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Hogwallow Kentuckian

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The Only Publication of its Kind in America
Read in Thirty-five States
Saturday Night, June 24th

GEORGE BINGHAM'S
Hogwallow
Kentuckian

Published at
PADUCAH, KENTUCKY
Saturday Nights

Dunk Botts, Editor

5c a Copy
Sold on Passenger Trains and Newsstands
$1 a Year
There are at present fifty or more inhabitants in and around Hogwallow, the most conspicuous of these being: Raz Barlow, Sim Flinders, Sam Spradlen, Luke Mathews, Atlas Peck, Fit Smith, Fletcher Henstep, Tobe Mosely, Poke Eazley, Bat Smith, Dock Hocks, Ellick Hellwanger, Sidney Hocks, Salem Hutchcroft, The Deputy Constable, The Postmaster, The Dog Hill Preacher, Slim Pickens, The Hog Ford Preacher, Frisby Hancock, Yam Sims, Film Dillard, Sile Kildee, Isaac Hellwanger, Little Fidity Flinders, Crick Hicks, Jefferson Potlocks, Columbus Allsop, Clab Hancock, Washington Hocks, The Mail Carrier and the Assistant Coroner.

The ladies of the society set are led by Miss Rosyola Moseley, Miss Gondola Henstep, Miss Fruzie Allsop, Miss Frizzy Dillard, Miss Hostetter Hocks, Miss Agnesia Flinders and Miss Flutie Belcher. Mrs. Isaac Hellwanger tells the girls what to do and what not to do in matters where prudence must be exercised.

The leading institutions of Hogwallow and vicinity include the Excelsior Fiddling Band, the Postoffice and Dock Hocks' blacksmith shop, where haircuts are given only on Saturday afternoon. Dock says a person should not want a haircut oftener than that any way. Besides doing general horseshoeing Dock fixes watches, kills flies, repairs accordions, invents different things and plays one of the tenor fiddles in the Excelsior Fiddling Band.

Rye Straw is located to the southwest of Hogwallow, and not a great distance from the Wild Onion School House. Bounding Billows is down Gimlet Creek, a short distance south of Hog Ford, and gets its name from the reckless way in which the water runs over the rocks at that point. Buzzard Knob is west of Tickville, and was a considerable business center until a project was successfully carried out to have the graveyard moved to a more progressive section.

Musket Ridge is just east of Hogwallow, and it is generally understood by its inhabitants that a person will live longer on this ridge than elsewhere, for the reason that the days are longer, the sun and moon rising earlier than it does in Hogwallow and farther west.
HOGWALLOW NEWS

Miss Hostetter Hocks began practicing this week on trying to learn to sing. Raz Barlow says if she continues the noise he will have to go to drinking again.

Fletcher Henstep went over on Musket Ridge today hunting. He made a lot of long bullets and took them with him to shoot snakes with.

Discovering that there are still several things that his pupils did not learn, Prof. Sam Spradlin has decided to again open his school at the Wild Onion school house.

Fletcher Henstep got back from Tickville today. During his absence he had a lot of Confederate money passed on him by the postmaster at that place. Fletcher, being honest, tried to get rid of all the money before he could convince himself that it was no good.

Jefferson Potlocks went hunting in the Musket creek bottoms yesterday and believes that he has killed a squirrel. He got a fine bead on one, but the gun hung fire and he will not know until it goes off.

The Dog Hill preacher, on account of having preached a sermon three hours long last Sunday, will not be required to fill the pulpit this coming Sunday, his congregation wishing to take a vacation.

Ellick Hellwanger intends to raise his umbrella and start for Tickville as soon as the wind rises and blows in that direction. Ellick says a person can save a lot of exhaustion by traveling with the wind.

Miss Flutie Belcher is again being bothered by the attentions of Raz Barlow. She has read several novels and finds that Raz is not the type of man she could love with true devotion. Raz says he does not keep up with the books much, but he believes that if he keeps on he can get her. Washington Hocks, who is getting along in years, has had lots of experience, and he believes most any fellow can win a woman if he keeps on insisting, even if she does not like him clear on to the time she decides to change her mind.

Luke Mathews has taken the agency for a patent meal shifter and fly catcher combined. It was thought out by a man living near Bounding Billows and is a success for both purposes. Luke's territory embraces the whole United States, and he is greasing his buggy and hitching up his mule this week, getting ready to make the rounds.

The Deputy Constable has an attachment for Tobe Moseley's watch, and will serve it as soon as he can discover where Tobe has hid it. The Deputy ranacked the premises yesterday, looking everywhere except in Tobe's whiskers.

Yam Sims purchased a cigar at the store at Bounding Billows today and caused quite a flutter in Hogwallow society when he rode into town smoking it. After smoking about half of it he put out the fire and will wait until he gets around a crowd to smoke the balance.

Bat Smith, who so successfully operates the moonshine still house on Musket Ridge, announces that he is preparing to make a brand of licker that will not make you drunk until the following night. Tobe Moseley says that will make many a man sit up all night waiting for the returns.

Yam Sims has developed into one of the shrewdest citizens of the community, and stands a good chance of some day being deputy constable if he continues to develop. Sunday he got on his mule and started over to the Hog Ford still house, but by wearing his hat hind part before it appeared to the public that he was going in the direction of the Dog Hill church.

The Dog Hill church is one of our centers of salvation, and during the summer and fall months there are some protracted meetings held that are felt, or rather heard, for several miles. The preacher also has a fine garden spot near his home and raises some miraculously large vegetables. If he was not the pastor of the church no one would believe that such large vegetables could grow. Hog Ford has a Baptist church built on the banks of Gander creek, where it is handy for baptizing of all kinds. So far the Hog Ford preacher and the Dog Hill preacher have gotten along splendidly together. They are both good preachers, and by working between Sundays they manage to get along on the pay they get as pastors.
**A Railway Folder.**

I know a place where cloudless skies
Await the lucky comers,
And earth is like to Paradise
A few months in the summer.
The view is such as never lacked
For wondering beholders,
And the trains which travel there are packed—
In the railroad folders.

Just such a place, it would appear,
As everyone is seeking
About this season of the year
When the populace is reeking.
The swift white waters ever play
Among the mossy boulders,
And life is one long roundelay—
In the railroad folders.

In this bliss place awaits us rest
Beyond the fondest fancy,
And all things thither are possessed
Of Nature’s necromancy.
One always catches all the fish
He can tote upon his shoulders,
And all things else are as we wish—
In the railroad folders.

—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

**The Widow.**

The aged widow, with her several small children, lived in a little unpretentious cottage. The children were crying, a number of them, and the others were out playing in the ash-pile. The widow sat by the window, and with faded eyes looked out upon the passing throng. In the kitchen there was nothing to eat. The coal was out, and the flour was all gone, there was only a greasy spot where the last atom of bacon had laid. There was nothing in all the house to eat. The widow rose from her chair, and after playing her favorite hymn on the piano, went to the telephone and ordered a hack-load of provisions, her husband at his death having left her in comfortable circumstances.

Jefferson Potlocks has built himself a beehive, and by catching a bee here and there he believes he can soon have a swarm of them.

* * * * *

The water in Gander and Gimlet creeks is getting so low that the bridges are no longer needed and will be torn out. They will be replaced in time for next winter’s high water.

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**The Hogwallow Kentuckian**

GEORGE BINGHAM, Publisher.
DUNK BOTTS, Editor.

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Months, Twenty-Five Cents.

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The stories, sketches and Hogwallow doings are written by the editor for this paper.

For advertising space in this publication apply to the publisher. Yearly contracts solicited. Every inch of space in the Hogwallow Paper is good for advertising purposes.

A NICKEL A COPY.
On Passenger Trains and News Stands.

**Publisher’s Talk.**

Business has started off mightily good with the Hog­wall Kentuckian. We got a great many more subscribers the first week than we expected, and the news stand sales were highly encouraging. We want to get it impressed upon the minds of yourself and friends that the Hogwallow paper can always be found on sale at any news stand of any size. If you do not see it, ask for one. Tell the man that you want one of those Hog­wall Kentuckians, and he’ll get it for you if he is any sort of a hustler. As was stated at the outburst, our subscrip­tion list is growing rapidly. Remember, if one of our agents does not run across you put your subscription in an envelope and address it to the Hogwallow Kent­uckian, whose Postoffice Box is 217, Paducah, Ky. The paper is published at the Leake Company’s plant at 127-129 Broadway, Paducah.

For those who failed to read our introductory last week, we lift the following handful of metal from it and print it again below:

The Hogwallow Kentuckian is the only piece of litera­ture of its kind in America. The paper is supposed to be published at an imaginary place away out in the bushes of Kentucky called Hogwallow, and the paragraphs depict the daily life of the alleged inhabitants of that fictional community.

Together with the weekly ample sufficiency of “news items” from Hogwallow, Rye Straw, Bounding Billows, Tickville, Buzzard Knob, Hog Ford, the Dog Hill Church, the Hog Ford and Musket Ridge Moonshine Still Houses, Wild Onion School house, etc., there will be a depart­ment headed, “First One Thing and Then Another,” along with original stories, sketches, etc. Everything in the paper each week will be written by the editor, “Dunk Botts,” except the poetry, which will be carefully selected from the best of the land.
The Blonde Voice.
A Sketch

This is a little story of a big man with a little money, who looked into the blue eyes of a strange woman.

To look at the man with the eyes of a stranger you would be led to believe that he was a mule buyer or a livery man. He looked it, with his large frame, his good-natured reddish face, his broad hat, and his grayish clothes. All the points were there about this Kentucky mule buyer or horseman that distinguished him from the mixed herd.

After having drunk many other things he had dropped back to that milder and refreshing drink called coca cola, and it was while at the soda fountain that he will be allowed to tell his own story of the voice of the blonde woman. Here it is:

"That picture of the blonde woman up there makes me think of the face of a woman I once saw, never to forget. I was running a livery stable in a little town in Western Kentucky. It was the leading livery stable of the town, and all the young fellows who went to courting by the buggy route got their rigs from me. And I did have a good lot of stock. But I'm not talking about horses, but of women. I was, making money, and as usual in a small place, everyone knew it. I made a great deal of money from the buying and selling of mules in large droves, and always had a shot-sack full of money about me. Every three or four days I would take a lot of it to the bank, to make the cashier glad. At the particular time I am telling about, there were several carnival companies and show women of all kinds floating about through that part of the country. Now you know there are a lot of as good women with shows as there are anywhere, and still there are some that are not good.

"One evening I found that one of the horses in the stable was sick, and while I was doctoring it at the back end of the building, something happened that probably never will again. Night was coming on and all the boys had gone to supper. It was about half dark at the back of the stable where I was, and while interested in investigating the condition of my horse, I was suddenly frightened by a face at one of the small windows in the back end of the building. Her hair was blonde, and, fellows, let me tell you, her eyes were blue and her cheeks just about the proper color. I can't describe that little exclusive smile of hers either, but it was the kind that would cause a man to stop doctoring a sick horse any time. She said that I was a bit flustered, so she remarked that it was not her intention to frighten me, but she would like to say a word. There is no record of me ever refusing to listen to the voice of a woman, so I let the bottle of horse medicine down easy on the floor and, being a large man unafraid, I walked over close to the window. 'All right, lady, says I, I am perfectly ready to hear what you have to say, but you'd better come around to the front.' 'No,' says she, 'somebody might see me.' Then I says, 'Well, go ahead and talk, but I'd like to know where you sprang up from. I know ever woman in this part of the country, and I'm sure I never saw you before.' She assured me that that made not a particle of difference, and that our conversation and acquaintance would cover only a few seconds' time—then she would be gone, never to see me again. Then she asked me if there was anybody else about the building in hearing distance, and I told her no, to which she replied that it was very well. Then she made me change the foot I had been standing on, by saying, 'You are going to be robbed tonight. Now don't get excited. It won't happen until one o'clock. You have a lot of money in the safe in the office, haven't you? Yes, I knew it. And you are sometimes careless about leaving it in there over night? Yes, I thought so. Well, when you go home tonight, you'd better take that money with you, or dispose of it in some way. The men who are going to rob you believe you are going to leave it here. They have done me dirty and I am preaching on them, see?'

"I tried to get that woman to come into my office and tell me more, but she would not so, and before I had found out half I wanted to, her head was gone from the little window, and I heard the bushes shaking as she ran away into the dark. At first I thought I'd leave my money in the safe, and watch it with a lot of officers. But I knew that would upset the nerves of my wife, so the best thing I could think of was to do as the woman suggested: Take the money home with me, and leave the safe door open, so that the robbers would not use nitroglycerine on it. About ten o'clock my wife telephoned to me to come home, and I went, taking the money with me in a large paper sack. I said I took the money home, but I didn't. I took it only part of the way. At a certain dark spot on the street two men held me up and took it. And as they disappeared through the dark, I am sure I heard the 'ha-ha' of a blonde woman's voice."
About "Bob" Greene

Robert L. Greene, known among the thousands of the good people of the State as plain "Bob" Greene, is seeking the Democratic nomination for Clerk of the Court of Appeals. And it will not surprise anyone if he is elected. The man who makes a successful race for an office must have something behind him besides money. The people at large must know that he is a good man before they will vote for him, and by now they are convinced that Robert L. Greene is one—not only a good man morally and physically, but a man fitted for the important place he seeks. His records show that he has always been a Democrat, that during the twenty years he has served as Deputy Clerk of the Court of Appeals, there has been not even a small blemish on his career as one of the public's employes. He is known to be the finest clerk in the State, it is said, and he is being commended by a very large number of eminent judges and other public men who have had an opportunity to see the inside of Mr. Greene's career as deputy.

He has received several hatfuls of press notices from various papers throughout the State, and below are given a few lines that have been taken from several of these notices:

He would make an ideal clerk, as he is finely qualified to hold the position.—Frankfort News.

The lawyers of Kentucky would be glad to see him elected to an office which he so much deserves.—The Kentuckian-Citizen.

He formerly held the position of deputy clerk of that court and made one of the best officials the State has ever had.—Danville Advocate.

We know him to be qualified and worthy of the honor, more, he's as big a hearted Democrat as ever lived.—Jackson Times.

He is, besides being a very fine clerk, a gentleman of the highest character and a Democrat without guile. He ought to be nominated and elected.—Owensboro Messenger.

Bob Greene, as he is so familiarly known here, where he formerly lived, will, we believe, receive every Democratic vote in Pendleton county; and many Republicans will come over to support him.—Pendletonian.

The writer announces without a fear of successful contradiction that there is no man in the State of Kentucky better qualified to fill that position. During the days of old time Democracy he performed those duties with signal ability. No man was ever more courteous and accommodating to those having business before the Court of Appeals and in the office of that court.—Lebanon Falcon.

Endeavoring to satisfy the only ambition he has ever had in a political way, Robert L. Greene, of Frankfort, has announced his candidacy for Clerk of the Court of Appeals, subject to the action of the Democratic State primary. He is endorsed by practically all the judges of the Court of Appeals and all concede his qualifications such as will make him an admirable clerk if elected. He has had the endorsement of the bar of the State in all of his races and his friends declare that in his qualifications he cannot be excelled by any candidate.—Lexington Herald.

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We Want
Representatives in every section of all the States to get subscribers. The commission will inspire you to get out and hustle. Ask Hogwallow Man,
P. O. Box 217, Paducah, Ky.
First One Thing and Then Another.

The two things a man cannot very well get along without are clothes and money.

This is the time of year when the street cars haul lots of convention delegates and just ordinary citizens to the parks and other out of the way places. The other day one car was so crowded the conductor and motorman were compelled to get out and walk.

It appears that there should be a greater variety of everyday things to eat. True, there is a long menu embracing a multitude of edibles, but after it is all simmered down and checked up, what is there much to eat that the first act of the former, and it is sometimes arranged so that the first act is so rotten the second appears good.

A good many ten-cent theaters over the country run a combination vaudeville and picture show. There are "two big acts" of the former, and it is sometimes arranged so that the first act is so rotten the second appears good.

Everything else may have its own imprint of individuality, looking and being different in different parts of the country, but postage stamps look about the same all over the United States.

There are various kinds of jobs. They come in sizes and colors. The railroad man has a great long job, dark of color. The person who sells tickets has a condensed job, while the farmer covers many acres. Another man whose job spreads over a large area of territory is the traveling salesman. The newspaper man's job is done in black and white, and though he may occupy a small place in the community in which he lives and in the minds of those who know him best, his field envelopes the entire world, with some of the suburban continents on the side.

In your daily endeavor at trying to make a good and at the same time legitimate living, have you ever hesitated, while no one was looking, and cast a thought in the direction of the proposition of matrimony from a financial standpoint? If you do it, probably you will observe that a good many of your neighbors who are at present leading citizens got their financial backing through their own or some other alliances of the heart and hand. Not far from your house is an old man who has so much money the next thing you know he will be dying of apoplexy or having his appendix or his telephone cut out. Climb that man's family tree and shake down the facts and you'll find out how he got his start. And a Start is the thing. Nowadays it counts more than the Finish. It should, too, because the Start is right now, today, and the Finish is yet to come. Every person has a Grand Finish coming to him, but not all of us can ever get hold of a Start.

Maybe that old man we are talking about got transferred to the financial highway by eating bread out of a tin pan and drinking his coffee with an Arbuckle pewter spoon; or, maybe he took the Start money from someone else either by wholesale or by degrees. But he should not be accused of crookedness, for more likely it is to be a fact that he got his first help through a marriage. It did not necessarily have to be his own wedding; it may have been two or more generations back, but it all came down to him through the cumulative process, and that which came as his portion represented the foundation for his future fortune.

And everyone must have help from someone else before he can get any distance up the Prosperity road. A man cannot make money without cash of his own or the help of someone who has got it. A poor man who has to work all the time cannot make money. He hasn't time. It requires the entire output of his brain and brawn to keep from sinking up to his ears in debt. The person who makes the cash is the one who has short hours and some backing. The man who is broke can talk a lot and make a noise with his mouth, but there is no jingle about it. That good old bit of rail fence philosophy is remembered: A friend who has no money can give you nothing but best wishes and sympathy. If you get in jail the moneyless friend can look through the bars and tell you how much he sympathizes with you, and truly he wishes that you were out, but his sentiments do not open the heavy jail doors. On the other side, your friend who has the money comes casually along, looks at you through

Ferron's Cafe
209 Broadway, Paducah.
For Ladies and Gentlemen
OPEN DAY and NIGHT
the bars, and though he may not shed any thought-waves of sympathy toward you, he can say, "Here, this won't do. You must not stay in this place. Mr. Officer, I'll give bail for this man." Then the doors will open.

Out on the coast we have a friend who is a terrible hand at reading serial stories. He is a serial fiend, and lives serially. We don't know whether he eats cereals or not. He has read so many serial stories that they have left an expectant expression on his countenance; you can trace the lines that come from the long waits between installments due in the next issue of the magazine. He waits for those next chapters with as much seriousness as does the public when it lingers at a depot and looks down the track for the expected train. "Why do you take such an interest in those stories?" he was asked. To which he replied, "Simply because I want to see how it comes out." Once, and only that, did he get interested in a serial story I wrote. He knew as well as myself that it was a hopeless piece of work, that it would never see the light of a magazine page, but his interest grew with the stack of manuscript pages. "Hurry," he would say, "I want to see the finish." Finally the story was almost done—all but the last paragraphs, and then we went to wash our hands. While applying the soap an accident happened, namely: The story tumbled into the large garbage sink of running water and was washed down through the pipes and out into a sewage system that accommodated a town of many thousand inhabitants. This great main sewer emptied into the Pacific ocean—from the sewer's broad mouth rushed the total result of everything, and was lost in the cerulean blue of the ocean. And here the next day this friend was found sitting. "What are you doing down here?" was asked him, to which he replied: "I'm waiting here to see how that story of yours comes out."