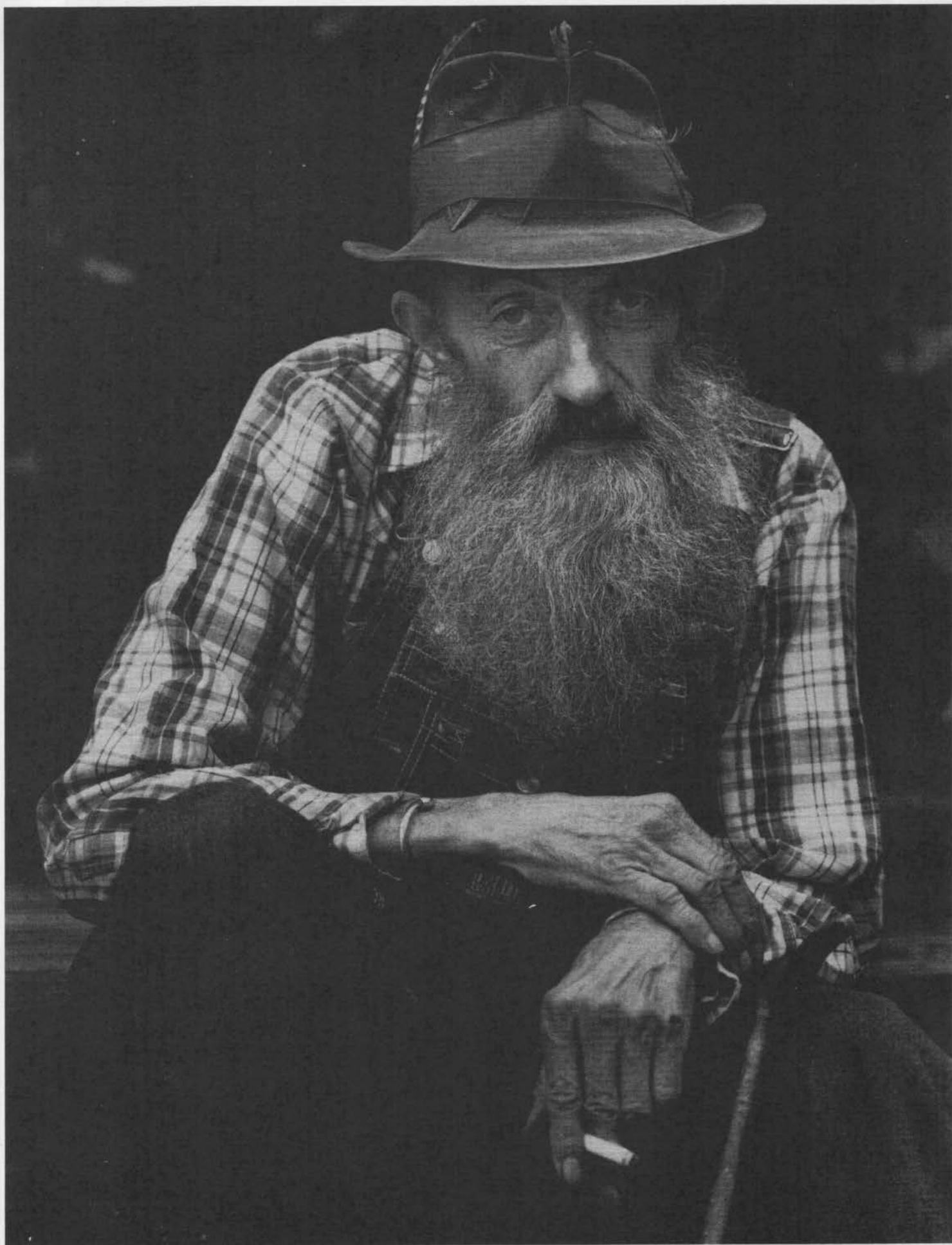


This is on the boat in the pocket of my coat in Tennessee









The years of 2007 and 2008 was pure living hell to me. My Still House caught fire by an electrical shortage in a junction box, a lot of nosey people said one of the Stills blowed up. To Hell it did, they hadn't been run in a long time. They also said there was 650 damn gallons of Likker in there hell no there wasn't. They only got 37 1-half gallon jugs of Likker. The building burnt April 24, 2007.

Then I got caught again March 13, 2008. They say I had 500 gallons of Likker in Tennessee and 400 gallons in North Carolina. I got put in jail in Greeneville, TN now I am out on house arrest, it sure is to hell a lot better than setting in that Hell Hole of a Jail. When they try me and sentence me, I hope to God they will let me build my time on probation or house arrest. Whatever time that may be. I am suppose to have many, many friends all over the United States, I have no way to pay my light bill, phone bill and to buy me any food or anything. So if any of my friends that I am suppose to have out there can send me a little money to help me thru this I will be very grateful for you doing that.

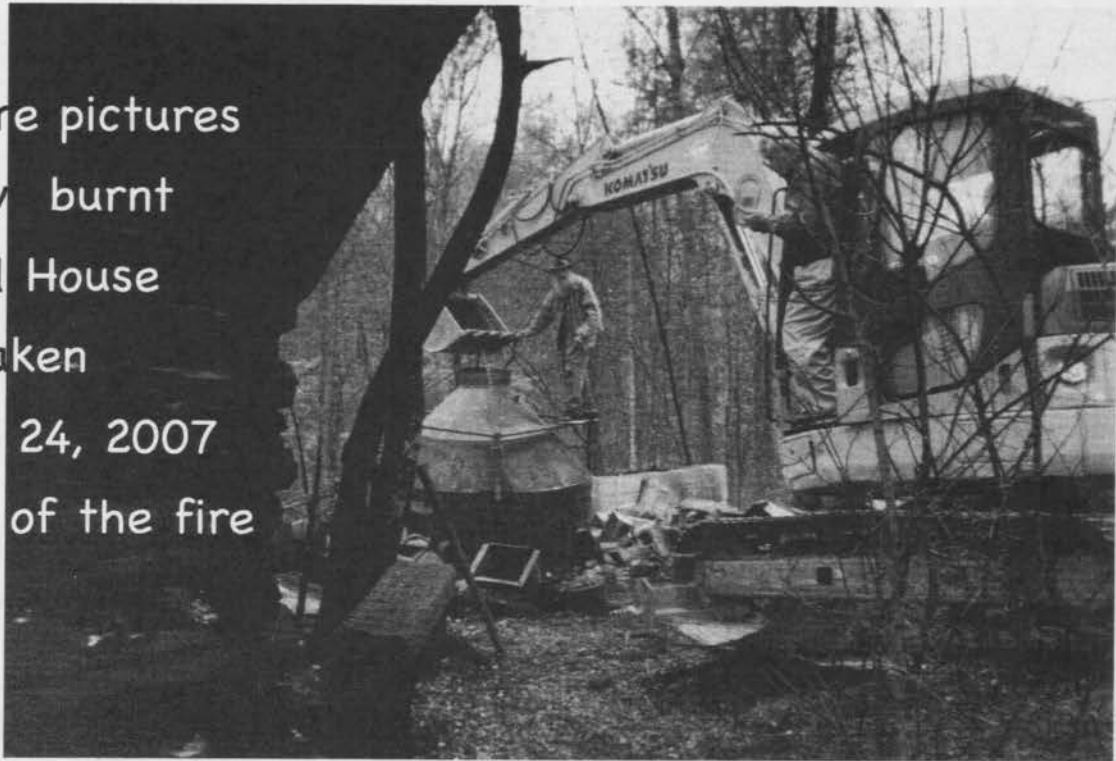
Popcorn Sutton

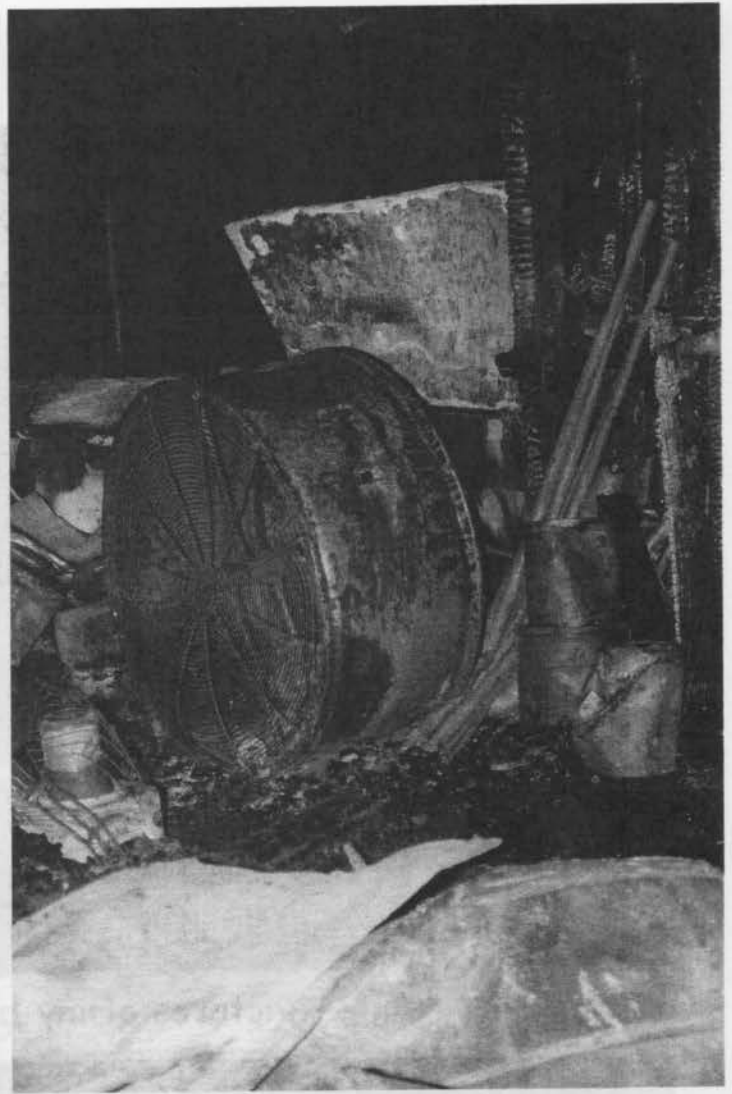
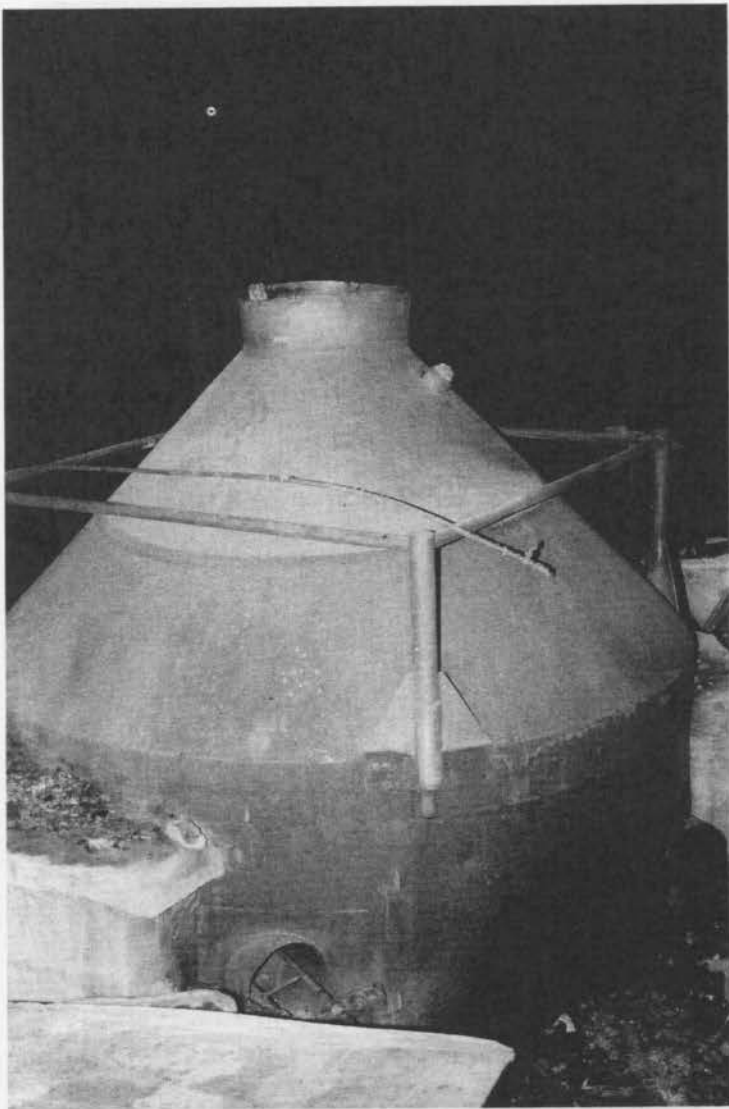
P.O. Box 38

Parrottsville, TN 37843

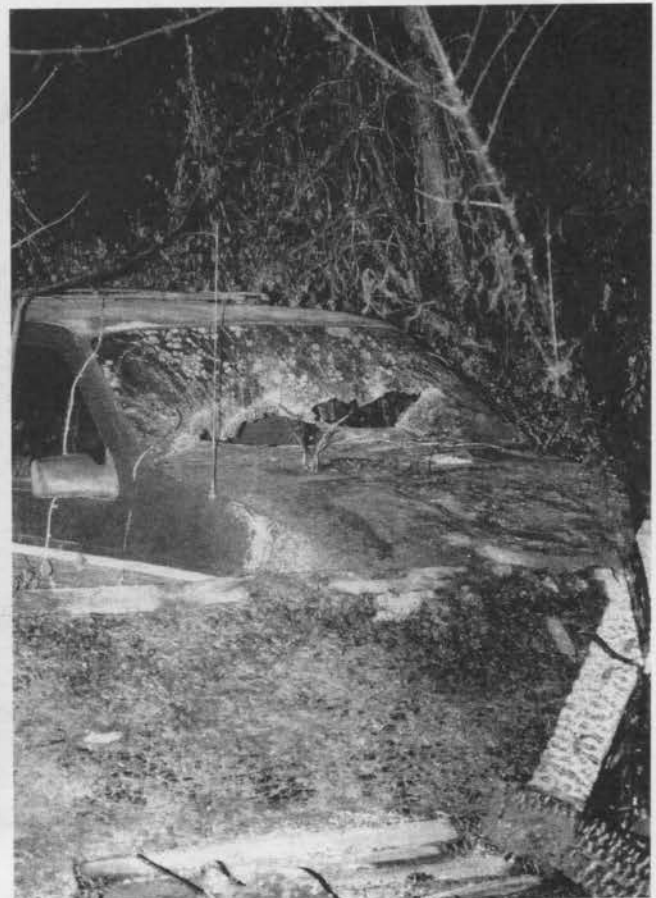
April 24, 2007

These are pictures  
of my burnt  
Still House  
taken  
April 24, 2007  
the day of the fire





Pictures of my burnt Still House





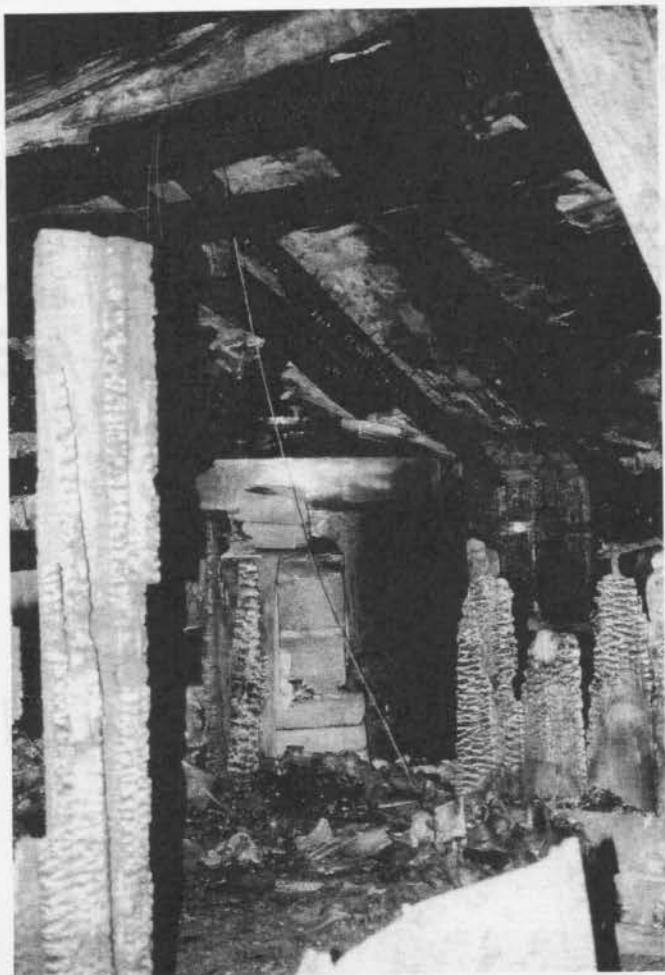
Pictures of my burnt Still House

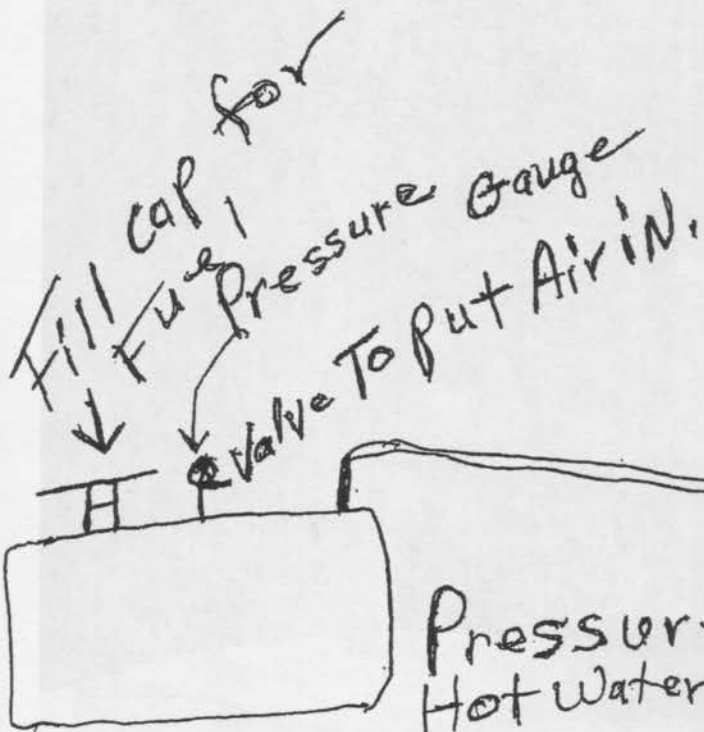
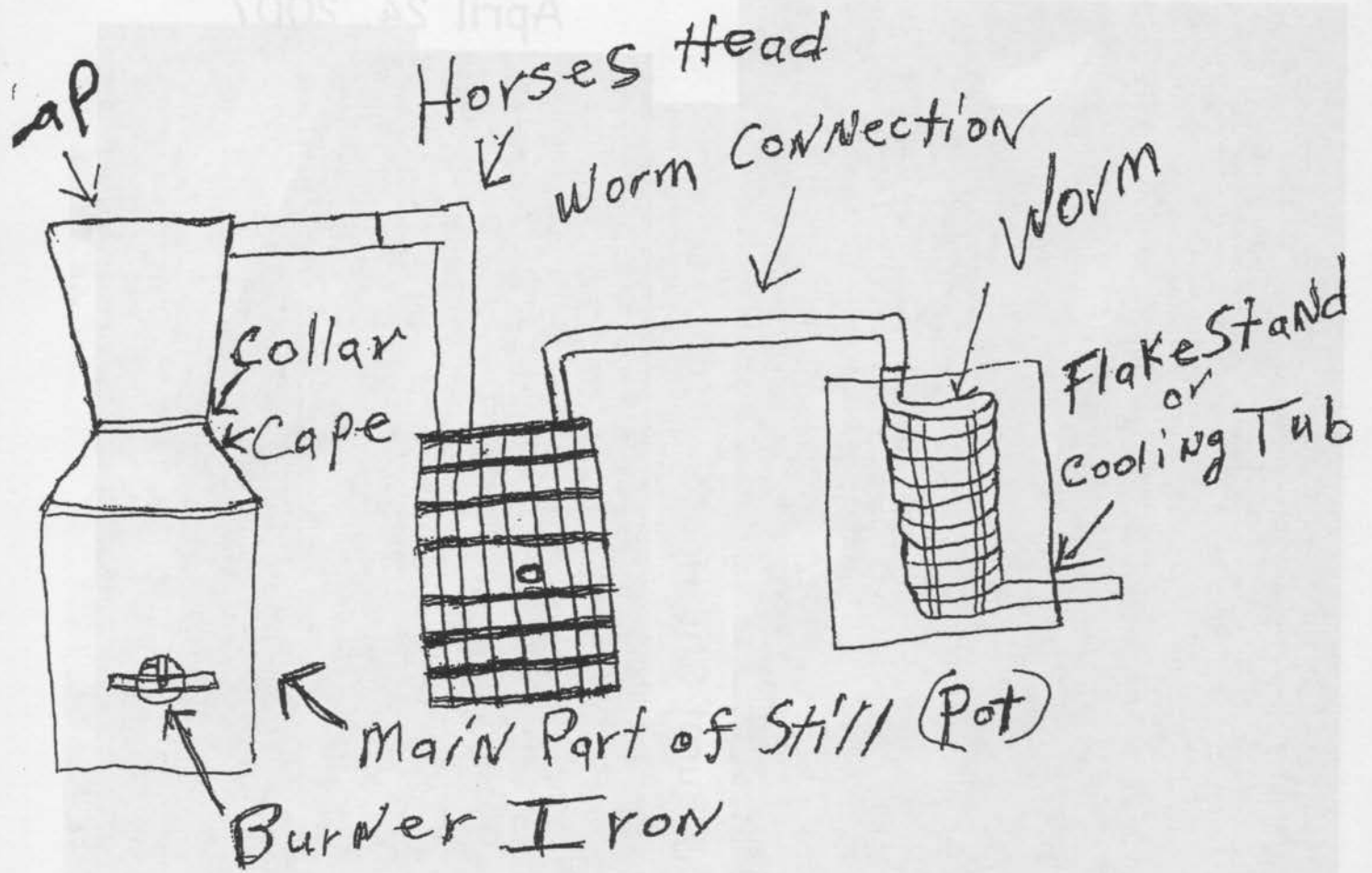


April 24, 2007



More pictures of my Burnt Still House





Generator is made of  $\frac{1}{4}$ " Black Iron Pipe  
 This works like a Coleman stove The fuel has to be hot before it will start generating

Pressure Tank is made of An old Hot water Heater Tank

## Likker Makin' Glossary

This part tells of the parts of a moonshine still. [See illustrations]

Here are some of the terms about making likker:

**BACKINS**-is when the proof drops below 70 proof

**BEAD**-the bubbles that appear when you shake the likker

**BEADING OIL**-used by amateur makers of cheap likker [a high grade cooking oil] used to put false beads on low proof likker

**BEER**- first stage of making likker, also called mash or slop. Still beer is a good drink also.

**BRANCH**- a source of water; A good place to set up a still so you will have plenty of cold water to cool the worm or condenser.

**BURNER IRON**- Made of iron pipe 1 1/2 inch to 2 inch with gashes sawed about 1 inch apart to let the flames come out and make a circle inside the core -----blue fire----blue as hell.

**CASE**- 6 gallon of likker in gallon glass jugs or 12 half gallon jars. Any one who puts likker in plastic milk jugs shows their likker is not worth a damn.

**CAPE**-the part the cap fits in

**CAP**- the cap catches the alkihol vapors that come out of the still

**CAP ARM**-the arm on the cap that connects to the horses head-----the horses head goes from the cap to the thump post

**CONDENSER**- does the same thing a worm does---turns steam into liquid

**CORE**- The core goes through the lower 2/3's of the pot to put the

burner iron and the generator through

FEINTS- the left over liquid in the thump keg must be turned out and washed, then replaced with fresh backins before the next run.

FLAKE STAND- also called a cooling tub. That is what your worm or condenser sets in with cold water piped to the bottom to push the hot water off the top to keep it cool.

GENERATOR- A curved pipe made out of 1/4 inch black iron pipe which you have to get hot before the fuel will start generating. It works like a Coleman gas stove.

HIGH SHOTS- Likker that first comes out of the worm, 180 proof

MALT- may be made out of corn, barley, rye that is sprouted, dried, and ground which breaks down the carbohydrates in the grain and turn them in to sugar.

Modern day moonshiners don't go to the EXTRA work and expense. They throw the damn yeast to it.

POT- main part of a stilling outfit

PRESSURE TANK-is the fuel tank usually made out of an old hot water tank. You have a place to pour your fuel which is 1/2 gas and 1/2 kerosene in the tank then you have a gauge to tell how much air pressure you have pushing the fuel to the generator. There is also a tire valve to pump the tank with.

PROOF- the amount of alkihol in your likker

REPORTER- the most low down low life son of a bitch they are.

TEMPERING LIKKER- is when you cut the proof down by using either water or backins

THUMP KEG- when you use a thump post in a thump keg it gives your likker a second distilling on one run. The thump keg is more or less

a filter for your likker. It catches any water or fusel oil (an oil present in the grain mainly composed of amyl alcohols) to keep it from getting in your likker.

THUMP POST- A pipe that goes down in the thump keg with a notch cut out to let the steam through. You put about 4 or 5 gallon of backins in the thump keg for vapors to filter through on the first run. You have to use still beer but after that you run you some extra backins to charge the thump keg with. It makes the likker come out more clear if you use backins.

WORM- A copper coil usually 48 feet long if you are running a big rig----a big rig is a still that will hold anywhere from 300 to 600 gallons.

WORM CONNECTION- A pipe that goes from the thump keg to the worm or condenser. By the way I have known some moonshiners that have used a car radiator instead of a worm or condenser. I bet that was some mean damn likker.

To order a copy of:

Popcorn Sutton's "Me and my Likker"  
revised edition and/or related DVD's  
write to:

Popcorn Sutton  
P.O. Box 38  
Parrottsville, TN 37843  
Cell#: 828-506-0860



