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UA37/44 Diary to Kelly

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December 16, 1967

Potter College was running when I came here in 1908 and, I believe, also in 1909. Because of the top of our future hill being in strange hands and feminine hands at that, I did not get to know that area very well until later. But from the very first week I was here I knew Reservoir Park and Lost River. My roommate and I took in many of the local sights on the very first day we were here.

In my school days I wandered far afield, even walking out to White Stone Quarry one Saturday with McKenney and some of the other fellows. All this limestone country was so strange to me that I could not get enough of it. The caves, the deep gorge of the river, the thousands of acres of woods on the ridges gave me a thrill that I have never lost. Since I was rather slender in those far-away days, I could crawl through crevices in cliffs and slimy chambers in caves and never bat an eye. I have sometimes shivered when I remembered how silly some of my cave expeditions had been. Fortunately, I had as companions, nearly always, some level-headed fellows who could have got me out of most of the dangerous places; most of the time they entered places in the caves that I would not try, and they came out, too.

Picnicking was a great custom then. It did not take much time to study up some reason why we should have one. Of course the outings extraordinary were the Chestnut Hunt and the Boat Trip, with picnic lunches spread out on the ground. But we went to Lost River and elsewhere, built a small fire, roasted some wieners and marshmallows, and sang all sorts of nonsense and serious songs as we walked home in the moonlight.

Since there were no cars among the faculty or students, we knew how to walk, and we walked, boys and girls alike. Only three cars were in the entire town in 1908; the first truck came in 1911 and was very popular as a picnic conveyer. We kept it busy.