Spring 1935

Kentucky Progress Magazine Volume 6, Number 7

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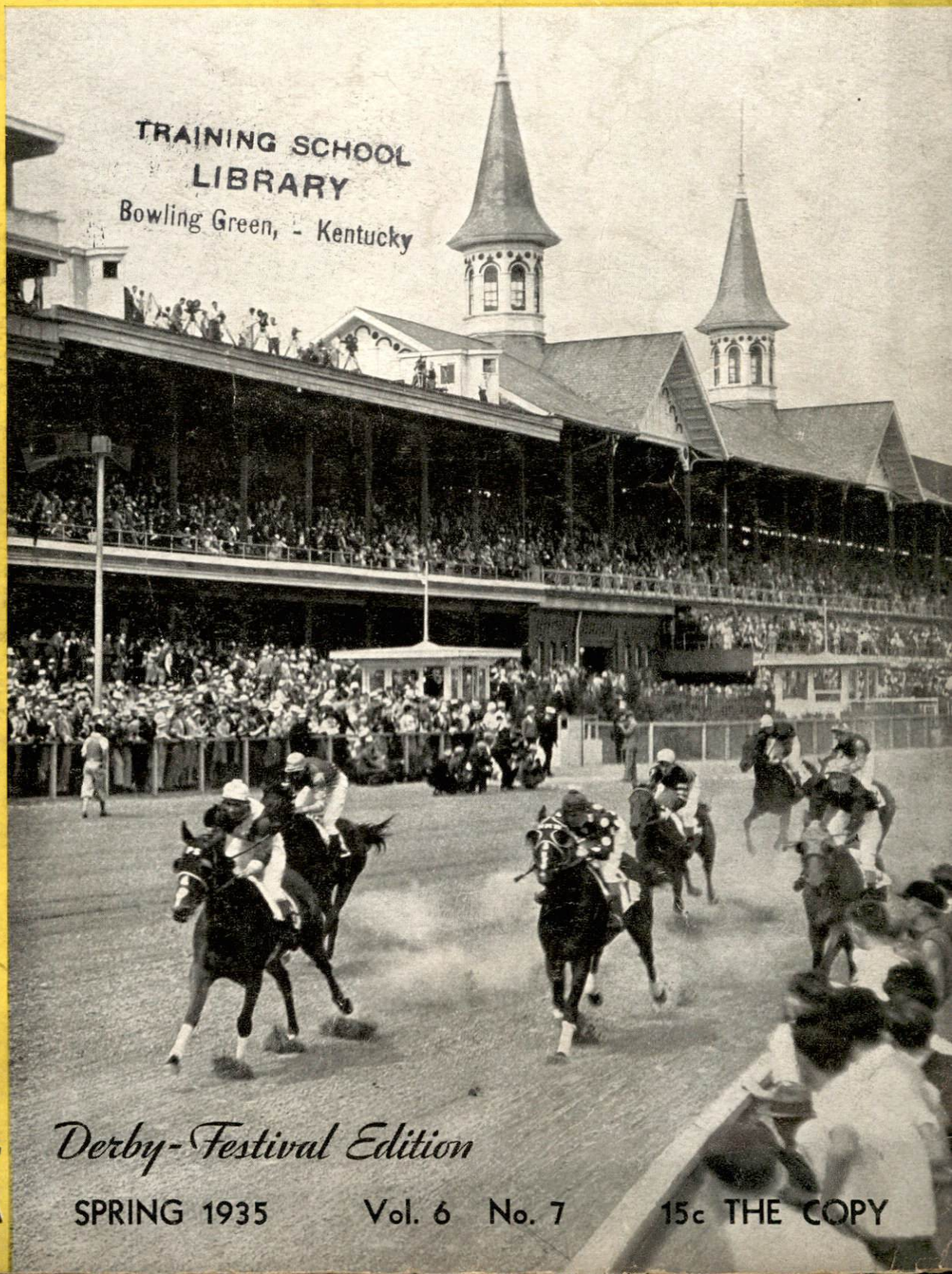
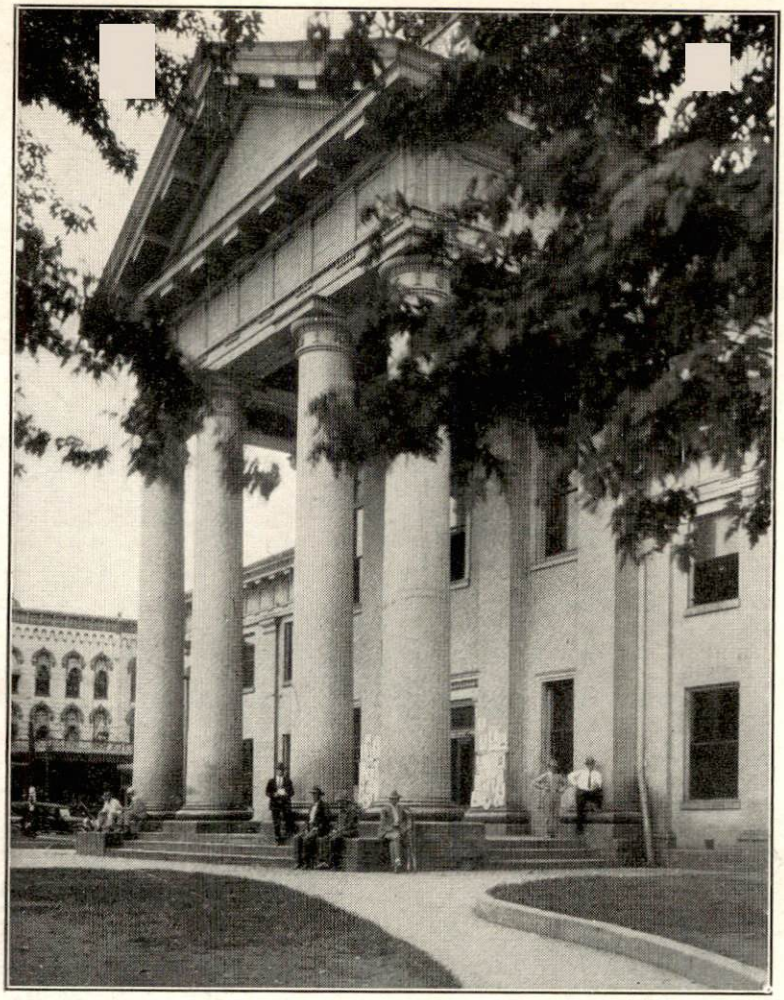


OFFICIAL PUBLICATION
OF THE KENTUCKY
PROGRESS COMMISSION

Derby-Festival Edition

SPRING 1935 Vol. 6 No. 7 15c THE COPY



This study of the old City Hall at Richmond is one of the beautiful photographs of Kentucky's fine architecture made by Tebbs and Knell of New York and now the property of the Kentucky Progress Magazine.

The Subscription Price is Reduced

The rapidly growing interest in the *Kentucky Progress Magazine* makes it possible for us to announce that beginning with 1935 single subscriptions and group subscriptions in lots up to 100 will be 40c for one year, instead of $1.00.

Subscriptions ordered in lots of 100 or more will be 25c each for one year.

The price of a single copy will be 15c, instead of 25c.

Many Kentucky manufacturers and business organizations are ordering subscriptions to the *Kentucky Progress Magazine* for every name on their mailing lists.

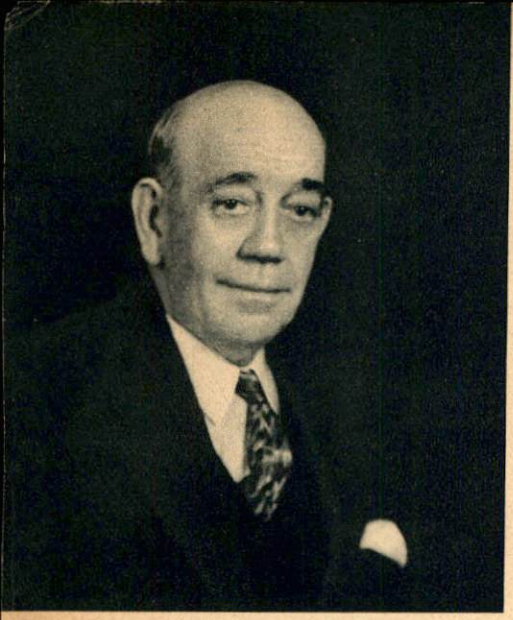
Gift subscriptions are particularly appropriate for Kentuckians who are now living elsewhere, as well as for the Kentuckian living at home and interested in local color and local attractions.

The *Kentucky Progress Magazine* is devoted solely to discovering and exploiting the advantages and attractions of Kentucky. We believe you will find that the magazine grows more interesting with every issue. Prepare your list, heading it with your own name, and send it to:

KENTUCKY PROGRESS MAGAZINE

KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY

Published quarterly by Kentucky Progress Commission, Publication Office, Broadway at 11th, Louisville, Ky. Entered as second class matter July 10th, 1930 at the Post Office at Louisvil'e, Ky., under the act of March 3, 1879. 15 cents a single issue. 40 cents per year.



Governor Ruby Laffoon

A Proclamation

To All Kentucky
Greetings:

On May 4, the Commonwealth of Kentucky attracts the attention of the world with that most significant and popular sporting event in America, the Kentucky Derby. Churchill Downs in Louisville will be the scene of the drama. A record-breaking assemblage is expected from every state in the union and every county in Kentucky to watch America's greatest three-year-olds contend for the most coveted honor of the turf.

The Kentucky Derby marks an epoch in Kentucky history. It is more than a race. It is one of the most cherished traditions of the Commonwealth. It is deeply rooted in the soil of our beautiful bluegrass pastures —the paradise of the Thoroughbred. It is an institution whose prestige extends beyond the limits of state and country. Its history is romantically linked with that of its English forbear with whom it shares the honors of maintaining the high standards of the sport of kings.

Kentucky is honored that for the running of the sixty-first Kentucky Derby she will become host to distinguished sportsmen from near and far. To them, to their friends Kentucky extends her warmest welcome, urging them to come early and stay late, to enjoy the gayety and amusements of Derby Festival Week in Louisville, to visit her historic shrines and flower-filled parks and bluegrass farms, and to make themselves at home wherever they find interest and beauty.

Therefore, I, Ruby Laffoon, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, do hereby set aside and designate Saturday, the fourth day of May, nineteen hundred and thirty-five as a holiday, and a day on which all Kentucky may serve as a committee to welcome the guests of the day with the hospitable warmth that is characteristic of the land of the Thoroughbred, the home of the Kentucky Derby.

Done at Frankfort, Kentucky, this the twenty-second day of April, A. D., nineteen hundred and thirty-five, and in the 143rd year of the Commonwealth.

Ruby Laffoon

Ruby Laffoon, Governor
Commonwealth of Kentucky.

KENTUCKY PROGRESS COMMISSION

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15c per copy, 40c per year

BARBARA T. ANDERSON, *Editor*

Table of Contents

The Kentucky

IT IS Derby Day in Louisville. The city pulses with the continuous rumbling murmur of excited thousands. Inn, hotel and private home is filled to capacity with guests who have come for the festival that centers about the greatest event in American flat racing. Yesterday and this morning airplanes buzzed out of the sky and landed many at the flying field. Pullmans and private cars and special trains have taxed the terminal facilities. Since last midnight there were said to have been, converging upon Louisville by several highways, unbroken lines of automobiles thirty miles long. Certainly in the streets today motor cars with the license tags of scores of states are almost too thick to dodge.

Down at the river, the levee is crowded with steamboats —some of which haven't poked their noses in Ohio waters for years—*their* passengers representative of places off the beaten tracks, the river towns. These funny little stern-wheelers are now deserted even by pilot, mate and deck-hands, for early this morning fires were banked in the boiler rooms and all joined the procession to Churchill Downs, where at present they are mingling with Colonels of Industry and Ministers of State. In the realm of sports men appear to be equal.

So, in one way or another since dawn, people have been arriving at the old race course. Some came on bicycles. Some walked weary miles from the country. In one group were three generations belonging to one family.

One old carriage, an echo of past grandeur, appeared in the procession this afternoon, meandering its solemn way amidst the double line of limousines. What difference if its seat cushions were frayed and the horsehair stuffing oozed out of them in places? Each curve of its ancient body expressed a fine indifference to the staring throng, a consciousness of good breeding that defied criticism. The nags which drew it moved slowly on spavined legs and stiffening joints, but in their eyes were dignity and sweet patience. The old black driver sat upon his box in melancholy clouds of reverie, the quieting touch of age gently laid upon him. A few among the crowd laughed, but more stood silent, recognizing the fragile beauty of pride and poverty. I should not have been much surprised had some old Colonel raised his hat in a salute to —memories.

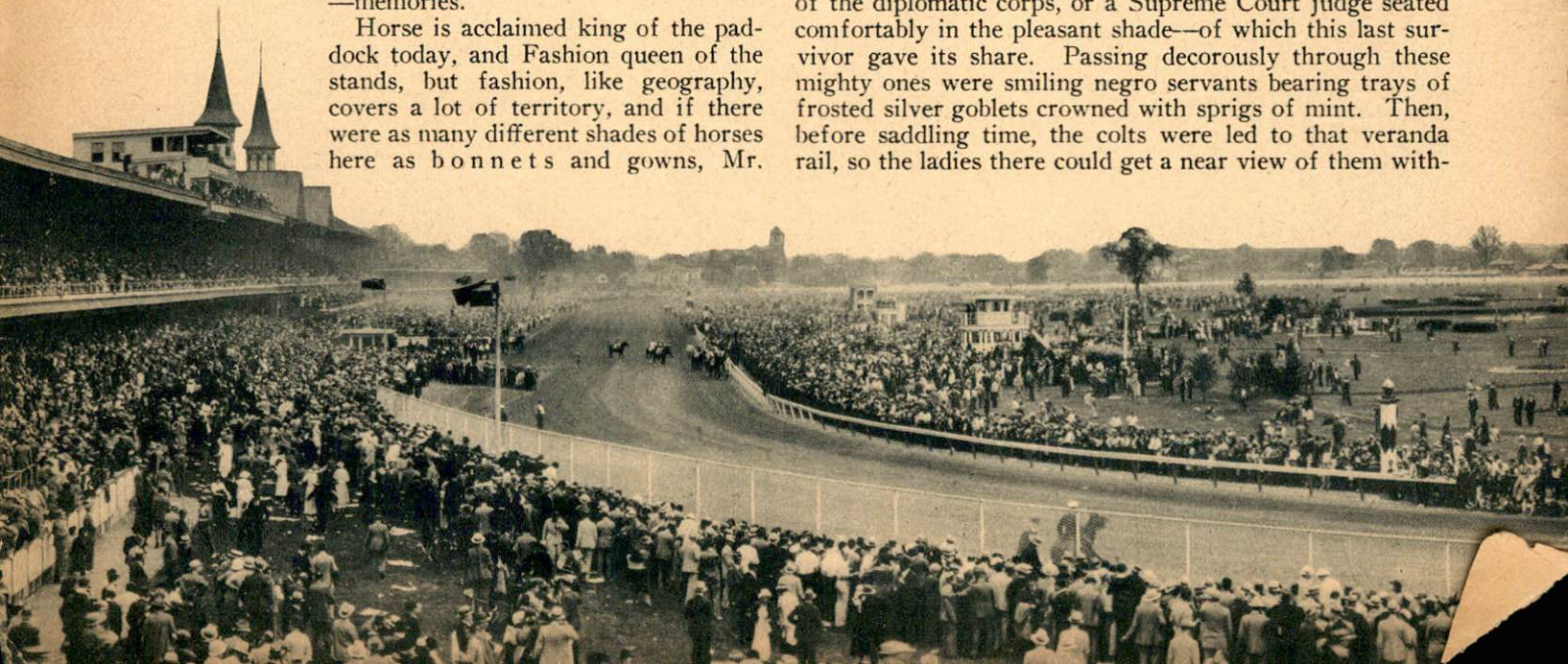
Horse is acclaimed king of the paddock today, and Fashion queen of the stands, but fashion, like geography, covers a lot of territory, and if there were as many different shades of horses here as bonnets and gowns, Mr. Burgess' purple cow would be a commonplace. All are attractive, blending into an animated scene—a holiday crowd in holiday attire—happy-go-lucky or happy-go-unlucky—presenting a kind of slow-motion kaleidoscope, for no one can move fast.

The track is beautifully oval, like a soft brown velvet ribbon laid on a carpet of green, its surface famous for the springy characteristics which have sent many a thoroughbred flying on to records. That bright green carpet is Kentucky's bluegrass, a forage incomparable for the making of brawn and bone in live stock, and if the term "green bluegrass" sounds odd it's explainable. For, in a few weeks now, this grass will send up slender stalks for its seed heads, covered with the tiniest of tiny flowers, so minute as to be scarcely noticeable even at one's feet. But, gazing across a field in bloom, there is a perceptible bluish tinge—hence its name.

The entire infield—all that part lying inside the track—is a beautiful stretch of bluegrass, although immediately across from the grandstand landscape gardeners have been working since early spring on hedge and flower beds. Yet, for the most part, this infield is given over to untouched sod. Out toward its center is the flag staff, tall and sparkling white. The Stars and Stripes is at the peak, of course, but on halyards outstretched to the ground fly the emblems of all nations—a bright picture.

One tree stands in the infield, the last remaining timber of a grove, where long ago the old Club House used to be.

The old-timers who look back to the early Derbies understand our feeling for that tree. They remember the mellowness that surrounded the old Club House and which is treasured in every reminiscence of this track. Its wide verandas and shady lawns were charmingly inviting, and guests arrived by the coach-and-four, smart tandem cobs and high-wheel carts, victorias, drags, phaetons, and the easy-going barouche. No ill-smelling automobiles in those days! On Derby mornings wonderful breakfasts were given for distinguished visitors from here and abroad, and it was not unusual to find a royal personage, or members of the diplomatic corps, or a Supreme Court judge seated comfortably in the pleasant shade—of which this last survivor gave its share. Passing decorously through these mighty ones were smiling negro servants bearing trays of frosted silver goblets crowned with sprigs of mint. Then, before saddling time, the colts were led to that veranda rail, so the ladies there could get a near view of them with-



Derby

By CREDO HARRIS

out having to walk through grass, were it damp, or across the track, were it dusty, to the paddock. That was many years ago, my children! Even though such gentle grace of living yielded to more pressing needs, the memory lingers, treasured as a fragment of yellowing lace, a lock of hair, a faded letter.

Now, stretching for more than a quarter of a mile up and down the track are the immense, modern stands, looking almost too severe in this setting of beauty. Steel and concrete, with thousands upon thousands of seats, even in addition to eighteen hundred private boxes.

As the race is a mile and a quarter, the start will be at the three-quarter post, and thus the runners will pass the grandstand and present Club House twice—the first time as they come down the opening quarter from the get-away, and again after encircling the mile track when they tear into the finish with a riotous prodigality of speed that would thrill a snow-man.

Straight across, beyond the back stretch, are the stables. These, too, have been refurbished for this gala day. Indeed, no paintable surface seems to have escaped the brush, just as no flower, nor shrub, nor hedge has been slighted by the landscape gardener. It's a beautiful track, and wonderfully kept.

But far off, beyond the finite limits of Churchill Downs, where landscape gardeners have neither touched nor toiled, is another picture that belongs to none but this particular race course; it is germane only to the Kentucky Derby, and a vital part of Churchill Downs.

Comparatively few of the visitors here have paused to see it, and perhaps they might not understand its message, anyway. For it is only a simple rural landscape, stretching out and onward into space until lost in a purplish haze. But on days like this—on Derby Days—its fascination is arresting, as we realize that somewhere back in that purple distance have been sired, and are being sired, the greatest horses in America..

Each year, for over half a century, certain favored youngsters, galloping freely in those bluegrass fields, have been brought in and lovingly trained for this one race. No others matter when compared to it. The honor of winning dwarfs all other victories. Whereas countless thousands of people have come here to see a horse race, in that other picture stretching beyond the track, rests Kentucky, mother of thoroughbreds, holding Churchill Downs in her lap.

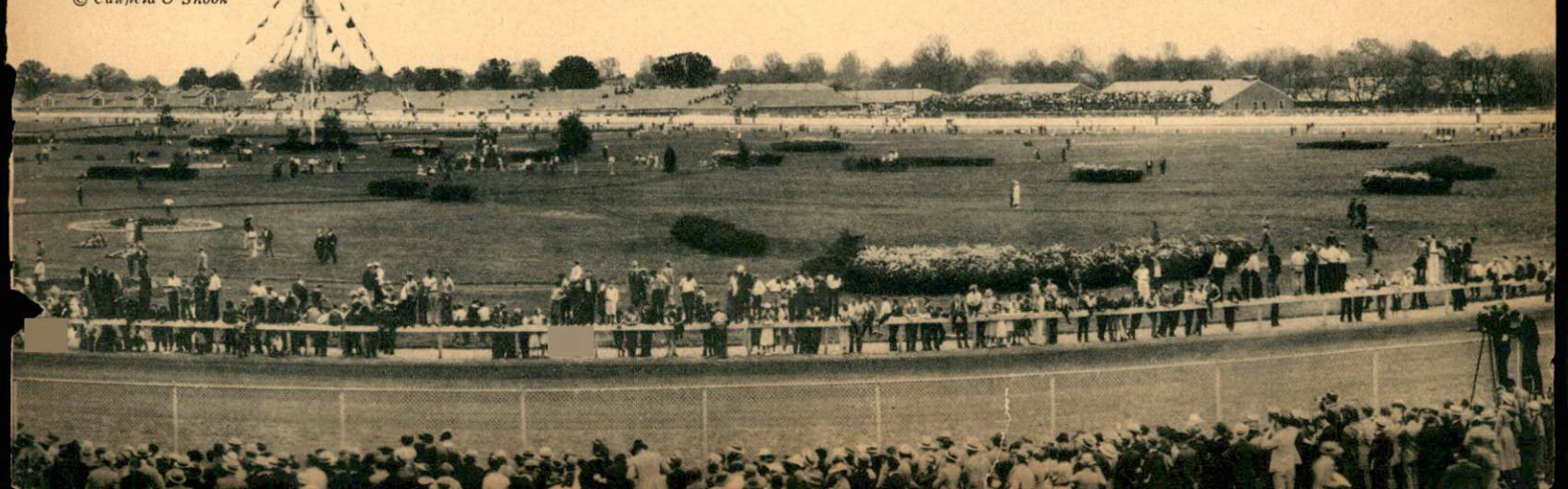
You can almost see—out yonder in the hazy distance—the spirits of long dead sires drawing near to watch their progeny make a gallant run, to urge them forward, to goad them into a more passionate will to win. And why should they not be here? Could Louisville hold a Derby without inviting the ghosts of Diomed, Sir Archey, Timoleon; Eclipse and his daughter Ariel; Sir Henry, Argyle—the list is long, to mention only those household names of more than a hundred years ago. Who shall say that their nebulous forms, cantering through celestial bluegrass, are not now converging upon Churchill Downs, to thrust their heads over the fence and whisper encouragement to their living blood?

The first of these, in order of precedence, should be old Diomed, great-great-grandsire of Lexington—our wonderful Lexington whose tomb has been a shrine for lovers of thoroughbreds this past half century. And Diomed has a further claim on our affections. He won the first English Derby, being a few years later purchased by an American and brought to this country. His influence upon our running stock was greater than that of any other stallion of his time, and his blood courses warm in some of the three-year-olds which will shortly be out battling for this race today.

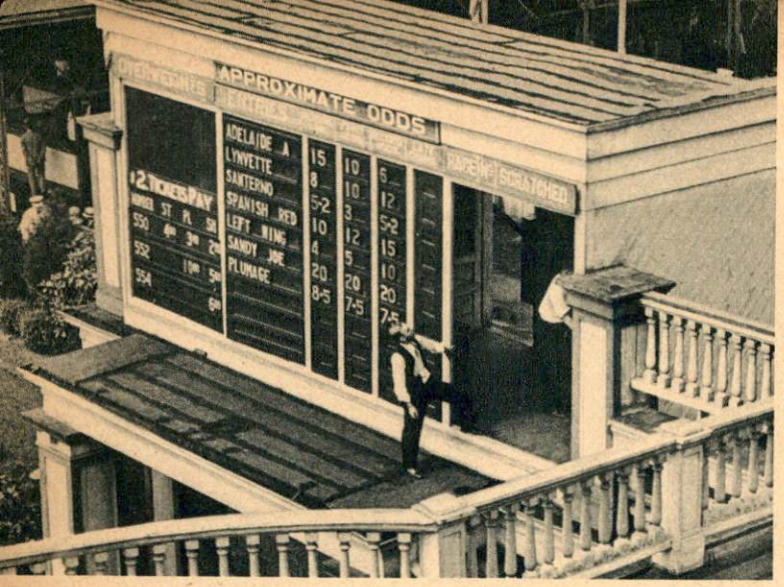
At the time Diomed won the first English Derby in 1780, there was no racing in the American colonies. There had been quite a lot of it for many years prior to that, but we seem to have taken our war with England more seriously than Cousin John was taking his with us, for, while he continued the sport of kings, we swore right off—as shown by a unique proclamation posted throughout the colonies in 1774, which read:

> "The Continental Congress lately held at Philadelphia, agreed among other things, for themselves and their constituents, to discontinue every species of extravagance and dissipation, especially horse-racing and cock-fighting."

Not that horse racing was always looked upon as being a dissipated entertainment in those days. True, the stern Puritan stock and the gentle Quakers frowned at it, but farther down the Atlantic coast and inland public opinion was more tolerant, and even the clergy, at times at least, engaged in the breeding of race horses.



Churchill Downs on Derby Day



All eyes are on the odds

The all-important judges' stand

—Photographs © Caufield & Shook

In the club-house gardens

One amusing illustration of this had to do with a friend of Andrew Jackson, the Rev. Hardy M. Cryer, of Tennessee, who was brought to trial before his church tribunal charged with racing a horse on a public track. The proof was quite conclusive. Yet the evidence showed that a Col. George Elliott owned a half interest in the animal. The Reverend gentleman's defense was brief and to the point. "Will the tribunal tell me," he asked, "how I can arrange for my half of the horse to remain in the stable while Col. Elliott's half is racing?" Even a Solomon's wisdom could not fathom that, so the court laughed and the incident was closed.

This Kentucky Derby was copied after the Epsom Downs Derby, inaugurated in England 155 years ago, and came into being through tragic circumstances. For shortly after our War Between the States, when the long, uphill period of readjustment was under way, horse breeders hereabouts faced a gloomy prospect. Especially in Kentucky and Virginia, where armies from both sides had crossed and re-crossed, the blooded stock was rather completely used up. A few stallions and brood mares escaped by virtue of being led off into hiding places, but these were the exceptions.

Prompt as Kentuckians were to take advantage of all existing blood lines, progress was slow, and racing so devoid of its former enthusiasms that several breeders were seriously and sorrowfully at the point of converting their land to agriculture—of turning that wonderful bluegrass sod which had never felt the bite of plowshares.

These rightfully discouraged men held a meeting in Lexington, 1873, with the result that Col. M. Lewis Clark, of Louisville, went abroad to study the English systems of stakes, rules of racing, and other measures then new to us here, hoping thereby to re-stimulate and save the breeding industry.

He returned enthusiastic and at once recommended that the race be started in Louisville, following each specification of the original. That is how, in 1875, we held our first Kentucky Derby.

It may be permissible to add that when Col. Clark brought the rules and regulations of that English race to Louisville, he brought, also, the correct pronunciation of its name—DARBY, so called after the 12th Earl of Derby, its originator. There are, indeed, "durbies" run on other tracks, because they were so christened when inaugurated, but it was sixty years ago that *this* child was formally and lovingly christened "The Kentucky Derby"—(DARBY)—which is, and must for all time, be the correct pronunciation of its name. There's a romance about it, too, which we should recapture, since there are only two races in the world to which that pronunciation (DARBY) intelligently and properly belongs—at Churchill Downs, in Kentucky, and at Epsom Downs, in Surrey, England.

The first field here got away in 1875. Twenty-one years later the distance was cut from a mile and a half to a mile and a quarter, but in other respects—except for some changes in weights—its conditions have remained about the same.

Before leaving all mention of early importations it is fair to touch upon one other great sire whose memory is fast falling into oblivion. Even now his name is lost, although his hereditary influence is with us today. So far as known, he was the first pure-blood Arabian to reach the western hemisphere—the traditional horses of De Soto and Cortez, of course, excepted for lack of historical data. And his adventures while getting here are almost unbelievable, but nevertheless true facts.

Briefly, in 1772, the King of Morocco presented a New England sea captain with a beautiful young Arabian stallion. Before the ship had got far on her homeward voyage this patrician animal had become the pet of everyone aboard. He was friendly and intelligent. He ate sugar from the captain's hand and playfully kicked the sailors. When they put in at one of the West Indies for fresh water, the Arabian was let ashore to graze, but while wandering about he got entangled in a stack of piled-up lumber, fell and broke three of his legs.

Without any hope of saving him, the captain and crew foregathered—no doubt tearfully—to put him out of pain. But as the old man raised his musket a voice hailed him. Another captain, from another ship, had just arrived for water. This newcomer said that he possessed some skill at setting broken legs of horses, and if the Arabian were given to him he would do what he could to land him at Connecticut in fairly good shape. The arrangement was made. The new captain was as good as his word, and three months later the Arabian, unassisted, walked ashore at Stonnington.

During the latter years of the Revolutionary War, General "Light Horse" Harry Lee, of Virginia, noticed a great improvement in the cavalry mounts from New England, and when peace was declared he sent a Capt. Lindsay northward to discover the cause. Investigations quickly led to the Arabian. General Lee had him brought to Virginia, and there bred him to selected blood lines with surprisingly fine results. But his real name is lost, and he is referred to in fragmentary records only as "Lindsay's Arabian."

But, to return to Churchill Downs. In the paddock each colt is assigned to an open stall, and there is a tanbark walking space where trainers are watching every move as grooms gently stroke them. The crowd around the iron-railed partition is pushing and milling with a desire to get a closer view of these youngsters in their beautiful nakedness, before saddles and bridles go on.

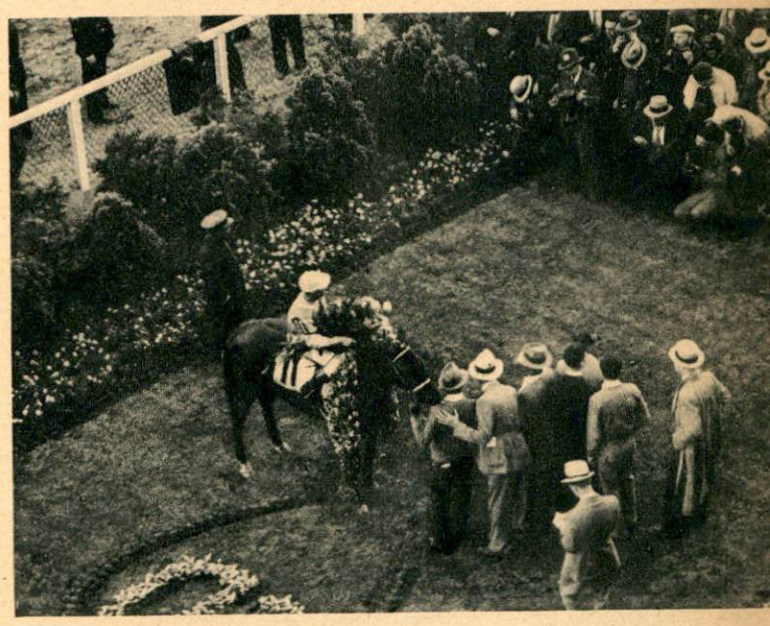
They are in superb condition—great bundles of muscles covered with the softest of satiny coats which reflect the light almost like a burnished piece of copper; deeply barrelled they are, with arched necks and delicate heads, their eyes shining with the pure fire of great purpose; willing to throw their strength away, and gladly, if such reckless expenditure will buy the Derby crown.

Near the paddock are the jockeys' quarters, but there is no apparent excitement among those little fellows as they lounge around in their bright silks and jaunty boots. A few minutes ago the bell called them out for weighing, and each stepped sedately on the scales carrying his saddle, bridle and whip—if he intends taking a whip. Colts will carry 126 pounds.

The nonchalance of these boys, their seeming indifference to the world and what goes on, is a really fine and gallant gesture on their part. For, of course, beneath the colorful jackets their hearts must be beating rather fast. Each knows that he is standing at the threshold of possible fame —that even now Old Man History has his quill poised above a new sheet of parchment, waiting to write the name of a new turf hero. Keenly the boys feel this. They realize that the impetus in speed with which they send their mounts over this man-made track today may also catapult their fame down the long track of memory, until such things as Derbies are forgotten. Small wonder if their hearts beat fast!

The three-year-old colts, cool and confident in their youth and power, are saddled. In a very short while one

Leaving the paddock for the parade



Photographing the rose-hung victor

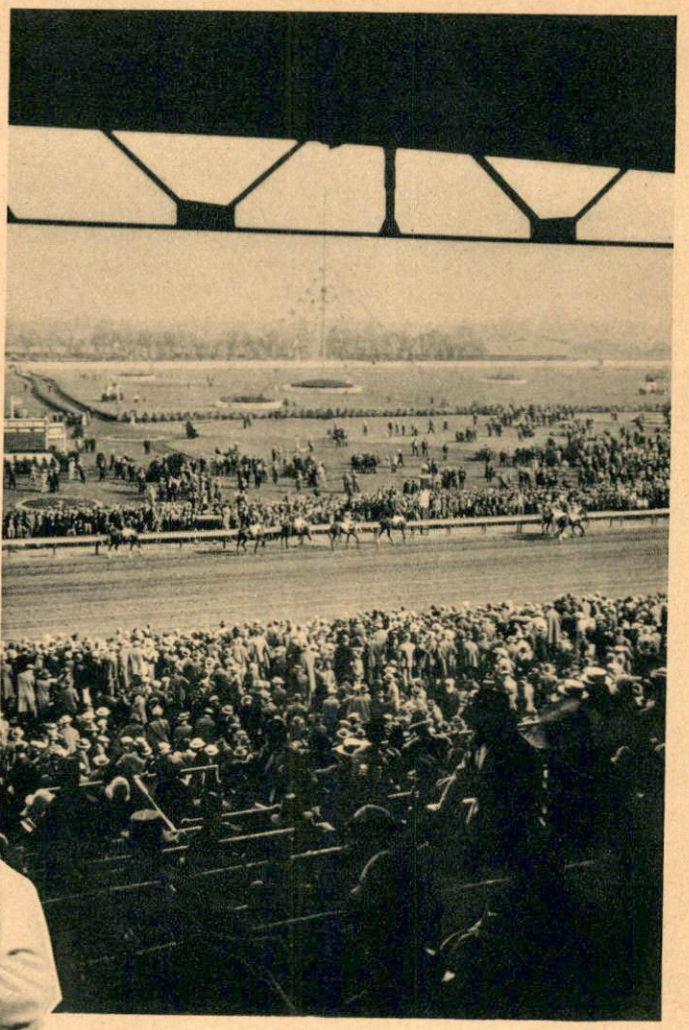
—Photographs © Caufield & Shook

Telling the world

of them will taste the sweetness of victory. At their heads, holding the bit-rings, stand trainers or stable men. Their faces are close to the soft muzzles. Maybe they are whispering last minute advice. For the bugle has called for mounting. The jockeys have been given legs-up, and each has gently eased himself down upon the leather. Attendants are guiding boots to stirrup-irons, while others see that bridle reins are not twisted when gathered in.

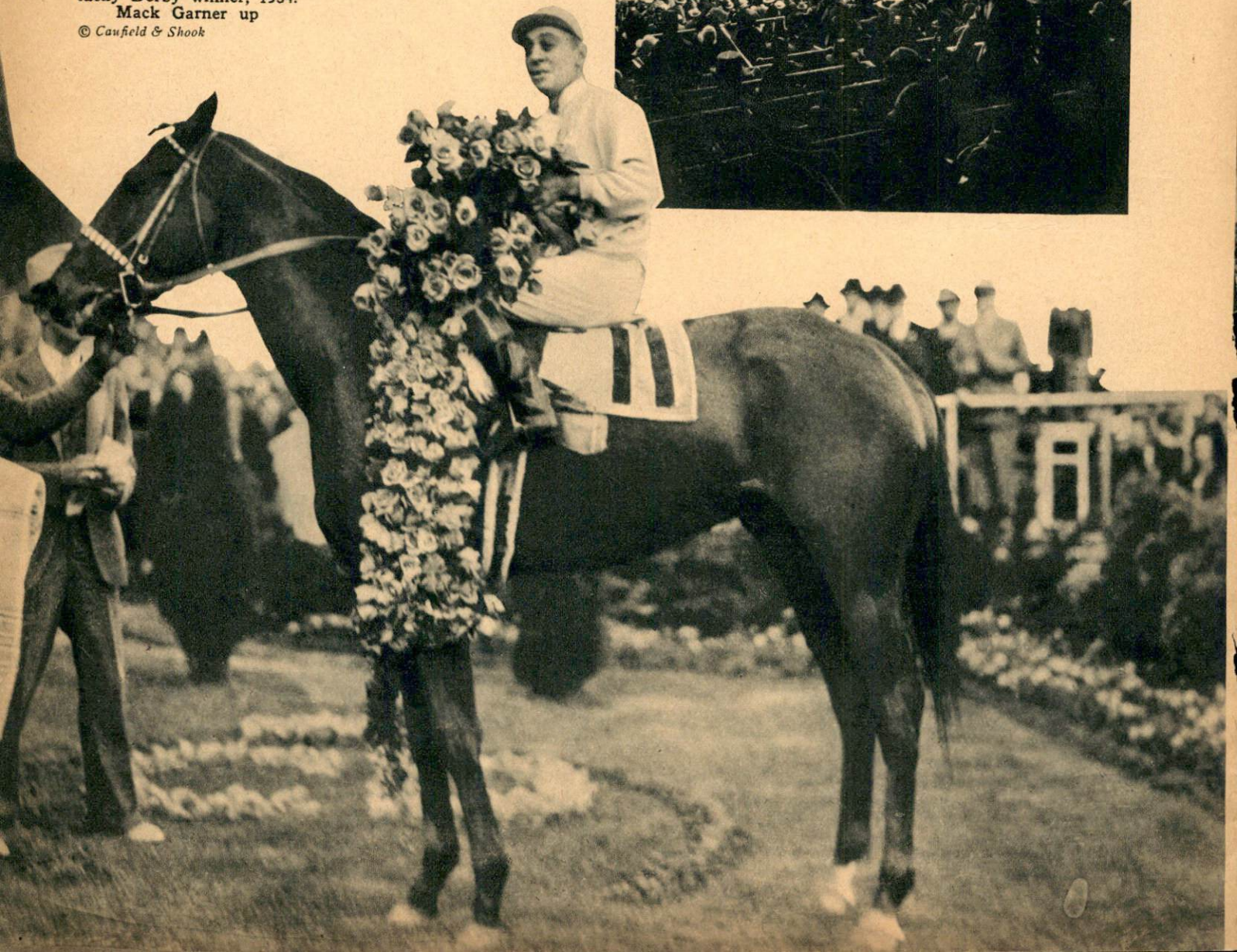
The bugle blows, calling the race, the colts with jockeys up leave the paddock in single file, pass through an archway beneath the grandstand, and thence out upon the track. There, still in single file, and in sequence of the numbers on their flimsy saddle blankets, they proceed slowly, up and back, before the entire length of stands, and so to the starting post.

More than seventy thousand pairs of eyes focus on the starting stalls where the colts, all nervous but not so high-strung as the breathless crowd, are being quieted for a fair start. And then—"They're off!"



Right: Looking across the infield from the grandstand, Churchill Downs

Below: Cavalcade, Kentucky Derby winner, 1934. Mack Garner up

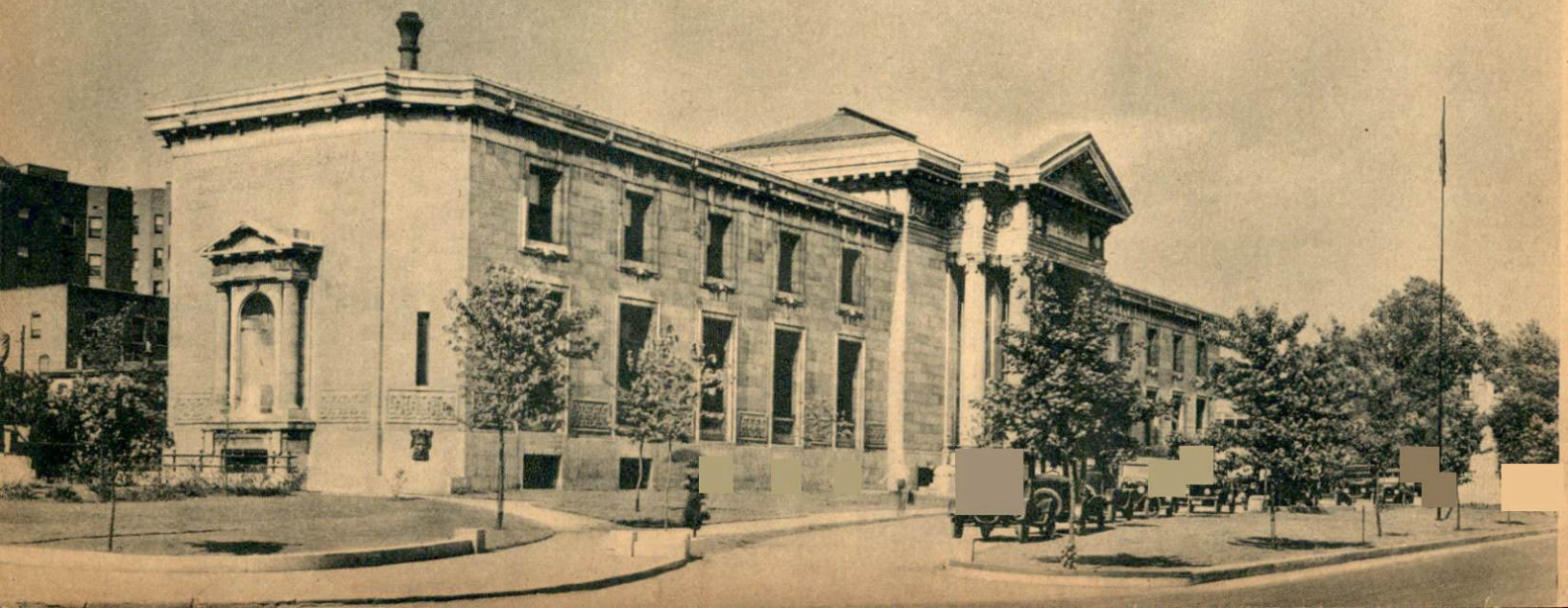


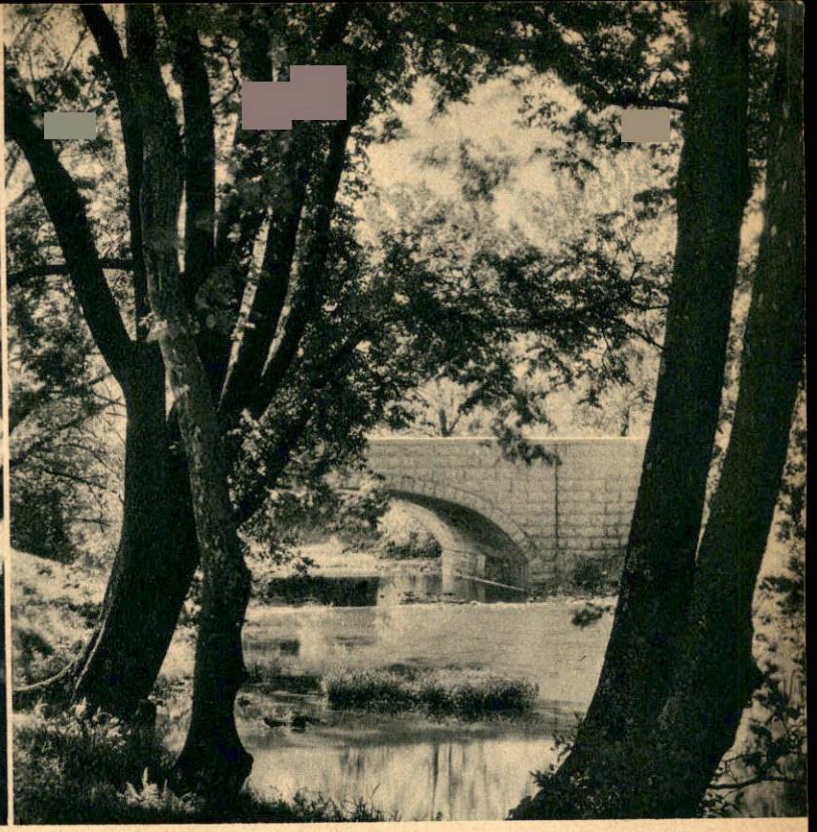
A Little Portfolio of Beautiful Louisville

—Photograph © Caufield & Shook

Above: Wolfpen Mill at Harrod's Creek; at the right above, United States Post Office and Custom House on Broadway at Sixth Street; right, one of Louisville's most picturesque century-old cottages; below, Louisville Public Library on York Street at Fourth. The Lincoln monument by Barnard is seen at the extreme left

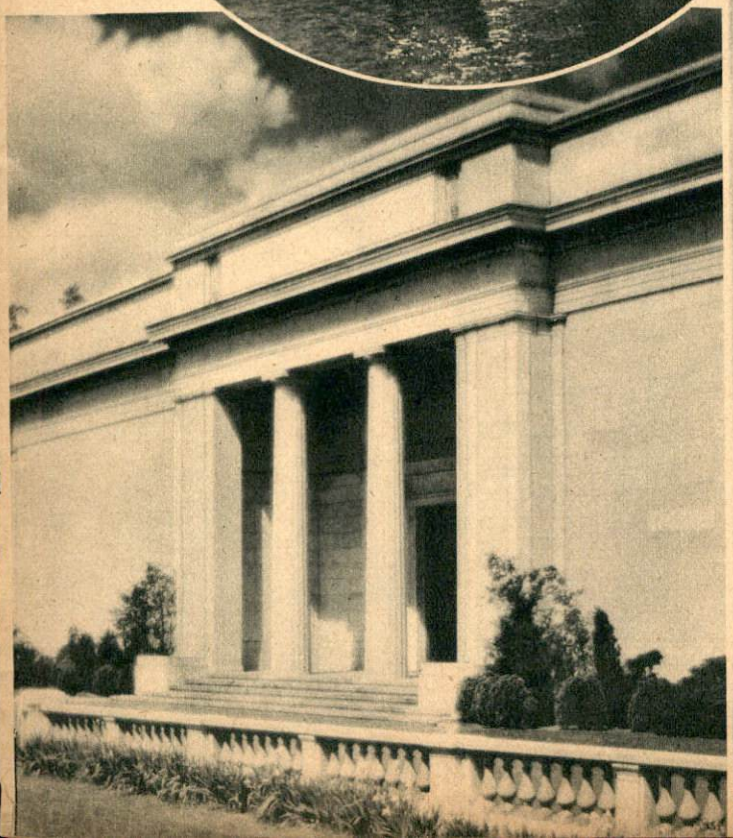
—Photograph at right, by Tebbs & Knell, others © Caufield & Shook





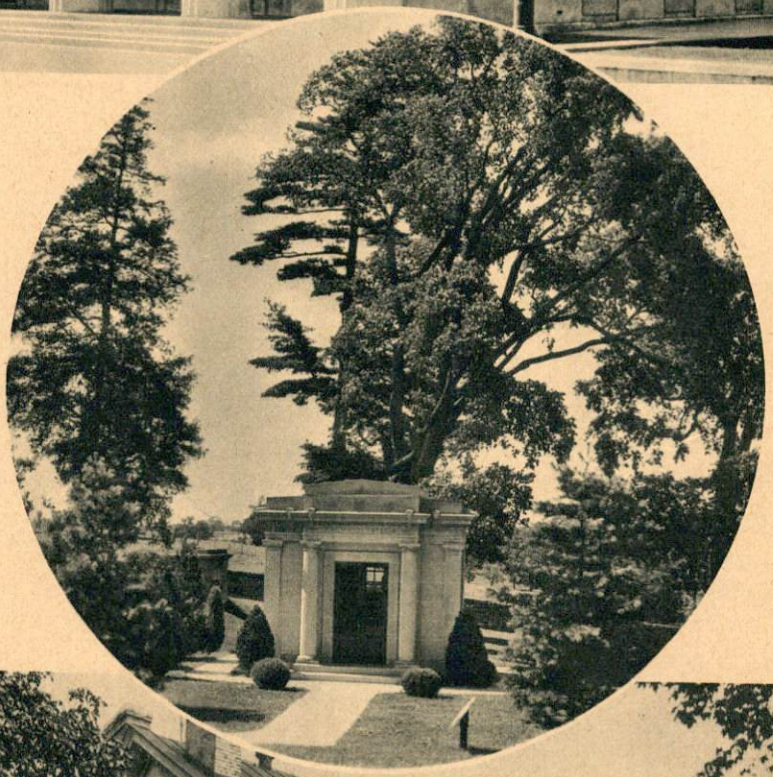
Above, lilacs and trees in Louisville parks; left, moonlight on the Ohio River; directly below, the facade of the Jefferson County Courthouse and the tower of City Hall; left, below, the J. B. Speed Memorial Museum on the campus of the University of Louisville, the oldest municipal university in the United States

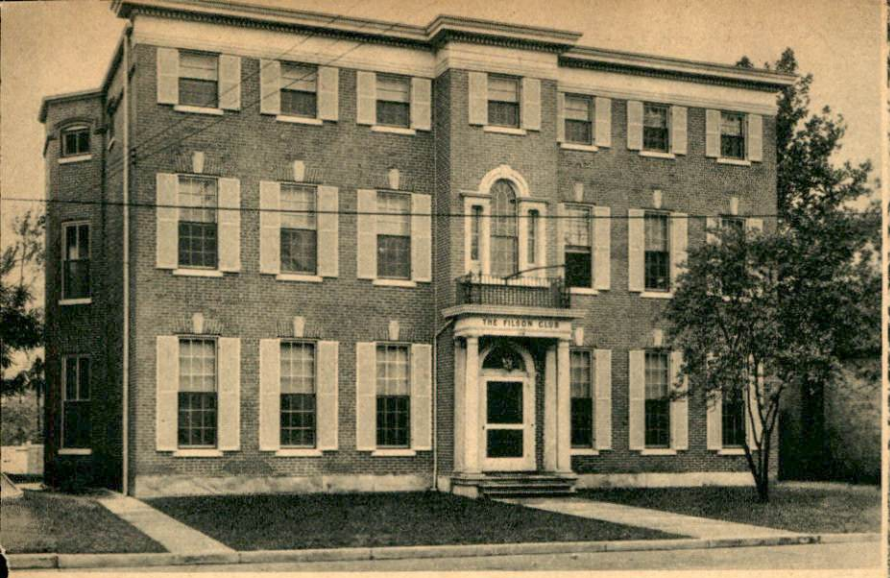
—Photograph below, by Tebbs & Knell, others © Caufield & Shook

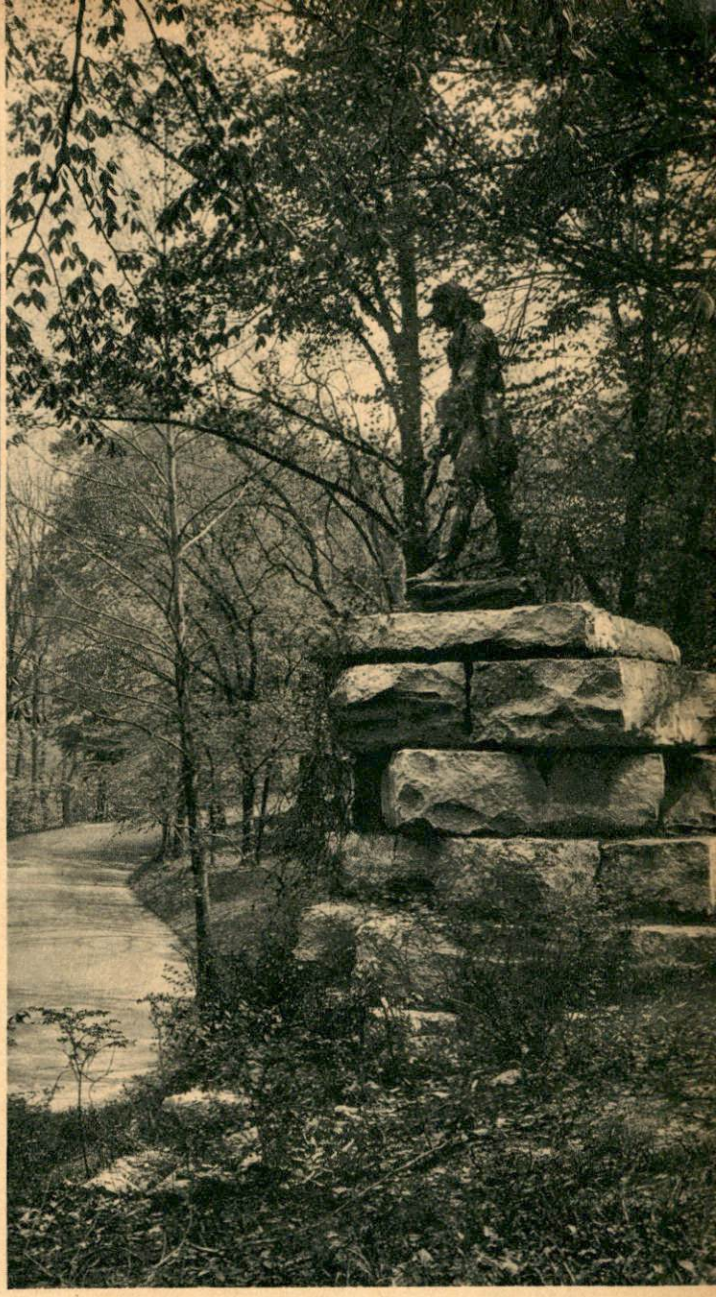


The World War Memorial Auditorium is shown above; below are the monument, tomb and Louisville home of Zachary Taylor, ninth president of the United States, on Brownsboro Road, six miles from Louisville

—Photographs © Caufield & Shook







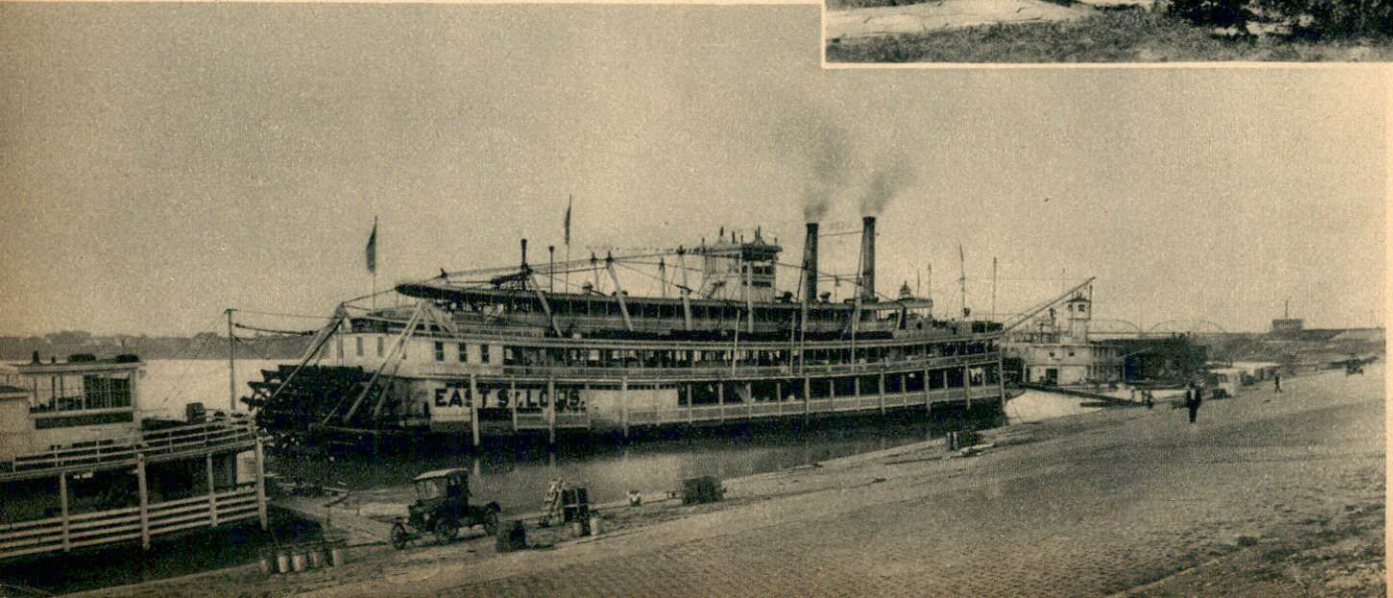
Honoring the Past

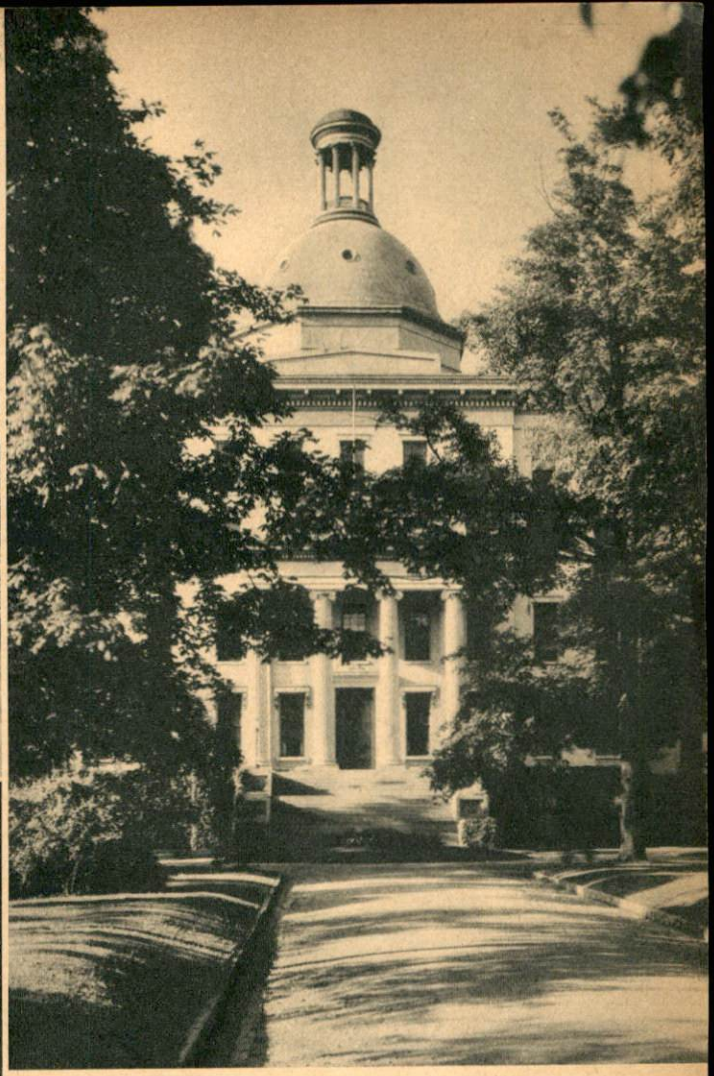
Above is the Filson Club, Louisville's noted library of history; right, the statue of Daniel Boone, by Enid Yandell, in Cherokee Park; below, the grave of George Rogers Clark in Cave Hill Cemetery and underneath it is the house where George Rogers Clark died. It is on Blankenbaker Lane near Louisville and was built by Major William Croghan about 1800.

—Photographs © Caufield & Shook

Upper Right: Driving from the Cherokee Park golf course; above, morning sunlight in Seneca Park; left, the classic portico of "Ridgeway, one of Louisville's oldest residences; below, the Ohio River wharf

—Photographs © Caufield & Shook





Above is one of the masterpieces of Gideon Shryock, the Institute for the Blind in Louisville; upper left, a waterfall near Louisville; left, a shelter house in Cherokee Park; at the bottom of page, in a Louisville garden

—Photographs © Caufield & Shook

© Caufield & Shook
Derby Day at the Paddocks

Kentucky Derby Is Inaugurated

THIS year there is going to be a week of weeks in Old Kentucky. It is Derby Festival Week—April 29 to May 4. Celebrations galore. Carnival spirit everywhere. . . . A colorful street pageant that is expected to rival the celebrated Mardi Gras parade. . . . A Derby Festival Ball at which Louisville debutantes will be presented to distinguished Derby guests, a function sponsored by the Junior League of Louisville. . . . A marvelous exhibition by the U. S. Army's Olympic Equestrian Team combined with a great horse show at the State Fairgrounds pavilion. . . . Home comings and county reunions for visitors. . . . Derby Festival Bowling Tournament. . . . Championship wrestling matches at the Jefferson County Armory . . . and, finally, the grand climax—the running of the sixty-first Kentucky Derby on Saturday, May 4, at historic Churchill Downs.

Mayor Neville Miller, of Louisville, is president of the Festival Association, and Colonel Arnold Strode-Jackson is executive vice president.

The Kentucky Hunting and Fishing Association has called a convention of representatives of fish and game clubs and game protective associations throughout Kentucky for Festival Week. Approximately 100,000 hunters and anglers in the State are expected to attend the big gathering.

The Carnival Club Committee has announced that $1,200 will be awarded in prizes to marching clubs, maskers truck clubs and individual maskers participating in the parade. This sum exceeds by $200 the prize money offered for similar participation in the Mardi Gras parade in New Orleans. Marching club prizes are announced as follows: First, $100; second, $50; third, two prizes of $25 each; fourth, five prizes of $10 each. First prize for the best maskers' truck club is $100; second, $50; third, three prizes of $25 each, with an additional ten prizes of $10 each. The best costume of individual maskers will receive $50; second, $25; the next five $10 each and 100 additional prizes of $5 each.

Marching clubs can be formed by 25 to 200 individuals employed in different businesses or from 25 to 200-300 employes of a single firm as preferred. The maskers can wear similar costumes or individually distinctive costumes, according to the rules laid down by their own clubs. Each unit will be privileged to furnish its own band and name a grand marshal and assistants to serve that particular group. Groups forming maskers' truck clubs will engage their own trucks, arrange for its decoration and any type of entertainment, musical or otherwise, for the purpose of providing hilarity along the line of march.

For visitors so inclined there will be ample opportunity for trips exploring the red-budded countryside and for visiting the hallowed spots of Kentucky's pioneer traditions —My Old Kentucky Home and Bardstown Cathedral, Fort Harrod, Lincoln's birthplace and such interesting places as Cumberland Falls, Mammoth Cave and the Bluegrass stock farms and racing stables.

Knowing folk say that Derby day this year will be grander, more thrilling, more glorious than ever before. This means that the treat of your life is waiting in store for you.

Program of Events

The Louisville Exposition
Sponsored by Junior Board of Trade, April 22-30

Monday, April 29—Carnival Night

Historical Pageant of Kentucky
Illuminated Floats—Marchers en masque
Street Dancing

Tuesday, April 30—Louisville Day

State-wide Beauty Contest
First Annual Kentucky Derby Bowling Tournament

Wed., May 1—Home-Coming Day

Round-up of Old-Timers—County Reunions
Professional Tennis Matches at Louisville Boat Club

Thursday, May 2—Army-Ball Night

Derby Festival Ball at Casa Madrid
Exhibition of U. S. Army Olympic Equestrian Team and Horse Show at State Fairgrounds

Friday, May 3—Derby Eve

Three Championship Wrestling Matches at Jefferson County Armory

Saturday, May 4—Kentucky Derby

Sixty-first Running of the Famous Turf Classic at Churchill Downs

Festival Week in Louisville

There will be community singing and sidewalk cafes to add to the gaiety of pageants and tournaments, balls and horse shows.

As for horseflesh? Yes, proudest of the proud. Fleetest of the fleet. Thoroughbreds and aristocrats . . . all of them . . . royal ambassadors of a long line of kings.

Thrilling, you ask? Imagine 75,000 people mad with joy as the shout is heard: "They're off!" Flying hoofs pounding past the grandstand. It's the first time around. . . . With men and women pleading, coaxing, hoping and praying. . . . And over all the sun shining down on a bluegrass studded oval that stretches away like a ribbon of gold—yes, clear around to that farther side where again you can see the sight of sights—poetry in motion. And then—

The stirring finish! Tension. Suspense. Pandemonium. Thousands scream encouragement to horse and jockey of their choice. Every spectator thrilling to the "sweetest music on land or sea"—the rhythmic beat of flying hoofs in that final drive for fame and glory.

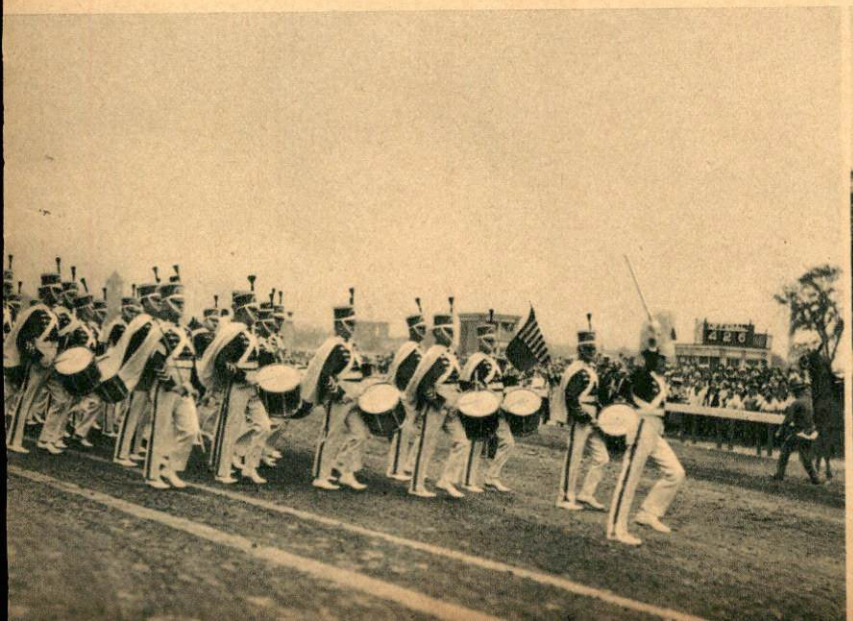
"Tan Bark," Prix de Nations horse with the Olympic team

© *Canfield & Shook*

Above: Gardens and Clubhouse, Churchill Downs

Above: A Derby morning workout at Churchill Downs
Below: Crack bands make music throughout Derby Week

Below: The greatest parade ground



The Little Colonel's Lloydsboro is Pewee Valley

At top of page: The Presbyterian Church.

Above: A picturesque cottage of the Victorian Gothic period. Left: Mary Johnston, daughter of Annie Fellows Johnston, in her garden at Pewee Valley. Below: Maple Avenue.

—All photographs on these two pages by Kate Matthews

The Little Colonel's Kentucky

DURING the past twenty-five years thousands of children have made happy pilgrimages to the picturesque Kentucky village that is the scene of Annie Fellows Johnston's Little Colonel series. In the books the village is Lloydsboro Valley which, Mrs. Johnston says, "like all Gaul, is divided into three parts. One lies in the State of Kentucky, one in the Country of the Imagination and one in the dear demesne of Memory."

Look for Oldham County on the map of Kentucky and there you will find a tiny speck that is Pewee Valley. This was Mrs. Johnston's home and the Lloydsboro Valley of her beloved stories. In her autobiography Mrs. Johnston says, "you will no longer find the scene of her stories along any road whatsoever, for the years have stolen its pristine charm and it is no longer a story-book sort of place."

Certainly the golden age of Pewee Valley was thirty-five or forty years ago. To quote again from Mrs. Johnston's "The Land of the Little Colonel," (published by L. C. Page Company), "Wandering down its avenues was like stepping between the covers of an old romance. One had only to stroll past the little country post office to feel the glamour of the place and meet a host of interesting characters."

Among these interesting people were the writers, George Madden Martin, and her sister, Eva Madden, and Cleves Kinkead. Noble Butler of spelling book fame lived there, and Pewee Valley was the summer home of many Louisvillians, among them Robert Worth Bingham, now Ambassador to the Court of St. James. And, of course, there was Annie Fellows Johnston, herself, the old Colonel, the Little Colonel and other figures in the books.

The visitor today will look in vain for some of the storied landmarks. Fire has destroyed the old boarding school and the Haunted House of Hartwell Hollow, and many other houses. Time has left many scars but still there are the long, beautiful avenues of trees that lead from the wide street back to the houses or sites of houses where the Little Colonel and her friends were so happy. The visitor today who looks down their inviting vistas needs very little help from his imagination to see these shaded avenues peopled with Lloyd and Betty, Fritz and May Lily, the two little knights, the old Colonel and all the rest of that delightful company.

Pewee Valley is about twenty miles from Louisville on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad; by motor the distance is eighteen miles. The motorist leaving Louisville at Third and Broadway follows U. S. 60 through St. Matthews to State Road 22 and through Anchorage to Pewee Valley.

The Little Colonel (Hattie Cochran) and Mom Beck, above Below: The Little Colonel and Annie Fellows Johnston

Lower Left: May Lily's Sunday School class, taught by "Miss Allison"

—*Photographs by Tebbs*

In 1906 Colonel Edward R. Bradley bought over three hundred acres of bluegrass country. These he has extended and matured into a perfect home for thoroughbreds

Idle Hour Stud Farm In Kentucky

(Reprinted by Special Permission from Town and Country, August, 1934)

Green land along the old Frankfort Pike which has developed celebrated winners of the Kentucky Derby

By J. C. COOLEY

IDLE HOUR is a pleasant name. But with the exception of some of the old retainers, both man and beast, who, having served faithfully, are pensioned off for a lifetime, I doubt very much whether there are many idle hours for anyone actively connected with that beautifully appointed stud farm near Lexington in Kentucky, which is Colonel Edward R. Bradley's pet hobby and diversion, and which he maintains in so workmanlike a style.

Black Tony, celebrated in his day as one of the leading stallions of the country, may in his old age find calm and repose, knee deep in the blue grass or drowsing in the shade of a sycamore. And there may be some ancients, human black Tonys and black Joes who find their declining years made easy after a life of toil, because of the kindliness and humanity of the man they serve. But establishments like Idle Hour are not maintained year after year with a high degree of efficiency without a vast amount of labor; and very intelligent labor. It is obvious that this is true at Idle Hour. Everybody is active, from Colonel Bradley and his very able manager, Mr. Barry Shannon, down through all those subordinates whose duty it is to look after the stallions and brood mares, and to tend the young stock which in days to come will have to leave that pleasant nursery to go out into the world and fight to maintain the prestige of the white jacket with green stripes on the sleeves, which for so many years have been among the famous racing colors of the United States.

Colonel Bradley, the Kentuckian, and Maurice Materlinck, the Belgian, together have made the Bee famous, and no story of Idle Hour is complete without reference to the Bees. Every animal bred at Idle Hour has a name which begins with that second letter of the alphabet. Capable as Mr. Barry Shannon is, it is possible he might not have his present job if he had been christened Thomas. The hum of the bees is a familiar sound to racegoers all over the country. At Churchill Downs, the scene of the Kentucky Derby, won this year by Mrs. Dodge Sloane's three-year-old Cavalcade, the hum has become almost monotonous. The Colonel's horses have won it so often that now trainers all over the country are in mortal terror of the hive known as Idle Hour.

What an animal has done in the past he might conceivably do in the future because the ability has been proved to exist. And what he has never seemed able to do might seem fairly good proof that certain tasks were beyond his powers. But in the hands of Colonel Bradley's very astute trainer, Mr. Dick Thompson (heaven knows how he got his job) the Bees are apt to make surprising improvement, and because a Bee has not shown classic form as a two-year-old by no means indicates that as a three-year-old it will not be a very busy worker instead of a drone. At present the Queen Bee of the hive is the fine big filly, Bazaar. She is one of the very few raced by the Colonel which was not bred by him. Bazaar's dam, Silver Hue,

Included in the stable group at Idle Hour is an arrangement of open air stalls, shown at the left, where yearlings can bask in the sun protected from the wind.

was purchased at a sale in England by the Colonel's agent, when in foal to the great English stallion, Tetratema, and Bazaar herself was foaled at Idle Hour. With the name of the Queen comes the humming of another Bee, a drone last year and perhaps still a drone. But so menacing is the threat of the Big Bad Bogey Bradley, remembering what the drone Broker's Tip proved to be last year, that trainers of the various rival candidates are wondering if another Broker's Tip is coming along in the shape of Blue Again, up to date a drone, but a full brother of that mighty worker of a few years past, the great Blue Larkspur.

The fame of Colonel Bradley's stud farm is world-wide in the vivid story of the turf in this country. Every year Idle Hour is one of the leaders in the winning list, and every year the animals bred by the Colonel are prominently discussed in connection with the running of the great classics. As I have said, there is no man living who has a record approaching his in the Kentucky Derby, which on four occasions during the last fifteen years has seen his colors come down in front, and on two of those occasions, 1921 and 1926, the winner followed home by a stablemate.

The fact that Colonel Bradley's stud and those other great establishments which are household words in racing year after year stand at the top is no chance thing, nor is it a matter of quantity or because so many foals are born on these great farms each year. It is because of the quality of the mares. . . .

The great establishments have the mares and then when the foal comes, for its proper care and development, they have the best land there is to be found in Kentucky, which most people, except the dyed-in-the-wool, rabid and loyal Virginians, will tell you is the best land for the development of the thoroughbred to be found in all these United States. . . .

Those sportsmen and, in increasing numbers, sportswomen, who maintain the great establishments, own the pick of the blue grass country. No possible pains or expense is spared in raising the young stock, and from conversations that I have heard I am very sure that just as much thought and attention is given to the fertility of the paddocks as is paid to the fertility of the mares. It was in 1906 that Coloney Bradley, after as picturesque an existence as the romantic heart of any young blade could desire, after days in New Mexico where, under General Nelson A. Miles, he acted as a scout against the Apache Indians, came back to his beloved Kentucky. The green acres stretching along the old Frankfort Pike were for sale and the Colonel purchased them, some three hundred and fifty in all. I suppose it was a very modest place then and modest from one point of view it still remains, although so beautifully maintained. But since then adjoining land has been purchased from time to time, old buildings renovated and new ones erected, until today in all its spick-and-span white and green it lies, as complete and perfectly appointed a home for thoroughbreds as exists in that region where the horse so very rightly reigns, in that blue-green heart of old Kentucky.

Black Tony, one of the leading stallions of his day

Above: Two of the Ann Bullitt Brewer dancers who are featured at the festival. Right: Mary Evelyn White, of Western State Teachers College, who was Queen of the 1934 festival. Below: The Queen and her court

Kentucky's Mountain

KENTUCKY'S Mountain Laurel Festival is an annual affair and, next to the Kentucky Derby, is probably the most representative Kentucky event held in the State. The setting is in the most rugged of Kentucky's mountains. But the girls who compete for the honor of Queen come from all corners of the State, and every part of the State sends its sons and daughters to aid in the pageantry.

Last year nineteen Kentucky colleges and universities chose the most beautiful girls on their campuses to compete for the crown of laurel; the University of Kentucky at Lexington sent a battalion of picked young men from her Reserve Officers Training Corps to act as official escorts to the ladies in waiting at the Queen's court; seven cities each selected a bevy of their fairest daughters to act as maids of honor. Two hundred and fifty young men from surrounding national forestry camps took part as uniformed traffic officers to handle the huge crowds. Eastern State Teachers College at Richmond sent its crack band of sixty pieces to supply the music for the festival; half a dozen high schools paraded their gaily dressed bands in the preliminary activities; Lexington sent her famous journalist, the late Desha Breckinridge, to deliver a stirring address. The governor of the commonwealth placed the crown of laurel upon the brow of the chosen Queen while news cameras clicked and the massed band played. "Weep no more, my lady; Oh, weep no more today—" And that night at the ball given in honor of the Queen the mayor of Louisville took the Queen by the hand and led the grand march. Everything was of Kentucky and every service was donated gladly by Kentuckians with the exception of the famous orchestra at the ball.

The idea of a festival for Southeastern Kentucky was conceived some years ago and from its inauguration in 1931 the Mountain Laurel Festival has grown with a rapidity that has amazed its sponsors. The idea struck the popular fancy at once.

Preparations to handle the growing crowds of visitors are being pushed at the park under supervision of the National Park Service. Already many improvements over last year have been made. A splendid system of mountain water has been piped throughout the grounds. Parking

Laurel Festival

By RICHARD BARKER

space has been added to accommodate over a thousand automobiles. A wide, scenic road will be completed before festival time that will make the amphitheatre easily accessible from several points.

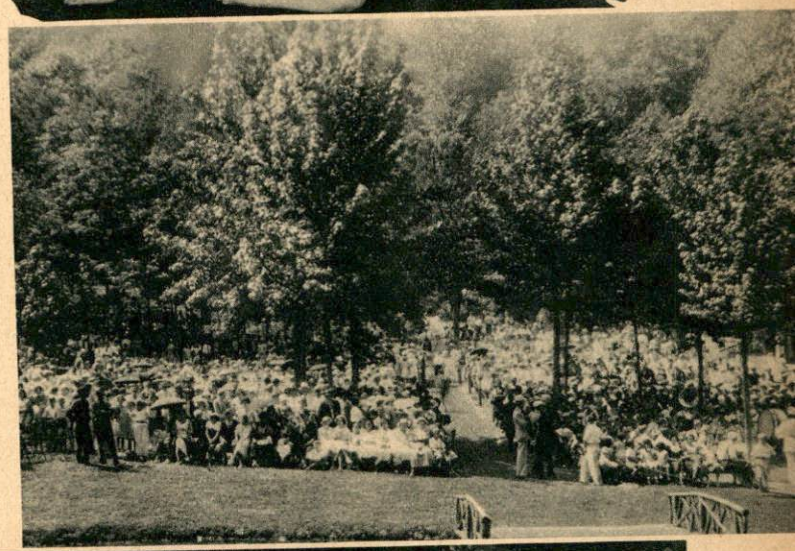
Although the festival embraces a territory of many miles of mountain wonderland the scene of the pageant is enacted in the rugged natural amphitheatre in Pine Mountain State Park. Here the crowds assemble under the trees on the sloping side of Pine Mountain. Before them rises a great rock cliff at the foot of which, separated from the audience by a mountain brook, is the grass-covered stage.

The girls who are in the contest have gathered out of sight in a cave in the cliff known as the "Queen's Dressing Room." When all is in readiness the band strikes up and, to the swaying melody of "Beautiful Lady," the girls march slowly in single file out of the cave and down a natural, winding stairway onto the stage, where they group themselves for a few minutes until the news cameras and judges have finished their work.

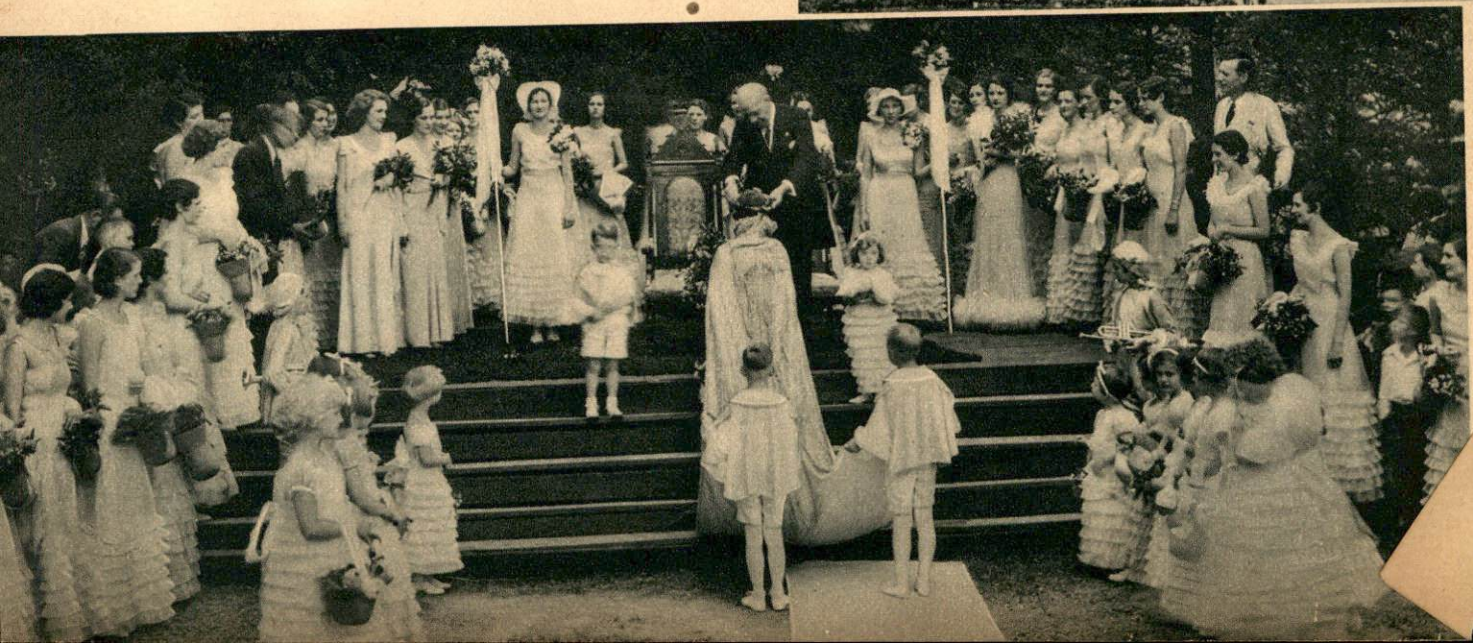
Meanwhile the court of honor has assembled in its dressing room in the rear of the audience. A wide aisle is roped off through the crowd from the stage to this dressing room and up this the contestants now pass through admiring walls of applauding spectators.

The band strikes up "The Merry Widow" and the procession moves down the aisle for all the world like a gigantic wedding march. Green clad jesters tumble in front and the tiniest little girls, very solemn and conscious of their long dresses and arm bouquets, lead the way, two and two.

His honor, the Governor of Kentucky, has moved out of his box and to the throne on the stage, but no more attention is given him than to the groom at a wedding. When the Queen has at last reached the throne she kneels before him and the Governor places the royal crown of laurel upon her head.



Below: Governor Ruby Laffoon crowns the Queen. Right: The audience. Above: A group of the Ann Bullitt Brewer dancers



Loop Trips Outlined for Derby Festival Visitors By Louisville Automobile Club

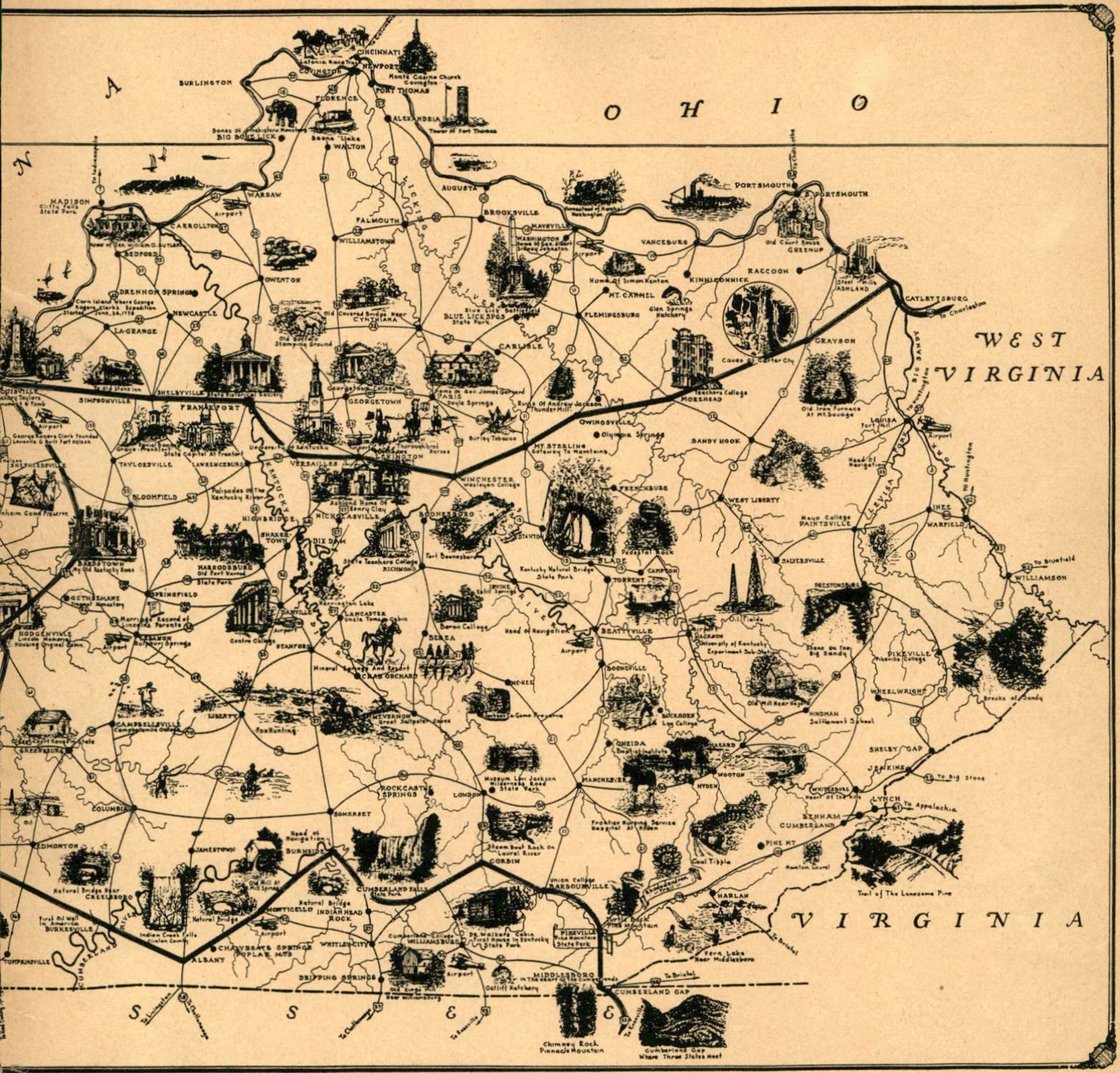
THE most interesting short round-trip out of Louisville is over US-31E through Bardstown to Hodgenville and Lincoln's birthplace, returning to Hodgenville, thence over SR-61 to Elizabethtown and US-31W to Louisville. This distance is 69 miles via Bardstown, the return trip is 61 miles. Points of interest are the beautiful view of the Salt River valley, just south of Mt. Washington, My Old Kentucky Home at Bardstown, the Cathedral at Bardstown, John Fitch Monument at Bardstown, historic Lincoln landmarks in the Rolling Fork and Knob Creek, the Lincoln statue in Hodgenville and the impressive Lincoln birthplace, Elizabethtown, home of many eminent Kentuckians, and Fort Knox. The Abbey of Gethsemane is eight miles from Bardstown.

* * * * *

A trip which links three important Kentucky points of interest is taken over US-31E to Bardstown and Hodgenville, US-68 to Horse Cave and Cave City, SR-70 to Mammoth Cave; returning via Cave City and north on US-31W to Louisville. This distance via Bardstown and Hodgenville to Mammoth Cave is 119 miles and the return is 102 miles.

* * * * *

A pleasant round-trip is over US-60 through Frankfort and Versailles to Lexington, north on US-25 to Georgetown, west on SR-40 to Frankfort, then over SR-37 to New Castle and over SR-22 to LaGrange, Pewee Valley and



Louisville. This distance from Louisville to Lexington is 80 miles and the return trip is 107 miles.

For the trip from Louisville to Harrodsburg, choose from a number of circle routes:

1. US-60 to Graefenburg, SR-35 to Harrodsburg, west on SR-152 to Springfield, US-150 into Louisville. The distance is 154 miles.

2. US-60 to Graefenburg, SR-35 to Harrodsburg and Danville, US-68 to Perryville and Bardstown, US-31E to Hodgenville and Lincoln Birthplace, reentrance to Hodgenville, take SR-61 to Elizabethtown and US-31W to Louisville. The distance is 218 miles.

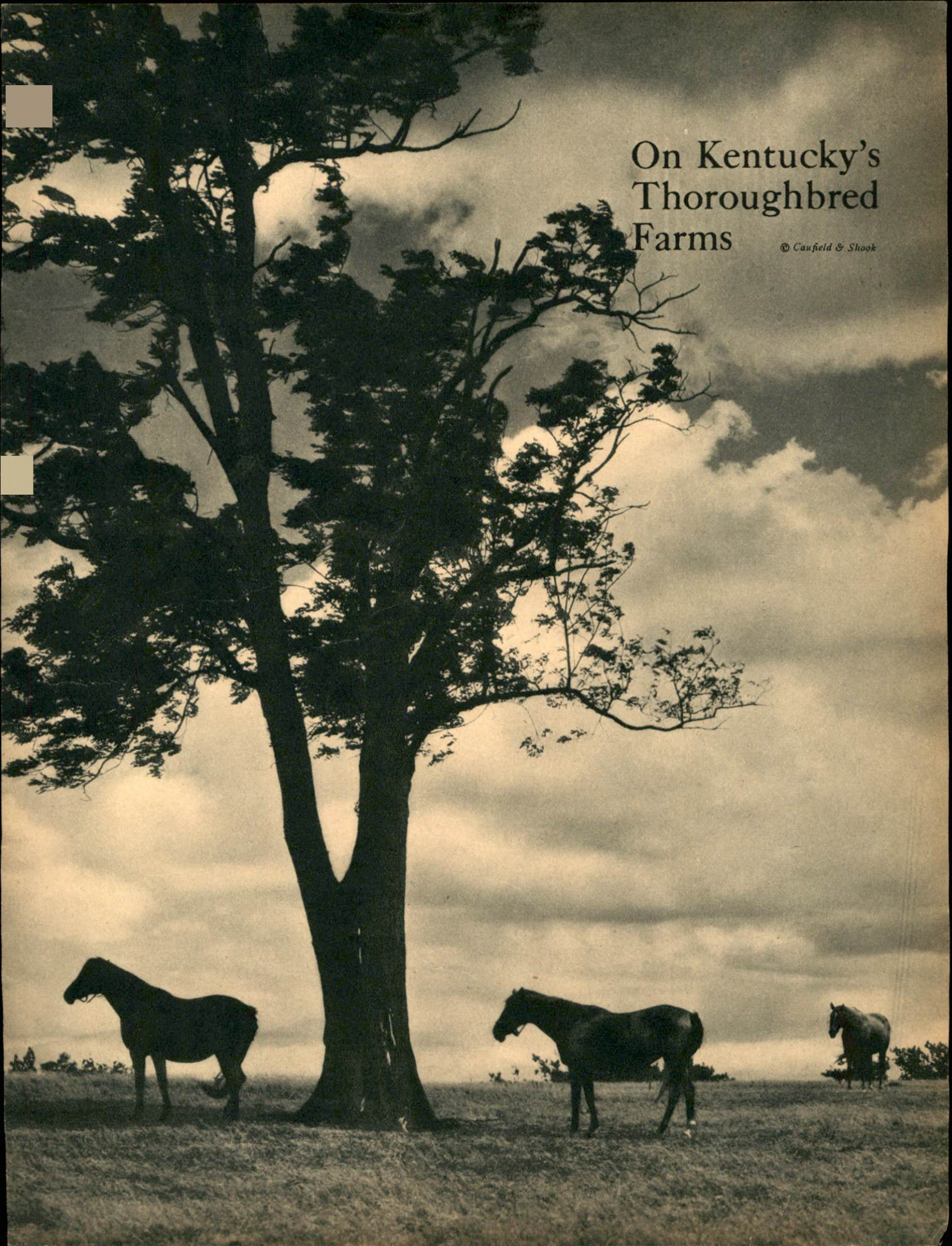
3. US-60 to Graefenburg, SR-35 to Harrodsburg, US-68 to Shakertown, SR-33 to Versailles, US-60 through Frankfort and Shelbyville to Louisville. The distance is 184 miles. This tour is noted for its historic shrines.

4. US-60 to Versailles, SR-33 to Shakertown, US-68 to Harrodsburg, SR-152 to Springfield, US-150 into Louisville. The distance is 184 miles.

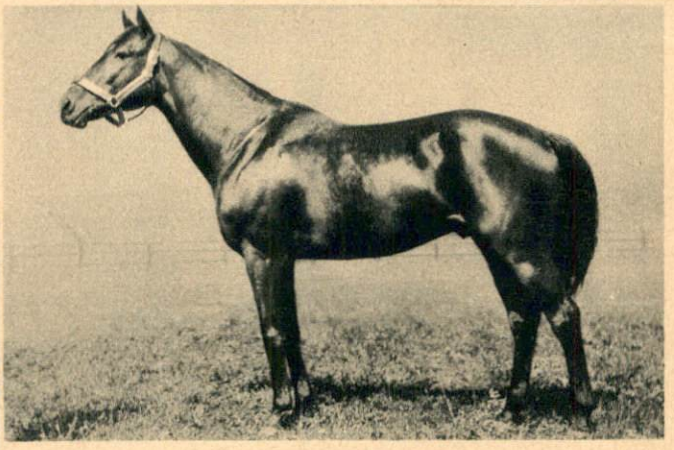
* * * * *

One of the finest short drives in Kentucky is through Shady Lane between Frankfort and Lexington, known as the Old Frankfort Pike, on which the trees meet overhead. Take US-60 to Frankfort, then just beyond the junction with 40 toward Versailles. Turn left on Shady Lane (at sign Midway). On this road are "Woodburn," "Idle Hour" and other celebrated places. The return from Lexington could be over US-60 to Versailles, US-62 across the Tyrone Bridge to Lawrenceburg and Bardstown, north on US-31E to Louisville. The total distance is 186 miles.

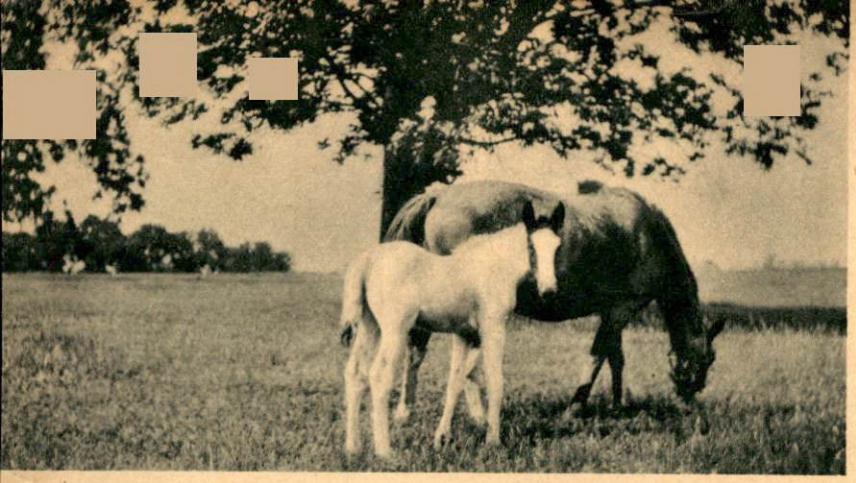
The Capitol of the Commonwealth, Frankfort, Kentucky


On Kentucky's
Thoroughbred
Farms
© Caufield & Shook

Above: In Idle Hour pastures; upper right, Dixiana track and stable; left, the unveiling of statue of Guy Axworthy at Walnut Hall; right, barn at Elmendorf



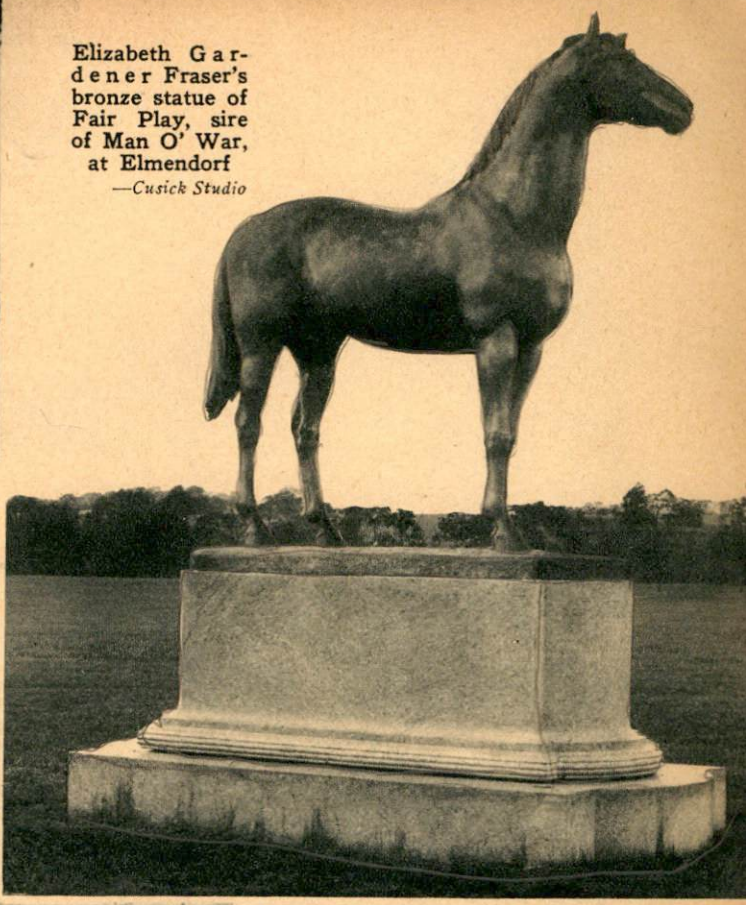
Above: Sir Galahad III of Claiborne; left, Greenwich Stud; left, below, Man O' War is modeled by Herbert Haseltine; below, entrance to the C. V. Whitney farm

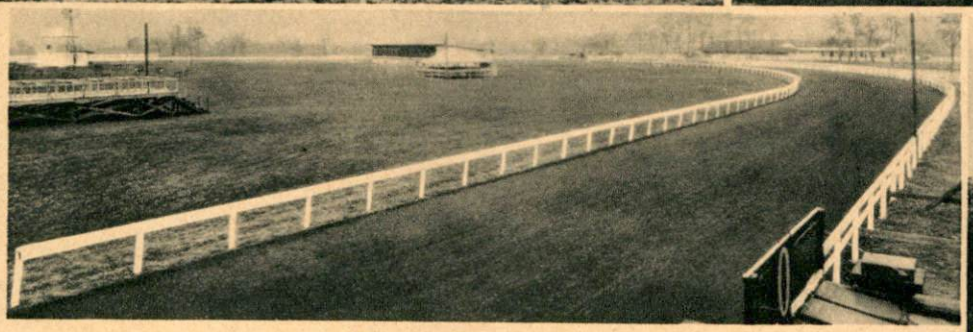


Above: Mare and foal at "Hamburg Place;" below, the house at Poplar Hills

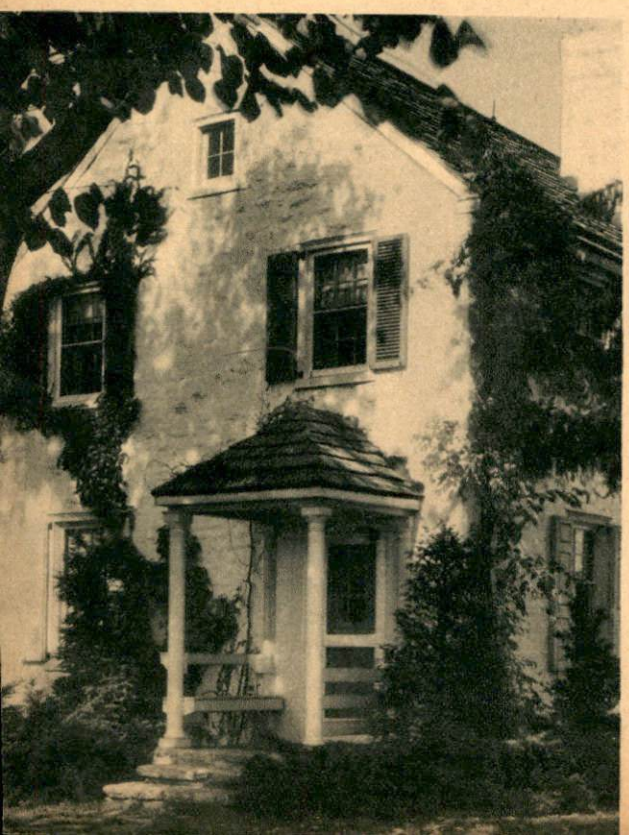
Elizabeth Gardener Fraser's bronze statue of Fair Play, sire of Man O' War, at Elmendorf

—Cusick Studio





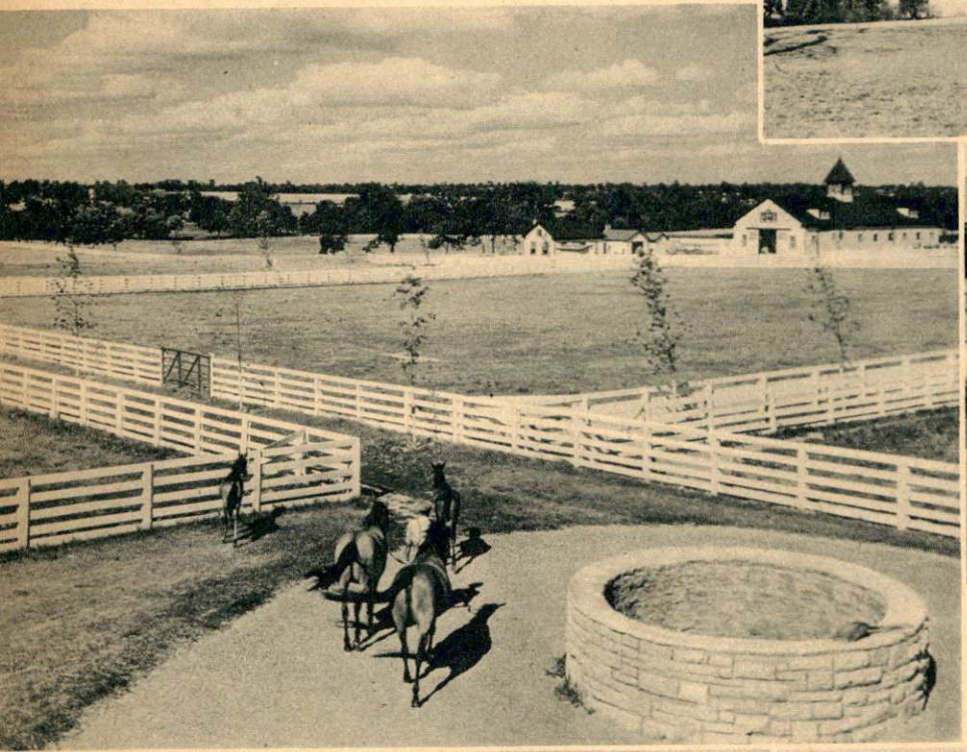
Track at Idle Hour Farm

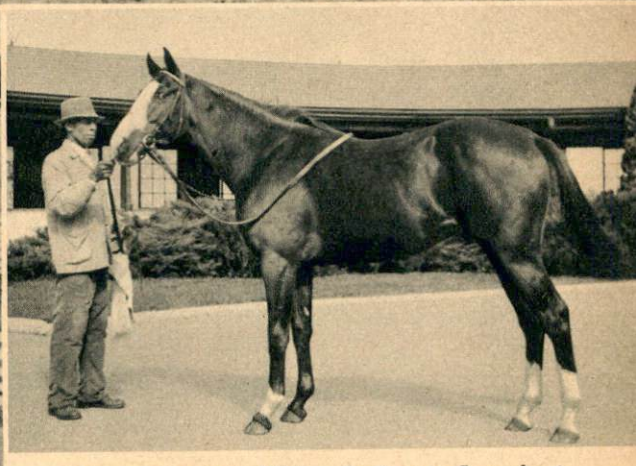


Left: Entrance to residence at Dixiana *(Courtesy of Town and Country)*. Above: Equipoise, C. V. Whitney's great thoroughbred; above, right, the grave of Nancy Hanks at Hamburg Place; right, at the spring on Winganeck Farm

Above: Mares and foals in bluegrass pasture. Right: The enclosed track at Elmendorf. Upper right: Man o' War's stable at Faraway Farms. Below: Paddocks at Dixiana

—Photos above and below © Caufield & Shook





Above: Joseph E. Widener's Chance Sun, shortest-priced favorite in winter books for the Kentucky Derby. Lower left: A typical gate in the bluegrass region (showing the convenience of opening it from the car). Below: The track at Latonia, near Covington

Entrance doorway of Morgan house, Lexington

Kentucky Doorways

By
HAMMON O. STRATTON

Reprinted from House Beautiful, March, 1935, by Special Permission

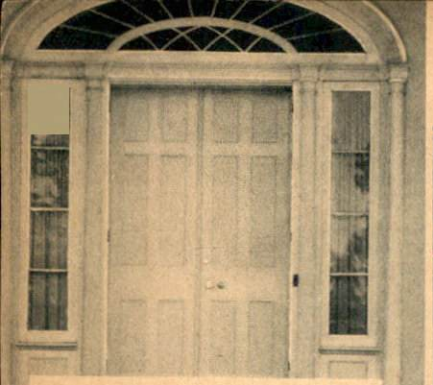
ONE CAN hardly delve into the past in search of the history of its famous houses without getting a glimpse into the hearts of the people who lived in them. When these people happen to be famous, too, it becomes doubly interesting to steal this glance into their home life, because it invariably makes them more real and human than any history ever does. So, though we go no further than the doorways of these Kentucky homes, it is interesting to know something of the men and women who have passed through them and who admired, over their years, the perfection of their architectural detail.

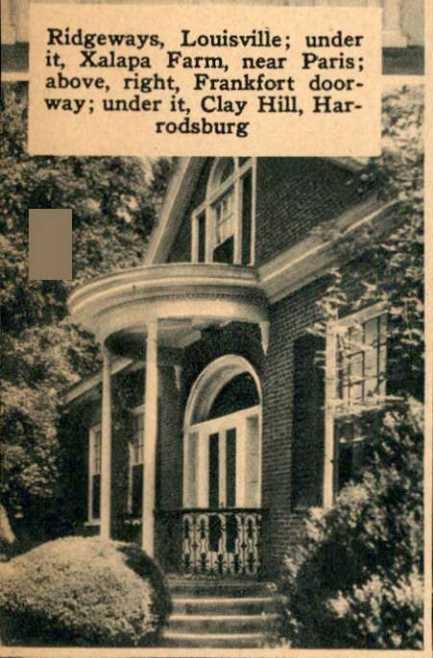
The old Rowan House is one of the most famous houses in America. It was here, and about this house, that Stephen Foster wrote "My Old Kentucky Home." The house was built in 1795 near Bardstown, by Hon. John Rowan who fought Indians at the age of fourteen and was considered one of the surest shots of the time. He later became United States Congressman and Senator, Chief Justice of his State, and died a United States Commissioner while on a futile attempt to prevent a war with Mexico. It was within two miles of here that Prince Louis Philippe, later King of France, spent a long exile. He, as well as his countryman, Lafayette, was a frequent visitor.

The quaint simplicity of this old homestead, with its environment and picturesque customs created the atmosphere which inspired the great song in Foster's mind. It was in 1852 while he was on a visit to his cousin, the younger John Brown, that he saw with sorrowful eyes, long before anyone else, that this emotionally strong home life of Kentucky and the Old South was on the wane and would some day pass away.

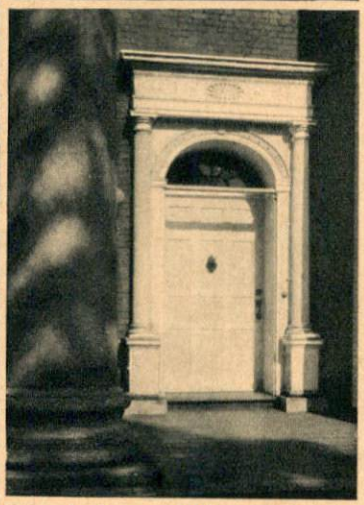
The existence is hardly known, even in Kentucky, of Liberty Hall which justly deserves recognition because of its beauty, the greatness of its architect, Thomas Jefferson, and because of the celebrities that have been entertained in it. It was built in 1796 in Frankfort by Hon. John Brown from plans prepared by his friend, Jefferson, and named for his ancestral home in Virginia. It

Right: Foot-scraper in Bardstown





Ridgeways, Louisville; under it, Xalapa Farm, near Paris; above, right, Frankfort doorway; under it, Clay Hill, Harrodsburg



Left, at Millersburg; under it, My Old Kentucky Home, Bardstown; below, in Georgetown; under it, the Morton house, Lexington

is today occupied by the fifth generation of an uninterrupted line.

John Brown was attending Princeton College when the Revolutionary War began. He left to join Washington and was with him at the crossing of the Delaware, and later served as aide to Lafayette. After the war he resumed his studies and was graduated from William and Mary College, where he had become acquainted with Jefferson. His soldiering stood him in good stead when he moved to the dark and bloody ground in 1782, Lexington, named for the battle of the town of that name, was a stockade just built and the site of the town where he was later to build his house was a wilderness, yet to receive its name from the killing of a pioneer named Frank, when his party was attacked by Indians while on their way to the present site of Louisville.

This beautiful example of Georgian architecture stands in excellent repair and as a credit to the classic tastes of that period. When one considers that it was a long journey over the mountains and that there were no railroads until 1833, it is remarkable to learn that this old home has provided shelter for Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Lafayette, Aaron Burr, General Wilkinson, Zachary Taylor, Andrew Jackson, and Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1835 John Brown built the house of the porticoed entrance for his son Orlando. It was near this site, in the Love House since torn down, that Mrs. Love refused the offer of a dance from King Louis Philippe because she had previously refused a more humble friend the same request. It was in this same house that Aaron Burr formulated his alleged conspiracy against the United States. After being defended by Henry Clay the grand jury failed to return an indictment and a ball was given in his honor. We have a rather romantic description of him in this letter written by a girl of sixteen who attended the affair.

"A ball was given at the Philip Bush Tavern at the corner of Main and Lewis Streets, where I danced in the same set with Colonel Burr. My vis-a-vis, his partner, was Mrs. Thornton, the daughter of our neighbor, Judge Harry Innis. He was handsome, with marked eye-brows, small in stature, but dignified in mien. In manner polite and refined and quite a hero in my young eyes. On this occasion he wore small clothes, gold knee buckles and immense rosettes on his pumps; a queue tied with black ribbon, and powdered wig. His eyes were bright and piercing."

The name of Hon. John Jordan Crittenden is as illustrious as his compeers, Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, whom he survived. It was his grandson, Col. William Logan Crittenden, who was ordered to turn his back and kneel before the firing squad when captured by the Spaniards against whom he had led an expedition in Cuba in 1850. His reply was, "A Kentuckian kneels to none except his God, and always dies facing his enemy."

The doorway of the Crittenden residence, which was built in 1800, and resembles the eastern Colonial work more than any of the others, is also said to be the work of Jefferson. The glass, hardware, and even the wood carvers who did this work came from Virginia and Philadelphia on horseback.

The last three houses mentioned are standing in a quiet corner of this opulent old town. The atmosphere is that of a hundred years ago, and one can readily imagine a figure in knee breeches walking along the shady streets. From this area, of about four acres, have sprung more distinguished men than from, probably, any area of equal size in the world. In it two Supreme Court Justices, nine United States Senators, two Cabinet Officers, six Congressmen, seven Governors, three Admirals, and seven foreign representatives have dwelt.

The entrance of "Calumet," the home of Hon. Henry L. Martin, on Shady Lane, is unique because the glass of its beautiful fan and sidelights is stained a deep brownish purple. It is said to have been built into the original doorway. Although the architect of this fine old house is unknown, the designing is strangely similar to that of the Buckner and Mill Street doorways. However, tradition has it that a slave of the neighborhood became very efficient at wood carving and did this work. If so, it is quite possible that he was loaned to do the work in Lexington close by, and there also left his mark.

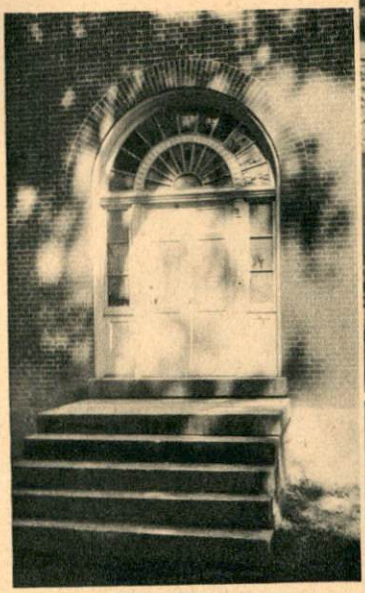
Possibly the most famous door of Lexington is that of General John Hunt Morgan who remained out of the Civil War until the untimely death of his beautiful young wife, and then became that dashing, reckless cavalry leader who wreaked havoc on the Federal forces occupying his native state. The story is told that he, being hard pressed on one of his raids, rode his horse through the front door and out the side and escaped. The horseshoe marks may still be seen on the floors.

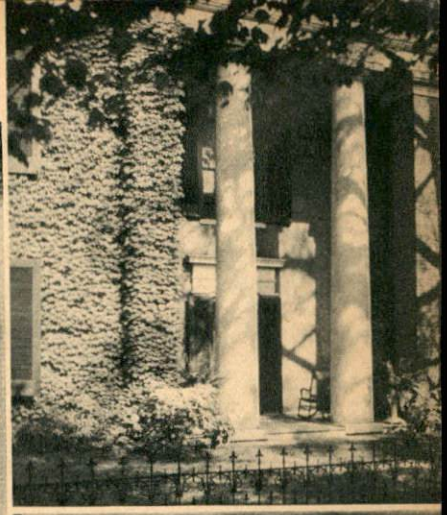
This side door looks as if it belongs in old Charleston, and well it might, for just inside to the right is a dark cellar where unruly slaves were kept, while to the left is the kitchen from which the food was brought, outside, to the dining room.

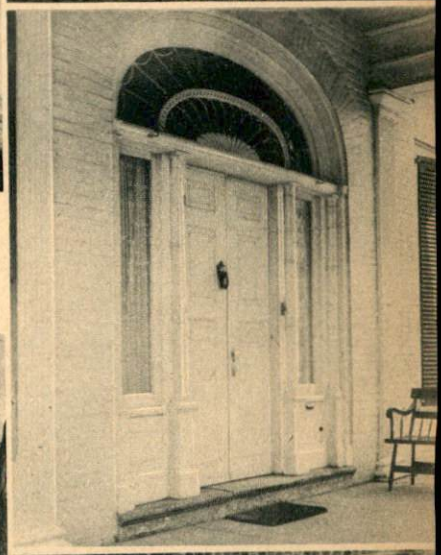
The Morgan, Mill Street and Upper Street houses are clustered about the open square of Transylvania, the oldest college west of the Alleghanies, founded in 1780. This square, like that in Frankfort, is entirely surrounded by quaint old houses, and again it takes very little imagination to picture oneself back in those days of elegant society.

The beautiful and unusual shuttered doorway on Limestone Street is said to have been brought from Harrodsburg, the first settlement, and placed in the present house, which is itself very old.

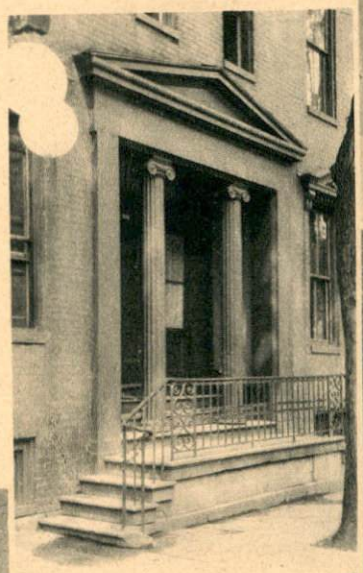
This home is just across the street from that of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Buckner, which the writer considers the finest example of smaller residential work in America. It was built in 1806 from the designs of a French architect and is today the residence of a descendant of the first governor of the State.





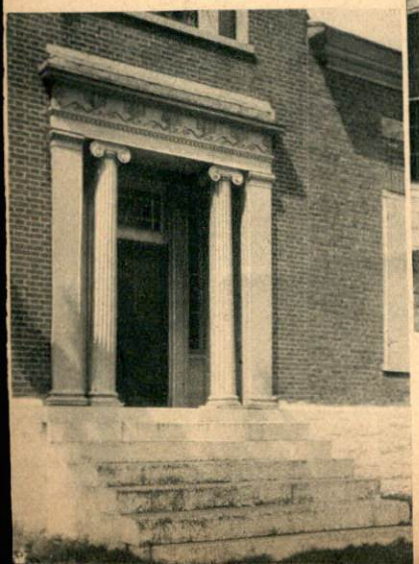


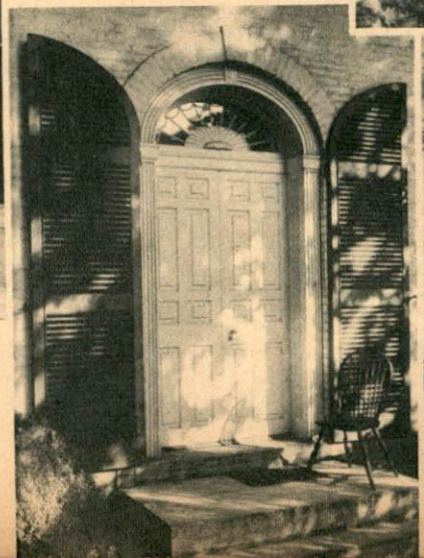
At top, doorway in Danville; above, Wickland, Bardstown; right, the Buckner house in Lexington



Right, in Lexington; above, in Bardstown; below, left, in Lexington; right, in Richmond

Right: The double entrance doorway at historic Keeneland, near Lexington, is shown at the right





Left: The beautiful doorway at Chaumiere du Prairie, near Lexington

The youngest ballad singer

Above: Mountain Minstrels

Left: A 54 string dulcimer

Below: Handing down tradition

The American

By RUTH OGREN

IN JUNE when skies are fair and woodlands green follow the winding Mayo Trail through the foothills of Kentucky to a tiny windowless cabin in a quiet hollow on Four Mile Fork of Garner.* For here on the second Sunday in June mountain minstrels gather to re-enact the traditions of their Anglo-Saxon forbears, to sing the simple song of their fathers handed down by word of mouth from generation to generation. On a great rustic stage with the crude log cabin for a backdrop the minstrels old and young sit grouped on primitive backless benches; around about high hills rise and above the canopy of heaven—high hills that give back the echo of song, of frolic and lonesome tunes, warning and wassail songs, winders, sea chanteys, play game song and gay ditty to the muted strain of fiddle and dulcimer, of harp and flute.

Promptly at the hour of three a mountain man, tall, loose, limbed appears in the cabin door and lifting a fox-horn to his lips blows a lusty call. Then slowly over the brow of the hill a covered wagon comes into view. On the high seat beneath the flapping canvas top sits a descendant of the first settlers who, in like manner rode into the wilderness ages ago. Beside him, clad in sombre homespuns sits his wife, hands clasped in lap, her dark eyes peering out shyly from beneath a dilapidated slat bonnet. Following the covered wagon is a later day coach from which alight ladies in hoop skirts, stays and head-dress of Civil War days. As they make their way toward the cabin suddenly down the opposite hillside comes an Indian lass singing in native tongue the Sunrise Song of the Zuni's; typifying the Redman's welcome to the white. When her last note dies away a piper wends his way along the wooded path, a bevy of children in traditional dress of old Lincolnshire trouping at his heels. At length they reach the rustic stage and here they step to the piper's tune a folk dance which survives to this very day in the Kentucky mountains and in rural England alike. In gayly colored dresses and bright ribbons, with bells at wrists and knees the children dance while the piper leans carelessly against a great oak near the center of the stage. To and fro they trip and sway forming many a pretty pattern and at last with hands over head and a lusty "Hurrah!" just as the pioneers danced the self-same tune, the children and the piper disappear within the cabin.

And now come the "Ladies in Waiting" in full skirted, tight bodiced frocks of black with ruff of white at neck and sleeve. They form a semi-circle about the stage and courtesy low as the speaker of the prologue enters. She is dressed in a rich velvet costume of scarlet red with heavy brocade of gold and silver; her golden coiffure is topped by a Tudor hat with flowing veil of crimson hue. About her the Ladies in Waiting, like a Greek chorus, form a picturesque background while she speaks the prologue recounting the origin of the singers and their song:

"Long centuries ago when Queen Elizabeth sat upon the throne of England surrounded by her courtiers and Ladies in Waiting, wandering minstrels roamed the countryside

NOTE—* "Traipsin' Woman Cabin. At Ashland take U. S. 60 to Cannonsburg, Boyd County, and continue south on U. S. 23 for 7 miles to Kowns Bridge. Cross bridge, turn left and follow Four Mile Creek for 1¼ miles.

Folk Song Festival

and to the strum of dulcimer and note of flute sang old tales woven to old, old melodies; of lords and ladies, knights and squires, castles and kings, brown girl and gypsy laddy, castles and kings.

At the close of the Elizabethan era a spirit of unrest swept over English, Scots and Scotch Irish alike. They wearied of the tyranny of their kings and spurred by undaunted courage and love of independence they braved the perils of uncharted seas to seek freedom in a new world. Happily they brought with them not these virtues alone but a priceless treasure in unwritten song. Some tarried in the Colonies, they tilled the soil, bartered and traded. But they of bolder and more venturesome spirit pressed on. The wilderness beckoned! The wilderness with hunting, trapping, exploring. Some of humble birth, some of gentle blood—Huguenot, Quaker, Puritan. Deep into the Appalachians climbed these sturdy Anglo-Saxons with hope in their hearts and song on their lips and there they locked their offspring generation after generation right down to the present in mountain fastnesses that have barred the world. So it is—that in the mountains of Kentucky there survives today in its primitive charm and beauty the balladry of Elizabethan days. Here too survive the quaint ancestral customs, the traditions, the courtly manners of an almost forgotten past.

"It is to safeguard this precious heritage that the American Folk Song Society came into being; it is to perpetuate the authentic interpretation of the song of our forbears that the American Folk Song Festival is annually presented. A Festival in which only those singers to whom the ballad has been handed down by word of mouth take part; and only those musicians who have learned their art from their Anglo-Saxon kinsmen participate, setting forth the steps of America's musical history in proper sequence beginning with the time when dancers stepped the tune to the singing of a ballad—in the absence of musical instruments.

Episode follows episode; scene follows scene, until, finally, a sombre note is struck in the "Singin' Gatherin'." Brother Dawson of Rowan County in an imposing voice, book in hand, rises and "lines" a hymn—"Will the Circle Be Unbroken," and his brethren from Floyd County, John Hyden, Tex Vanderpool, Green Maggard and Tom James, sing in true mountain fashion the sacred words, in their rich, resonant tones that blend like the notes of a giant organ.

Like a lovely flash back on the screen, a bevy of children in gay costumes of colonial days, satin and lace and powdered wigs, troup out upon the stage, dancing the Virginia reel while Jilson Setters fiddles the tune and the youngsters sing, "A Penny For a Spool of Thread." With the dancers holding the last figure of the Virginia reel and the Ladies in Waiting again forming in semi-circle across the back of the great stage the entire cast sings with muted accompaniment of fiddle and accordion, harp and flute, that best loved of lonesome tunes of the mountains—

Down in the valley, the valley so low
Hang your head over, hear the winds blow—

Opening scene of the "Infare"

Speaking the prologue

Lincolnshire dances

Right: A folk dance

© Caufield & Shook
My Old Kentucky Home

The Stephen

By WALLACE BROWN

A STATE and national shrine of ever increasing popularity, *My Old Kentucky Home,* is situated on the southeast border of Bardstown, the second oldest town of the State. It was here that Judge John Rowan, brilliant lawyer and statesman, first settled in 1795 with his young wife, Annie Lytle Rowan, on the 1,300 acre plantation, which was deeded to him by his father-in-law, William Lytle of Ohio.

This world-renowned shrine had its modest beginning in the erection of the rear wing of the present stately mansion in 1795, shortly after the marriage of John Rowan, Sr., and his removal to Bardstown from Lexington, where he first entered the practice of law. The original building is said to have been constructed of brick, imported as ballast in English sailing boats, docked at Newport News, and hauled over Indian trails by ox teams.

The fame of the elder Rowan as a lawyer and advocate at the bar spread rapidly and he was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1799, was appointed Secretary of State by Governor Greenup in 1804, and in 1806 was elected to Congress. From 1810 to 1821 he was a judge of Kentucky's highest court. Judge Rowan was elected seven times to the Kentucky General Assembly. He served as United States Senator from 1825 to 1831, and numbered among his friends many senators, congressmen, Presidents and distinguished representatives of foreign countries.

The brilliance and great popularity of Judge John Rowan drew Presidents of the United States, statesmen, and world figures as guests at the old country mansion, which was early enlarged to its present pretentious proportions and it became the rendezvous of nationally known personages, men of great learning and profound statesmanship. The old place known as "Federal Hill," became widely celebrated for lavish entertainment.

Judge John Rowan had emigrated to Kentucky with his parents when a small boy from near Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, where he parted with his Rowan kin, who had intermarried with the Foster family. His official dutles and frequent trips to Washington kept him in close touch with his Pittsburgh relatives.

William Barclay Foster, a cousin of Judge Rowan, married Eliza Tomlinson, and their ninth son, Stephen Collins Foster, was born to this union on July 4, 1826. Stephen soon developed a decided talent for music, and the brilliant head of the Rowan family was attracted by the musical genius, and Stephen early found his way to the Rowan home and plantation, which had become nationally known as "Federal Hill," and a place of entertainment for the first citizens of the nation. Here the conditions were ideal for the unfolding musical mind of young Foster. From out the surrounding forests came the melodious notes of the song birds. The genius of Stephen attracted around him the Rowan Negro slaves. They sang, they hummed, they whistled as they roamed the forests, filled with wild life. The music echoed through the woods as they hunted the raccoon and the 'possum. The intermingled melodies of Negro slave songs, the mocking bird, the barking of the squirrel, the dog, the ever active wild life, must have made a profound and lasting impression upon the receptive mind of the youthful Stephen Collins Foster.

The slaves loved Stephen, he loved them. Irresistible charms drew young Foster back to the old homestead on every possible occasion. Here he spent his honeymoon of several weeks after his marriage in 1850 to Jane Denny McDowell, of Pittsburgh, and back to the old Rowan plantation they came together on their return from New Orleans in 1852.

History was in the making. Leaving their companions at Louisville on the boat of Stephen's brother, Dunning M. Foster, as related in the writings of his cousin and companion on the boat trip, Mrs. Susan Pentland Robinson, Stephen and his young wife journeyed to Bardstown and "Federal Hill." Here they lived over their honeymoon of the summer of 1850. Doubtless the sub-conscious mind of Stephen had been freighted with the substance of the greatest of all Negro dialect songs of the ages from his earliest visits here with his Rowan kin, and according to tradition handed down from the Rowan family and their close associates and friends and in line with other indisputable facts, here under the most ideal conditions was born on this occasion and sprang into glorious and spontaneous life the immortal melody and song, "My Old Kentucky Home," which has established the greatest and most lasting fame of Stephen Collins Foster, and by which Kentucky is best known throughout the nation and around the world.

This shrine, now My Old Kentucky Home State Park, is annually visited on July 4, by many thousands of people. It is the only known shrine, where is celebrated each year, with a song festival, on July 4, the natal

Collins Foster Festival

Photographs © Caufield & Shook

day of Stephen Collins Foster, the world's most famous writer and compositor of Negro dialect songs. On these occasions several thousands of voices join in singing the Foster melodies, accompanied by all kinds of musical instruments, usually a hundred or more in number.

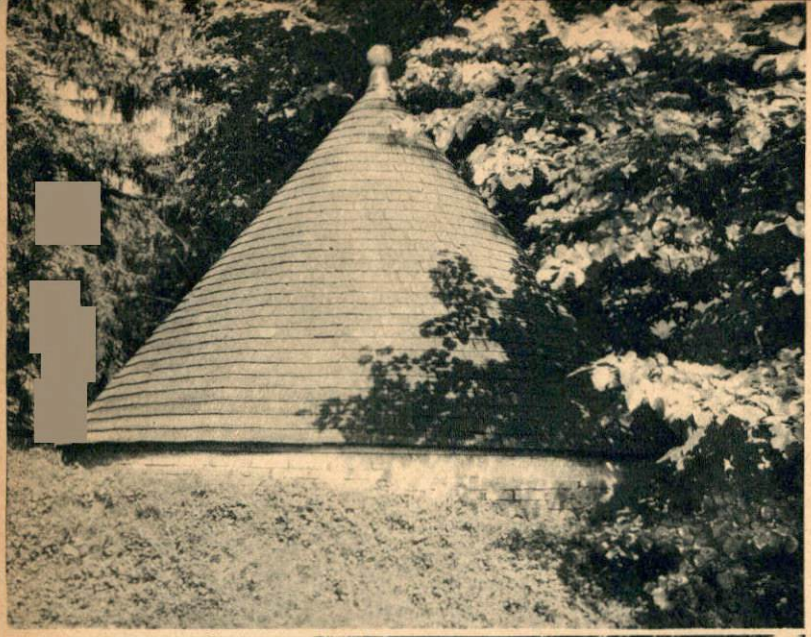
The song never grows old and the multitudes of visitors increase from year to year, paying their tribute to Stephen Collins Foster and the old homestead.

The John Fitch Memorial, Bardstown

St. Joseph's Cathedral, Bardstown

Portrait of Stephen Collins Foster, My Old Kentucky Home

Below: The doorway, before its restoration



Overnight

Featuring Kentucky Food

WHAT is there about our enchanting Kentucky that starts our pulses galloping the minute we cross the Ohio or any other border, no matter whether our absence has been for a year, a month or a day?

We drove into the "Bluegrass" late in the afternoon of a day in May, through lanes of locust trees, along pikes banked with honeysuckle and by old-fashioned places with clumps of lilac bushes hither and yon.

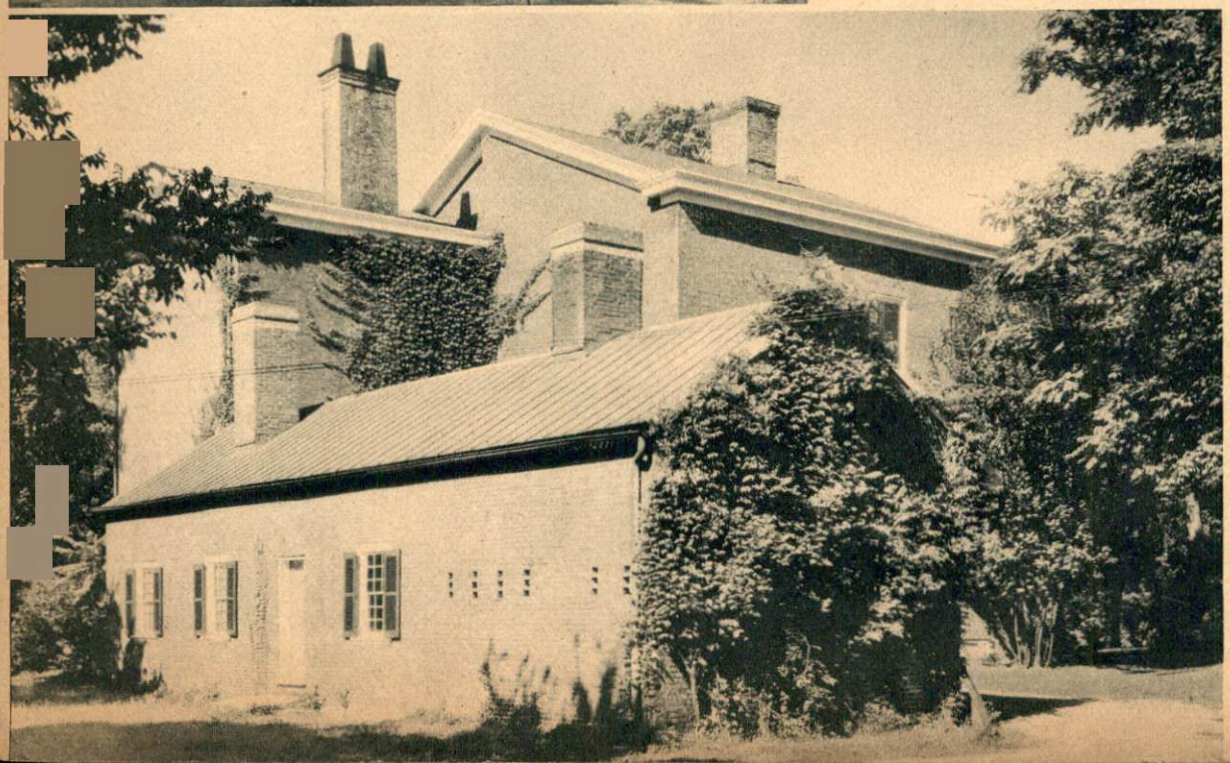
Finally we pulled the rope that sprung the gate and followed the driveway through a pasture and over the "branch," startling young colts into scampering off to the mares in the distance.

Up the old wooden steps over the fence and down again to the rambling old vine-covered house where we were welcomed by our genial host, one of the best beloved horsemen in the country, and his brusque little wife who wields an ear trumpet with the grace of a grande dame with her lace fan.

Inside the house we stepped into a large, low ceilinged room, a last log still burning in the fireplace, its light flickering over the rare old furniture, glass and brasses and candles gleaming under the tall glass wind guards. The rest of the family and a dog or two were there to greet us and the son of the house was ready to cheer us with a nectar of the gods!

(And hark—here is how it is concocted—a jiggar of apple brandy and one of sweet grapefruit juice in a tall glass of crushed ice—If you survive it, you are a man, my son!)

Soon "the chiming clocks to dinner called" and we gathered round that beautiful old damask-covered table, set with grandmother's gold and white china and silver goblets and an epergne filled with columbines of every hue, looking in the candlelight like fairy ballerinas.



Left: The kitchen at My Old Kentucky Home, Bardstown; above it, the smoke house at Wickliffe, Bardstown; at the top, Henry Clay's ice house at Ashland, Lexington

Visit

By MINN-ELL MANDEVILLE

The bouillon having been in the making for two or three days and properly flavored with an old sherry, would have shamed the makers of cubes and canned varieties into a suicide's grave.

The plump chickens fried to a golden brown, surrounded by "gloryfried" mush and accompanied by a real cream gravy, did actually melt in one's mouth.

Halves of eggplants high and fluffy, young string beans cooked, of course, with country bacon and a red pepper pod, and tiny buttered new potatoes followed.

When the butler, deaf and dumb, by the way, with a manner that only a Kentucky servant acquires, brought in a plate of hot beaten biscuits and sweet butter, I threw to the four winds all thought of calories and rejoiced that curves were in style.

Dishes of our hostess's pickles and jellies added to our happy discomfort and after a sprightly salad of crisp young lettuce and ice-cold whole peeled tomatoes with a mayonnaise par excellence (two egg yolks, one teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon each of cayenne and dry mustard, juice of one lemon and one cup olive oil) what was my horrified delight to see being brought in, vanilla ice cream, so rich that it coats the roof of one's mouth, if you know what I mean, and a devil's food cake fit only for the angels.

We lingered over our coffee until the twilight had gone and we looked on and loved those rolling, moonlit fields with the white covers of the young tobacco beds spreading out like ghosts at rest.

Gone were all thoughts of Park Avenue coffee and rolls when we all turned out at six thirty for breakfast with the family.

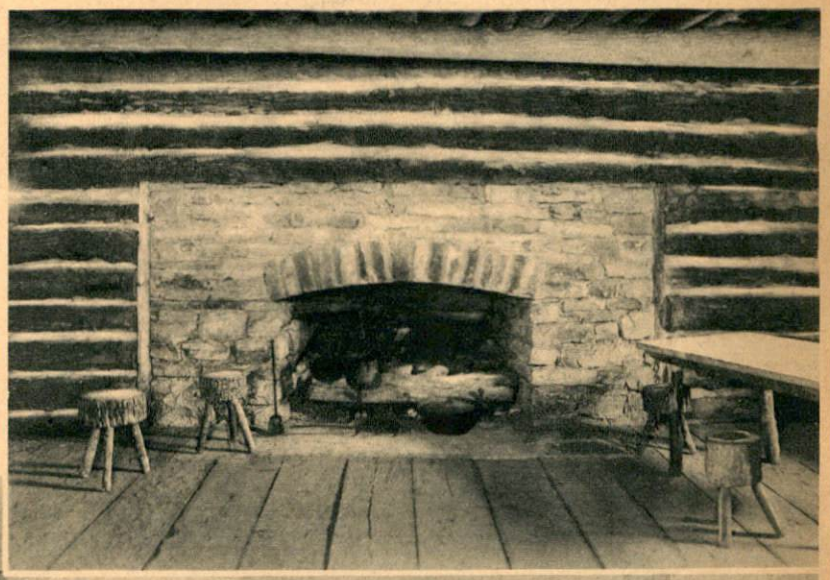
We were consulted as to strawberries with or without cream. If the former were desired, they were served in deep bowls with cream so thick it had to be ladled. If otherwise, they were brought unculled on a grape leaf spread on an old sandwich glass plate with a tiny glass leaf of sugar in which to dip them.

And then the broiled, hickory-smoked country ham, fried apples and scrambled eggs and plates of tiny soda biscuits and small pieces of corn bread flat like a cake but thicker, to be buttered and eaten in one's fingers. Then came coffee, so black that it stained the cup and named Morning Joy, (Would not that name delight the judges in a radio contest?) and again that cream from a ladle.

After breakfast we visited the horses first and then the wonderful old garden irises in their stately beauty, peonies, tulips, sweet rocket of olden days, columbines—everything one had hoped for.

That for a springtime visit in Kentucky. But, have you ever seen Kentucky in the autumn? Drive through the foothills, the trees ablaze with reds and purples, yellows, browns, log fires burning, country sausage, backbone, hominy and old-fashioned buckwheat cakes.

Come back to Kentucky next October.



Right: The dining room at My Old Kentucky Home, now "in retirement" after generations of fame for the delicious food served there. Above: In this room at Pioneer Memorial Park, Harrodsburg, are seen the cooking vessels of pioneer days and crude table where meals were served near the fireplace where they were cooked

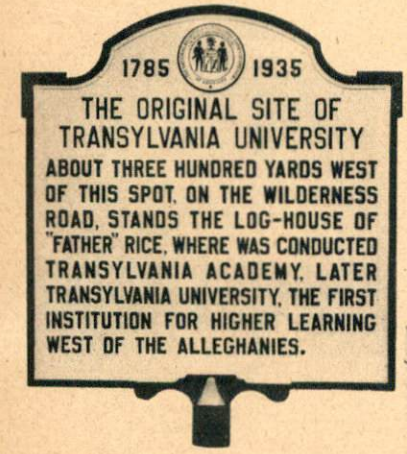
The Recovery of the Original Site of Transylvania University upon Its 150th Anniversary, 1785-1935

By ANNIE STUART ANDERSON

UPON reading an editorial of October 20, 1933, in *The Courier-Journal,* on the work in Kentucky of the famous and beloved Presbyterian minister, called Father Rice, I observed that the original site of Transylvania Seminary with which Father Rice was closely connected, was said to be unknown.

I happened to know the site, because I had often visited the Bluegrass home of Mr. William Taylor Robinson between Harrodsburg and Danville, which some years ago had been declared the original site of Transylvania by Mr. William W. Stephenson, the scholarly local historian, who afterwards awakened national interest in the pioneer history of Harrodsburg. His sisters were Colonial Dames and one of them, Miss Martha Stephenson, stated in a magazine of the Kentucky State Historical Society that Transylvania had begun as a little school fostered in the house of the Rev. David Rice, who lived on the farm owned then by the Hon. John Bowman and now (1910) owned by Mr. William T. Robinson.

Since the intense interest in higher education in Kentucky and the liberal provisions made for it by the better class of our early pioneers is a matter of great pride to us; and since much has been written concerning this first institution for higher learning west of the Alleghanies; and since its original site has often been stated by seemingly good authorities as Crow's Station, or as Danville, or as unknown the undertaking definitely to restate its original site becomes a difficult matter. We, of the Committee on Markers, under the Historical Activities Committee of the Kentucky Society of Colonial Dames, from our research, are constrained to believe that the Robinson farm is the original site of Transylvania Seminary. The Filson Club of Louisville concurs in this belief.



This farm, six miles southeast of Harrodsburg, and four miles north of Danville, lying along Harrod's Run, on the county road that branches from the Shakertown and Danville road, was in the center of activities of early Kentucky. Nearby were Dutch Stations likewise on Harrod's Run, and Logan's Fort, from both of which, according to Filson's Map of 1784, more roads and paths led to the old settlements in Virginia, the Falls of the Ohio, the Green and Cumberland Rivers, as well as all through the Bluegrass, than from any other stations.

Without detailed topographical knowledge of the area between Salt River's upper reaches and Dick's River that flows into the Kentucky, at probably its most scenic point, it is not possible to interpret "stray" references to Mr. Rice's house or to Transylvania's first locations. As the Minutes of Transylvania's Board of Trustees, meeting that session at Danville on November 4, 1784, state that the Academy under its auspices is to be opened "at or near the Rev. Mr. Rice's present dwelling," the insistent question is, "where exactly did Mr. Rice live in the fall of 1784?"

This is the crux of the whole investigation. No confident answer—based upon particular research—has been given in the past ninety years, except that of the Stephensons. Documentary evidence and topographical knowledge must unite; and united, they render an indisputable verdict.

Let us visit "Grassy Cove." Tobacco barns, tenant houses and outhouses of various types dot the farm landscape as we enter the curving stone gateway from the turnpike. The road sweeps along Harrod's Run, through the avenue (its old Virginia name for the approach), past the stone Fort Fisher, with loop holes, built not later than 1780, now a granary and cowhouse. Through the yard gate we move along the original Wilderness Road to the right of

Above: The marker placed by the Kentucky Society of Colonial Dames on the original site of Transylvania University. Right: the double-hewn log house where Transylvania Seminary's first classes were held

the comfortable, more than century-old dwelling, with its interesting white wood work of the early nineteenth century. The flag stones are still under the dining room windows, by the present side door, for the convenience of travelers once alighting from horses and stage coaches. We reach the spot just beyond and to the right where still stands, in part, the picturesque, double-hewn log house that we believe was Father Rice's and Transylvania's home. The trace of the Wilderness Road may still be discerned.

One of the three unconnected rooms of the cabin is intact, a second room has been used for storage purposes and the third was torn down about thirty years ago. Mr. James T. Cooke, the successor of Mr. Stephenson as local historian of Harrodsburg, estimated last November that the whole frame work of the cabin could be restored for a rather small sum. In the eyes of the present writer this seems a joyful opportunity for descendants of trustees, alumni or officers of old Transylvania!

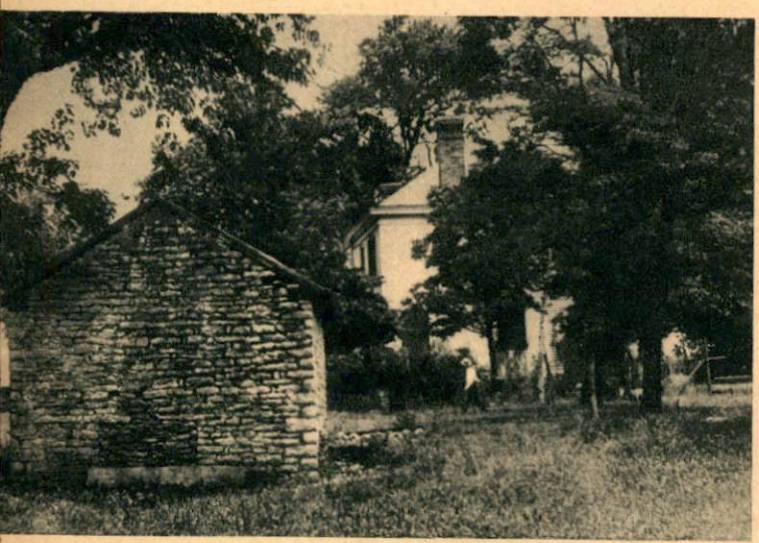
This log house with its porch across the front, the high square window in the back wall of each room, large open fire places with high wooden mantels and great stone chimneys, with undoubtedly an outside kitchen, servants' quarters, and the most necessary farm buildings, formed a fairly comfortable home for Colonel John Bowman and later for the Rev. Mr. Rice and their families.

The stone spring house, the ford over Harrod's Run immediately by it, "the little eminence in a grove of trees, with a path," where Father Rice was wont to walk when his ardent spirit was troubled, are to be seen now. In the yard are the stone foundations of small structures that have been discovered under the carpet of grass.

Our imaginations are fascinated by visions of sturdy frontiersmen gathering under Colonel Bowman's command in 1779 for the Chillecothe expedition in the Little Miami River country; of General George Rogers Clark himself as a trustee of Transylvania; of bare-footed boys and youths hurrying along the road to meet the Rev. James Mitchell, their first teacher, and later Father Rice and his wife, as intellectually gifted and as delightful as himself, who taught them after Mr. Mitchell's return to Virginia with his young wife, their daughter Frances; of how seventeen-year-old Frances spent the five pounds left her upon her marriage for her name, by the will of her grandmother, the widow of Dr. Samuel Blair, of what is now Princeton University; of the boys in school studying their Latin grammar, Dillworth's speller, "the mathematics," the New Testament, and some classical history and geography; of Mrs. Rice holding family prayers with her children and servants in the absence of her husband among the members of his congregations at Danville, Cane Run and New Providence, and of "her set hours of devotion which were not to be disturbed by any ordinary occurrence;" of the "Bible which his mother had, unknown to her young son, packed up with his clothes" when he returned to Virginia probably to study. These interesting persons are not confined to our imaginations, for today, the mistress of "Grassy Cove" is the close, life-long friend of Kentucky's own "Mary Anderson"—Madame Novarro, now of England.

Although this woodland scene seems idyllic, there were Indian alarms which compelled the family to retire into Fort Fisher. It is an astonishing fact that seven trustees of Transylvania Seminary were killed by Indians. There is in the writer's hand, lent to her by Mrs. Rice's great-great-

(*Continued on page* 350)



"Grassy Cove," the Robinson residence and (above) the spring house at "Grassy Cove"

Early

HANDWEAVING which today we love for its intrinsic beauty was a necessity with our pioneer forefathers. Weaving was an every day affair. The whir of the spinning wheel was as familiar as the hum of the automobile today. At the time of the settlement of Kentucky a large number of the colonists produced all the cloth they used. The courageous women who accompanied their hardy husbands across the mountains into that unknown land which held such promise, were women who could spin and weave as easily as they could cook. So to Kentucky, they brought the ancient craft of weaving.

The eighteenth century was a century of unrest. To us, it was marked by our revolution and the settlement of Kentucky. In the field of weaving, this unrest was marked by a series of inventions which in a hundred years transferred weaving from the hand loom in the home to the power loom in a huge factory. As early as 1738, John Kay in his home in England, invented a flying shuttle. Some thirty years later, his son improved on his invention. This enabled the weaver to throw the shuttle at the pull of a cord so that the weaving process was speeded to about four times the former speed.

Spinning, however, was a slow process. It took several spinners to keep one weaver supplied with thread. The spinning wheel which we consider so quaintly antiquated today, was comparatively new in Europe. Brought from the East during the Crusades, it was not fully used in Europe until the fifteenth century. Three centuries later James Hargreaves, by his invention of the spinning jenny, could do the work of eight spinners. Jealous spinners, fearing to lose their livelihood, destroyed the first spinning jenny. But soon there were spinning jennys in all the weaving centers of England. The only flaw in the spinning jenny was that the thread so produced was not strong enough for warp thread. This was still spun on the spinning wheel. Soon the inventions of Arkwright and of Crompton produced a machine which could spin many threads at once and have them of the same strong even texture.

After the spinning inventions, there was more and more demand for weaving improvement. Surprisingly, the improved loom was the invention of a minister, the Reverend Edmond Cartwright, in 1785. With the invention of the cotton gin by Eli Whitney in 1794, thread and cloth manufacture rapidly swung from a home to a factory process. By the middle of the nineteenth century, power weaving had superceded handweaving; and by the end of the century, handweaving survived only in remote sections and in old coverlets woven at an earlier period.

Above: Two pieces of modern weaving are hung against an old coverlet
Below: Jacquard weaving from Pine Mountain Settlement School

Even if the colonists in America could have foreseen the changes in weaving, they probably were so occupied with their revolution in government that they could give but little time to changes in weaving. As yet, nearly every household produced much of the cloth it would need during the year. This was especially true along the frontier. Those who crossed the mountains not only shared in the revolution, but also had to build their homes and clear the land while on guard against Indian raids. They were too far away from the older settlements to make many purchases even if they desired to do so. Some weaving equipment was brought to Kentucky by the first settlers. As soon as the settler had built a cabin and partially cleared some land, he began the construction of a loom and other weaving equipment. The huge loom, such as can yet be seen in museums, was constructed by the early pioneer without the use of a single piece of metal. The four posts, the cloth beam, and the warp beam were tree trunks smoothed down to even size. Smaller pieces, hewn with precise detail, made the batten, heddle sticks, horses, lambs, uprights, and treadles. These pioneer forefathers of ours were skillful at handling the axe and the longknife.

On this early loom, the reeds were actually reeds. Slits of bamboo were tied together with coarse or fine cord. A coarse cord made the slits far enough apart that there were but eight to twelve to an inch. This was a suitable reed for blankets, rugs,

Kentucky Handweaving

By LOU TATE

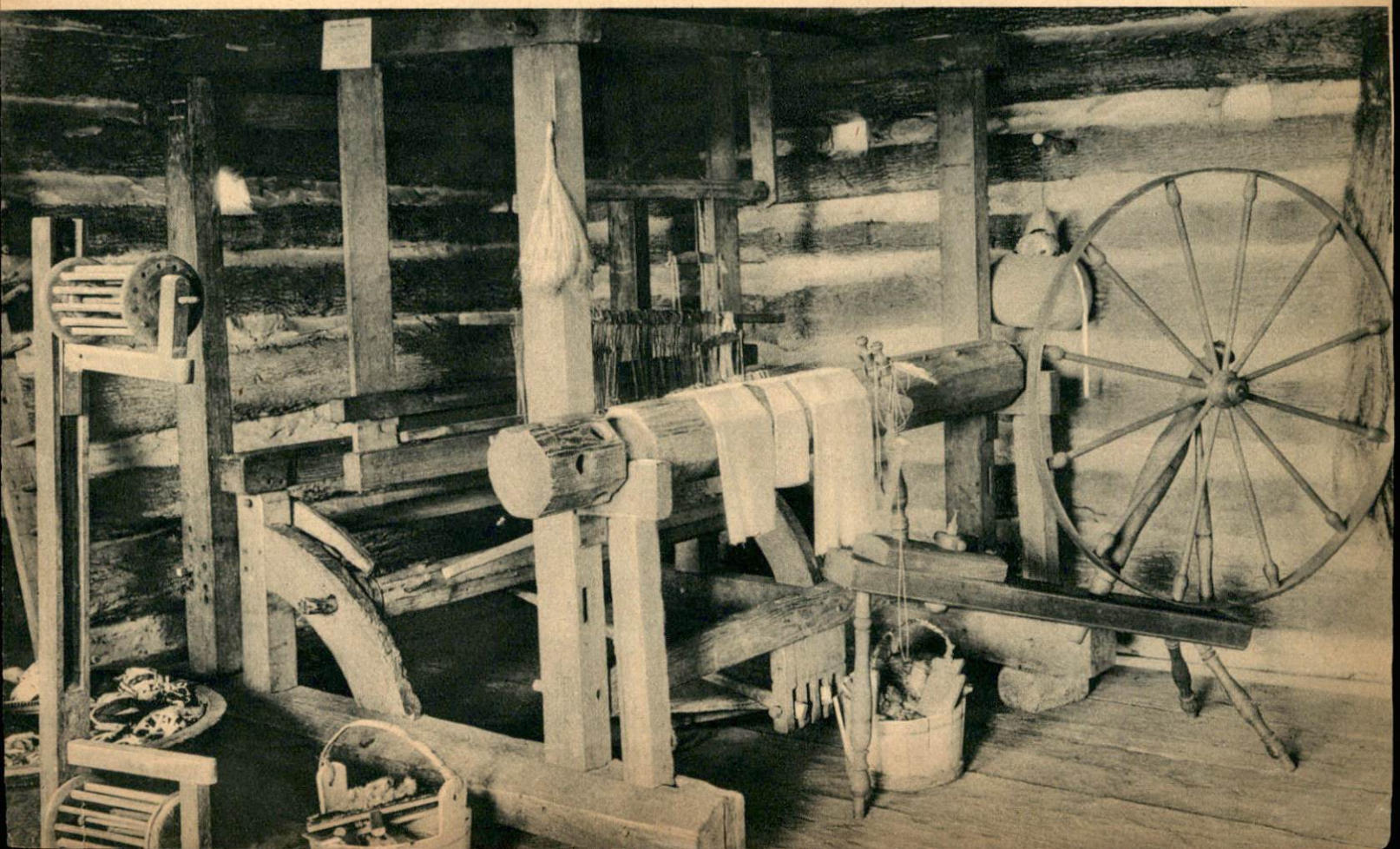
and coarse cloth. Some reeds, tied with a fine cord, had as high as twenty or twenty-two dents to the inch. With such a hand made reed and on the huge cumbersome loom, early Kentucky women made fine linen sheeting with seventy to eighty threads to the inch. Do we women today have such sheets—made of fine linen and with a count of seventy to eighty?

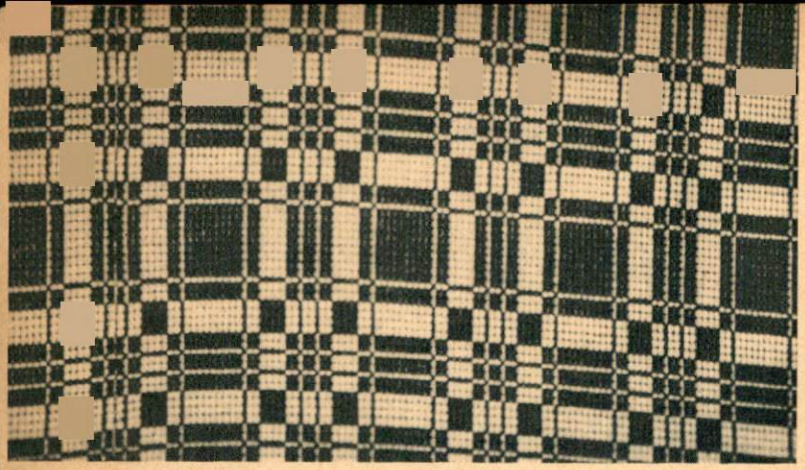
The spinning wheel was as necessary as the loom. Needed too were such accessories as reels, cards for both wool and cotton, hatchels for linen, flax brakes, and shuttles. The preparation of thread and weaving was no simple matter in the early days of pioneer Kentucky.

If we take all the steps in the process of producing the raw material, making the thread, and weaving, we will find that over a year will have passed before the pioneer's wife could get her weaving established. This was work in addition to the multiplicity of her other household duties. So unless the pioneer family were unusually fortunate in having a clothing supply, they were likely to be ragged before they could weave new clothes. Colonel Fleming, traveling with a servant, commented in his diary on the dirtiness and raggedness of the pioneers at Harrodsburg in 1783. That was no reflection on those hardy settlers; in perilous times like those, soapmaking, thread manufacture, and weaving had to wait. In spite of the peril of the time, the women wanted to get settled to their duties, a major one of which was weaving. We find that in the late 1780's, one settler wrote to his brother to bring a loom when he emigrated to Kentucky. It seems from his letter that his wife Martha had nagged at him till he had to make her a loom. A little weaving equipment was brought to Kentucky by the pioneer. As a rule, he made the loom and much of the weaving equipment after he came to Kentucky. The cards for both cotton and wool were bought. Mr. Rothert of the Filson Club has an early account book (1813-1815) of a pioneer Greenville merchant. Nearly every account lists the purchase of wool cards at ten shillings, six pence, and of cotton cards at fifteen shillings. Thus it is shown how essential thread making and weaving were to every household as late as the first quarter of the nineteenth century.

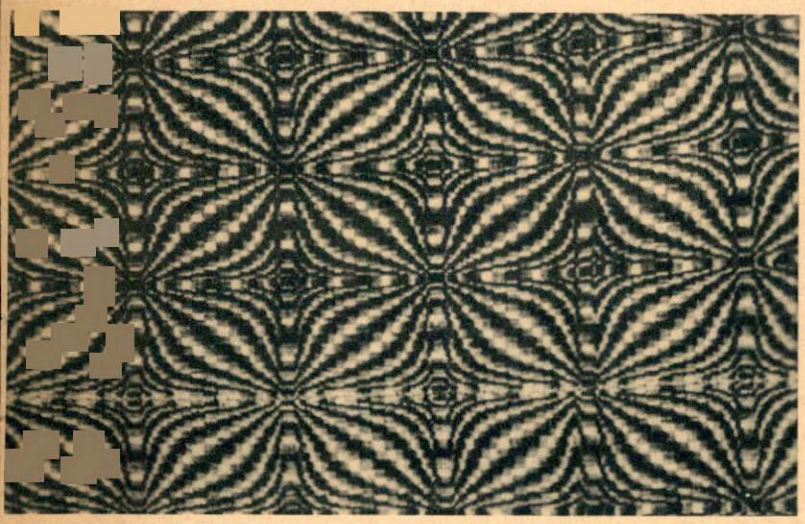
As we go step by step from the raw material to the woven material we will see that it was a long process involving every member of the household. Hemp was found growing wild in Kentucky. Flax was one of the first crops of the pioneer Kentuckian. Sheep were brought in to furnish wool. Cotton was grown extensively over the southern part of the state for home use. The settler had the help of the children in weeding the flax. When it was grown, he turned the crop over to his wife. Nearly every pioneer woman knew to cut the stalks when they were turning yellow and a few lower leaves had fallen. Then she spread it

Relics of the looms and weaving of pioneer women are seen in Ann McGinty's cabin, Pioneer Memorial State Park, Harrodsburg





An old pattern sometimes called "Queen's Delight"



"Double Bow Knot" pattern

This coverlet in the jacquard weave is dated 1834

in the sun to dry. After drying the stalks a few days, she combed the flax seed bolls off for they were essential for the next crop. The flax was then ready to be retted (the rotting process by which the gum was removed). In Kentucky, retting was usually done by leaving the stalks in the sun for the sun, rain, and dew to rot the gummy substance. If the pioneer housewife lived near water, she or the children might sprinkle the stalks several times a day to speed up the retting process. Finally by an almost intuitive knowledge, she decided that the flax was ready. Retting too long weakened the fibers; too short a time left some gum sticking.

Next the flax was broken in a mass on the flax-brake. The next task could be done by the children who would beat the flax on a block until the woody portions were cleaned out. If there were slaves in the household, slave children were often given this task a few hours a day. After a thoro cleaning, the flax was drawn thru a series of hatchels. By drawing thru hatchel after hatchel from coarse to fine, the finest of flax fibers were left. This when spun made a fine smooth thread for handkerchiefs, shirts, dress material, and linens for the household. A slightly coarser thread was used for everyday linens, shirts, and sheeting. Many of our grandfathers clung to their homespun linen suiting for summer long after power weaving was producing linens at a lower price. The coarsest fibers were called tow. The better tow was made into everyday suits and house linens. The coarse tow was used for sacks, ropes, and slave clothing. Virginia cloth, the common material for slave clothing, was a mixture of tow and cotton. This was woven with a characteristic stripe so that the slaves of different plantations could be quickly identified.

After the flax thread was made, it was not ready for use. The thread was a drab gray-brown color and had to be bleached. No Kentucky woman would want to weave her linen of that ugly color. If she lived on a stream, her bleaching was a simple matter; she simply fastened the skeins of thread in the stream and let the water do the work. Otherwise, the bleaching was considerable work. Either she had to soak the skeins of thread in buttermilk, rinse, and sun; or she had to cover the skeins with wood ashes and pour hot water over them numerous times. After bleaching, the linen thread was ready for weaving either as the warp or as the weft.

Wool was equally as important as flax. It was the wool which provided warmth. After the men sheared the sheep, the pioneer woman separated the longer fibers from the short parts. Then she set the children to work cleaning the dirt and burrs from the wool. This was no inconsiderable task after the sheep had grazed in half cleared thickets all year. If the wool was to be used in the natural color for blankets, it was washed and carded ready for spinning. However, much of the wool was dyed. It was dyed before washing so that the natural grease in the wool would aid in the dyeing process.

The favorite color for dyeing wool was the clear deep blue of indigo—a precious bought dye. The Kentucky forests held many colors for the pioneer wise in nature lore. From the beech came a blue, which was unfortunately not a permanent color. Butternut, thru a tedious process taking about six weeks, produced the lovely golden brown sometimes seen in old coverlets today. Other browns could be had from plum bark and sassafras root, black walnut, and chestnut oak bark. Madder, usually homegrown, and

Left: This coverlet shows the "Whig Rose" pattern with Pine Tree border

cochineal gave the beautiful reds of colonial coverlets. One recipe for madder red calls for the following:

Wool for one coverlet—9 oz. alum; 3 oz. cream of tartar; 1½ pounds madder; 1½ oz. lime; 15 gallons of water.

Add alum and cream of tartar to the water and bring to a boil; boil wool two hours; take out, air, and rinse.

Fix 15 gallons of water; break madder and mix with water; warm water till as hot as the hand will stand. Add wool and stir constantly for an hour at temperature of hand if right color; let boil five minutes; take out, air, and rinse.

Add lime to water which has dye; mix well; add wool and boil ten minutes.

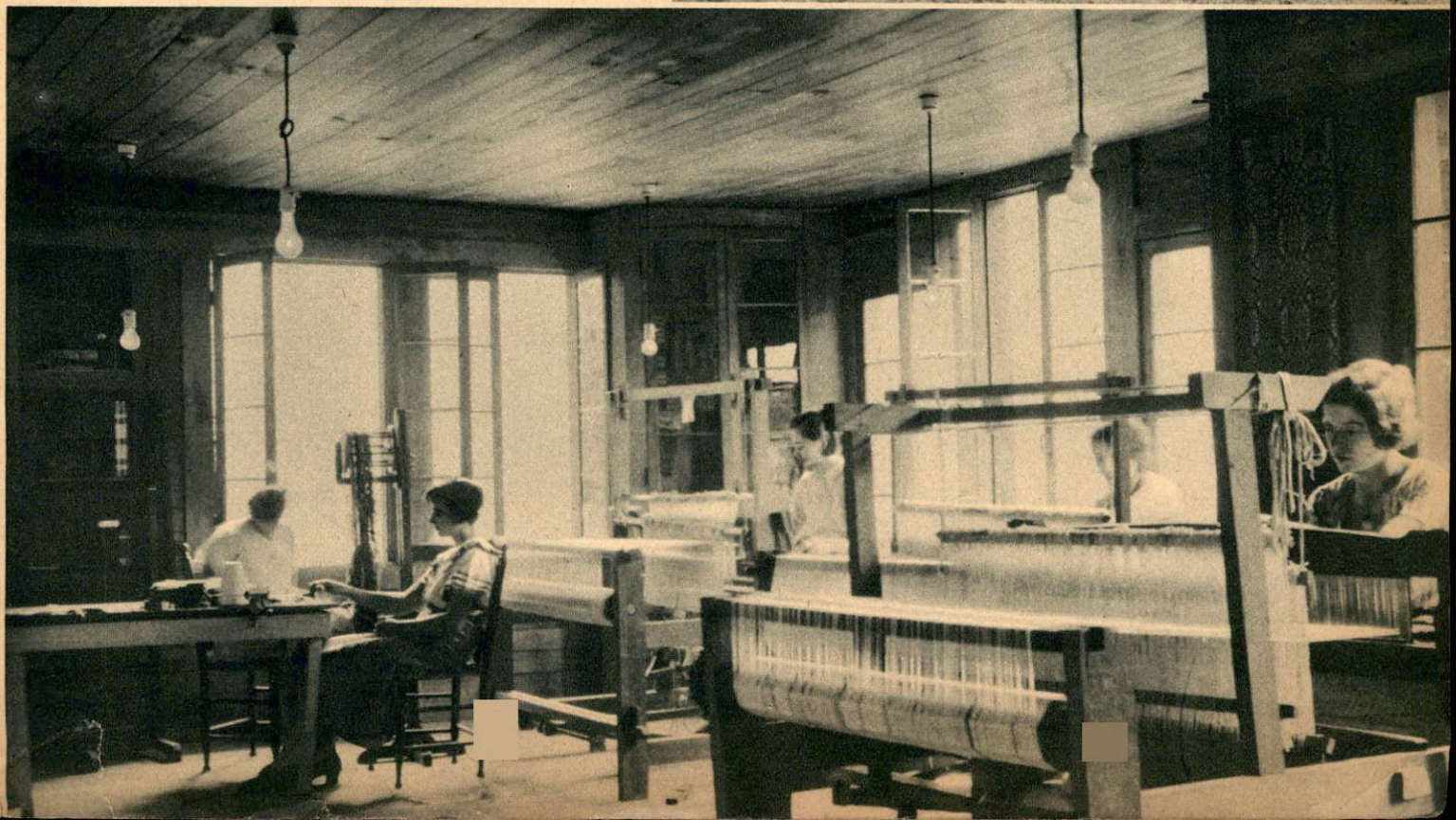
The wool after being dyed was carded into rolls or "curls" for spinning. The spinning was done on a large wheel. Fastening a few fibers at the end of a roll to the spindle, the spinner gives the wheel a turn and walks away; thus she draws out the roll into a thread. Then she walks back permitting the thread to roll up on the spindle.

At first little cotton was used in Kentucky, but soon every clearing had its little cotton patch. Cotton was more desirable than linen for some warps as it was easier to handle than linen was. The invention of the cotton gin did not help pioneer children. They still had the task of getting the seeds from the cotton in early days. This tedious task was usually done at home until about the middle of the nineteenth century when gins and water mills for spinning were fairly plentiful in Kentucky. In pioneer days many a winter evening was spent around a fireside with no other light than that from the logs. The children were carding their daily "stint" of cotton or wool. The mother was making curls for her spinning next day. Her husband, if he had no harness to make or other farm task, might be tying heddles for the loom. Apples and nuts from the forest were an enticement for the children to hurry with their stint. The children begged, as they have from the beginning of time, for their father to tell them of his boyhood days. Time passed swiftly as they listened wide-eyed at the tales of the cities in Virginia and the days of Indian wars in Kentucky.

After all the thread was prepared and wound in skeins or on spools, the pioneer Kentucky woman was near weaving. First she had to warp her thread, enter the warp on the loom, and thread the warp thru the heddles. Many early log houses contained a double row of pegs up and down one side of the room. These served a double purpose. The threads were carried back and forth from peg to peg till the required number for the warp was on the pegs. Then after the warp was removed, the pegs were used to hang clothes on.

When the thread had been warped and entered on the

This Eastern Kentucky weaver is known for her beautiful coverlets in traditional designs. The loom room, shown below, is in the Pine Mountain Settlement School



loom, the most painstaking of all tasks came—that of threading each thread thru a heddle in exact order. If but one thread was out of place, an inaccuracy would result thruout the pattern. Had it not been for the love of beauty in our pioneer grandmothers, they would never have labored at such a wearisome task in a badly lighted room.

For each pattern, the loom had to be rethreaded. These patterns were called drafts. They were precious bits of paper, treasured from generation to generation. In the first days of settlement, most of the weaves were simple for clothing and linens were needed in a hurry. Blankets were woven in plain weave, twill, or basket weave. Linsey-woolsey, originally linen warp and wool woof, was a plain weave for clothing. The Filson Club thru Mr. Thruston was given a piece of rose-red linsey-woolsey which dates back to the days when Kentucky was still a part of Virginia. Yet it is on par with our modern woolens and in spite of its hundred and forty-odd years will probably wear for years. Jeans, a sturdy cloth made of wool on a cotton warp, was the usual clothing material for men.

When we consider the many duties of the pioneer women, it is miraculous that she ever wove the complex patterns of the colonial coverlets. Weaving, tho, is a creative art; thus in spite of her manifold duties, she was inspired to weave the intricate designs. The drafts which she inherited, she wove, often improved, and passed on to the next generation. If her nature were generous, she gave her friends copies of her best drafts. If she had a selfish nature, she guarded jealously her drafts. Indeed, often she tried to write them so that other weavers could not read the threading.

Just as we are a nation of blended ancestry, so the weaving patterns are a blend of many races—English, Irish, Scotch, French, German, Swedish, Flemish, and others. Today it is difficult to trace the origin of many of the patterns. Often a locality will possess a pattern which will not be found elsewhere. Thus we know where a creative weaver has lived. In this country was created a new weave —the "summer and winter" weave. This weave resembles the double weave by having a light pattern on a dark ground on one side, and a dark pattern on a light ground on the other side; yet it has but one warp.

It is interesting to note the method of writing the drafts. They were written on a staff like is used in music. And it is music to the soul of the weaver—a symphony of the beauty of life. The method of writing varies with different weavers. From seventeen drafts of one pattern are seven variations of writing.

Some patterns need two drafts; one to thread by, and one to weave by.

The drafts were handed down from generation to generation. One collection of drafts which I have represents seven generations in Kentucky—dating from the first who settled here while the State was part of Virginia. As brides came into the family, they brought the patterns which were woven in their section of the country. History of this family shows that one of the men brought a Tennessee bride to Kentucky in 1841. This accounts for the drafts in the collection which are dated about 1840 and bear Tennessee names. The "Green River Beauty" of the Kentuckians was the same as the "Tennessee Beauty" of the Tennessee bride. The "Catalpa Flower" was matched with the same pattern under the name of "Tennessee Flower." The "Hickory Leaf" of the Kentucky family was the same as the "Olive Leaf." A neighboring family called this pattern "Blooming Leaf." At Harrodsburg, this same pattern was known as "Double Bowknot." In other parts of Kentucky it was called "Rose Leaf" and "Willow Leaf." One weaver (M. A. B.) gave it the unusual name of "Fools Puzzle."

Other patterns show the same variety of names. The pattern generally called "Snail Trail and Cat Track" was conceived as an "Ocean Wave" by one Kentucky weaver. Others saw the pattern as a vine and flowers so they named it "Running Vine" or "Winding Vine" or "Blooming Vine." Still others saw in the pattern the trail of a snake so we have "Rattle Snake" and "Snake's Trail." Sometimes the name varied with the type of country. The peaceful Tidewater, Virginia with its formal gardens name their draft "Roses in the Garden;" frontier Kentucky wove the same pattern but they called it "Indian Trouble" or "Indian Wars."

Tho handweaving was a necessity for our pioneer grandmothers, power weaving has taken away the necessity for handweaving today. Yet, it has not taken away handweaving. It survives today because it is a creative art. As long as women love the intricate patterns and the individual touch of handweaving, it will live. Coverlets have an inherent beauty that carries part of the weavers aspirations. The patterns and colorings lend themselves to being woven for a specific place. The weaver because she does give of herself to the fabric, takes pains to weave a coverlet which will go from generation to generation. So today handweaving holds a high place. The coverlets woven today will be the heirlooms of tomorrow. With a skilled weaver, weaving is a fine art. The weaver has a medium of expression as creative as painting tho not so flexible in detail.

Kentucky is fortunate in having such fine weaving centers. We Kentuckians are slow to discard a thing of beauty so we kept to handweaving long after industrial centers had adopted power weaving. Even this generation can remember the "weaver-women" as we call them. There was old Mrs. Bett who wove the soft blankets that our grandmothers are using yet. Miss Carrie and Miss Mary were weaver-women who wove the rag carpets that covered the upstairs floors. But the best weaver-woman was Miss Nan whose coverlets are so treasured by their owners. So today Kentucky handweaving rates as the best. Best known of the weaving centers is Berea College—pioneer in the revival of weaving. There the finest of colonial patterns have been selected for reproduction. Even the names carry beauty and romance—Queen Ann's Delight, Whig Rose, Snowball with Pine Tree border, Acres of Diamonds, Pine Bloom, Catalpa Flower, Lee's Surrender, Dogwood Blossom, and many more as charming. Settlement Schools as Pine Mountain, Hindman, etc., and individual weavers are following the old traditions. Even homespun suitings are being woven again for those who have not forgotten the feel of homespun and for those of this generation who are learning the sturdiness of homespun. At Berea College, the boys weave the suiting, reminiscent of the early pioneer days in Kntucky when the boys helped their mothers weave.

The number of old patterns surviving today in the form of old coverlets and old drafts is uncounted. Old coverlets are stored away and treasured. Old drafts lurk in unexpected places. Next to great grandmother Helm's soap recipe will be the pattern for "Nine Chariot Wheels." Cousin Sytha will write about the children having the measles, and in the next paragraph will write the draft for "Rose Leaves, Shells, and Snowballs."

Today, I am trying to collect any information on early looms, weaving equipment, spinning songs, coverlets, linens, and drafts. This is to be catalogued and preserved. Any information of coverlets which may be seen and photographed, of drafts which may be filed, or history of weavers and dyers will be valuable in this attempt at preservation of early Kentucky weaving.

Among the Kentucky Authors On Publishers' Winter Lists

SOUNDING HARBORS *by* ELEANOR MERCEIN KELLY

Delightful Blend of Fiction and Description

WE HAVE long been accustomed to look upon Southeastern Europe as an appropriate setting for musical comedies or as the world's tinder box for international troubles. We are given another idea of that part of the world, however, in an enchantingly beautiful book, *Sounding Harbors* (Harpers $2.50), by Eleanor Mercein Kelly, the brilliant author of *Basquerie.*

The six stories of this book—especially the first three—are not only grippingly interesting as stories, they are immensely valuable as illuminating flashes of the sort of racial history of which we stand greatly in need.

The book is divided into two parts, under the captions "The Bora Blows" and "The Jugo Blows." The Bora and the Jugo are the two dominant winds of the Adriatic and the Ionian littoral. The first is "a war horse of a wind;" the second is "suave of caprice, and brightly perilous." These captions suggest the wide difference of mood and tempo in the two groups of stories.

In the first group—much the better, in our opinion—we are brought into immediate and happy contact with the fundamental characteristics of the Serbians; and we find them a proud, yet modest, race, who preserve in our machine age the virtues of the heroic past. They are commonly referred to as an entirely peasant people. Ragusa, the scene of the first three stories—or to give its ancient Slavic name, Dubrovnik (Forest City)—was, in fact, at one time one of the great and opulent outposts of the Occident. Its aristocracy—what remains of it—traces back to the year 700, antedating the royal families of Europe. But down the ages, noble and peasant have mingled without loss of caste on the one side or of deference on the other. The Serbs are frequently represented as tricky, farouche, and violent. If they are so, it is due to the defence which they have had to make for many generations against Turkish oppression.

"Slava," which opens the book, is one of the most thoroughly delightful stories we have read in many years. In the midst of the preparations for the celebration of the saint's day on which the Kraniks first became Christians, Nikola, the son and pride of the family, suddenly arrives from America with Sonya Endicott, rich, aristocratic, and literary, who is mad to marry him. Sonya so wins the hearts of Nikola's peasant parents that they break down his opposition to marrying a woman upon whom he might be dependent financially.

In "Michaelmas Moon" we are given the final solution of the conflicts of the young couple. Incidentally, we are also given a delightfully humorous account of the humanizing of Sonya's aunt—a caste-bound Boston spinster, dedicated to Causes. "The House Orasac" is an exquisite picture of the dignified, heroic suffering of the old Serbian aristocracy in adversity, and of their gracious, unobstrusive generosity.

The second group of stories has their scene in Corfu, where the people are part Greek, part Albanian, and altogether illusive, against a phantasmagoric background. "Two Lovers Pass" relates the poignant tryst of two aging, clandestine lovers—an English army officer and a Magyar dancer—who are trying to conceal from each other their fatal ailments. He is blind; and she is paralyzed. "Corfiot Idyll" is a story of a naiad and an English archaeologist, a thing as lovely as a sunset and as delicate as gossamer. "Ile de Mort" presents to us a femme fatale—the quintessence of Corfu and all the Ionian skies—who tries her unfading charms on a young American, the son of the only man she ever loved.

"Sounding Harbors" is a fascinating blend of the imponderables of fiction and description that invest a book with an indefinable and enduring power of delight.

—*News, Buffalo, N. Y.*

The Bronze Hunter and Other Poems, by Isabel McLennan, Published by Dorrance and Company, Philadelphia

Though we had seen with pleasure in the passing years bits of verse from the pen of Isabel McLennan McMeekin we were not prepared for the scope and the beauty of this book of collected verse, much of it reprinted from the leading magazines. The volume seems fruit of the assured gift rather than merely one grace of a talented and artistic nature. There are lines in the leading poems, the poem that gives the volume its name, that would be a pride to any poet. The long narrative form is a difficult one but here is both good craftmanship and beauty. The bronze hunter is Boone come back to the Kentucky that woos him as a ghostly visitant, seeking to find more truth of the land that he saw in virgin wonder. And the shade of Boone appears to tell:

> "I was no hero, do not make me one,
> But a rugged man who loved the sun,
> Who topped blue ridges and with eagle's eyes
> Saw the great meadows paradise."

The voice of Boone tells these seeking men of a modern Kentucky of his adventures of those years, of his pride of discovery, of the dangers and achievements of those years and of the cruel mischance and loss of his lands; tells in his crude frontier speech of the land he loved so well.

Also, in lighter vein there are charming bits of fancy. I love a poem called "Admonition," and "Achilles' Heel," is immensely clever, and very, very beautiful is "If Only Your Wild Pulse Had Beat More Slow."

In fact there is not a single poem in this small volume that has not actual worth and courage of thought and understanding. There is successful use of nearly every verse form.

—*The Lexington Herald, Lexington, Kentucky.*

The Recovery of the Original Site of Transylvania University

(Continued *from page* 343)

granddaughter, one of the Colonial Dames, an exquisite letter dated, "Mercer, Nov. 3rd, 1787," written to her cousin in Virginia, a sister of Governor Patrick Henry, concerning Mrs. Christian, another sister of Governor Henry, upon the death of Colonel William Christian, a trustee of Transylvania, who was killed by the Indians on Beargrass Creek, near Louisville in 1786.

Since the references in Robert H. Bishop's *Outline of the History of the Church in Kentucky Containing a Memoir of the Rev. David Rice,* an exceedingly rare book published in Lexington in 1824 (probably the first book published in Kentucky, Judge Samuel Wilson of Lexington says), and since the facts set down on John Filson's map of 1784, fit the buildings and locations described, it is inevitable that we accept the Robinson farm as Mr. Rice's home between the summer of 1784 and February 26, 1788. This is the date of the deed in the Harrodsburg court house (of which the writer has a certified copy) by which Mr. Rice's ownership of this place was first established.

It is important to mention that because of the lawless and irreligious character of this western country, Mr. Rice was unwilling to "seal" himself for a year or two. What could be more reasonable than that Mr. Rice should rent the centrally located farm of his fellow trustee of Transylvania, Colonel John Bowman, who died in 1784?

Bishop's History shows this was true. He writes, "It was in the month of October, 1783, that Mr. Rice arrived with his family at Mrs. McBride's on the waters of Dick's River, a few miles [about three] southeast of Harrodsburg. He afterwards purchased land and settled on Harrod's Run nearer Danville, at the place now occupied by Edward Worthington, Esq." He and his brother, Charles Worthington, had been lads in Harrodstown. The Edward Worthington place is now—1935—the William Taylor Robinson place. "Winter soon setting in, he was unable to visit the country any considerable distance [from Mrs. McBride's] but preached in private homes around his own dwelling and in Danville. During the following summer [1784] a house of worship was built for him in Danville, the first in the State." Danville, near Crow's Station, came into being with the building there of a log house large enough for the District Court, which met there for the first time in 1784, after having met in Harrodsburg and Dutch Station in 1783.

"On the fourth of June (the birthday of George III) Mr. Rice preached the first sermon which was ever preached on Salt River. It was a funeral discourse occasioned by the death of the wife of James McConn Sen" [of McAfee Station]. "He returned to the fort [Fort Fisher on the Robinson farm] next day, and, as his custom was, catachised as many as had turned their attention to religious matters. The next day being Sabbath, June 6, [1784] he preached his second sermon in that region [between Salt and Dick's Rivers] in a large, double-hewn log house at the Station." [Fort Fisher is one hundred twenty yards from the log house]. There is another authority also for the funeral of Mrs. McConn on June 4, 1784.

Thus Mr. Bishop definitely places Mr. Rice on the Worthington—the present Robinson— farm, in 1784; in corroboration of this we have the startling evidence of Filson's superb map of 1784 which writes "Mr. Rice's" diagonally across the symbol for a fort (which is a rectangle with a loop at each corner) near Harrod's Run, on the present Robinson farm. The name Bowman is printed on this area, showing Bowman ownership. These references apply in their exactitude to no other place in Kentucky. June 1, 1789, the classes of Transylvania were transferred to Lexington and after the consolidation with the rival Kentucky Academy in 1798, the Seminary became Transylvania University.

In 1799, feeling that he was not able to fulfill his duties, and not wishing to embarrass his successor by his presence, Mr. Rice sold his farm to Edward Worthington and moved with his family to the Green River country, where he died June 18, 1816. He had been born in Hanover County, Virginia, December 20, 1733.

From Log House to Morrison Hall

It is a "far cry" from the primitive log house to stately Morrison Hall on the present Transylvania campus—though scarcely fifty years elapsed; yet, as Mr. Bishop, the professor of history at Transylvania, says, "From under the roof of his humble cabin he sends forth men who are still extensive blessings to this and the next generation."

"Father Rice's small school among the Peaks of Otter, was one of the beginnings of Hampden and Sidney and of Washington [and Lee] Colleges, and from other Kentucky as well as other states in the Union has received some of her most useful citizens. He has another small school in Lincoln County, the first [grammar school] in Kentucky; and here again he is the Father of the State University."

It was the Rev. Mr. Rice, with his grammar school class mate, Caleb Wallace, then delegate from Kentucky to the Virginia Assembly, and afterwards judge of the District of Kentucky, and their former tutor, the Rev. John Todd of Louisa, Virginia, who put through the General Assembly of Virginia, the Acts of 1780 and 1783 establishing a great State College in Kentucky to be called Transylvania Seminary. This word Transylvania [across or beyond the woods of the Alleghenies] must not be confused with the Transylvania colony of Richard Henderson. The word Transylvania caught the popular imagination at this period.

It was Mr. Rice, a graduate of the New Jersey College that is now Princeton University, who was the eloquent "country parson" of Virginia during the Revolutionary War, so often quoted anonymously in American History text books, "The British King has fleets and armies but he has not justice on his side" . . . "it is upon the principle of the lawfulness of resistance that King George III sits upon the British throne."

These were brave words, and it was this flaming, unquenchable spirit that urged him when a member of the convention making the first constitution for Kentucky in 1792, to plead for an article abolishing slavery, and to write the pamphlet that year entitled, *Slavery Inconsistent With Justice and Good Policy,* that was the first pamphlet published in Kentucky.

It was this high level of intellectual and spiritual life with which he strove to imbue his students, and his deep, personal concern for their welfare and happiness of the members of his "flocks" and for all with whom he came in contact, that left the fragrance of a good name. "The descendants in this neighborhood of the people who loved him, know him only as Father Rice," said Miss Robinson of "Grassy Cove" (when protesting against the use of "The Rev. David Rice" upon the marker); and that was one of the sources of the strength of Transylvania that gave to Kentucky and the "West" a long line of brilliant sons.

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