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KENTUCKY PROGRESS MAGAZINE

SOUTH-BOUND
EDITION

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE  KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

NOV. 1931
VOL 4 NO. 3

STATE CAPITOL
FRANKFORT KENTUCKY

25¢ THE COPY
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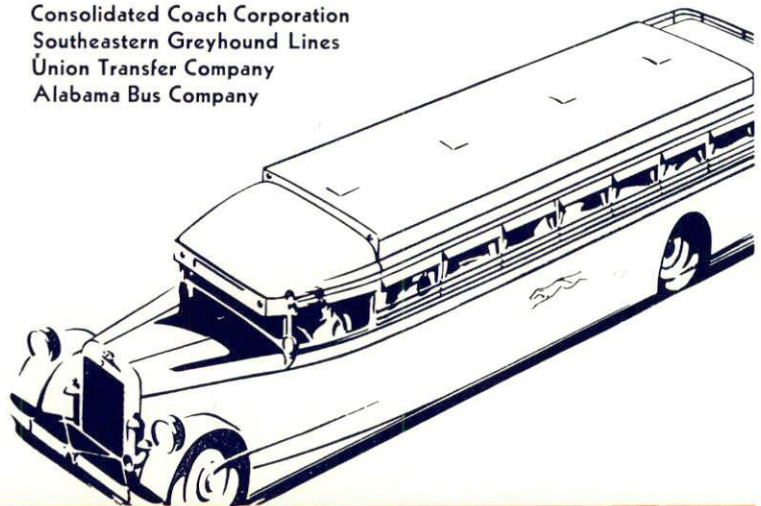
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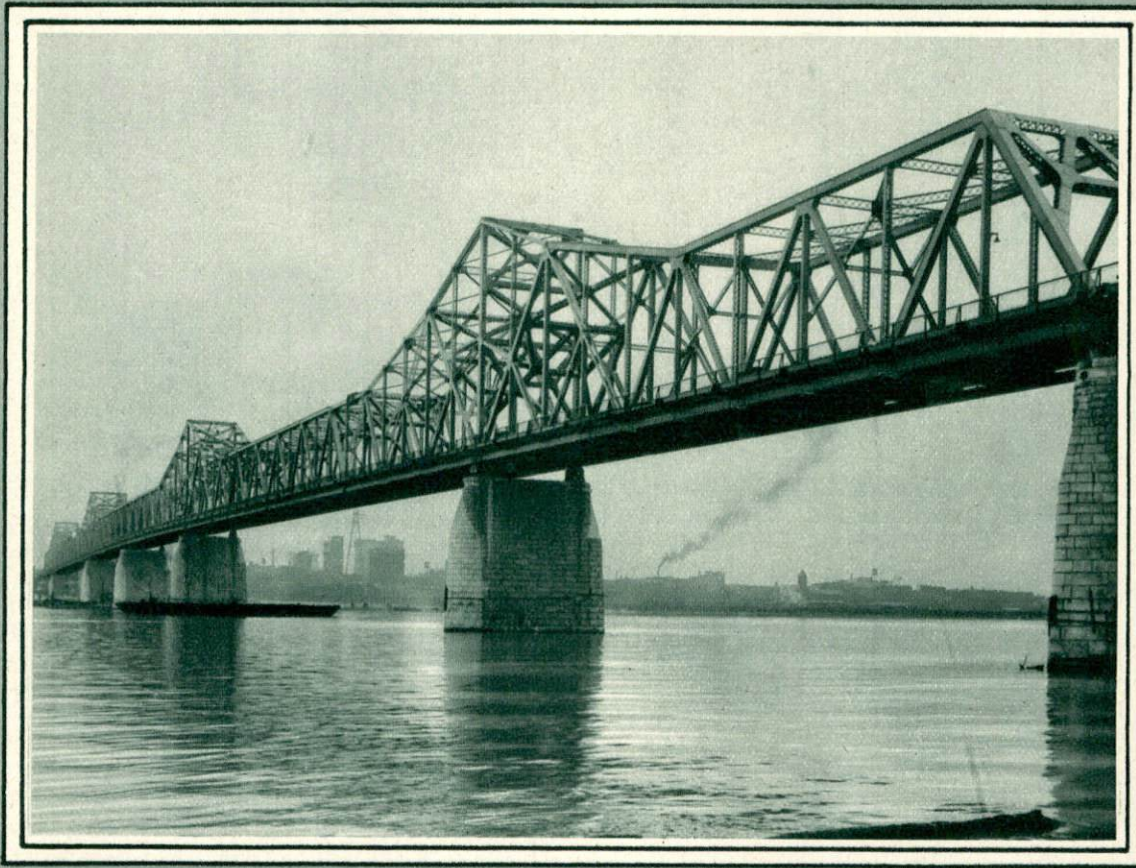
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KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

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1100 W. Broadway, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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STATE CAPITOL, FRANKFORT, KY.

VOL. IV

NOVEMBER, 1931

NO. 3

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Membership dues in Kentucky Progress Association include paid magazine subscription. To subscribe direct, mail check to Kentucky Progress Commission, Frankfort, Ky.

Subscription \$2.00 per year; 25c per copy.

C. FRANK DUNN, Editor

KENTUCKY—On The Eastern National Park-to-Park Highway

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EDITORIAL

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New Highways and Bridges Ready

FLORIDA-BOUND tourists crossing Kentucky this season will find many new or improved highways and imposing bridges, instead of ferries, ready for their convenience and comfort, on almost any route they may select.

This edition, dedicated as usual at this time of year to the south-bound traveler, tells about the many roads and spans opened, and incidentally describes the routes and locations of the through highways across the State from the Big Sandy to the Mississippi River.

Kentucky has so much to offer in the way of sight-seeing and November is so nearly the ideal month for travel in this temperate region, the magazine takes the opportunity in its highway story to tell about some of the points of interest and invites further investigation as to the numerous others.

While it is true that the enormous width of Kentucky makes it almost imperative, from a standpoint of convenience, that all of the Great Lakes region follow highways south that pass through this State, Kentuckians nevertheless, take a natural pride in insisting that their State be included in any travel itinerary at any time, so they may extend their far-famed hospitality to the visitors within their gates and make the occasion something more than a "passing through" event. Also, Kentucky believes that "it pays to advertise" and realizes that good looks and good will go a long way in the friendly field of rivalry for growth and progress.

U. S. 60 Coming to the Front

STATES west of the Mississippi along U. S. Route No. 60 have been holding meetings and organizing a U. S. Highway 60 Association all the way from Kentucky to the Pacific Coast.

They have challenged the Eastern States through which this route passes to complete the organized association to the Atlantic Coast and join the movement to capitalize the attractions on this cross and mid-continental highway.

The States east of the Mississippi are Kentucky, West Virginia and Virginia, all rich in scenery and history, and the highway passes through the capital of each of these States.

In Kentucky alone, U. S. 60 is 524 miles in length and in its course from the Big Sandy to the Father of Waters, passes through all of the far-famed regions of the State—the mountains, the Blue Grass, the Bear Grass, the Pennyroyal and the Purchase.

No more gorgeous panorama, presenting an infinite variety of sights for the tourist, exists on any other high-

way in its entirety, no matter where it goes or how long it is.

In its course across the State, beginning at the east, it passes caverns, natural bridges, charming hills and valleys, Indian battlegrounds, thoroughbred horse farms, noted historic shrines, delightful golf courses, fishing streams, lakes, quiet picnic nooks, and, in addition to meeting at several places the broad Ohio, crosses nearly all of Kentucky's picturesque rivers—the Big Sandy, Licking, Kentucky, Salt, Green, Tradewater, Cumberland and Tennessee.

"Stick to Sixty" is the slogan adopted by the Western States to advertise the route.

The Dixie Highway and U. S. 23

(Norton (Va.) Progress)

JUST to get an idea of what to expect from through traffic on one of the big north and south highways, we counted the cars we met last week along a section of the Dixie Highway in Kentucky. Of 100 consecutive cars we passed, only forty-one of them wore Kentucky tags and fifty-nine tags from other states, including one from Honolulu, two from California, one from Colorado, and one from Ontario. Contrary to what might have been expected, very few were from Tennessee. The greatest number, perhaps, were Ohio cars, but the count was made 150 or 200 miles from the Ohio line and the cars counted were going north, indicating that they had already gone entirely across the State and were headed home. The next largest number bore Michigan and Florida tags, indicating that much of the heavy north and south through traffic is moving over this eastern Kentucky highway.

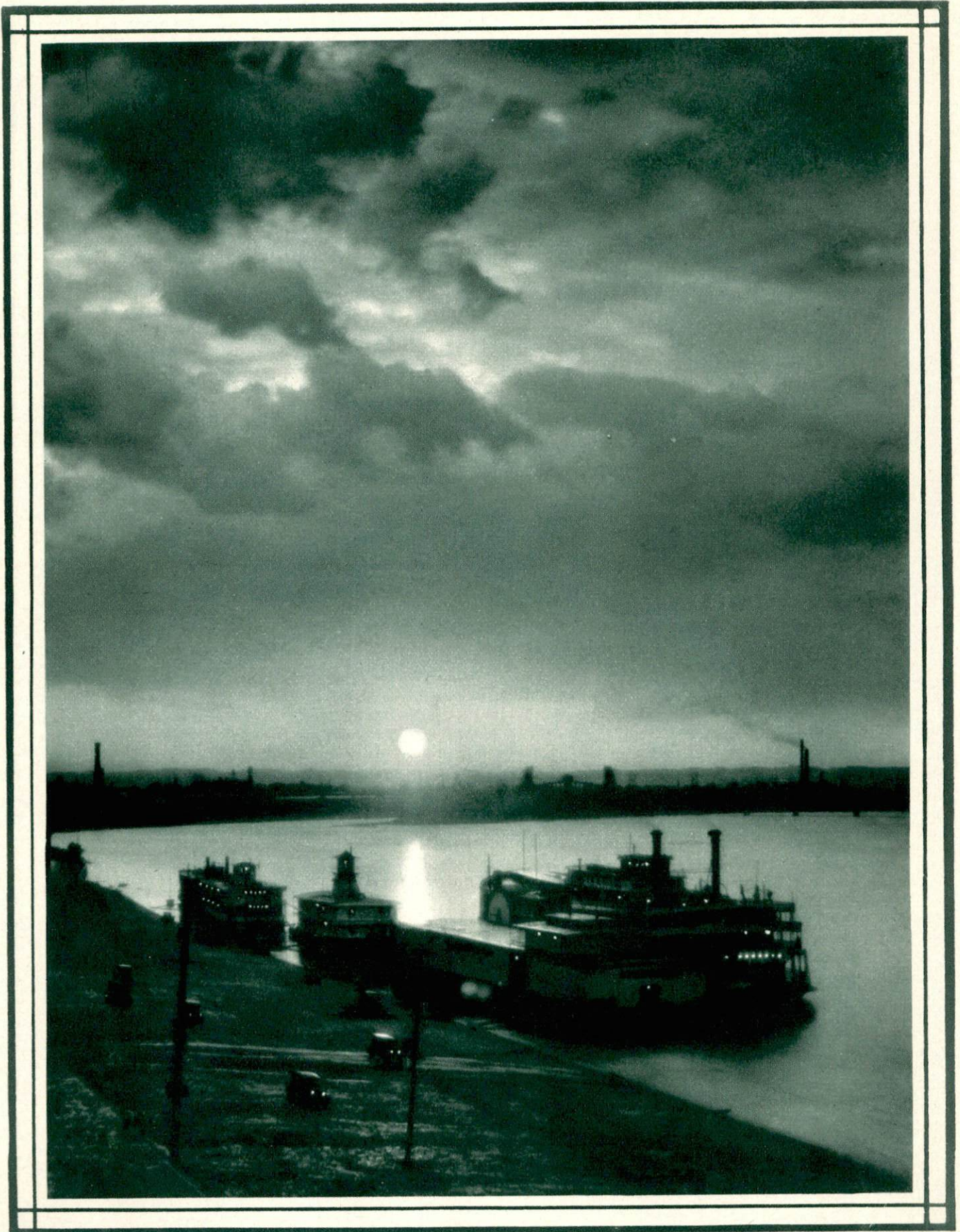
From the time you leave Pineville until you reach Central Kentucky or even Cincinnati, the road is almost a continuous line of filling stations and tourists camps. These camps are of every description, from the modest sign, hung in front of a neat little home, to the cottage group, one of the larger groups, along an isolated section of the road, ten miles from a town, maintaining its own cafeteria, and it looked pretty good, too. The almost continuous string of filling stations brought on some competition in the price of gas—a variation of as much as two cents a gallon noted along the road. At many places the price quoted was represented in fractions of a cent, and even with the tax, was cheaper than in Virginia.

Our Parks In Review

(Louisville Herald-Post)

THE August issue of KENTUCKY PROGRESS has by this time gone into every state of the Union bearing its message of Kentucky attractions. Considering Kentucky as a great corporation, with one of its major concerns that of attracting the citizens of the country into its borders, here to visit our scenic and historic places, it

[Continued on page 47]



Night scene on Ohio River from Municipal Bridge approach.

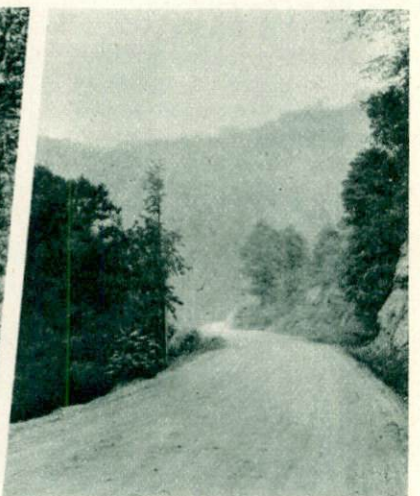
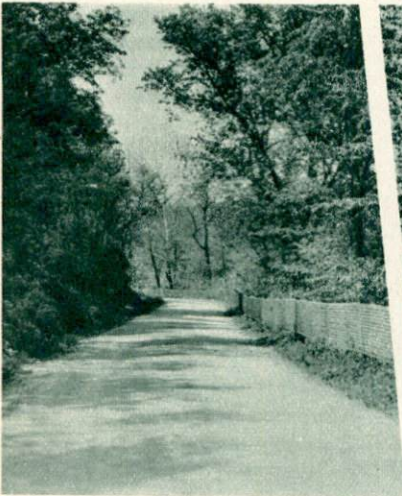
Kentucky Progress Magazine

Kentucky Has Good Highways and Scenery

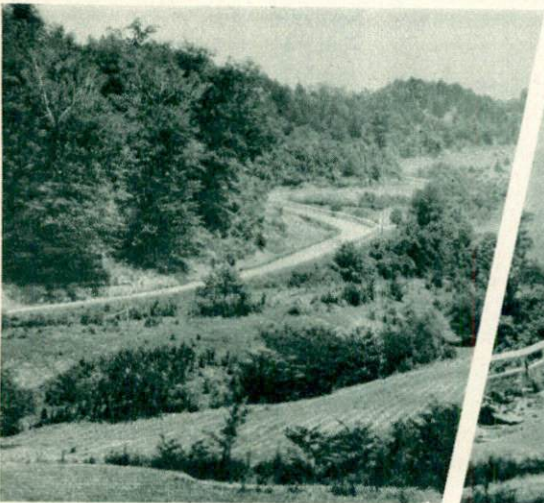
Road Scenes From Big Sandy to Mississippi River



—© Caufield & Shook.



—© Caufield & Shook.



"Kentucky, November & Company, Incorporated"

Land of Kentucky's Song, Kentucky's Beauty, Kentucky's Hospitality Has Rare Charm
In November, Declares Pyretic Press Agent

NOVEMBER, when the "frost is on the punkin" and the last beautiful leaves are clinging to the trees along every highway in Kentucky waving "warmy welcome" and a fleeting farewell to the Northern motorists speeding Southward to winter playgrounds, is a delightful month in the Bluegrass State.

The air is tangy, the bluegrass retains its charming color and it is the time of year when outdoor sports present an irresistible appeal to both Kentuckians and visitors.

Football is at its height, the hunting season is ready to open, the National Foxhunters Association is here following the hounds in that chase of all chases, the annual Charity Races lend special color to the usual Armistice Day celebration and the very atmosphere of the approaching Thanksgiving season, when Kentucky turkeys stuffed with chestnuts make food for the gods, seems to say, "Linger, stranger, linger—enjoy life where living is living."

As an added touch to the invitation to tarry a while, highways for the most part high-type everywhere that the spirit of sport and sight-seeing beckons are spread ribbon-like before the visitor, disappearing over yonder knoll or

through distant dell in a bluish haze that harmonizes perfectly with the color of the monocotyledonous mat covers and embellishes all Kentucky.

More Than Dozen Highways Cross State

Convenience, that great asset advertised in connection with the location of business houses, banks, stores, hotels, service stations and whatnot, is now a commodity offered by every section of the State, from the Big Sandy to the Mississippi, as an inducement to the through traveler to not go out of his way in crossing Kentucky, no matter whence he comes or whither he is bound.

More than twelve highway routes across the State—many more as auxiliaries—are available. At least eight highway bridges across the Ohio River will be ready this

season to transport the hundreds that will speed over each of them every day from now until the ides of March are with us again. More bridges across the beautiful and noted streams that flow through and across Kentucky will be waiting—many of them for the first time—to greet the stranger who is passing through "the old Kentucky home" en route.

Beginning at the east end of the State and enumerating the principal highways for through traffic, whose multi-

tudinous attractions are catalogued, described and illustrated in the new tourist guide, "Kentucky," issued and distributed by the Kentucky Progress Commission, State Capitol, Frankfort, Ky., the various routes will be described.

U. S. 23 Completed

U. S. Highway No. 23 has been completed in Kentucky throughout its entirety and is opened this season for the first time to receive through travel. This route, beginning at the Great Lakes and entering Kentucky at the north-eastern tip, passes through Greenup, Ashland, Catlettsburg, Louisa, Paintsville, Prestonsburg, Pikeville and Jenkins, and on through historic Pound Gap into Virginia. A new State-owned bridge has

just been opened at Ashland. Entering the "hill country," as the mountains of Eastern Kentucky are generally known, the route cleaves the charming valley of the Big Sandy and merges into the scenes of the "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," made famous by Kentucky's author, John Fox, Jr.

The enterprising communities through which it passes, though delayed in getting a through road for some time by the problems of "heavy" highway construction, have emerged with the usual quota of up-to-date service stations, hostleries and feeding establishments to be found on any modern thoroughfare, so this year's "pioneers" will find their traveling needs anticipated.

This article deals only with the condition of these through highways within Kentucky itself.

Read This! The Magazine Scores Again!

Kentucky Progress Commission,
Frankfort, Kentucky.

Gentlemen:

A few weeks ago my wife and I, together with our two children, spent a most enjoyable week visiting points of interest in Kentucky. We had such a delightful trip that already we are planning to go again.

The strangest part is that originally we planned to go to Hodgenville and Mammoth Cave, thinking that by so doing we should see Kentucky. Partly by accident, we came across an old copy of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS MAGAZINE. What we read in that magazine caused us to change our plans so as to include Pewee Valley, Frankfort, Versailles, Lexington, Brooklyn Bridge, Shakertown, Harrodsburg and Bardstown. I must say that we were much fascinated by what we saw and are quite enthusiastic about the attractiveness of that particular region. And if the rest of the Kentucky River is as beautiful as that part of it which we saw in the vicinity of Brooklyn Bridge, I hereby advise the State of Kentucky to build a scenic road alongside of it and then go "tell the world." One telling should be sufficient.

Then after visiting in Tennessee, we returned to Kentucky by way of Cumberland Gap. Those easy mountain grades and the wonderful scenery made motoring in that part of Kentucky very interesting to us. We were sorry to learn at Corbin that the road to Cumberland Falls had not been completed, so we shall look forward to seeing that on our next trip. In fact, we want to see again practically all that we saw this summer and then some other places we missed. Our trip this year certainly afforded us a most delightful vacation.

I write this, not trying to convince you that Kentucky is charming (which you already know) but to let you know that at least one stray copy of your magazine aroused the interest of its readers to the point of action.

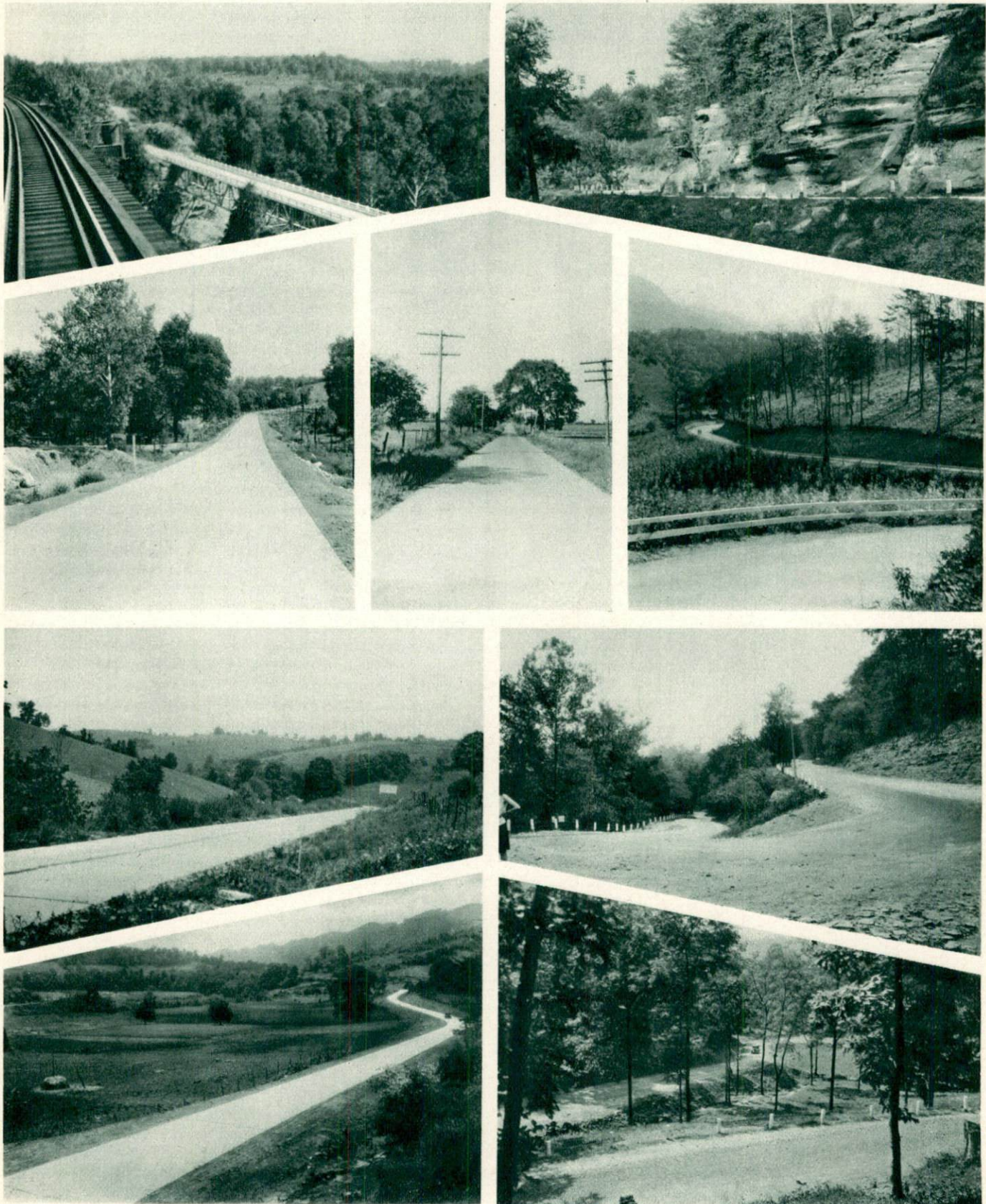
Most cordially,

GLENN L. HEAD,
1701 Dial Court,
Springfield, Illinois.

Sept. 9, 1931.

Kentucky Has Good Highways and Scenery

Road Scenes From Big Sandy to Mississippi River



U. S. 68 Offers Convenient Gateway

U. S. Highway No. 68, used as an entrance to Kentucky by a great portion of central and southern Ohio, has supplanted the familiar ferry across the Ohio River with a new State-owned bridge this season.

This highway begins at Maysville, port of entry for highway travel for a century and a half, and passes through historic Washington, Blue Licks Battlefield, Millersburg and Paris to Lexington, where it connects with two Florida routes, U. S. 25 and 27.

Tourists who are disposed to "tarry" a while may continue on U. S. 68 to Brooklyn Bridge, Shakertown, Harrodsburg, Danville and Stanford, where one of the through routes south is intersected.

This season a State-owned bridge will be ready at the historic Boonesboro Kentucky River crossing for the use of tourists desiring to follow U. S. 227 from Paris through Winchester to Richmond.

U. S. 27 Crosses Three Picturesque Rivers

U. S. Highway No. 27 enters Kentucky at Newport, where two highway bridges cross the Ohio River. It passes through Fort Thomas, Alexandria, Butler, Falmouth, Cynthiana, Paris, Lexington, Nicholasville, Lancaster, Stanford, Somerset, Whitley City and Stearns.

Three noted and picturesque rivers are crossed by this route—the Licking, the Kentucky and the Cumberland—in its course from the most northern tip of the State to the Tennessee line. Two-thirds of the highway, like U. S. 25, is through the famous Blue Grass country.

A new State-owned bridge will this year take the place of the ferry across the Cumberland River at Burnside. The State of Tennessee for several months has been busy

reconstructing this route on to Chattanooga and many important improvements are now noted.

This route is the road used for many years to reach Cumberland Falls, now reached also by way of U. S. 25—both connections travelable in dry weather only—and is well-known to summer tourists seeking the Falls.

U. S. 25—The East Dixie Highway

U. S. Highway No. 25, familiarly known as the East Dixie Highway, enters at Covington, where also two highway bridges span the Ohio River, and goes through Walton, Williams-town, Georgetown, Lexington, Richmond, Berea, Mt. Vernon, London and Corbin.

At Corbin, U. S. 25-E heads through Barbourville, Pineville and Middleboro to historic Cumberland Gap, while U. S. 25-W goes through Williamsburg to Knoxville and south.

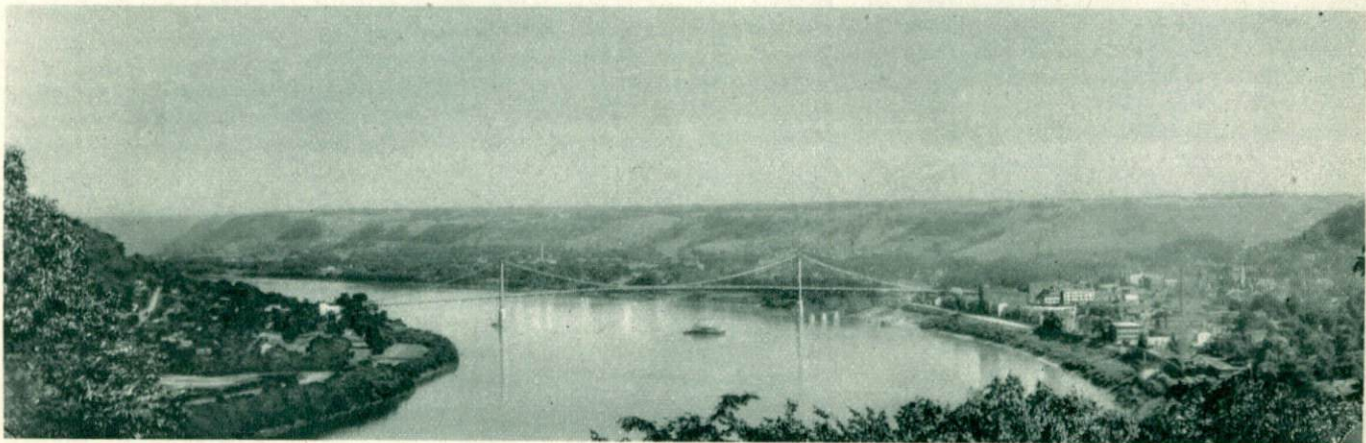
This route has the longest stretch of concrete in the State and, like U. S. 27, extends from

the northernmost tip of Kentucky to the Tennessee line. It was the first route opened across Kentucky for Florida travel, pulling itself "out of the mud" several years ago by the voluntary assessment in every town along the highway of a one cent gasoline tax, in the days when gas tax and automobile travel were both "infants," and raising a fund of \$100,000 to build detours and furnish free mules for the "gaps."

Many cities in the north, including Detroit, Cincinnati and Chicago, contributed to the funds to get a through highway south across Kentucky and the "East Dixie" when opened was used by all of the Florida-bound motorists of those days, the territory served by the West Dixie north of the Ohio River funneling into Louisville where a connection was made through Lexington.



"The frost's on the punkin' and the fodder's in the shock."



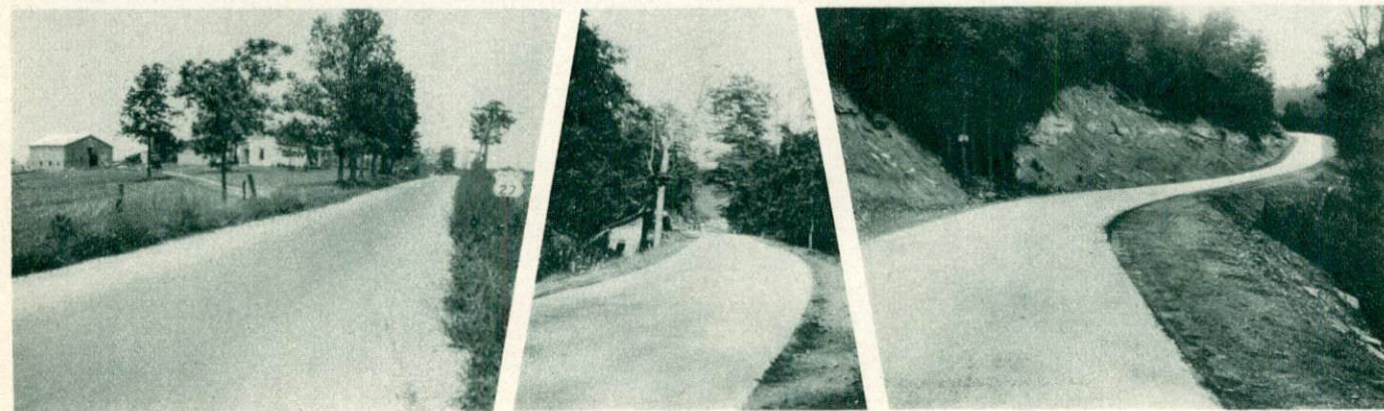
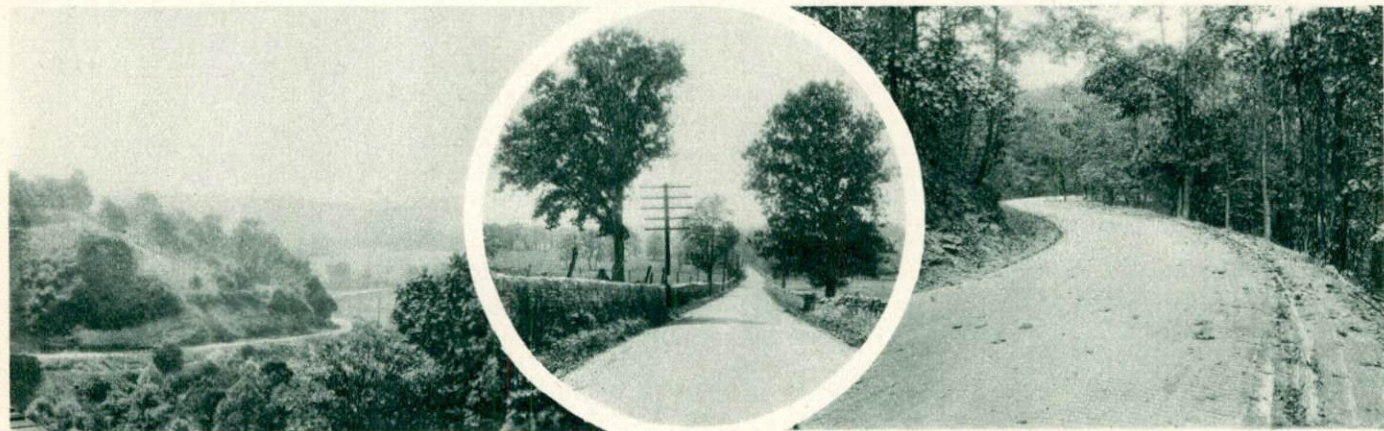
Crossing the Ohio River into Kentucky.

Kentucky Has Good Highways and Scenery

Road Scenes From Big Sandy to Mississippi River



—© Caufield & Shook.



The "Wilderness Road" Gets Its Quota

Not bearing a United States Highway number because it follows in part and connects up other Federal routes, the "Wilderness Road" draws South-bound travel from two highway entry ports and will before so very many months be the principal section of a third Lakes to Florida thoroughfare—the William Howard Taft Memorial Highway.

The Wilderness Road as a connection gets travel both from the Milton entrance on the Ohio River by way of Madison, Ind., bridge and from Louisville over U. S. 60 to Graefenburg. From here State Route 35 turns south to cross both U. S. 27 and 25.

U. S. 227, entering at Carrollton, is another "feeder" route for the main trunks across the State. This route, connecting with U. S. 25 at Georgetown, was for a long time the first over which buses operated from any point on the Ohio River to Central Kentucky and for several years has tried to get a bridge to replace the ferry that furnishes the link with Indiana's road system.

U. S. 31-E—The Jackson Highway

U. S. 31-E from Louisville, where two highway bridges, one above and the other below the Falls of the Ohio, bring an army of Northern motorists to Kentucky's metropolis, goes through Bardstown, New Haven, Hodgenville, Glasgow and Scottsville south to Nashville.

Known for many years merely as "The Jackson Highway" the route now bears the Federal designation U. S. 31-E and parallels former U. S. 31, now designated as U. S. 31-W. It has many historical attractions and has its share of charming hill and river scenery.

During the summer the section south of Scottsville was under construction, necessitating a detour to U. S. 31-W, but the road is now finished and open, ready to receive its share of the Florida-bound travel this season.

Like U. S. 25 at Clay's Ferry, U. S. 27 at Camp Nelson and U. S. 68 at Brooklyn Bridge, this route has a free bridge over the Green River at Rio, being one of the three bridges purchased by the Kentucky Highway Department and paid off in tolls last year.

U. S. 31-W—The West Dixie Highway

U. S. 31-W, formerly U. S. 31, connects at Louisville with trunk routes from the North and West entering over two highway bridges and passes on its way south through West Point, Camp Knox, Elizabethtown, Munfordville, Horse Cave, Cave City, Bowling Green and Franklin, and is well known as the West Dixie Highway.

As the names of some of the cities indicate, it is the "cave route" and not only is the nearest trunk route to the noted Mammoth Cave but passes through the great area now known as Mammoth Cave National Park. It has the distinction, matched only by Fort Thomas on U. S. 27, of having a United States military reservation at Camp Knox.

This route also joined the "free bridge class" when the Munfordville bridge over Green River, purchased by the State Highway Department, paid for itself last year.

The West Dixie Highway, like the East Dixie Highway, was one of the first opened routes south across the State and its popularity as a Florida route has been so long established that further mention is unnecessary.

State Route 71 Joins Southbound System

There has been such a wide gap between trunk routes that cross the Ohio River at Louisville and at Henderson, that the completion of State Route No. 71 from Owensboro to Bowling Green furnishes another badly needed connection from much of central and southern Indiana to the South.

While a ferry still carries the traffic from Indiana connections across the Ohio River to Owensboro, no considerable amount of travel avails itself of the opportunity to make a direct connection with U. S. 31-W by following the newly completed State Route No. 71.

Starting at Owensboro, it passes through Hartford, Beaver Dam and Morgantown en route to Bowling Green and crosses both the Rough and Green rivers at scenic spots on these noted streams.

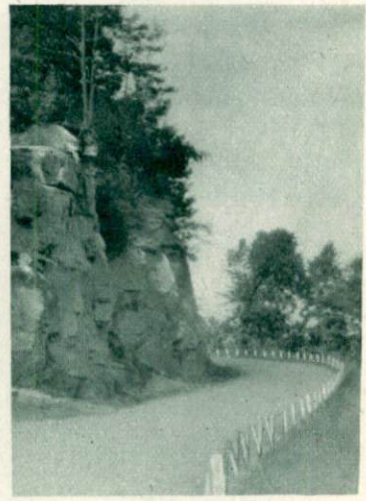
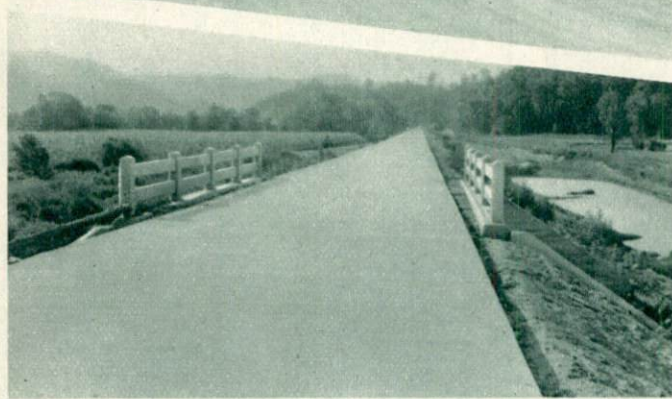
This is the only connecting route that is traffic bound macadam in its entirety, but the saving in mileage will



One of the old wooden bridges—fast disappearing.

Kentucky Has Good Highways and Scenery

Road Scenes From Big Sandy to Mississippi River



—Copyright, J. S. Owsley

probably make it popular with through travel long before it is brought up to high type in the course of the State program of road building.

U. S. 41—The Dixie Bee Line

U. S. 41, entering Kentucky at Henderson—soon to be connected with Evansville, Ind., by a State highway bridge—is truly a "Florida route," as it begins at the Canadian border and goes to the tip of Florida by way of the west coast.

Many sections of this road in Kentucky have been brought up to high type during the past year and tourists seeking a direct route south from Chicago and the northwest will welcome the improvements that have been made.

The route from Henderson passes through Dixon and Madisonville to Hopkinsville, noted headquarters of the dark tobacco growing section and near the birthplace of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederacy. The towering obelisk—second highest in the United States—at Jefferson Davis' birthplace at Fairview is plainly seen from U. S. 41 entering "Hoptown," as the capital of the "Pennyrile" is known to Kentuckians.

At Hopkinsville the road divides into two routes to Nashville—U. S. 41-E through Guthrie and U. S. 41-W through Edgeton, both of which are completed in Kentucky.

U. S. 45—To Memphis and the South

U. S. 45 enters Kentucky at Paducah, made famous both by "Chief Paduke" for whom the city was named and whose statue greets the visitor to this enterprising city of the "Purchase" and by Irvin Cobb, noted humorist, who was born in Paducah and writes his best "yarns" about the "ol' hum town."

A highway bridge across the Ohio River carries a heavy flow of motor traffic to and from Illinois throughout the year and increasing travel during the season of winter resorts and the New Orleans Mardi Gras.

This route, crossing Kentucky at the narrow end of the western part of the State, passes through Mayfield, "The

Pearl of the Purchase," and enters Tennessee at Fulton, located on the Kentucky-Tennessee line.

At Fulton, U. S. 51 joins U. S. 45, which becomes a split route south, U. S. 45-W (also U. S. 51) going to Memphis and U. S. 45-E going to Jackson, Tenn.

U. S. 51—Crossing Kentucky's "Toe"

U. S. 51, which from the shape of the State of Kentucky, might be said to cross her "toe," is the furthest west of the trunk routes crossing the State.

It enters at Wickliffe, where the largest inland embayment in the world is formed by the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers; and passes through Bardwell, Arlington and Clinton to Fulton, where as stated it joins U. S. 45.

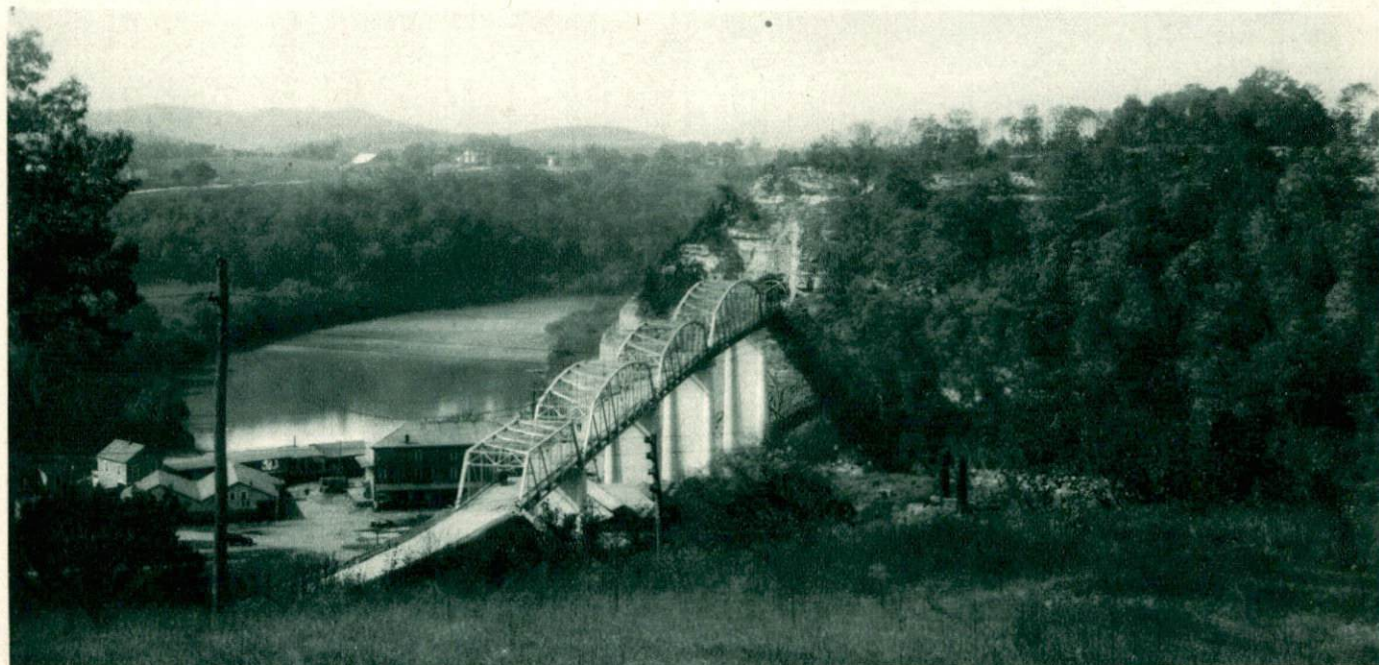
The road "feeders" to this route in Kentucky tap a varied assortment of attractions, in addition to the distinction the route itself has in the river embayment at Wickliffe.

Columbus, Ky., said to have been chosen by Thomas Jefferson to be the capital of the United States at one time, has on exhibit the anchor and chain used to block the Federal gunboats during the War Between the States, some of the cannon used at this "Gibraltar" and the remains of trenches, all preserved as the nucleus for a proposed State Park. This town is near U. S. 51 as is also the town of Cayce, home of "Casey" Jones, of song fame.

Immense cottonfields are numerous in this vicinity—the first sign of "Dixie" to the South-bound traveler—and nearby is noted Reelfoot Lake, formed by an earthquake in 1811 and a highly popular fishing and hunting grounds.

Reelfoot Lake takes the traveler to the very bank of the Mississippi River—the needle point of the tip of Western Kentucky, as it were—and there ends the story of Kentucky's highways, her divers attractions and her expansiveness from "eend to eend."

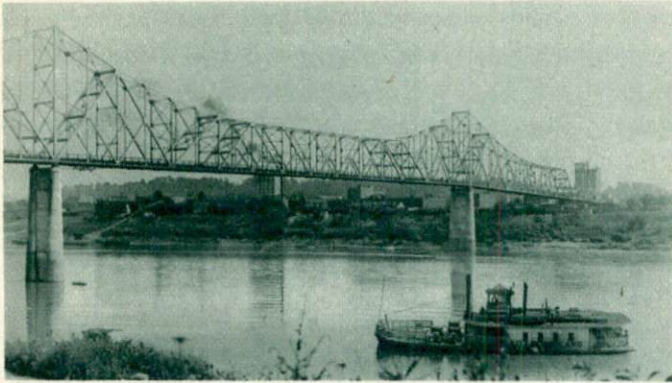
Take in Kentucky and take your time when you go South.



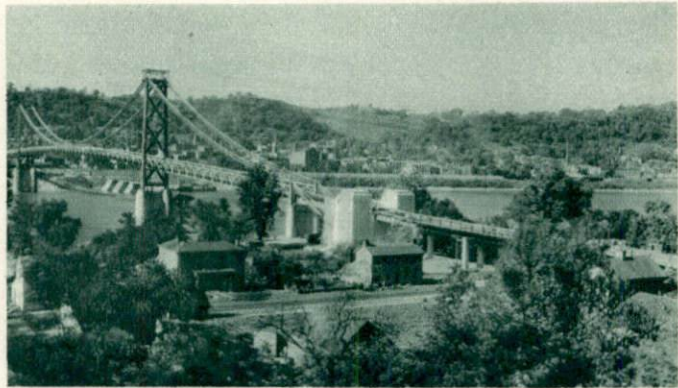
New bridge at Burnside.

—Garland Studio

Highway Bridges Across Ohio River



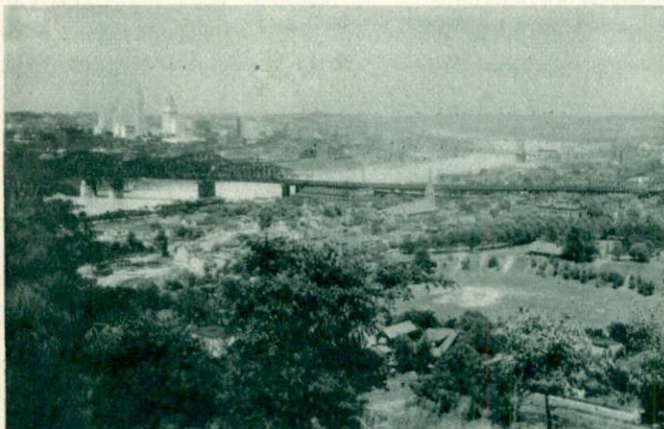
New bridge at Ashland.



New bridge at Maysville, from Ohio side.



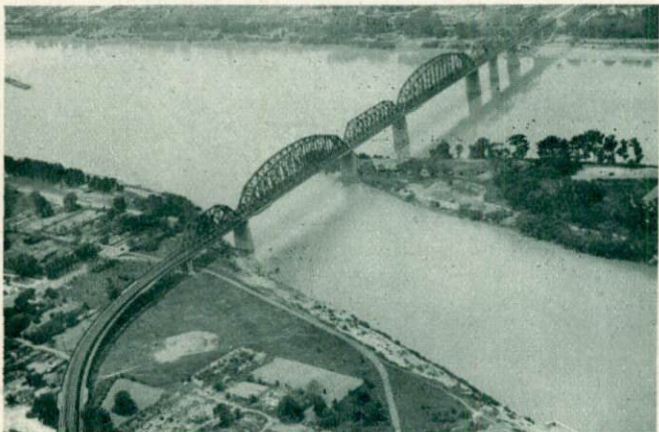
Newport's two highway bridges.



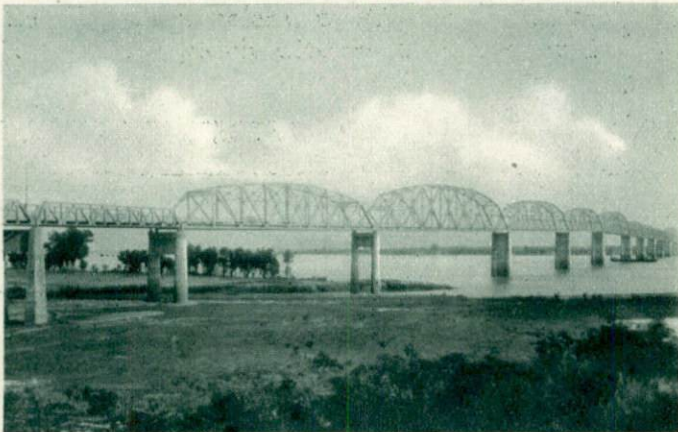
Covington's two highway bridges.



Louisville's \$5,000,000 Municipal bridge. —© Caufield & Shook.

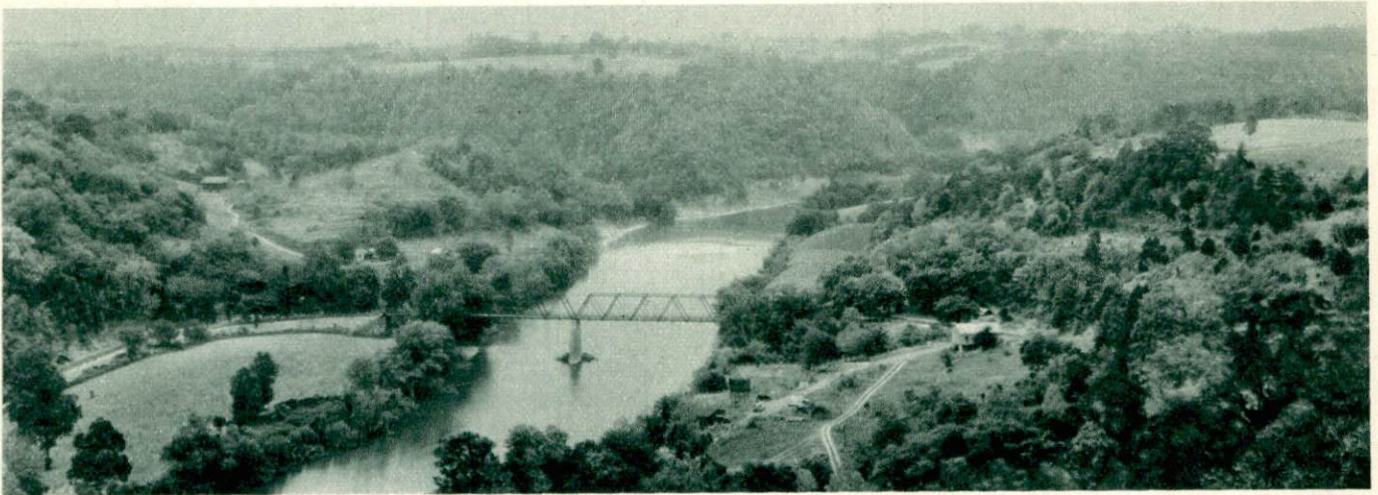


K. & I. Bridge at Louisville. © Caufield & Shook



New highway bridge at Paducah.

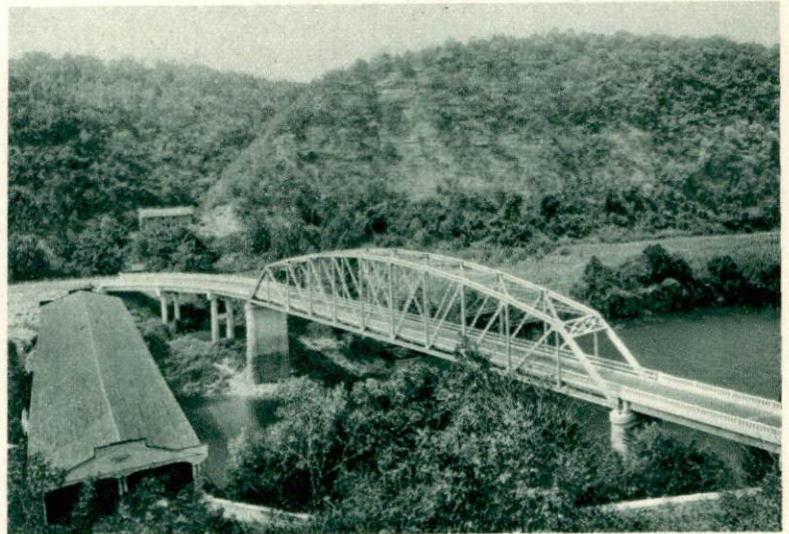
Some Florida Route Bridges in State



Clay's Ferry Bridge.

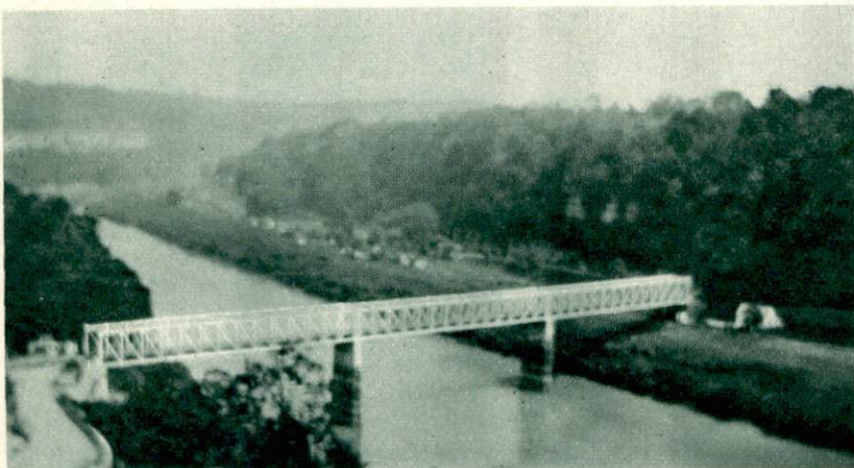


Munfordville Bridge.

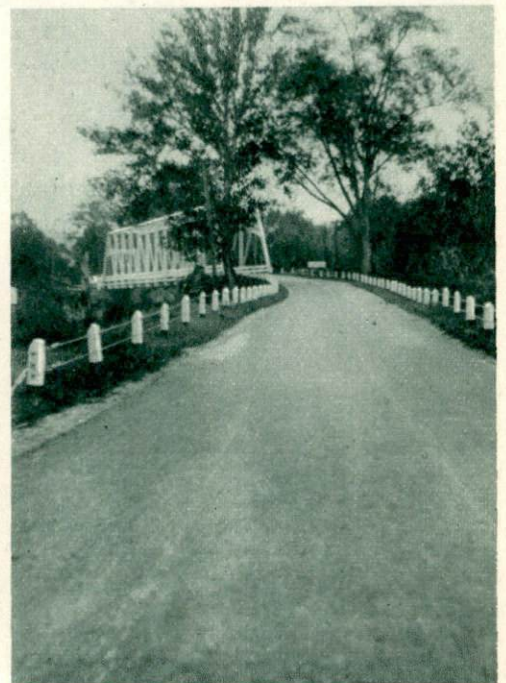


Camp Nelson Bridge.

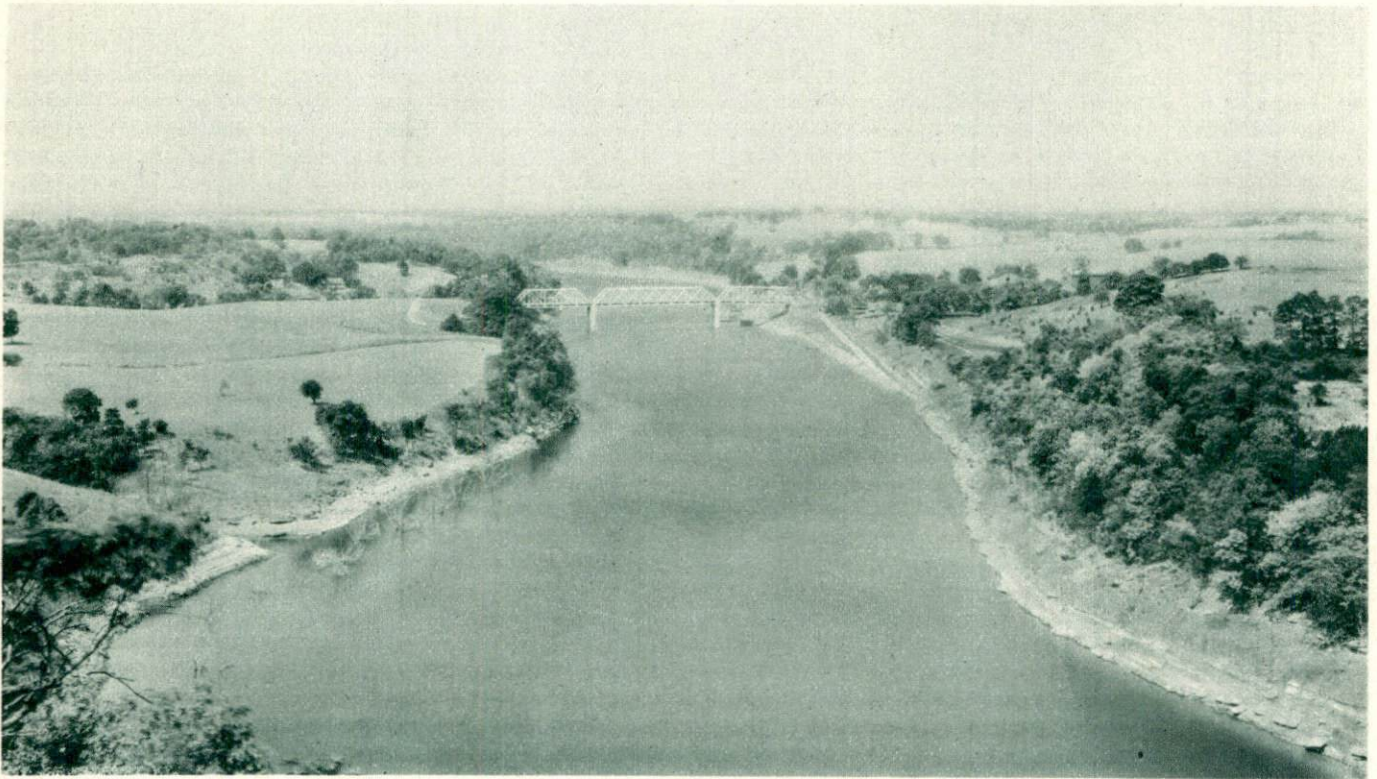
Right:
Rio Bridge.



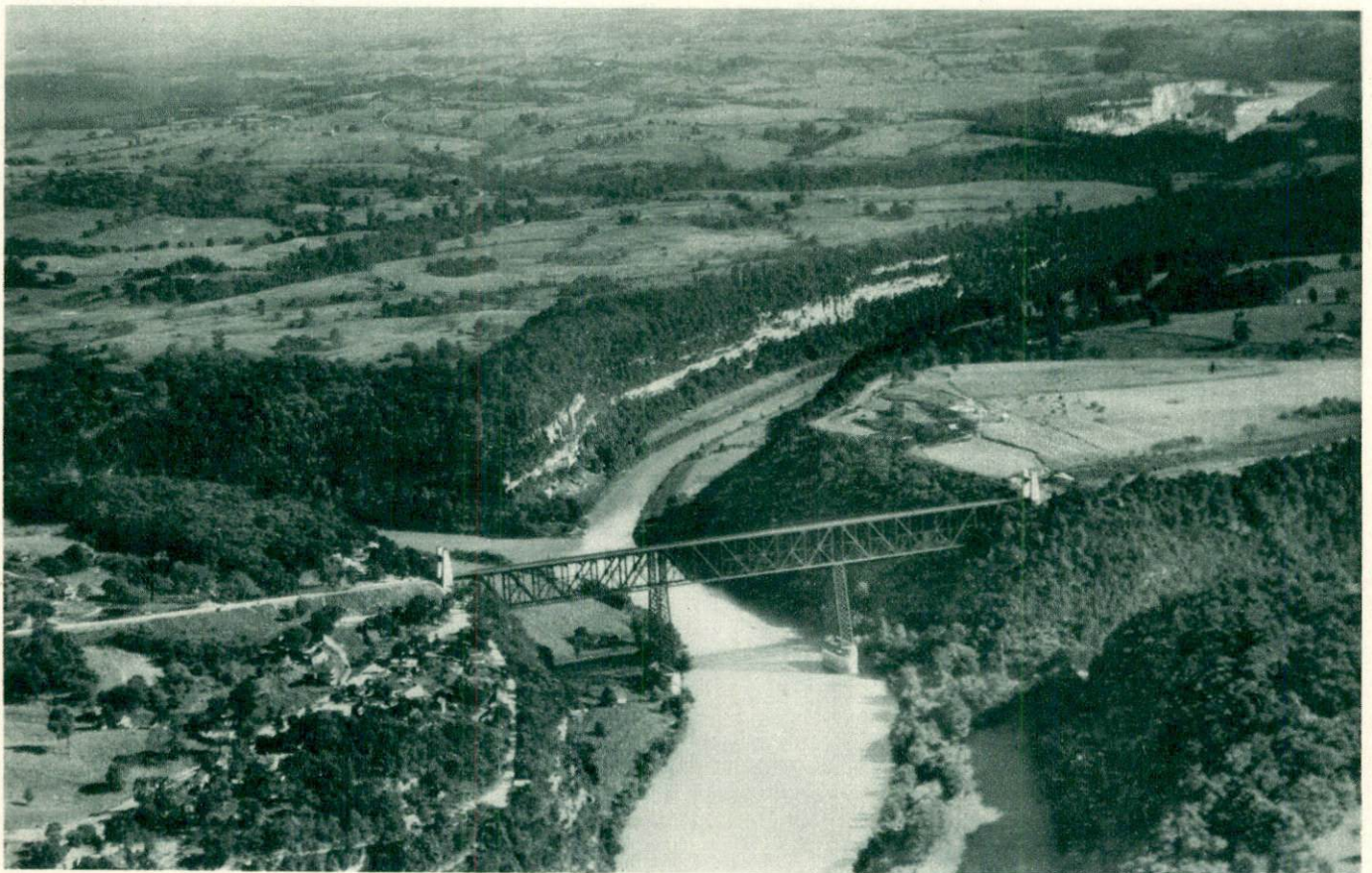
Brooklyn Bridge.



Striking Scenes in Noted Locality



Herrington Lake above Dix Dam, showing Chenault Highway Bridge.



Air view of High Bridge, showing junction of Dix and Kentucky Rivers and the famous Dix Dam (upper right corner). © Caufield & Shook

"A Bridge That Leads To Dixie"

By EVELYN FEDDERS AND RUTH BELL

SPANNING the beautiful Ohio River, between Cincinnati, "The Gateway to the South," and our own Covington, Kentucky, protrudes the justly famous Roebling Suspension Bridge. Because it ranks fourth in length and engineering beauty, we Covingtonians like to point it out to our visitors and rehearse the marvel of its creation.

More than a century ago our forefathers conceived the necessity of this bridge but it was not until 1845 that the idea seemed likely to materialize. In January of that year, John A. Roebling, who had just completed the Monongahela Bridge, prepared to plan for a wire suspension bridge across the Ohio. He suggested a single arch of 1,200 feet span but the idea was proved impracticable by a Mr. Gist who showed that the breadth of the Ohio at that point necessitated a bridge of approximately twice that length. However, the genius of Mr. Roebling asserted itself when in September, 1846, he submitted a complete plan, but it was not until '56 that the foundations for the towers were commenced. At this stage the proceeding was a Covington enterprise only, Cincinnati capitalists looking on dubiously. Then came the crisis of 1857 resulting in a halt in the bridge proceedings; but fortunately or unfortunately the Civil War with its threatened attacks upon the city of Cincinnati made the need of the bridge imperative to Cincinnatians and in the spring of 1863 the work was resumed to progress with such rapidity that by December 1, 1866, it was open to pedestrians and by January 1, 1867, vehicles travelled over it.

Mr. John Roebling, and his son, who had resigned his office as Colonel in the Union Army in order to assist his father, determined the position of the two stone towers on either side of the river at a time when the Ohio was at low ebb; that is why the central span is 1,000 feet.

The elevation of approach is 62 feet 6 inches because Mr. Roebling thought it expedient to determine this by the height the water had attained during the flood season of 1832. The elevation of the bridge in the central span is about 103 feet when the river is low and the temperature mild. Of course we know from physics that the expansion and contraction due to extremely hot and cold weather conditions affect this height of the bridge floor above the water. The maximum effect is supposed to be one foot expansion and one foot contraction.

Just as engineers who are building hangars must find a means to erect an enormous structure without central pillars of support, so engineers of 1860 were confronted with the same problem. There is this difference in the solution, however. In hangars the arch is being used; here the bridge is being supported by immense cables which pass over the tops of the great stone towers and are anchored about 60 feet deep on the river shores.

In both structures the truss plays an important part. There were more than 10,000 trusses in the bridge as first built and at present there are many more. They weigh about 2,000,000 pounds.

Another important feature in the construction is the saddles, or blocks with concave tops lying on the top of the bridge towers and over which the cables ride. These saddles equalize the weight. By means of them a five-ton load on one side of the bridge receives support from the opposite end also. The floor is made of 5 inch pine and 3 inch oak, covered with tarvia.

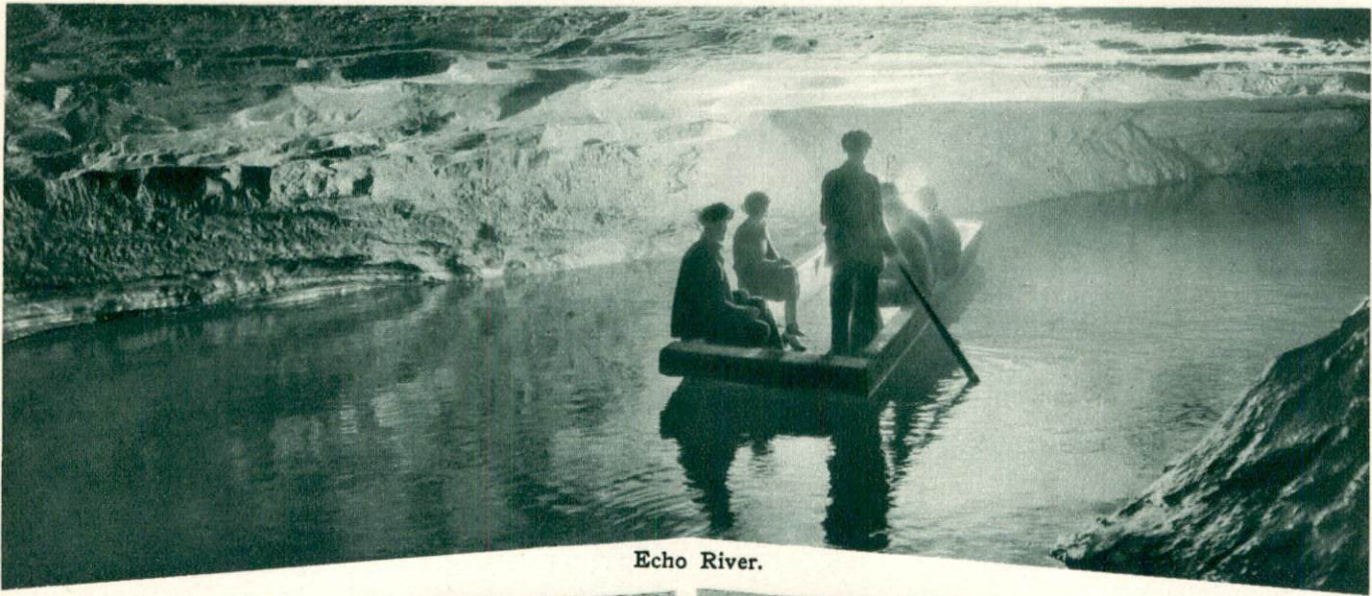
The total cost of this bridge at the time of erection was estimated to be \$1,800,000. Now it is said to be worth about \$6,000,000. It has undergone reconstruction several times and is in constant repair. At present it is a few feet less than a mile long and about 43 feet wide.



Covington end of suspension bridge.

Mammoth Cave Scenes

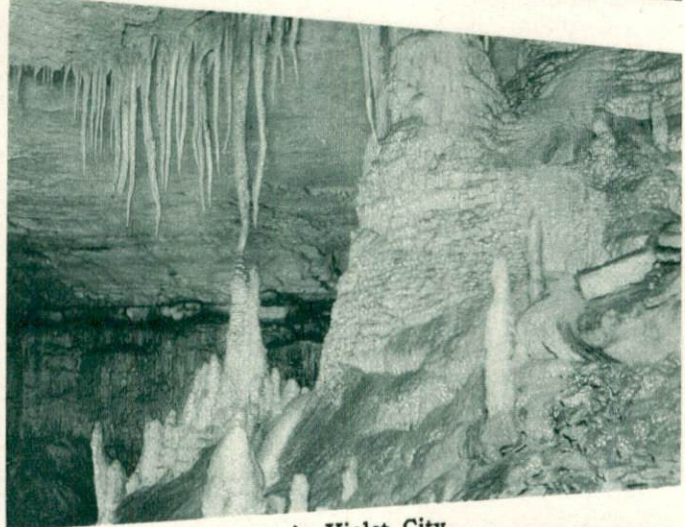
—© Caufield & Shook.



Echo River.



El Ghor Pass.



Scene in Violet City.



Giant's Coffin.

Roads of Romance

“KENTUCKY”

Broadcast Over WENR, NBC Station

By EDMUND RUFFIN

Assistant Publicity Director, Chicago Motor Club

WITHIN one day of easy driving from Chicago and vicinity is an area in Kentucky which, from the standpoint of colorful and historic background and picturesque and unusual natural scenery, almost is without equal.

Just south of Louisville are three outstanding points of interest. These are Bardstown, where stands the stately old southern mansion which inspired Stephen Collins Foster to write his immortal American folk song, “My Old Kentucky Home;” Hodgenville, southwest of which is located the Lincoln Memorial National Monument, housing the rude log hut in which the martyred president was born, and Mammoth Cave National Park.

Bardstown has many claims to fame. The lover of architecture finds numbers of old Georgian and Georgian-Colonial houses still standing along its wide streets. On every hand are reminders of the day when Bardstown held a position of national importance, politically and socially.

Where Foster Wrote Song

Perhaps keenest interest gathers about “My Old Kentucky Home,” the lovely homestead of the Rowan family, where Foster wrote the song whose name the place now bears. It is a house of great dignity and grace, simply set among trees. It is so typical of the fine old Kentucky

homes and so rich in history that it would have merited preservation as a State shrine even if the song never had been written.

After having been the home of four generations of the distinguished Rowan family, who entertained there eight presidents of the United States, Louis Philippe, Lafayette and many other notables, Federal Hill, as the place formerly was known, passed to the State of Kentucky in 1922 “to be preserved forever as a State shrine.” The Old Kentucky Home Commission has been remarkably successful in its purpose to keep the house, inside and out, as nearly as possible as it was in 1852, the year when Foster wrote his lovely song there, and the time it was at the zenith of its glory.

When Bardstown recounts her famous guests, Louis Philippe is named in the same breath with Foster, and fascinating stories are told of his visit there during the years of his exile, and of his generous gifts to St. Joseph's, the first cathedral west of the Alleghenies. Particularly notable are the nine paintings, attributed to Van Dyck, Rubens, Van Eyck, Murillo and other masters.

Cabin Housed in Granite

In spite of recurring controversies over the location of the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, the spot three miles

[Continued on page 38]



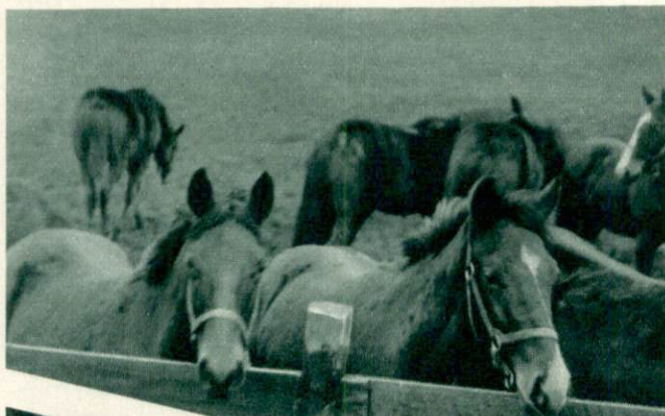
“Frozen Niagara,” new entrance cave.

In Kentucky

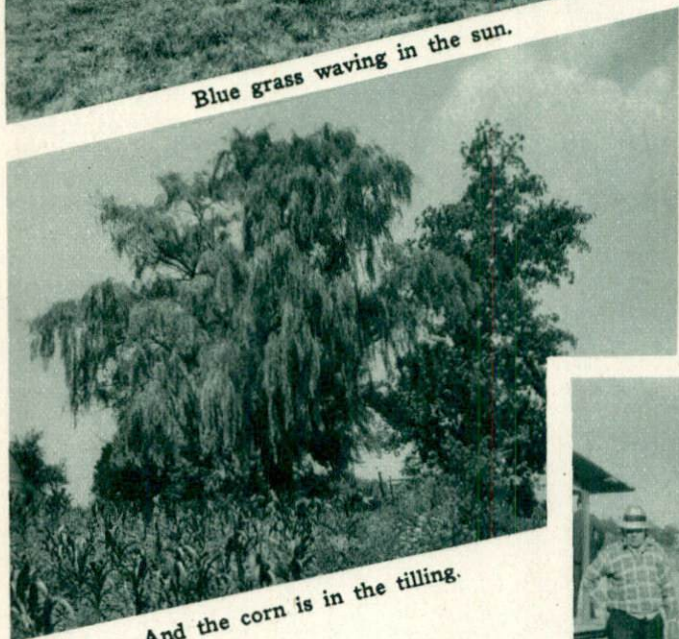
(Illustrating the poem)



Blue grass waving in the sun.



Colts a-frisking on the run.



And the corn is in the tilling.



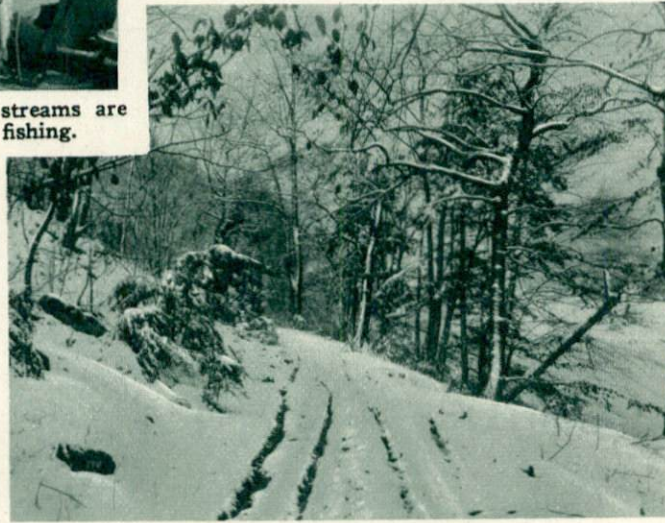
Autumn leaves are in the falling.



Lakes and streams are in the fishing.



Sorghum cane is in the grinding.



Soon it may be in the snowing.

In Kentucky

Blue grass waving in the sun,
Colts a-frisking on the run,
Ivy clinging to old brick wall,
Whitewashed fences framing all;
Darkies singing along the road,
Toting a mighty heavy load,
But the burden seems so light someway,
Birds burst forth in song as gay—
For it's springtime in Kentucky.

Summer sun is shining brightly,
Thoroughbreds are prancing lightly;
And the corn is in the tilling,
Mountain dew is in the stilling,
Lakes and streams are in the fishing,
And it is time to be a-wishing;
Maiden's eyes with love are gleaming,
And it is time to be a-dreaming,
For it's summer in Kentucky.

Wild ducks are in the calling,
Autumn leaves are in the falling,
Foxes forsaking their hidden lair;
Woodsmoke is filling all the air,
Sorghum cane is in the grinding,
Winter's nuts are in the finding,
'Possum and 'coon are in the treeing,
Honey is sweet from summer beeing,
For it's autumn in Kentucky.

Winter winds be in the blowing,
Soon it may be in the snowing;
The Yule log is in the burning,
Wandering sons are homeward turning,
Mammy Lou's in the kitchen cooking,
Hungry folk toward her are looking,
Christmas turkey is in the basting,
"Laws, honey chile, good to the tasting,"
For it's winter in Kentucky.

When from worries I seek surcease,
All "the glory that was Greece
And the grandeur that was Rome"
Fade beside my old Kentucky home.
Home folks are best folks after all,
I want to go home, I hear the call—
The whole year I hear it through.
Friend, I'm feelin' mighty blue,
I reckon I'm homesick, that's all!

—CLIFFORD RAY HOUSE.

OFFICIAL ROAD MAP OF KENTUCKY

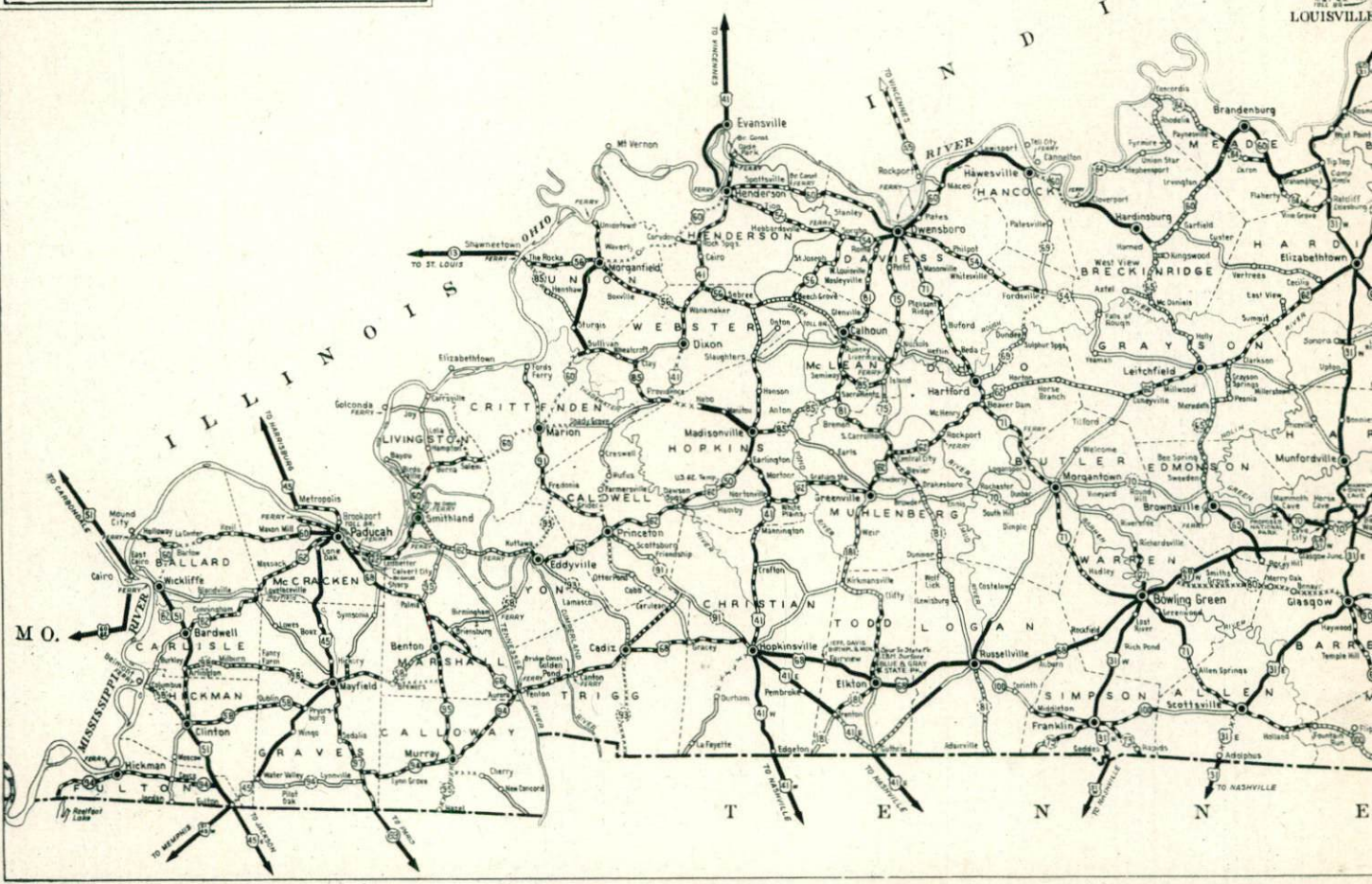
SCALE
0 10 20 30 Miles

ISSUED MAY 1, 1931

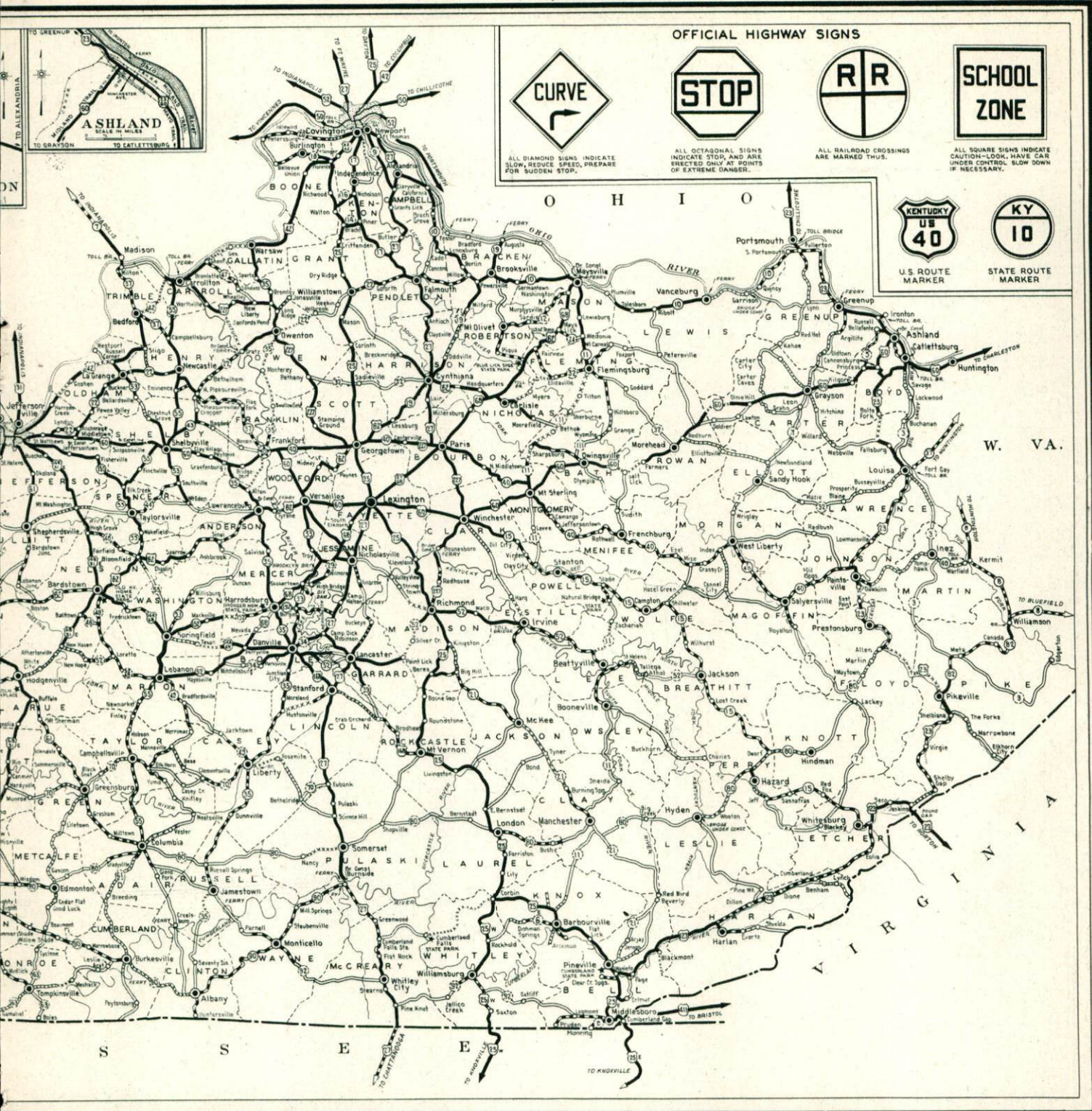
BY THE STATE HIGHWAY COMMISSION

LEGEND

- HARD SURFACE
- GRAVEL OR EQUIVALENT
- GRADED EARTH
- UNDER CONSTRUCTION - CLOSED
- UNDER CONSTRUCTION - OPEN TO TRAFFIC
- UNIMPROVED
- U. S. ROUTE NUMBERS
- STATE ROUTE NUMBERS (MARKERS ERECTED)
- ROUTE NUMBERS (MARKERS NOT ERECTED)
- STATE PARKS



Thinkin' About Headin' South?



OFFICIAL HIGHWAY SIGNS



ALL DIAMOND SIGNS INDICATE SLOW, REDUCE SPEED, PREPARE FOR SUDDEN STOP.



ALL OCTAGONAL SIGNS INDICATE STOP, AND ARE ERECTED ONLY AT POINTS OF EXTREME DANGER.



ALL RAILROAD CROSSINGS ARE MARKED THIS.



ALL SQUARE SIGNS INDICATE CAUTION—LOOK, HAVE CAR UNDER CONTROL, SLOW DOWN IF NECESSARY.



U.S. ROUTE MARKER

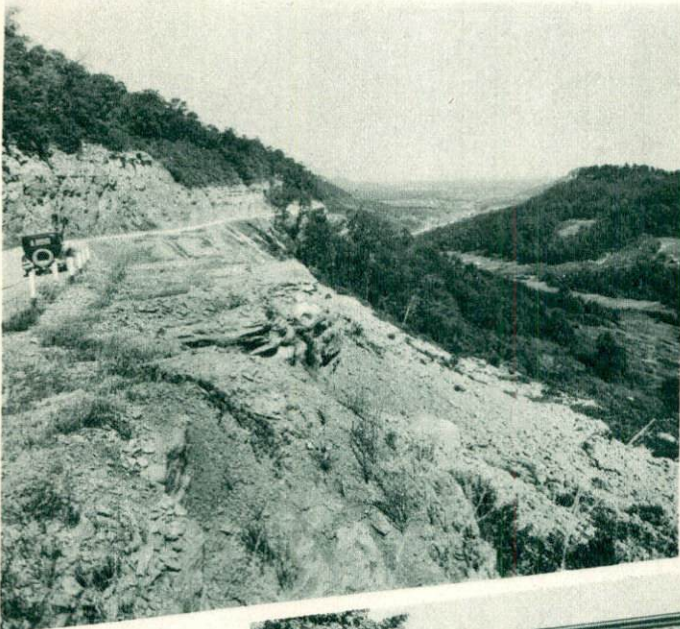


STATE ROUTE MARKER

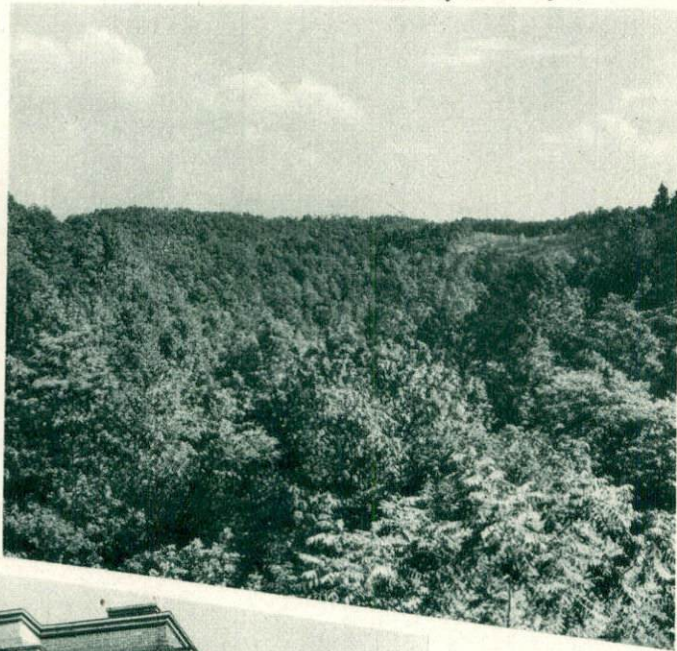
See Old Kentucky on Your Way

Jackson County Has Much Scenery

—Photos by S. M. Payne, Frankfort.



On top of Big Hill, looking down valley.



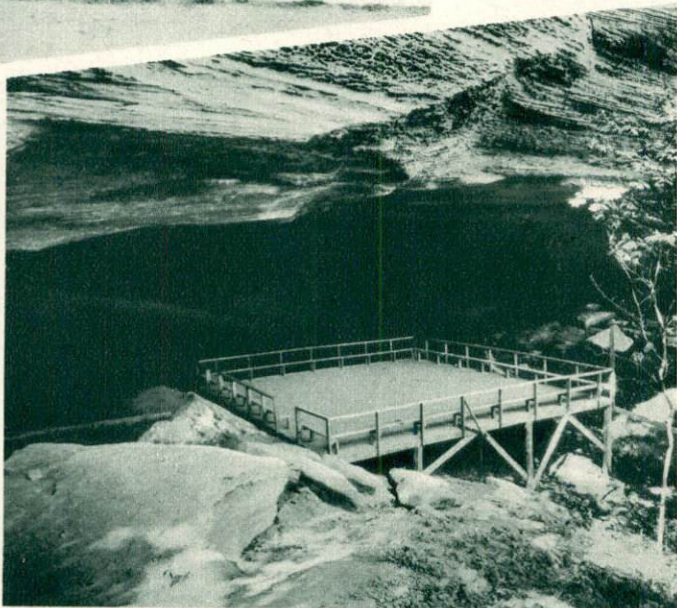
Beautiful scene at Sand Gap from highway.



Left: New courthouse at McKee, county seat.

Below: Sand Gap, where road passes over cliff ("Deer Stable").

Below: "Deer Stable," where pioneers trapped many deer.



Alexander Wilson In Kentucky

Compiled by J. S. WADE

Describes Louisville, Middletown, Shelbyville, Frankfort, Lexington, Nicholasville, Danville, Bowling Green and Big Bone Lick of Over Century Ago

AMONG the men of unusual type who have been in one way or another identified with the early history of Kentucky, there probably were few, if any, whose careers possess a wider human interest or more intense appeal than that of Alexander Wilson. He was not only a naturalist but a poet and artist as well. In his explorations of the natural history of the State, he viewed it not only with enthusiasm and the accuracy of observation of the scientific investigator, but also with the vision and the insight of the seer. "The primrose by the river's brim" was not only what it usually appeared to be, but to him it indubitably "was something more."

He was born in Paisley, Scotland, July 6, 1766. His parents were humble people, having neither wealth nor rank. They desired that their only son might become a clergyman, and as long as they lived they continued to watch and guard his education with prayerful care. Although he attended graded school for some time in his native town, he did not make any great progress. His taste for reading, however, was inculcated and directed by his father, and this supplemented by study of nature helped greatly to increase his education.

He was apprenticed at thirteen years of age as a weaver to his brother-in-law, and although the assignment was exceedingly distasteful to him he served four years beyond the formal ending of his apprenticeship. He read extensively and voluminously during spare hours and con-

tributed anonymously to local newspapers some verses on rural life of such unusual excellence that they were ascribed to Robert Burns, who avowed he should be glad to be their author. The following three years were spent by him in company with his brother-in-law in a roving life through Scotland as peddlers. He appeared to enjoy very much this change from his former environment and made voluminous notes on his experience, which on his return to his home town, Paisley, were published in 1790. The volume proved to be unsuccessful and this together with ill health made it necessary for him to return to his hated task of weaving, and for a time he was exceedingly bitter and despondent. Presently we find that he became embroiled in some contests against capitalists who were thought to have caused distress among Paisley weavers. He wrote some poems containing satire so keen as to be adjudged libelous, and the unhappy author was condemned publicly to burn the obnoxious criticisms and to pay a heavy fine. Since he was unable to pay the latter he was sent to jail for a term. Apparently the humiliation of this was the last straw, for shortly thereafter the young poet and his nephew left Scotland to



Alexander Wilson. From an old print in the Library of Congress.

try their fortunes in the new world. They proceeded on foot from Paisley to Port Patrick, then crossed to Belfast, where they sailed for America May 23, 1794. After a seven-weeks' voyage they arrived at New Castle, Dela.,

[Continued on page 39]



Benson Creek, Frankfort, which Wilson waded several times.

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FOR KENTUCKY'S PROGRESS

by the

UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Lexington

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Daily radio features from the University form a cultural focal point for all Kentuckians.

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LEN SHOUSE, Jr., Manager



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300 BATHS

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Every Room with Bath

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Unexcelled Service

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GOES FORWARD WITH
KENTUCKY PROGRESS

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"Kentucky's Most Famous Hotel"

400 ROOMS

In the Heart of the Blue Grass

RATES:

Single with bath	\$2.50 to \$5.00
Single without bath	1.50 to 2.50
Double with bath	5.00 to 7.00
Double without bath	3.00 to 5.00
Suites	10.00 to 25.00

THOMAS C. McDOWELL, President

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TURNER R. MILAM, Manager

Outlaws of Cave-In-Rock

By D'ALLIS CHAPMAN

CAVE-IN-ROCK, historically, is intriguing. At one time or another, between the years 1797 and 1834, it served as headquarters for many of the most notorious of the outlaws who infested western Kentucky, and in fact, all of what was then the Southwest. This cave, so ideally placed by nature for a rendezvous, was silent witness to much that concerned the well being of the then new Kentucky—to much which necessitated established law in the sparsely settled community. For that reason, even if the human interest phase be ignored, the story which Cave-in-Rock holds is of vast importance.

Big and Little Harpe were the most depraved criminals whose names were ever associated with those of the Cave-in-Rock outlaws. These two homicidal maniacs—for that is what they undoubtedly were—were sons of North Carolina, but their exploits in the Mississippi basin have forever branded them as products of the savage wilderness. Little is known of their early lives and background other than their names, Micajah and Wiley. Not until they came to Tennessee with Susan (Big Harpe's wife) and Betsy Roberts in 1795 did their career of crime start. For two years they roamed in the Tennessee wilderness, living mostly with the Indians and recognizing no law but their own. They were run out of Knoxville for horse stealing, and came to Kentucky through Virginia, having already behind them several murders and numerous lesser crimes. They followed the Wilderness Trail toward Lincoln County, brutally murdering everyone who crossed their trail. In spite of the many atrocities which they had committed, and the consequent high reward offered for their capture, they were only caught one time, then they broke jail and fled, this time toward Cave-in-Rock. They arrived there sometime in 1799 to find that haven somewhat overflowing with outlaws, due to Captain Young's raid through Henderson County. How long they would have tarried there is only to be surmised, but strange to relate they were driven out by other criminals, who it is supposed could not countenance the blood-curdling terror which the Harpes inspired by their "pranks." From Cave-in-Rock they wandered north, now posing as ministers, then as traders, but more often pretending that they were in search of the arch fiends, the Harpes! Of course they killed and killed and killed, often sinking their victims loaded with rocks in the river, or burning them in their homes to hide the crimes. However, this demoniacal savagery could not continue forever. Big Harpe was killed in Muhlenberg County, Kentucky, in 1799, and his head placed in the forks of a tree at the crossroads where it grinned fleshlessly, at passerbys for many years. Little Harpe escaped and later joined Samuel Mason's band as John Setton.

Samuel Mason was a gentleman from Virginia, and a bold soldier of the Revolution, but he will be best remembered as a shrewd and unscrupulous outlaw of the Mississippi Valley. From his early boyhood he was always in trouble, horse stealing, pilfering cabins, or being just plain "no count." When he came to Kentucky in 1794 his life of outlawry started in earnest. He collected a band of highwaymen and robbers about him who were as bad as he, though perhaps not as intelligent. Up and down through the wilderness they roamed, always robbing and killing when necessary. For a short time Mason and his

gang (about thirty in all) operated from Diamond Island, located in the Ohio some seventy miles from Cave-in-Rock, but they were so lawless that soon a regiment of local regulators ran them out. From there they went to the Cave and used this notorious place for headquarters for most of the year 1797. Mason, under the name of Wilson, converted the Cave into an inn, thus facilitating his robberies and murders by having his victims come to him ostensibly for entertainment. It can only be guessed how many boats Wilson plundered and how many lives he took in that one brief year.

Mason's career was so full of crimes and evil doings that it is hard to trace from 1797 until his death in 1803. It is known that he and his gang, of whom one was John Setton, earlier known as Wiley Harpe, worked along the Natchez Trace from New Orleans to the Ohio River. They were captured in 1803, Samuel Mason, his four sons, James, John, Thomas and Magnus, John Setton and James May, and were on their way to the United States for trial when Mason, Setton and May escaped. Shortly afterwards Old Mason was killed by Setton and May and the reward claimed for his death by them. However, these double-crossers shared a worse fate than they had meted out to many of their victims, for they were caught and hanged. Thus ended the checkered career of Mason and the cruel Little Harpe, whose lives have left an indelible scar on the lives of the pioneers of the infant West.

"The Cave had been used for religious purposes, as a haven in the time of distress, as an inn, and as a decoy house for murder and robbery." To that varied list we may add that of a workshop and home for counterfeiters. Duff, whose given name is not known, was probably the first outlaw to use this cave as a battery from which illegal operations radiated. He and one of his friends, Phillip Alston, distributed a vast amount of false money through the Mississippi Basin. However, they were "beat at their own trade" by one Studevant who also used the Cave at a later date as a Bank Exchange where he sold his money. His was a regular business, for he was clever, and had a system whereby he could easily dispose of the fruits of his labor. Of the three, Duff was killed, Alston disappeared, and Studevant escaped authorities, and fled, never to be heard of again.

The last of the outlaws whose regime of lawlessness held sway in the Southwest for nearly half a century was the famous and infamous James Ford, of Crittenden County, Kentucky. A man of high standing in his community, as well as a wealthy landowner, he was in a position to do much toward ousting the highwayman and robbers who infested the country in the immediate vicinity of Cave-in-Rock. Instead, he chose to be a go-between, keeping peace with the law-abiding citizens and at the same time abetting criminals in their activities in his neighborhood (and incidentally, getting a nice slice of booty!)

Truly his right hand was unaware, conveniently, of the crimes his left hand committed!

He owned a ferry just two and a half miles up the river from Cave-in-Rock and to induce travelers who might be carrying large sums of money to come his way, Ford built good roads on both sides of the ferry for

[Continued on page 43]



The Lincoln Spring at Lincoln Memorial near Hodgenville.

THE historic Lincoln Spring, at the Lincoln Memorial near Hodgenville, is visited by all who go to see the little log cabin in which the martyred President was born.

Two weeks ago, on October 15, it furnished the setting for an interesting ceremony when Governor Sampson filled a small container with water from the spring to be commingled with historic waters from the other 47 States to be used in christening the super-ship Manhattan of the United States Lines early in December.

Preliminary to the ceremony at the spring, Dr. Louis A. Warren, noted Lincoln authority and historian of the Lincoln Life Insurance Co., Fort Wayne, Ind., delivered an address before the Hodgenville Rotary Club refuting the claim, which received wide publicity, of Judge Harvey

H. Smith, of New York, that Lincoln was born in a rather pretentious two-story house on Mill Creek instead of in the one-room log cabin on Nolin Creek, now enshrined in the National Memorial.

Judge Smith, who was born and raised near the Lincoln homestead, said his ancestors were in close touch with the Lincoln family as far back as 1766, according to the *New York Evening Post*, and that the log cabin was not built until after Abraham Lincoln's birth and was used by Thomas Lincoln as a temporary residence during the summer months when he farmed land on Nolin Creek.

Dr. Warren, who has spent many years studying the early life of Lincoln, cited many historical facts to sustain the claim that the "rail splitter" was born in the log cabin.

Kentucky's Sand Cave

An Unique Wonder of Southeastern Kentucky

By H. H. FUSON

Harlan, Ky.

FROM time immemorial this cave has been called the "Sand Cave of Virginia," and, until recently, I thought this cave was in Virginia. The reason for this is easily explained since the cave is more easily reached, and has been reached in this way through the years, from the Virginia side at or near Ewing. This is the nearest approach to the cave and parties going there can travel over a good road to Ewing. From Ewing one must ride horseback or walk. But the cave is across the mountain from Ewing over on the Kentucky side, about one-half mile from the top.

On April 25, at 8:00 P. M., a party of us left Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, and went to Ewing for the ascent of the mountain. This trip at night was the result of a foolish suggestion of one of the party; but after it had been suggested all agreed to leave immediately. In the party were: Horton Fuson, W. A. Gillis, C. W. Stradley and the writer of this article. We rounded up some blankets and foodstuff, packed them in a Ford car and were off. At Ewing the three of us ran into C. W. Stradley who joined the party. With some friends there at Ewing we went to a farm house at 12:00 P. M., got the farmer and his son out of bed, loaded our equipment on two mules and headed for the top of the mountain, smoking our pipes and jollyng each other on the way. If one fell or stumbled several remarks were made about it, and, if a mule stepped on the heel of one of the party, the party himself took care of getting out of the way. We trudged to the top of the mountain, carrying our guns, up a rocky hollow. Some of us wondered how so many rocks could have been piled in one hollow. But they were there and some salve helped to relieve the situation after our return.

We arrived on top of the mountain at 2 o'clock that night. The wind was blowing furiously on top and the air was very chilly after our heated climb. We began to cast about for a place to sleep a few hours, and the leader of our mule team suggested that we go to an old house down under the top. So we took the suggestion and pulled for the house. It was about one-half mile down under the top on the Kentucky side. With some difficulty we groped our way around in the dark, with a flash light, and found the cabin. Some fellows, many no doubt, had preceded us there as campers and had pulled the boards off the cracks between the logs, leaving a space of from 3 to 6 inches between the logs. We soon got a roaring fire to going, but the wind coming through the cracks chilled our backs while we warmed the front and vice versa.

After the usual talk following a trip like we had had up the mountain, some of us threw down some covers on the ground—the floor had been removed for firewood before the day of our visit—and piled down for a nap of an hour or two. One of the party, Horton Fuson by name, grumbling over the fact that the other three of us were occupying all the bed room, sat up with the mule driver and his son before the fire. Their talk did not let us sleep very much, and really we could not de-

side, those of us who had taken to the bed, whether we had slept any or not.

A down-pour of rain came before day and continued for most of the forenoon. Lucky were we that we had a good roof over us. While the mules shivered in the cold rain, they having refused to come into the house with us, we laughed and joked around a roaring fire. We boiled our coffee in a half-gallon lard bucket and used a stick under the bail to take it off the fire. You may bet that coffee was good and strong, but that was the way we liked it. We fried a bale of breakfast bacon (something short of this amount might be nearer the truth), and stirred 18 eggs in some grease and scrambled them like a Kentuckian would stir his mush. But these likewise were good. We had some boiled ham which was fried also. We ate all of this with a right good relish, besides some canned goods. After a smoke around the fire and some talk about the weather, we were off for Sand Cave about 8 o'clock which was about three-fourths of a mile from us. The clouds were hovering low and dark over the mountain top. We could only see about 50 or 60 feet ahead of us. We followed a trail, made by cattle and hogs and members of the human family, like us, around the mountain and down to the cave, passing through laurel thickets overtopped with pines in a veritable paradise.

We dropped down and around into the head of a basin and what wonders! We were at Sand Cave. I have never been so entranced in all my life at the first sight of any object as I was this one. The roof towered overhead some 50 or 60 feet. Water was falling at the left side of the cave in a waterfall of about 50 feet in a large stream, and water was trickling from different parts of the front side of the roof and falling in spray to the ground. The top of the mountain rose up from the roof and was crowned with laurel, rhododendron and other shrubbery, and lofty pines stood guard above the cave. In front of the cave, about middle ways, stood an immense pine and two-thirds of it were below the roof of the cave. And down the basin laurel, rhododendron, service bushes in bloom, and tall pines looming above the shrubbery, made a picture no artist could have done justice to.

But it is raining where we stand. Let us enter the cave proper. Standing at the right hand entrance a panorama of wonders spreads before us. The floor was a sloping mountain of sand, glistening yellow, falling from within six or eight feet of the roof in the rear to the entrance some 50 or 60 feet from the roof. And such colors. My eyes could hardly believe it; but I felt I was standing before one of the wonders of the world. Every color and every shade of color I could imagine seemed mingled together in roof and walls. Side by side horizontally and side by side vertically they stood out in bold relief. Such delicate shades of color were blended in such an artistic way that it seemed only yesterday the hand of God had wielded the brush in

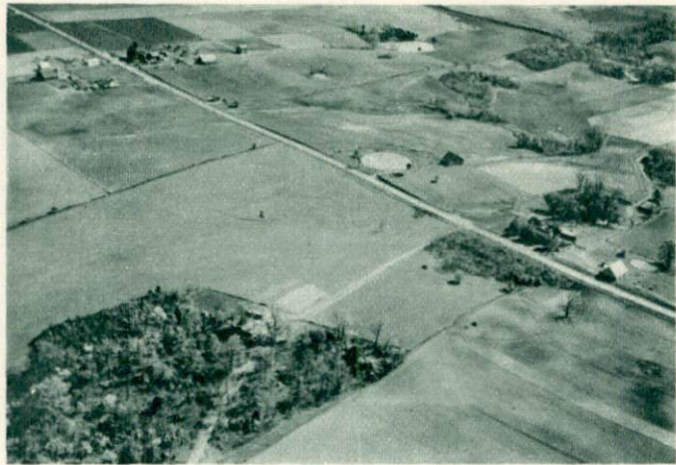
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Franklin As Seen From the Air Mail

—Photos by L. J. Wilson, Franklin.



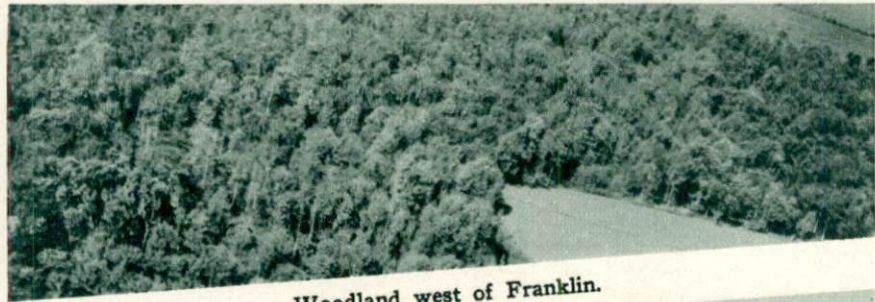
City of Franklin, Simpson County.



U. S. Highway 31-W.



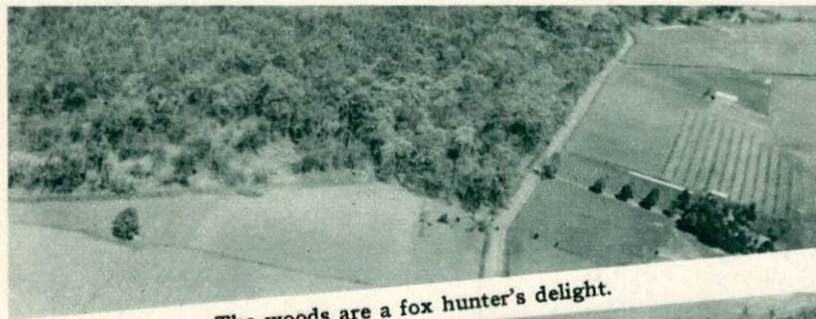
Entrance to Hay's Indian Cave (ground scene).



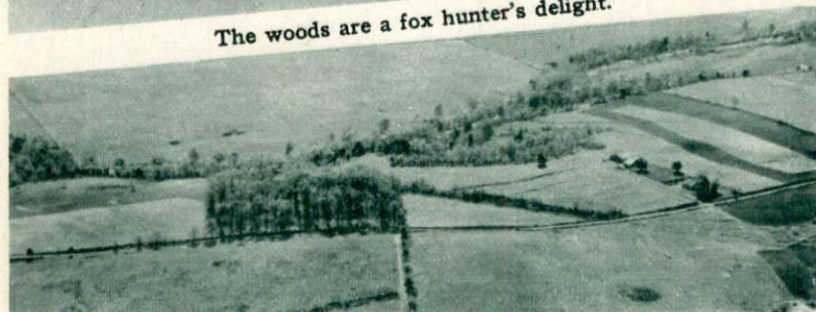
Woodland west of Franklin.



Level vista of the Pennyroyal Plateau (ground scene).



The woods are a fox hunter's delight.



Country east of Franklin.



On the airway nine miles northeast of Franklin, where a fork of Barren River loops in a horseshoe, enclosing in a narrow neck of land a high bluff. The wooded area in foreground is the neck of the horseshoe.

Rare Old Wood Carving in Kentucky

By F. A. FORSYTHE

THE pioneer days of Kentucky developed some of Kentucky's greatest artists. Unfortunately such splendid work was not then appreciated as it should have been and as it is at the present day. Now we find connoisseurs scouring the country for some of the splendid works of the early masters.

Few realize the beautiful wood work that was prodigal among the early settlers of the State. There has been quite a profusion of this wood carving in the County of Mercer that compares favorably with the masters of the old world. There are pieces that in artistic design, and in their chaste, painstaking rendition, will compare favorably with a Heppelwhite, or a Sheraton.

In the early days of 1800, there came to Mercer County a settler by the name of Mathew P. Lowery. His life work was around the neighborhood of Harrodsburg and there are many of his pieces of splendid work scattered throughout that county. In 1917 a wealthy landowner by the name of Robert Boise, having bought a large tract of land known then and now as the Fountain Blue farm, on the waters of Salt River and the creek that is fed by the great spring of Fountain Blue spoken of a number

of times in Collins' History of Kentucky, concluded to build himself a mansion. This mansion was completed in 1817 and most of the rooms, of which there were about twelve, had the woodwork done by Mathew P. Lowery. Among the specimens of his art, the room known as the parlor stood out for its finish and the beauty of design. The mantel, a picture of which is shown herewith, was the piece de resistance. This room had chairboard, beautifully carved, running around the room and a floor board also carved, but the mantel was superb. As the woodwork was always painted in old ivory, it would be hard to state positively what wood was used, but it was probably walnut or cherry. A soft wood could not have been carved so delicately, and oak would not have permitted such intricate detail, on account of the grain. This woodwork remained a part of the old mansion through all of the years until lately, when the present owner having no *precium affectionis* for the old place, and having been offered a price for it, sold it to a lady in Boston, Mass., and the whole wood furnishings were torn out and shipped to her.

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Rare old hand-carved mantel, the work of Mathew P. Lowery about the year 1817.

Honored Dead of Two Wars

By HERB LUKENS

(Kentucky Times-Star)

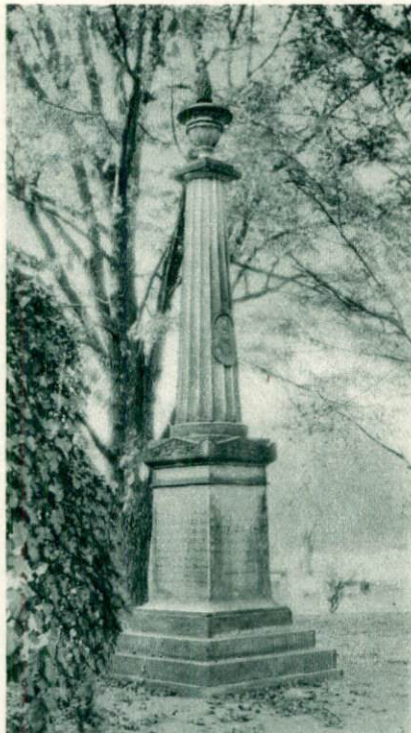
PERHAPS no place in the State of Kentucky has erected as fitting monuments to its heroic dead as Cynthiana. Two of these tributes are shown in the above pictures. They are to be found in Battle Grove, on the outskirts of the city.

One of the few shafts which have been dedicated to the soldiers who died in the Mexican War of 1847 is to be found there, and is shown on the bottom of the group. The inscription reads:

"In memory of the Harrison County Volunteers, who fell at Buena Vista, February 23, 1847, and those who died of disease while in service of their country."

"—and those who died of disease while in service of their country." This is a unique phrase, to be placed on a shaft dedicated to the fallen of a unique war. Those who were denied the privilege of facing the enemy, with the roar of the cannon in their ears and the romantic gallantry of boyhood dreams will o' th' wisping across the field before them. Denied the boon of the hero's death!

Lying in a rude hospital, wracked



Mexican War monument, Cynthiana cemetery.

—Photos by Geo. R. Rolson

with the pains of the "yellow jack," dysentery and other common plagues of the battle camps. Listening to the clash of arms as their comrades drilled in preparation of the coming fray. Dying—away from home, a painful death, a commonplace death, a death of shattered dreams; yet no less a death of service and no less a hero's end.

Death claimed far more by disease in the early wars of the Nation than did the bullets of the enemy. Florence Nightingale did not begin her crusading work until nearly twenty years after the battle of Buena Vista was fought. Modern surgery and sanitation were unknown.

The actual hostilities of the Mexican War began on April 24, 1846. A state of war with Mexico was not declared existing by Congress until nearly a month later, May 13, 1846. The war lasted until May 30, 1848. Actual hostilities ceased on September 14, 1847. There were 43,300 regular troops in the war and 73,297 volunteers, according to the figures of the adjutant general's office of the United States Army. No figures on the losses in the

[Continued on page 44]



Civil War monument, Cynthiana cemetery.

Old House Resists Earthquake In 1811

Home of Early Kentucky Governor, With Family Graveyard and Slave Quarters, Still Is Standing

By RAYMOND ENGLAND

(In Kentucky Post)

SITUATED on a hill that is known as Talbot Station in Bourbon County, three miles north of Paris, Ky., is an old historic homestead known as Mt. Lebanon, the home of James Garrard, governor of Kentucky from 1796 to 1804.

Mt. Lebanon, which is situated on a 400-acre tract of land, is a half mile from the nearest road and is almost hidden from view by the century-old cedars that surround it. The place is sought by hundreds of tourists, but is visited by only a few, due to its remote location. Only a few of the inhabitants of Bourbon County know the location of the famous home. It is one of the oldest landmarks in the State.

James Garrard and his wife moved to Bourbon County from Virginia in 1783, and in 1786 they built the house on the left of Stoners Creek, which is known as Mt. Lebanon. Records of the Land Office of Kentucky show that the old home is an L-shaped, two-story, stone structure with a 50-foot front. It contains seven large rooms, four down stairs and three on the upper floor. In each room is a large fireplace.

Cracked by Earthquake

A large crack appeared in the wall in the earthquake of 1811. The walls are pierced by numerous windows, and the place is still in a fair state of preservation. In order to reinforce the walls and protect them against

future earthquakes and storms, Gov. Garrard placed S-shaped braces, or supports, all around the walls. All the wood-work is ash—even the joists and rafters. Nails were rare in those days, and the joists are fastened together with wooden pins. All the wood used in the house was cut from the farm woodland. The estate today stands as a memento to the pioneer builders of Kentucky.

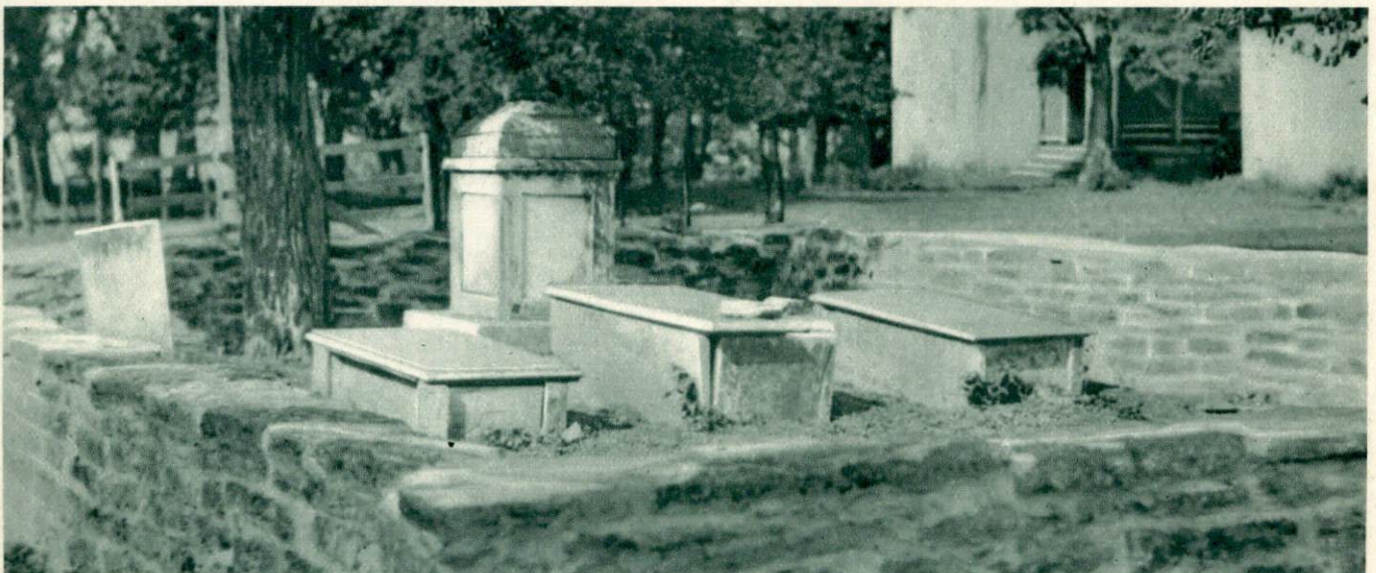


Home of Governor Garrard, built in 1786 near Paris.

—Photos by Geo. R. Rolsen

Death came to the noted jurist at his home on January 19, 1822. His wife survived him a little more than 10 years, then died on August 23, 1832. The bodies of both rest in the family graveyard about 100 yards from the home. The graves are surrounded by a stone wall three feet high and two feet thick. A stone monument dedi-

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The Garrard cemetery at the old home.

"Roads To Romance"

[Continued from page 23]

south of Hodgenville generally is accorded this distinction. The log cabin in which the Emancipator first saw the light of day on February 12, 1809, is now housed within a magnificent granite memorial erected by the federal government. Above the six granite monoliths at the entrance to the memorial are hewn Lincoln's immortal words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all." Under that inscription passes the almost continuous movement of visitors who come to honor Kentucky's most distinguished son.

Mammoth Cave, according to the story most widely accepted, was discovered in 1809, when a hunter by the name of Hutchins pursued a wounded bear in the entrance. After killing the bear, Hutchins, so the story goes, made a superficial examination of that section of the cavern nearest the entrance, and lost no time in acquainting others with his remarkable discovery.

From a patriotic standpoint, Hutchins' discovery was timely, inasmuch as a major portion of the saltpeter used in munitions expended in the War of 1812 was taken from the cavern. The men who mined the soft soil were the first to spread word of the wonders of the cave to sections remote from the cavern itself. While many of their listeners did not hesitate to brand their stories as pure figments of the imagination, others not so skeptical visited the cave, with the result that in a short time Mammoth Cave soon took its rightful place among the great wonders of the earth.

Handiwork of the Ages

When visiting the cavern, visitors should keep in mind the fact that the marvelously colored stalactites and stalagmites have been hundreds of thousands of years, possibly millions, in the process of formation. Drops of water, the result of seepage carrying minute particles of mineral matter, are the agencies whereby these formations came into being. As each drop fell from the ceiling, it left a certain infinitesimal amount of mineral matter hanging to the rock. Thus, stalactites are created. There still remained some mineral matter in the same drop of water as it reached the floor. This matter also solidified during the ages, and thus formed stalagmites.

In the main, the cave is practically the same as it was a century and more ago. The very pipes and supports used by the miners in their quest for saltpeter stand now as when they left them. Occasionally, even today, a lost moccasin or a wooden bowl tell of the visits of Indians long before the foot of a white man awakened the echoes of the spacious chambers.

Cruise on Echo River

Echo River is one of the most remarkable features of the cave. Only a minor portion of its whole course is accessible to visitors. It is traversed by boats for a distance of approximately one-half mile. A ride over its clear waters will comprise an extremely unique experience. The voyager passes under a low arch for a short distance, and then the roof rises rapidly away from the water, and he enters upon a subterranean course in real fact. The acoustics of this portion of the cave have achieved world wide fame. This section of the cave is, in substance, one vast resonator; its branching avenues and side crevices and its lofty roof of limestone rock all serve as reflectors of every sound, regardless of how

slight that sound may be, and send them back intensified a thousand times. Long experience on the part of the well trained guides enables them to produce just the right notes to bring forth the wonders of Echo River, and no visitor hears them but is impressed with this phase of the cave.

Perhaps the largest single rock to be found, as a detached mass in the cavern, is what is known as the Giant's Coffin. Its weight is estimated at more than two thousand tons. It is entirely of limestone and is eighteen feet thick and forty-three feet long.

Phenomena of Sound Waves

The trails are designated as various avenues. In one certain place in Pensacola avenue the visitor can stand above a dome, which, when he sounds a particular note, serves as a gigantic resonance box and takes up the vibrations of his voice, only to send it back attuned and strengthened a thousand fold. The very earth beneath is felt to tremble as the vibrations reach their maximum volumes. Demonstrations such as this clearly prove the power of certain sound waves.

Far within the great cavern occur many interesting and fantastic groupings of stalactitic matter that require but little imagination to conceive them as simulating familiar objects. Near the end of the remarkable Pass of El Ghor—a tortuous, narrow, but lofty channel which marks the work of one of the latest of the underground streams—the walls above and on each side are one indescribable maze of calcite accumulations. Here, as indeed is true of all parts of Mammoth Cave where crystallization is in progress, the underground traveler proceeds along a pathway which is not far below the surface of the ground. The characteristic phenomena which indicate approach to the surface are; first, the dripping of waters which only enter the channels of this subterranean world at points near the surface; second, the growing stalactites, which are only at the upper levels, and, third, the sandstone strata which everywhere, in this part of Kentucky, cap the subcarboniferous limestone.

When the uppermost limestone layers are worn or dissolved away, the sandstones still higher, far more friable and yielding readily to the separatory power of water, break away into immense masses or even into piles of rock which often completely close the passages and limit many large avenues. The magnificent avenue which opens from the rotunda, and which, after the celebrated ornithologist, is named Audubon's avenue, is entirely closed at a distance of a half mile by a vast mass of rock detached, in the manner described, from above. But a journey to its end is well worth the time and toil, for here is Olive's Bower, one of the most convenient of the smaller recesses in which stalactitic formation may be seen in progress; at this locality occur some of the most beautiful of the growing stalactites. In the middle of the bower is a well of limpid water, every drop of which has played its part in adding a mite to the massive crystals above, and which are reflected from its mirrored surface. Eventually, through some secret passage, the water finds a way to the Echo River, whence, in turn, it reaches the Green River and again circulates in the world outside.

Lofty Domes, Deep Pits

Many visitors to Mammoth Cave are mostly impressed with the lofty domes and deep pits which are found in some portions of this underground domain. Of those that are accessible to the visitor without great danger and

fatigue the best known are Gorin's Dome, the Bottomless Pit, Mammoth Dome, Napoleon's Dome, the Maelstrom, and Scylla and Charybdis, all but two of which are situated in that intricate and wonderful portion called the Labyrinth. The first named is viewed through a natural circular opening in the wall, quite three-fourths the way from the bottom. Illuminated by the guides from a point still above that at which the visitor is stationed, the effect of the brilliant lights on the walls beyond, white as alabaster, fluted and folded in a thousand curious and fantastic forms, is indescribably grand and impressive.

Coupled with the great size of the space, everywhere shading off into infinite gloom, is the roar of falling water, or the splash of Lilliputian cascades if seen in the dry season. Below, but beyond observation, runs a portion of Echo River, into which, from a station high above that occupied by the guide, it is possible to throw stones, the fall of which awakens ten thousand sounds and echoes. Stalactitic matter, of purest white, lends variety to the vertical walls; where this is wanting, the method of the work of falling water in bygone ages, is clearly seen. Not far away is the Bottomless Pit, and above it, rising sheer to the topmost level of the cavern, is Shelby's Dome, named for the first governor of Kentucky. Its bottom, for notwithstanding its name it has one, is nearly two hundred feet below the level at which the observer stands. For many years it was an insurmountable obstacle to further exploration in this direction until Bishop, the original explorer of the cave, finally crossed it on a cedar sapling, but not without great danger.

Mammoth Dome Impresses

This pit is one of three, the other two being Scylla and Charybdis, well named and in the relation to each other of those celebrated dangers of mythologic fame. These two pits are not to be seen by visitors, their approach being by a devious and dangerous passage which opens from River Hall, nearly a mile distant. But of all the pits which the visitor sees, that called Mammoth Dome is the largest and most impressive. From top to bottom the distance is nearly two hundred and eighty feet, while at the end, the Ruins of Karnak, formerly called the Egyptian Temples, stand out in bold relief. These giant columns indeed closely resemble the works of art of some long-lost underground race, and it does not require a very vivid imagination to see the great recesses and storied walls the scene of weird activity or to imagine them peopled with myriads of gnomes and sprites upon whose labors the visitor is an unwelcoming intruder. The Mammoth Dome should be visited by every person who desires to see water at work and completing a task begun away back in Earth's history.

The touring bureau of the Chicago Motor Club offers a wide choice of routes in the accompanying map. Many visitors to Kentucky may desire to return via French Lick or West Baden, two Indiana health resorts which have achieved wide fame. These localities offer medicinal baths which are highly beneficial in various ailments.

Alexander Wilson In Kentucky

[Continued from page 29]

with only a fowling piece and a few shillings. Unable to find employment in Wilmington they walked to Philadelphia, making observations en route on birds and squirrels

and other natural history phenomena. On arrival in Philadelphia, Wilson found work for a while in a copper-plate printer's shop and later resumed his old trade of weaving. Still later he spent some six years in surveying and in teaching at Frankford, Milestown, and Bloomfield, Pa. It was, however, while he was engaged in teaching at Kingsessing, Pa., that he became acquainted with the celebrated botanist, William Bartram, and the engraver, Alexander Lawson.

The friendship of both of these men proved of much value to him, as the botanist gave him some much needed instruction in plant life and permitted him access to his splendid library, and the engraver gave him lessons in drawing, coloring, and etching. During this period Wilson underwent such a period of despondency that Lawson feared for his reason and tried to divert him by encouraging the production of drawings of flowers and birds. So successful was Wilson at drawing that he soon outstripped his instructor. During leisure moments he made short expeditions here and there collecting birds and devoting long evenings to drawings which were "chiefly colored by candle light." It is indeed a pleasant picture to visualize the young enthusiast about this time engrossed with his studies of birds, and flowers, and insects, and shells, and other of nature's wonders. By persistent and long-continued effort he eventually became a man of wide scholarship and of great learning.

In October of 1804 he made a rather extensive expedition as far as Niagara Falls and the Finger Lake region of Central New York State, returning by way of the Mohawk Valley, in all about 420 miles. It was about this time that he formulated a plan to prepare a collection of drawings of the birds of Pennsylvania, and within a few months he had expanded this to include those of all the United States. In 1806 he was employed as assistant editor in the revision of the now famous Rees's "Encyclopedia," published by Bradford and Inskeep, and gave up teaching which he had continued for some ten years. It was Bradford who first became interested in Wilson's plans for a great work to be called "American Ornithology," and in 1807 they issued the first volume. It was placed on the market on a subscription basis and Wilson himself set out on the road to obtain subscriptions. One day he visited the professor of natural history at Princeton University, "but," he wrote to a friend, "I find to my astonishment that he scarcely knew a sparrow from a woodpecker." Wilson made an extensive trip down through Baltimore and Washington and obtained some 250 subscribers.

The second volume of the "American Ornithology" appeared in 1810 and the author set off upon still another expedition to collect new material and to sell the volumes already issued. He made his way in a small skiff down the Ohio River from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Louisville, Ky. While in Louisville he chanced to meet John James Audubon who also later attained a world-wide reputation as a student and painter of birds and bird life. There are some conflicting records regarding the extent of their association in Kentucky. Audubon later wrote a description of Wilson's personal appearance at that time: "How well I remember him as he walked up to me; his long, rather hooked nose, the keenness of his eyes, and his prominent cheekbones, stamped his countenance with a peculiar character."

Fortunately for posterity some letters which Wilson wrote in 1810 to his friend, Alexander Lawson, descriptive of his trip to and through Kentucky have been pre-

served, and through the kindness of the officials of the Library of Congress in Washington, generous selections therefrom can be here presented. All patriotic Kentuckians interested in the development of their beloved State will read with interest the impression of it as it was stamped upon the soul of the naturalist, artist, and poet, 120 years ago. These extracts are as follows:

"Though generally dissuaded from venturing by myself on so long a voyage down the Ohio, in an open skiff, I considered this mode with all its inconveniences, as the most favorable to my researches, and the most suitable to my funds and I determined accordingly. Two days before my departure the Allegheny River was one wide torrent of broken ice, and I calculated on experiencing considerable difficulties on this score. My stock of provisions consisted of some biscuit and cheese and a bottle of cordial presented me by a gentleman of Pittsburgh; my gun, trunk and great coat, occupied one end of the boat; I had a small tin occasionally to bale her, and to take my beverage from the Ohio with; and bidding adieu to the smoky confines of Pittsburgh, I launched into the stream and soon winded away among the hills that everywhere enclosed this notable river. The weather was warm and serene, and the river like a mirror except where floating masses of ice spotted its surface and which required some care to steer clear of; but these to my surprise in less than a day's sailing, totally disappeared. Far from being concerned at my new situation, I felt my heart expand with joy at the novelties which surround me; I listened with pleasure to the whistling of the red-bird on the banks as I passed, and contemplated the forest scenery as it receded with increasing delight. The smoke of the numerous sugar camps, rising lazily among the mountains, gave great effect to the varying landscape; and the grotesque log cabins that here and there opened from the woods, were diminished into mere dog houses by the sublimity of the impending mountains. If you suppose to yourself two parallel ranges of forest-covered hills, whose irregular summits are seldom more than 3 or 4 miles apart, winding through an immense extent of country, and enclosing a river one-half mile wide which alternately washes the steep declivity on one side, and leaves a rich flat forest-clad bottom on the other, of a mile or so in breadth, you will have a pretty correct idea of the appearance of the Ohio. * * * I rode 20 odd miles the first spell, and found I should be able to stand it perfectly well. About an hour after night I put up at a miserable cabin, 52 miles from Pittsburgh, where I slept on what I supposed to be corn-stalks, or something worse; so preferring the smooth bosom of the Ohio to this *brush heap* I got up long before day, and being under no apprehension of losing my way, I again pushed out into the stream. The landscape on each side lay in one mass of shade, but the grandeur of the projecting headlands and vanishing points, and lines, was charmingly reflected in the smooth, glossy surface below. I could only discover when I was passing a clearing, by the crowing of the cocks; and now and then, in more solitary places, the big-horned owl made a most hideous hollowing, that echoed among the mountains. In this lonesome manner, with full leisure for observation and reflection, exposed to hardships all day and hard berths all night, to storms of rain, hail and snow, for it froze severely almost every night, I persevered, from the 24th of February to Sunday evening, March 17, when I moored my skiff safely in Bear-Grass Creek, at the Rapids of the Ohio after a voyage of 720 miles. My hands suffered the most; and it will be some weeks yet before they

recover their former feeling and flexibility. It would be the task of a month to detail all the particulars of my numerous excursions, in every direction from the river. In Steubenville, Charlestown and Wheeling I found some friends. At Marietta I visited the celebrated remains of Indian fortifications as they are improperly called, which cover a large space of ground on the banks of the Muskingum. Seventy miles above this, at a place called Big-Grave Creek, I examined some extraordinary remains of the same kind there. * * * I passed Blannerhasset's Island after night, but the people were burning brush, and by the light I had a distinct view of the mansion house, which is but a plain frame of no great dimensions. It is now the property of a Mr. Miller from Lexington, who intends laying it chiefly in hemp. It is nearly 3 miles long and contains about 300 acres, half of which is in cultivation; but like all the rest of the numerous islands of the Ohio, is subject to inundations. * * * On Monday, March 5, about 10 miles below the mouth of the great Sciota, where I saw the first flock of paroquets, I encountered a violent storm of rain and wind, which changed to hail and snow, blowing down trees and limbs in all directions; so that for immediate preservation I was obliged to steer out into the river which rolled and foamed like a sea, and filled my boat nearly half full of water; and it was with the greatest difficulty I could make the least headway. It continued to snow violently until dusk when I at length made good my landing at a place on the Kentucky shore where I perceived a cabin; and here I spent the evening in learning the art and mystery of bear-treing, wolf-trapping, and wild-cat hunting from an old professor. But notwithstanding the skill of this great master, the country here is swarming with wolves and wild-cats, black and brown; according to this hunter's own confession, he had lost 60 pigs since Christmas last; and all night long the distant howling of the wolves kept the dogs in a perpetual uproar of barking. * * * In the afternoon of the 15th I entered Big-Bone Creek, which being passable only about a quarter of a mile, I secured my boat and left my baggage under the care of a decent family near, and set out on foot 5 miles through the woods for the Big-Bone Lick, that great antediluvian rendezvous of the American elephants. This place, which lies far in the windings of a sheltered vale, afforded me a fund of amusement in shooting ducks and paroquets, (of which I skinned 12, and brought off 2 slightly wounded) and examined the ancient buffalo roads to this great licking place. Mr. Colquhoun, the proprietor, was not at home, but his agent and manager entertained me as well as he was able and was much amused with my enthusiasm. This place is a low valley, everywhere surrounded by high hills; in the center, by the side of the creek, is a quagmire of near an acre, from which, and another smaller one below, the chief part of these large bones have been taken; at the latter places I found numerous fragments of large bones lying scattered about. In pursuing a wounded duck across this quagmire, I had nearly deposited my carcass among the grand congregation of mammoths below, having sunk up to the middle and had hard struggling to get out. As the proprietor intends to dig in various places this season for brine, and is a gentleman of education and intelligence, I have strong hopes that a more complete skeleton of that animal called the mammoth, than has yet been found, will be procured. * * * In this neighborhood I found the Columbo plant in great abundance, and collected some of the seeds. Many of the old stalks were more than 5 feet high. I have since found it in various others parts of this country. * * * * *

seven miles below this I passed the mouth of the Kentucky River which has a formidable appearance. I observed 20 or 30 scattered houses on its upper side and a few below, many of the former seemingly in a state of decay. It rained on me almost the whole of this day and I was obliged to row hard and drink healths to keep myself company. My bird skins were wrapped up in my great coat and my own skin had to sustain a complete drenching, which, however, had no bad effects. * * * A number of turkeys, which I observed from time to time on the Indiana shore, made me lose half the morning in search of them. On the Kentucky shore I was also decoyed by the same temptations but never could approach near enough to shoot one of them. These affairs detained me so that I was dubious whether I should be able to reach Louisville that night. Night came on and I could hear nothing of the Falls; about 8:00 I first heard the roaring of the rapids and as it increased I was every moment in hopes of seeing the lights of Louisville; but no lights appeared and the noise seemed now within less than a half mile of me. Seriously alarmed, lest I might be drawn into the suction of the Falls, I cautiously coasted along shore, which was full of snags and sawyers, and at length, with great satisfaction, opened Bear-Grass Creek, where I secured my skiff to a Kentucky boat, and loading myself with my bag, I groped my way through a swamp up to the town. The next day I sold my skiff for exactly half what it cost me; and the man who bought it wondered why I gave it such a droll Indian name 'The Ornithologist,' 'some old chief, or warrior, I suppose,' said he. This day I walked down along the shore to Shippingport, to take a view of these celebrated Rapids, but they fell far short of my expectations. I should have no hesitation in going down them in a skiff. The Falls of Oswego, in the State of New York, though on a smaller scale, are far more dangerous and formidable in appearance. Though the river was not high I observed two arks and a barge run them with great ease and rapidity. The Ohio here is something more than a mile wide, with several islands interspersed; the channel rocky and islands heaped with driftwood. The whole fall in two miles is less than 24 feet. The town of Louisville stands on a high second bank and is about as large as Frankford, having a number of good brick buildings and valuable shops. The situation would be as healthy as any on the river, but for the numerous swamps and ponds that intersect the woods in its neighborhood. These from their height above the river might all be drained and turned into cultivation; but every man here is so intent on the immediate making of money, that they have neither time nor disposition for improvements, even where the article health is at stake. * * * On Friday the 24th, I left my baggage with a merchant of the place, to be forwarded by the first wagon, and set out on foot for Lexington, 72 miles distant. I passed through Middletown and Shelbyville, both inconsiderable places. Nineteenths of the country is in forest; the surface undulating into gentle eminences and declivities between each of which generally runs a brook, over loose flags of limestone. The soil by appearance, is of the richest sort. I observed immense fields of Indian corn, high excellent fences, few grain fields, many log houses, and those of the meaner sort. I took notice of few apple orchards, but several very thriving peach ones. * * * Walking here in wet weather is most execrable, and is like traveling on soft soap; a few days of warm weather hardens this again almost into stone. Want of bridges is the greatest inconvenience to a foot traveler here. Between Shelbyville

and Frankford, having gone out of my way to see a pigeon roost, (which by the by is the greatest curiosity I have seen since leaving home) I waded a deep creek called Benson, nine or ten times. I spent several days in Frankford and in rambling among the stupendous cliffs along the Kentucky River. On Thursday evening I entered Lexington. * * * I saw nothing of Lexington until I had approached within half a mile of the place, when the woods opening, I beheld the town before me, on an irregular plain, ornamented with a small white spire, and consisting of several parallel streets, crossed by some others; many of the houses built of brick; others of frame, neatly painted; but a great proportion wore a more humble and inferior appearance. The fields around looked green and well fenced, gently undulating, but no hills in view. In a hollow between two of these parallel streets ran a considerable brook that, uniting with a larger a little below the town, drives several mills. A large quarry of excellent building stone, also attracted notice on entering the town. The main street was paved with large masses from this quarry, the footpath neat and guarded by wooden posts. The numerous shops piled with goods and the many well-dressed females I passed in the streets; the sound of social industry, and the gay scenery 'of the busy haunts of men' had a most exhilarating effect on my spirits, after being so long immured in the forest. My own appearance, I believe, was to many equally interesting; and the shopkeepers and other loungers interrogated me with their eyes as I passed, with symptoms of eager and inquisitive curiosity. * * * In the center of the town is a public square, partly occupied by the courthouse and market place, and distinguished by the additional ornament of the pillory and stocks. The former of these is so constructed as to serve well enough, if need be occasionally for a gallows, which is not a bad thought, for as nothing contributes more to make hardened villains than the pillory, so nothing so effectually rids society of them as the gallows; and every knave may here exclaim, 'My bane and antidote are both before me.' * * * Though religion here has its zealous votaries; yet none can accuse the inhabitants of this flourishing place of bigotry, in shutting out from the pale of the church or churchyard any human being, or animal whatever. * * * Lexington, however, with all its faults, which a few years will gradually correct, is an honorable monument of the enterprise, courage and industry of its inhabitants. Within the memory of middle-aged men, who gave me the information, there were only 2 log huts on the spot where this city is now erected; while the surrounding country was a wilderness rendered hideous by skulking bands of bloody and ferocious Indians. Now numerous excellent institutions for the education of youth, a public library and a well-endowed university under the superintendence of a man of learning and piety, are in successful operation. * * * A taste for neat and even elegant buildings is fast gaining ground; and Lexington, at present, can boast of men who do honor to science and of females whose beauty and amiable manners would grace the first circles of society. On Saturday, April 14, I left this place for Nashville, distant about 200 miles. I passed through Nicholasville, the capital of Jessamine County, a small village begun about 10 years ago, and consisting of about 20 houses with 3 shops and 4 taverns. The woods was scarcely beginning to look green, which to me was surprising, having been led by common report to believe that spring here is much earlier than in the lower parts of Pennsylvania. I must further observe that instead of finding the woods of Kentucky covered

with a profusion of flowers, they were, at this time, covered with rotten leaves and dead timber, in every stage of decay and confusion; and I could see no difference between them and our own, but in the magnitude of the timber, and superior richness of the soil. Here and there the white blossoms of the *Sanguinaria canadensis*, or red root, were peeping through the withered leaves; and the buds of the buckeye, or horse chestnut, and one or two more, were beginning to expand. Wherever the hackberry had fallen, or been cut down, the cattle had eaten the whole bark from the trunk, even to that of the roots. Nineteen miles from Lexington I descended a long, steep and rocky declivity, to the banks of the Kentucky River, which is here about as wide as the Schuylkill; and winds away between prodigious perpendicular cliffs of solid limestone. In this deep and romantic valley the sound of the boat horns, from several Kentucky arks, which were at that instant passing, produced a most charming effect. The river, I was told, had already fallen 15 feet, but was still high. I observed great numbers of uncommon plants and flowers growing among the cliffs and a few solitary bank swallows were skimming along the surface. Reascending from this, and traveling for a few miles, I again descended a vast depth to another stream called Dick's River, engulfed among the same perpendicular masses of rock. Though it was nearly dark, I found some curious petrifications, and some beautiful specimens of mother-of-pearl on the shore. The roaring of a mill-dam and the rattling of the mill prevented the ferryman from hearing me until it was quite night; and I passed the rest of the road in the dark, over a rocky country, abounding with springs to Danville. This place stands on a slight eminence, and contains about 80 houses, chiefly log and frame buildings, disposed in two parallel streets, crossed by several others. It has two rope walks and a woolen manufactory; also 9 shops and 3 taverns. I observed a great many sheep feeding about here, amidst fields of excellent pasture. * * * I was now 180 miles from Nashville, and, as I was informed, not a town or village on the whole route. Every day, however, was producing wonders in the woods by the progress of vegetation. The blossoms of the sassafras, dogwood, and red bud, contrasted with the deep green of the poplar and buckeye, enriched the scenery on every side; while the voices of the feathered tribes, many of which were to me new and unknown, were continually engaging me in the pursuit. Emerging from the deep solitude of the forest, the rich green of the grain fields, the farmhouse and cabins embosomed amidst orchards of glowing purple and white, gave the sweetest relief to the eye. Not far from the foot of a high mountain, called Mulder's Hill, (possibly Muldraugh's Hill) I overtook one of these family caravans, so common in this country, moving to the westward. The procession occupied a length of road, and had a formidable appearance, though, as I afterwards understood, it was composed of the individuals of only a single family. In the front went a wagon drawn by 4 horses driven by a negro, and filled with implements of agriculture; another heavily loaded wagon, with 6 horses, followed, attended by 2 persons; after which came a numerous and mingled group of horses, steers, cows, sheep, hogs and calves with their bells; next followed 8 boys mounted double, also a negro wench with a white child before her; then the mother with one child behind her and another at the breast; 10 or 12 colts brought up the rear, now and then picking herbage, and trotting ahead. The father, a fresh, good looking man, informed me that he was from Washington County in Kentucky and was

going as far as the Cumberland River. He had two ropes fixed to the top of the wagon, one of which he guided himself, and the other was entrusted to his oldest son to keep it from oversetting in ascending the mountain. The singular appearance of this moving group, the mingled music of the bells, and the shoutings of the drivers, mixed with the echoes of the mountains, joined to the picturesque solitude of the place, and various reflections that hurried through my mind, interested me greatly; and I kept company with them for some time to lend my assistance if necessary. The country now became mountainous, perpetually ascending and descending, and about 49 miles from Danville I passed through a pigeon roost, or rather breeding place which continued for 3 miles, and, from information extended in length for more than 40 miles. The timber was chiefly beech; every tree was loaded with nests, and I counted, in different places, more than 90 nests on a single tree. Beyond this I passed a large company of people engaged in erecting a horse-mill for grinding grain. The few cabins I passed were generally poor; but much superior in appearance to those I met with on the shores of the Ohio. In the evening I lodged near the banks of Green River. This stream, like all the rest, is sunk in a deep gulf, between high perpendicular walls of lime stone; is about 30 yards wide in this place and runs with great rapidity; but, as it has fallen considerably, I was just able to ford it without swimming. The water was of a pale greenish color, like that of the Licking, and some other streams, from which circumstance I suppose it has its name. The rocky banks of this river are hollowed out in many places into caves of enormous sizes, and of great extent. These rocks abound with the same masses of petrified shells so universal in Kentucky.

* * * "In the afternoon I crossed another stream of about 25 yards in width, called Little Barren; after which the country began to assume a new and very singular appearance. The woods, which had hitherto been stately, now degenerated into mere scrubby saplings on which not a bud was beginning to unfold, and grew so open that I would see for a mile through them. No dead timber or rotting leaves were to be seen but the whole face of the ground was covered with rich verdure, interspersed with a variety of very beautiful flowers, altogether new to me.

"One forenoon I rode 19 miles without seeing water; while my faithful horse looked round, but in vain, at every hollow, with a wishful and languishing eye, for that precious element. These barrens furnished me with excellent sport in shooting grouse, which abound here in great numbers; and in the delightful groves that here and there rise majestically from these plains, I found many new subjects for my Ornithology. I observed, all this day, far to the right, a range of high rocky detached hills, or knobs, as they are called, that skirt the barrens, as if they had once been the boundaries of the great lake that formerly covered this vast plain. These, I was told, abound with stone coal and copperas. I crossed Big Barren River in a ferry boat, where it was about 100 yards wide, and passed a small village called Bowling Green, near which I rode my horse up to the summit of one of these high insulated rocky hills, or knobs, which overlooked an immense circumference of country, spreading around bare and leafless, except where the groves appeared, in which there is usually water. Fifteen miles from this, induced by the novel character of the country, I put up for several days at the house of a pious and worthy Presbyterian, whence I made excursions in all directions through the surrounding country. * * *

"After crossing Red River, which is here scarce 20 yards broad, I found no more barrens. The timber was large and the woods fast thickening with green leaves. As I entered the State of Tennessee, the face of the country became hilly, and even mountainous. After descending an immense declivity and crossing along the rich valley of Manskers Creek, where I again met with large flocks of paroquets, I stopped at a small tavern, to examine, for 3 or 4 days, this part of the country. Here I made some interesting additions to my stock of new subjects for the Ornithologist. On the fourth day I crossed the Cumberland, where it is about 250 yards wide, and of great depth, bounded as usual with high, precipitous banks and reached the town of Nashville, which towers like a fortress above the river. Here I have been busily engaged for these 8 days; and send you the enclosed parcel of drawings, the result of every moment of leisure I could obtain. Many of the birds are altogether new and you will find along with them every explanation necessary for your purpose."

Some of the birds new to Ornithology, first observed by Wilson on this trip, were the Kentucky warbler, blue-headed vireo, and the Nashville warbler.

After Wilson had crossed Kentucky and Tennessee he proceeded through the Chickasaw and Choctaw country to Natchez and thence to New Orleans. During that journey he suffered incredible hardships, sleeping for weeks in the forests and subsisting only on berries and a few biscuits. On his return all of the volumes of "American Ornithology" were issued by persistent and unremitting labor, up to the seventh volume, by the year of 1813. Meanwhile Wilson's reputation had become world-wide. In 1812 he was elected a member of the American Philosophic Society, and a number of other notable scientific societies conferred membership upon him. His intense application, however, undermined his health and reduced his strength so greatly that presently he had insufficient strength to go out any longer on any extended expeditions. The last volume of his work was delayed by a lack of colorists and Wilson himself undertook to supply the deficiency in addition to his other work. His enthusiasm continued until the end, for it is recorded that he swam a river with his clothes on to secure a rare bird, and, although he captured the bird he also caught a cold which induced an attack of dysentery from which after an illness of ten days he died in Philadelphia, August 23, 1813, at the age of 47 years. Wilson never married but his letters showed that he had an affection for a Miss Miller, whom he was to have married and who was named as one of his executors.

The plates of the ninth volume had been completed under Wilson's direction and the reading matter was supplied by his friend, George Ord, who had accompanied Wilson on many of his trips. Ord also was made one of his executors and prefixed to the last volume a biography of its author. Subsequently three additional volumes, including the birds described by Prince Lucien Bonaparte, were issued in 1829, and the complete edition has been several times republished. There was also an edition in three volumes with illustrative notes by Sir William Jardine, which was published in 1832 in London. Wilson's "Poems and Literary Prose" were edited with a memoir by Rev. A. B. Grosart in 1876, and a statue was erected in Paisley, Scotland, the same year to Wilson's memory.

Yes, Kentucky has been singularly fortunate in the character and the genius of its early visitants of scientific and literary type, and, however long or impressive such

an honor roll may be, surely additional luster is given to it by the name of Alexander Wilson.

Outlaws of Cave-In-Rock

[Continued from page 31]

several miles. Woe was to the traveler who sought an easy journey via Ford's Ferry. If he were worth robbing, he was robbed by "travelers who were going his way"—members of Ford's gang.

Then the righteous Ford, hearing of the atrocity, would a few days later issue a notice that he had driven a thief out of the country (clever man, Ford).

The gang of Fords included Ford's two sons, William and Phillip, and about twenty other "friends"—Potts, Simpson and Shouse being among the most daring. Conveniently located, Cave-in-Rock became the headquarters and often the hiding place for members to lie in wait for flat boats going down the river. How many of Ford's felonies the Cave witnessed is unknown, for most of his activities were kept secret. Ford was never above suspicion, but he was never apprehended, so nothing was definitely proved against him. Linked with crime as he was, it necessarily follows that he met a violent death. He was mysteriously shot and killed by one of his own gang it is thought. So ended the gangs to whose crimes the Cave was a silent partner.

Majestically Cave-in-Rock keeps tacit watch over the Ohio from the high bank in Hardin County, Illinois. Gone are the days when the Cave was a necessity, in fact, even a help to the outlaws. It remains today, through all the changing years and diversities of its use, actual or attributed, practically unchanged, still challenging curiosity, surprise, fear and even admiration.

Kentucky's Sand Cave

[Continued from page 33]

their painting. It can't be described; it can only be seen and never forgotten. H. C. McGinnis, a professor in Lincoln Memorial University, Harrogate, Tennessee, has in a glass container 60 separate and distinct shades of color of sand from this cave. Can you believe it? It is true. Ike Johnson, of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, has 57 shades of colored sand from this cave. I have traveled over most of the eastern part of the United States and I know of nothing like this anywhere else. My brother, Horton Fuson, has traveled over all of the west and he says he knows of nothing in the west that will equal this color-scheme.

We stepped this cave to get at the distance in it. If our three-foot step was correct, the cave is 250 feet deep at the center, 230 feet across the opening from side to side, and 1000 to 1200 feet around the curvature of the back. It is really not a cave and I have wondered about it being termed a cave. It is really a large rock house. But I take it that the immensity of it has brought about the cave idea.

It is in the shape of a half-moon, being fuller in the back than a half-moon. It might be nearer a three-quarter moon. It is 18 miles around the top of Cumber-

land Mountain from Cumberland Gap and is about four miles from Ewing, Va., and parties wishing to visit it should approach it from Ewing, Va. But be sure you are a good mountain climber before you undertake it. You would have to be an expert horse-back rider before you could reach the mountain top in this way. Parties make the round-trip in a day between the suns.

The world's sand base lies here, it seems. The yellowish sand contrasts loudly with all the surroundings. I can imagine that many a bear and her brood have tumbled and played in the sand here. I can see in my mind's eye Indians sleeping and camping here. And I can see many crowds in the flesh visiting it today and the oncoming hosts who will visit this in the future make up a multitude that no one can count. It will, in time, become one of America's greatest wonders.

But the American wrecker has been there also. His name is carved in bold letters in many places on the walls of this cave. How it does grate on a sensitive soul to see these rude carvings of our so-called civilization upon these walls. I could hardly touch the walls or roof for fear I would mar some of its beauty. I could only stand and look at it in awe. That was enough for me. Ten thousand trumpets could not so inspire me as this silent array of color. I was lost in a haven of beauty. I was lulled by ten thousand sights as soft, and more beautiful, than a new moon. I was moved by ten thousand zephyrs of beauty and lulled to repose as in a boat on southern seas. It was too much for me. I left after spending about four hours there. O, that the vandals would keep away from it and leave it for the millions of lovers of beauty who will come after us. The vandals, the vandals, the vandals! Can we ever get away from them? They send a hoarse laugh into the face of beauty, and pass on.

The State or the nation should get hold of this cave in connection with the Pinnacle and Cumberland Gap and should preserve them for the future. This should be done immediately to save this cave from destruction. Thousands of local people visit this cave each year. Many of them care not for its beauty. Some party had cut a large number of laurel and rhododendron bushes and had piled them up and made a fire out of them, or tried to. They didn't burn so very well; but they left a naked place in front of the cave, where none had been before.

Friends of beauty, join us in an effort to save this cave for future generations, Kentucky's Sand Cave.

Rare Old Wood Carving in Kentucky

[Continued from page 35]

Kentucky has been very unfortunate in that her works of art have fallen before the mercenary lust for money and have been sent to adorn other States. Her histories and pioneer papers, her paintings, her sculptures, and at last her beautiful housefurnishings have been acquired by outside people.

Mathew P. Lowery bought farms around the Fountain Blue farm and turned out many artistic mantels and other wood carvings. He did the doors and hall archway in the Fountain Blue home and they are also beautiful. He lived probably until about 1840, as some of his transactions in land are dated as late as 1837, and his son lived at his farm until after the Civil War.

Robert Boise was a slave trader and sold slaves in the New Orleans market. He was a very large man weighing over 400, and on one of his trips to New Orleans his son accompanied him. The son became missing, and the father in searching for the son fell down a flight of stairs and was killed. The son was never heard of and was probably killed by the pirates that then infested New Orleans waterways.

Fountain Blue was sold to Thomas Hutchinson, who sold it in 1846 to Aaron Alexander. It passed from him to his son-in-law, James M. Forsythe, in 1865, and from him to his son and daughter, F. A. Forsythe and Mrs. Naoma F. Chinn, who sold it in 1913 to M. W. O'Neal, who now owns it. It was one of five of the first claims made in Kentucky (in 1773) by a young man by the name of Adams, who was one of the McAfee expedition. There were five in the party, three McAfees, McCoun and Adams. Robert McAfee first claimed the valley where Frankfort now is, but abandoned it for better farming land in Mercer County. His claim adjoined Fountain Blue.

Honored Dead of Two Wars

[Continued from page 36]

war are given. The proportion of men killed in action and those who died from disease can be judged somewhat in the names of the little band from Harrison County.

John A. Jones, 27; William A. McClintock, 26; David P. Rogers, 21, and James Pomeroy, 19, were killed in action at Buena Vista, the inscription on the monument shows.

Those who are listed as dying from disease are Worthern Cummins, 23, at Memphis; William C. Duncan, 21, in Texas; Oscar B. Worthern, 25, and James Sullivan, 21, at New Orleans; Francis Smith, 23, at home; Jonathan C. Overly, 23, in Mexico; Isaac N. Anderson, 27; Isaiah Miller, 17, at home; Harvey Humble, 23, Puebla; John Lloyd, 25, Mexico, and James Fisher, 26, Mexico. Nearly three times as many from disease as from actual warfare.

For a number of years the monument stood in front of the Harrison County Courthouse at Cynthia, Ky. In 1869 it was moved to the Battle Grove Cemetery, where it now stands.

On May 27, 1869, the Cynthia Confederate Memorial Association erected a monument to the soldiers who fell in the Civil War. The men who had fallen in the battle in the vicinity were buried around the shaft. There were twenty-three unknown soldiers buried here and twenty-four whose identity was known.

Two of the soldiers were from Northern Kentucky. They were J. Chandler of Boone County and William Dial of Alexandria, Ky. Other soldiers who are buried there are: David M. Snyder, W. L. Dean, T. Rowland, — Kinslow, W. Scott, A. Herron, Peter King, S. S. Jennings, — Harrison, Hatcliff Connor, W. Redding, William Clark, Capt. Kenneth, T. W. Terry, J. K. Bloodworthy, J. Terrell, J. M. Middleton, H. Reardon, J. H. Williamson, David May, William Bates and — Lyons.

The inscription of the monument is:

"Their names shall never be forgot
While fame her records keep,
And Glory guards the hallowed spot
Where valor proudly sleeps."

The loss of life from disease during this war also was heavy. According to figures, the death from disease and wounds was 133,821 in the Confederate Army. The estimates of the number of men in the Confederate Army varies, some of the writers place the figure as high as 1,400,000, and others as low as 600,000.

In the Union Army there was a total of 224,586 died of disease. In the Union Army there were 2,128,948 men serving. Desertions were numerous on both sides during the war. In the Northern forces an estimated total of 117,247 men deserted, and in the Confederate Army 104,428 deserted, according to a partial statement.

Figures of the United States Treasury Department show that the war with Mexico cost in the year of 1846, \$27,261,000; 1847, \$54,920,000; 1848, \$47,618,000; 1849, \$43,499,000.

The Civil War cost: 1860, \$63,201,000; 1861, \$66,650,000; 1862, \$469,569,000; 1863, \$781,783,000; 1864, \$864,968,000; 1865, \$1,295,099,000. The United States has fought more than a hundred wars during its life as a nation. Four of these, before the World War, were major, the American Revolution cost \$119,624,000; the Mexican War cost \$173,298,000; the Spanish-American War cost \$1,901,926,000, and the Civil War cost \$3,478,220,000, a total of \$5,673,068,000.

Old House Resists Earthquake in 1811

[Continued from page 37]

cated to the memory of Gov. Garrard was erected there in the spring of 1833 by the State.

The inscription gives the visitor an idea of the esteem and respect in which Governor Garrard was held. It says:

High Praise

"This marble consecrates the spot on which repose the mortal remains of Col. James Garrard, and records a brief memorial of his virtue and his worth. He was born in the colony of Virginia, January 14, 1749. On attaining the age of manhood, he participated with patrons of his day in the dangers and privations incident to the glorious contest which terminated in the independence and happiness of our country.

"Endeared to his country, to his friends and to society by the practice of social virtues of husband, father, friend and neighbor; honored by his country by frequent calls to represent her dearest interests in her legislative councils; and finally by two elections to fill the chair of governor of the State, a trust of the highest confidence and deepest interest to a free community of virtuous men possessing equal rights and governed by equal laws; a trust which for eight successive years he fulfilled with that energy, vigor and impartiality, which, tempered with Christian spirit of God-like mercy and charity for the frailty of man, is but calculated to perpetuate the inestimable blessings of government and the happiness of man.

"An administration which received its best reward below, the approbation of a grateful and enlightened country, by whose voice, expressed by resolution of the general assembly in December, 1822, this monument of departed worth and grateful sense of public services was erected and is inscribed. He died January 19, 1822, as he lived, a sincere Christian, firm, constant and sincere in his own religious sentiments, tolerant for those who differed from him; reposing in the mercy of God and the merits of his

Redeemer his hopes of a glorious and happy immortality."

Several years ago the remains of nearly all the former governors of the Commonwealth were removed to the Frankfort Cemetery, but Gov. Garrard's grave was undisturbed because his descendants, who still own the place, demurred. He is one of the few governors who is not buried at Frankfort.

Relics Treasured

Col. Garrard's writing desk and bookcase, together with a collection of books, have been handed down from father to son until they are at present the property of his great-grandsons. The library consists principally of law books and a few volumes of classic literature. One of the books, entitled "Laws of Kentucky," contains his signature in bold, clear handwriting.

Like many homes of the early Kentucky and southern aristocracy, Mt. Lebanon can boast of at least one celebrated wedding. Gabriella Augusta Hawkins, granddaughter of Col. Garrard, a native of Bourbon County, and George Washington, a grandson of Samuel Washington, a brother of Gen. George Washington, were married there May 2, 1827.

From the time it was built to the present day, the Garrard homestead has always been in the family. William Garrard Talbot, Jr., great-grandson of the governor, is the present owner. He plans to remodel the place and move into it in the near future.

A house where the slaves lived is nearby. A smoke-house, where the winter's meat was seasoned, is less than 50 yards from the home. It is built of the same stone that forms the old manor house.

Kentucky Interpreted

(Cincinnati Enquirer)

LITTLE by little the rich background of Kentucky as Kentuckians know and love it is coming out where it can be seen and appreciated by the rest of the world. And this is fortunate because the Kentucky culture and the estimate of its heritages have not been understood by great numbers of people in other states. To read the news played up from Kentucky is to gain the idea that much is shooting affrays or a medley of parlays and corn liquor.

In another day people read James Lane Allen's novels and shorter tales and appreciated his sketches of a rich and mellow life in the Blue-Grass region. Then came the long sequence of Irvin Cobb, story after story, typical and true enough, but by no means exhausting the possibilities of the Kentucky scene. Within the last two years the work of Miss Roberts and Joseph Hergesheimer in the "Great Meadow" and in the "Limestone Tree" have added to Kentucky's appreciation by her neighbors, a something which is not to be gained by visiting Louisville at Derby time. There is set forth the pioneer beginnings of which nearly every Kentucky family has memories. Mr. Hergesheimer, indeed, has undertaken to portray the amalgam of the days of Boone, with the richer culture of the Blue Grass which sprang from the Virginia and Maryland gentry to form the Kentucky of the 40's, 60's and the 80's.

But competent and satisfactory as these contributions are, there remains a department almost lyrical which Kentuckians themselves have difficulty in explaining. Con-

gressmen and Senators have undertaken in perfervid oratory to give vent to the rhapsodical love of the native for his panorama of mountains and valleys, forests and streams.

What J. J. Audubon and Constantin Rafinesque saw in this treasure house was something near to poetry in their exultation over the rich stores of nature. Competent critics of poetry are hailing with enthusiasm "Green River"—a narrative poem by James Whaler, written for "Rafinesque." The story of Rafinesque, famous for its studies of the fauna, flora and conchology a century ago, is tragedy. The poem is appreciative of Kentucky as a great and beautiful fantasy. Here is something more than the Kentucky where the cylinder turns quickest and the culture of black string ties and the slouch hat. It is an attempt to express the wondrous quality which Kentucky feels is latent in "God's Own Country."

Kentucky Home Song Inspires

Picture It Draws of Happy Hearthstone Leads to
Ownership Desire

(Detroit News)

NEXT to "Home, Sweet Home" no song perhaps has aroused the desire of home ownership in people more than "My Old Kentucky Home," says the National Association of Real Estate Boards.

A white, ivy-colored home still standing in Bardstown, Ky., inspired Stephen C. Foster of New York to write the famous verses during his honeymoon in 1852. He was then the guest of Judge John Rowan, owner of the house, who declined with scorn to defend "at any fee" that "arch suspect," Aaron Burr.

On a Hill

The beautiful home stands on Federal Hill, out a little way from the pleasant town, and it was here that Foster, a kinsman of Judge Rowan, brought his bride from noisy and bustling New York.

The charm of this house and the love of the Negroes for the old southern homes was woven by Foster into the song. On his way south he had seen slavery in all its phases. He saw the young Negroes in love and watched them torn apart on the auction block.

But the Negro motif is rarely thought of by the lovers of this selection. "My Old Kentucky Home" makes people think of the quiet and serene beauties of home owning, and calls up in their minds pictures of happy hearth-sides, say historians.

Third Verse

A third verse which was never used in the North and which few northerners know is as follows:

The head must bow and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darky may go,
A few more days and the trouble all will end
In the fields where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load,
No matter 'twill never be light,
A few more days till we totter on the road
Then my old Kentucky home, goodnight.

The original draft of the song was destroyed by a fire at Federal Hill where it had been left by Foster as a souvenir.

How Kentucky Builds Bridges

Wilmington (Del.) Every Evening

THE State of Kentucky seems to have solved the bridge building problem, at least so far as that particular commonwealth is concerned. There has just been opened a span of considerable proportions across the Ohio river connecting Ashland with the village of Coal Grove in Ohio. The chief reason for the bridge is that it links three important United States highways, Nos. 23, 52 and 60, carrying all three across the river on the one bridge.

This bridge is the first to come into being under a new Kentucky law. It was built by the State Highway Commission under what is known as the Toll Bridge act of 1928. In this act the General Assembly authorized the sale of bonds for the purpose of building toll bridges connecting primary highways. Under the act tolls will be collected long enough to repay the cost of the bridge, after which the span will be free of toll. It is estimated that from eight to ten years will be required to liquidate the cost of the Ashland bridge.

This is a case where the loan is secured through a lien against the tolls. The plan has, of course, been tried elsewhere. The Philadelphia-Camden bridge will be thrown open free to the public, according to the present understanding, when it is paid for through the collection of tolls. In Kentucky, however, as we have seen the new law interpreted, there is blanket authority for a bridge wherever the authorities may consider one necessary and where the terms of the law can be complied with.

Please accept the congratulations of this organization on your splendid magazine, KENTUCKY PROGRESS. This publication is truly fine and every member of our office force enjoys reading it, and on numerous occasions we have used it in our window displays. With every good wish for the Kentucky Progress Commission in the continuance of this excellent publication, we are—Alabama Motorists Association, Birmingham, Ala.

At least once during the touring season, since we made this trip ourselves, we suggest the Kentucky Hospitality Tour to our motoring public. A large number of our members have made the tour and each reports a most enjoyable trip.—Springfield Automobile Club, Springfield, Ill.

West Kentucky

By ORA E. NAVE, Providence, Ky.

A portion of this grand old State
Was dealt so kindly with by fate—
A land of rich and fertile soil
Endowed with coal, flourspar and oil—
The whole traversed as well as bound
By rivers mighty and renowned.
Here Nature has, with liberal hand,
Set up this Empire great and grand—
A country that is self-contained
That peace and plenty be maintained,
Where man might live, and living love
His fellow-man and God above.

Editorial

[Continued from page 8]

is astonishing how little money is necessary to do effective work in bringing this to the attention of tourist agencies and the automobile clubs and their route experts.

From the cover portraying the "Twin Chimneys" on the Kentucky river, in Mercer county, to the manifold facets of Kentucky's state parks, here is a complete survey of what the State as a land holder of attractions and resorts has to offer.

Have you ever made a 500-mile motor trip from Paducah to Pound Gap? Or a fishing trip to Fern Lake and Cumberland Falls? Have you ever seen the site of the Battle of the Blue Licks? Or seen the sunset from Cumberland Gap? Have you ever gazed at the landscape from an air mail plane, from Fort Thomas to Mammoth Cave and then on to Hopkinsville?

These are described in the State Parks edition of the PROGRESS MAGAZINE. Perhaps you will see why it is that Kentucky's investment in state parks can eventually bring millions of dollars into the State each year.

Our park system is growing rapidly. Witness the succession of openings and celebrations in this very month of August.

August 7 saw the completion of the road into Natural Bridge State Park. August 12 was given over to the Butler Memorial Park at Carrollton; August 19 is scheduled for the completion of the museum and park roadway of the Blue Licks Battleground, while August 21 will see a celebration at Cumberland Falls.

In addition it must be remembered that there has been a veritable procession of other events earlier in the season. The Walker Memorial State Park at Barbourville and the dedication of the Lincoln Marriage Cabin recently aroused national interest. Added to what we had already, this makes an imposing array and the end is not yet.

Splendid as is the work already started, it is to be hoped that Kentucky may soon be wise enough to establish a comprehensive department of conservation looking to the preservation of all natural beauties, game, fish and forests, with money for the acquirement of all that needs preservation.

Seeing Kentucky

(Cadiz Record)

NO GREATER joy from the mere ride; no more beautiful sights to the human eye; no section more rich with historic interest and filled with sweeter and abiding sentiment exists upon the face of the earth than to be found within the geographical confines of Kentucky.

The towering pinnacles of the mountains; the flowing fields of Kentucky Blue Grass; the hospitality of the Pennyryle and the Purchase, historic and renowned, offer to the lover of home and beauty sights and enjoyments equaled by no other section.

With sights such as these; with thousands of other things equally inviting right here at our door and in our own home state, why does the Kentuckian eagerly seek a chance to leave home to see sights and dream visions when he does not know of the richness of his own native State?

There are people in Western Kentucky, who tour Europe and make yearly pilgrimages to the Golden Gate, who have never seen Mammoth Cave.

Kentucky Blue Grass, Mountain Laurel and the

Rhododendron, and the delightful odor of the "pennyryle" are unknown to many who boast of the delights of Italy and the Alps.

Bountiful in its possibilities and its potentialities, culture and refinement that the world little dreams of, glorious in history, rich in sentiment, Kentucky affords sights that all should see and offers opportunity that none should turn aside.

One of Kentucky's greatest needs is more loyalty upon the part of Kentuckians. There are none so poor that cannot enjoy these blessings and thus be able to tell them to others.

When we as a people awake to fully realize what a Kentuckian really is and what he has to be proud of, then it is that we shall see our own beloved State in all its loveliness, appreciate it for what it really is and what it means, and thus be able to tell the story to the traveler and to the wayfarer who delight at every opportunity to become a guest within our gates.

We of western Kentucky need to know better and more intimately the resident of central Kentucky and the mountains. The mountaineer will never appreciate the real friendship of the "pennyryler" until he comes down and meets him and knows him. How important to the aristocratic blue grass that its citizens become more intimate with the people of eastern and western Kentucky.

Let Kentucky see and know Kentucky. Then sectionalism will vanish and pass, and we as a State will become a people to enjoy to the fullest the many blessings that we have permitted to go by for the simple reason that we did not know what has long been justly ours.

Kentucky Thrills Tennessean

DR. J. C. ANDERSON, Riverview Farm, Dan-dridge, Tenn., wrote the following interesting letter, quoted in part, to the Kentucky Progress Commission, describing a visit to Kentucky during the past summer:

"On the 18th of July we bade East Tennessee adieu for a short while that we might see Old Kentucky, a dream of our boyhood days from the first time we read the story of Daniel Boone. We followed the route so well marked by that fearless adventurer and later marked with attractive stones by the D. A. R., whose great work in this respect will live forever.

"We tried to visualize Boone, with his rifle, climbing those rugged mountains, infested not only with wild beasts but with savage Indians, deadly foes to the white man, and blazing the way to hidden treasures.

"In the distance our eyes beheld a highway up the mountain that looked like a huge serpent hugging its prey. In vain we looked to glimpse the head of that imaginary monster, but the road seemed to go on and on.

"When we reached the summit of these mountains, our eyes caught sight of that wonderful Blue Grass section in the distance below. I could not but wonder if it was not like the place where God took Moses up to show him the Promised Land. No pen can write, no tongue can describe its beauty. No artist can paint or sculptor carve the scene. Not only was the land beautiful but fertile, with all kinds of vegetation growing upon it.

"Then as we sped along there was no monotony. One beautiful scene after another greeted our eyes.

"No wonder Old Kentucky has produced men of eminence and distinction—men who have filled important places in the world's history.

"I will forever hold in memory the hospitality of those I had the pleasure of meeting."

Increased Tourist Travel
(*Richmond Daily Register*)

TANGIBLE evidence of the value of tourist travel in dollars and cents is revealed in the disclosure that the gasoline tax receipts in Kentucky the first six months this year increased \$180,178 over the same period last year. The increase is not large, yet it is significant in view of less favorable general conditions, that the tax should have been paid on more gasoline than last year.

We construe the increase as justifying the assumption that tourist travel in Kentucky has not only been maintained, but has actually increased. We feel that the larger volume of tourist travel in Kentucky can be attributed only to the fact that the program to publicize the historic and scenic points of especial interest in Kentucky, as intelligently directed by the Kentucky Progress Commission, has kindled a desire in increased numbers to visit the State.

Cumberland Falls park will soon be made easily accessible with the opening on Labor Day of the improved highway from Corbin to the picturesque cataract and the scenic park area adjacent. The effect will be to attract increased tourist travel through Richmond over U. S. Highway No. 25.

As the volume of traffic is increased the local benefits derived therefrom are enhanced. The more people pass through Richmond the more will stop and spend money, small though the expenditure may be. That which is spent by the visiting tourist is new money, placed in circulation in a new community.

The fact that Clay's Ferry bridge is now toll-free is having a favorable effect on the amount of traffic over Highway No. 25. So long as toll payment was required much travel was routed around Richmond by routing bureaus. We anticipate that Richmond, although some distance from Cumberland Falls, will receive no small benefit from opening of the road to the falls from Corbin.

U. S. 23

(*Big Stone Gap (Va.) Post*)

VIRGINIA road enthusiasts this week were forcefully reminded that there is much missionary work to do at home before branching out into neighboring states. Local business and professional men interested in the construction of interstate routes passing through this section have journeyed to neighboring states of *Kentucky* and *Tennessee* for the past two years lending their efforts toward securing appropriations for the construction of routes in those states.

Now that continuous construction of missing links in these states has been provided and the value of the routes recognized, both *Tennessee* and *Kentucky* have turned their attention to the deplorable road conditions in our *Virginia*. Where *Virginians* in the past have been urging *Kentucky* and *Tennessee* to stress the importance of immediate construction, these two states are now turning and asking why haven't *Virginians* kept pace with their neighbors.

With our interests deeply absorbed in getting U. S. 23 out of the mud in neighboring *Kentucky* and *Tennessee* we have overlooked the fact that we have allowed the

route through *Virginia* to lay idle for the past two years in such condition that the *Virginia* link will be a sore spot in the national highway when tourists are turned on the route.

Within the next few months, *Kentucky* will have constructed a modern concrete highway over the entire route covered by U. S. 23 from *Ashland* to *Jenkins* where it enters *Virginia*. *Tennessee* is completing the construction of a concrete road from *Kingsport* to *Johnson City* and has made provisions for the immediate construction of the missing link from *Kingsport* to the *Virginia* line. In *Virginia* the road in many places is a narrow dangerous route with many death-traps for tourists. Driving off either the *Tennessee* or the *Kentucky* road into the *Virginia* section, tourists will meet dangerous traveling.

Leaders in nearby states stress the importance of construction of the *Virginia* link during the same time that the road in the two states are being built in order that the entire route will be free of detours and construction when tourists are turned onto it.

An Investment, Not an Expenditure

(*Louisville Herald-Post*)

THE passage by the Senate of the bill providing for the monument at *Harrodsburg* commemorating the deeds of the early pioneers who, with *Clark*, launched the military expeditions which secured the "Old Northwest" to the nation is appropriate—and timely.

It now goes to the House for consideration, and there it may be asked why, with so many pressing things designed for the amelioration of *Kentucky* and for the whole country, this \$100,000, and other sums for similar purposes, may not wait.

The truth, as it appears to those who view the next several years in *Kentucky*, seems to be that if our historical shrines, State and national parks, and our road building campaigns, are properly handled, they will be instrumental in bringing into *Kentucky* a considerable tourist travel. That spells money year by year.

Virginia, these many years dormant, will next year be reaping the benefits of a national touring expedition to the *Washington* shrines. "Wakefield," where *George Washington* was born, is being fitted up by national expenditure as a part of the bi-centenary; Congress has extended a national road to it, and now, with "Mount Vernon," this will form an attraction leading people farther into *Tidewater*. *Plymouth Rock* and *New England* will no longer figure exclusively.

That the route thence, through *Shenandoah National Park* to the *Great Smokies National Park*, and through *Cumberland Gap* up the "Wilderness Road," is historically the track of the American migration westward, if taken together with the "Forbes Road" to the head of *Ohio* river navigation, means that *Kentucky* and her history are inseparably linked to the national touring program for next year, and the years to come.

Everything that can be done by or for *Kentucky* by way of preparation is an investment.

Kentuckian Invented Radio

(*Ada, Okla., Weekly News*)

RADIO is a very recent invention but it is estimated that 24,000,000 receiving sets are in use in all parts of the world. This represents an investment of \$1,500,000,000 and \$59,000,000 in broadcasting stations.

When an invention that people want is placed on the market they always find the money to buy it. In this connection it is interesting to recall that one of the first pioneers of radio was a man in the little town of Murray, Kentucky, who 30 years ago became interested in the idea of a wireless telephone and in course of a few years made some progress but missed some of the essential features of radio, hence never realized anything out of it. By a scratch he missed becoming a very wealthy man.

Tourists Valuable Industry

(From *The Wisconsin Magazine*)

THE Wisconsin tourist industry which is exceeded in value only by the manufacture of automobiles, exists because of the beauty in the State. Anything that destroys beauty is a blow to the tourist industry.

According to figures compiled by the Highway Commission last year, the tourist industry brought \$134,659,470.00 into Wisconsin. The last United States census bureau figures available for other industries indicate that the manufacture of motor vehicles was the only industry greater in value than tourist with \$177,452,657.00.

The value of the tourist industry estimated by the Highway Commission as contrasted with the United States census bureau figures for 1927 indicate that the tourist industry is 43 per cent greater than the manufacture of butter; 39 per cent greater than the manufacture of cheese; 57 per cent greater than the manufacture of condensed and evaporated milk; 34 per cent greater than the manufacture of paper; 75 per cent greater than the manufacture of pumps; and surpasses other industries such as slaughtering and meat packing, manufacture of engines and turbines, boots and shoes, knit goods, furniture, lumber and timber products by percentages varying from 44 per cent to 68 per cent.

Bringing in the Cash

(*Louisville Herald-Post.*)

KENTUCKY may well keep a weather eye on the technique of those two older commonwealths, Virginia and Massachusetts. Virginia has avowedly gone after the tourist. She has wooed him with honied phrases about her hospitality; conjured up visions of the stately Tidewater, the Shenandoah Valley, the Eastern Sho' and the Mountains. Hand in hand have gone a program of road building and the marking of a plentitude of historic shrines. She has whetted appetites by extolling her Southern cooking and the courteous service of her negroes. If there has been anything left out of the picture, it has not been advertising.

Massachusetts joined with other New England States in a general program of advertising pointing out the loveliness of quaint New England towns and villages and cracking up the benefits of ocean bathing and fishing. Then she pulled a carefully worked out merchandising stunt of her own. Her historically-minded citizens were quite aware of the fact that three hundred years ago settlers came to Plymouth Rock. Thereupon the Commonwealth timed a State-wide celebration of the Tercentenary of the Massachusetts Bay Company.

And when the events of this year are over, all the Commonwealth of Massachusetts will be dotted with artistic bronze markers by the hundreds, so that the passing motorist can stop and read them. These will have been dedicated in this year. The highways have been

put into good condition—and Massachusetts stands in a good way of becoming a vacation land in earnest for all America.

Kentucky has made strides with our highways and bridges. This work will some day be done. Already we are conscious of the benefits of tourist travel and visitation. The Progress Commission has undertaken the problem of dotting at least one of our roadways with historical markers. We have made a beginning. That all this should be carefully plotted and planned and synchronized everyone who gives his mind to it will realize.

Our projected Mammoth Cave betterments, our shrines of history, our scenic beauties, our State parks are in no way fully stressed as assets.

At a time when of all things cash from outside needs to come into all parts of the Commonwealth, it is urgent that we shall not let the effort to develop Kentucky as a nation's playground become spasmodic or haphazard.

Tablet to Mark Historic Home

(*Kentucky Times-Star*)

TOURISTS and sightseers visiting Lexington will no longer have difficulty in locating the girlhood home of Mary Todd Lincoln, wife of Abraham Lincoln, world-famous Kentuckian and known as the "Martyred President," for the two-story brick house at 574 West Main Street of that city, once owned by Lincoln's father-in-law, Robert S. Todd, has been marked by a large bronze tablet, with a proper inscription, the gift of the Lexington Pyramid Club.

The building, which is of the late Colonial period, with large rooms, high ceilings, long hallways and exquisite interior workmanship, is now owned by Mrs. P. S. Golden, who conducts there a rooming house and home for tourists. A grocery occupied the west wing and an L has been added to the structure since Mary Todd Lincoln's day.

The tablet marking this historical shrine bears this inscription: "In this building Mary Todd Lincoln spent her childhood and here, in after years, she brought Abraham Lincoln and their children. Erected by Pyramid Club, 1930."

Mrs. Golden, owner of the property, has expressed gratitude and appreciation to the local Pyramid Club for the erection of the marker.

"Hundreds of men, women and children from all parts of the world have visited the home since I have lived here," said Mrs. Golden.

A guest book she keeps contains names from Canada and practically every State in the American Union. A persistent visitor is Dr. Luther Michael, president of the Dahlia Society of San Loandro, California, who has offered to purchase the house where Lincoln had often visited.

It is an historical fact that Mary Todd Lincoln was born on West Short Street, Lexington, where now stands the rectory of St. Paul's Catholic Church. In 1832, when she was 14, she moved with her parents to the West Main Street home and resided there until 1839, when she went to Springfield, Ill., to make her home and where she married Abraham Lincoln.

On several occasions, accompanied by Lincoln and their children, she visited her old home here. The house was sold in 1849, following the death of her father, Robert S. Todd, and since then has been owned by various persons. The present owner purchased it at auction several years ago.

American for 152 Years

(From Murphysboro, Ill., *Independent*)

ANY resident of Virginia or Kentucky announces the fact with a certain amount of distinction on him just to be a Kentuckian, or a Virginian.

The reason, of course, is that Kentucky and Virginia have such a background of historic interest.

Yet right here in Southern Illinois we have a similar background of which we have every reason to be proud.

It was just 152 years ago on February 25, that George Rogers Clark, with a band of 200 men, captured Fort Vincennes from the British. In those days, all this territory was held by the British who had forts at Vincennes, Kaskaskia and Cahokia. Clark's famous expedition was responsible for winning all this region from the British.

So Southern Illinois has been American territory for 152 years. Every resident of this part of the state should be able to say "I am from Southern Illinois" with as much pride as the Kentuckian or the Virginian proclaims his home.

Wild Life

(From Tyndall, S. D., *Tribune*)

THE legislature seems to have a healthy determination to conserve the wild life of the State. The House favors the reduction of the bag limit on ducks and shore birds from 15 to 10, and a possession limit cut from 30 to 20. It favors a uniform opening date for hunting seasons through the State.

The Senate wants to prohibit non-residents from trapping in the State, and there is a bill proposing to raise the non-resident fishing license from \$2 to \$3. It is proposed to change the opening date for bass fishing from June 1 to June 15, and prohibit hook and line fishing during March and April for all fish except trout, and put bullheads on the game fish list.

Our State is comparatively young but it is none too soon to look carefully to the conservation of wild life. Many states have delayed too long and are now regretting it. Nationally the conservation of wild life has been tardy, too.

In 1808 Alexander Wilson, America's pioneer ornithologist estimated that he saw in Kentucky 2,230,272,000 passenger pigeons pass over a certain place in four hours time. Twenty years later, Audubon wrote, "I have satisfied myself by long observation that nothing but the gradual diminution of our forests can accomplish their decrease." But Audubon did not realize the power of modern fire arms for we yet have some of the forests but the passenger pigeons are extinct.

The same process which exterminated the passenger pigeon is at work to destroy many other forms of wild life. The wild swan is practically gone. The quail, prairie chicken, upland plover, once numerous on our prairies are now hardly ever seen.

The crane, which used to pass over this section in migration season in flocks of thousands are now seldom seen. The forward-looking policy of the Isaak Walton league is finding its reflection in the legislature.

Your magazine is doing more to attract visitors to Kentucky than anything else. I do not know what these magazines cost the State, but it is the best advertisement they could have.—Col. M. Annie Poage, Ashland, Ky.

Ex-Woodford Countian Speaks Up

Being officially connected with the Washington County Motor Club, of Pennsylvania, it is my privilege to receive and read your splendid publication each month.

My boyhood, and up to the time I was twenty-seven, I spent in the heart of the Bluegrass at Midway and I never see or hear the word "Kentucky" that, between pride of nativity and regret for leaving, I do not experience a feeling that is between a sob and a thrill.

Reading Judge Wilson's article in the December issue has given me almost the pleasure of a visit "home." He certainly knows his subject but he has left me in a quandary about why blue grass is blue.

Only a few days ago, in speaking of England, I heard a lady say, "The grass is greener there than anywhere else on earth." I immediately asked her "Have you ever been to Kentucky?" She replied that she had not but that in Kentucky the grass was blue.

Now, quoting from the Judge, I know "It is the most vivid and intense green" so I felt it my duty to enlighten her. In good faith I said, "About seed gathering time, when the big wheeled scrapers are taken into the fields which have not been grazed, where the stems are nearly two feet tall and the grain ears resemble small heads of wheat, each plant breaks out in little filmy blue flowers, almost too faint to be seen as individuals, that in their aggregate lend a tint from which "*poa pratensis*" gets its appellation."

Over forty years is a long time to remember back and be sure. I do not recollect where I got the idea of why the name, but I do remember the blossoms. Since the Judge is so well founded in his knowledge of Bluegrass and so frankly says he does not know, "why it is called blue," I wonder if I have drawn on my imagination and misinformed the lady. Do you know?

With the very best wishes for the continued success of your wonderful work and everybody connected with it for the New Year and all other years.—James S. Pates, Washington, Pa.

I am glad to renew my subscription. I think each issue is worth the price. July is the best ever. To an old time Kentuckian, they are as stimulating as a prescription.—C. L. Dorman, Los Angeles, Calif.

The postman has just been here and brought the new Kentucky magazine. I stopped to look it through before writing this. It is simply amazing. Each number is, if anything, more interesting than the last. Seems it is published and illustrated just for those of us who have to live our lives far from Kentucky soil, so we may keep with us always pictures of the scenes loved and familiar. I have saved all the magazines sent and will some time have them bound—a portfolio of pictured memories.—Mrs. Douglass W. King, San Antonio, Texas.

The Kentucky Trots edition of the KENTUCKY PROGRESS MAGAZINE came to hand today. May I take this opportunity to congratulate you on this very interesting issue and to thank you on behalf of Walnut Hall for the nice manner in which you presented us to the public? I have always considered the KENTUCKY PROGRESS MAGAZINE one of the best advertising mediums we have, for it brings us in contact with a class of readers who would never know there was a Walnut Hall Farm.—Roy Miller, Supt. Walnut Hall Farm, Donerail, Ky.

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