

RECOLLECTIONS OF BOWLING GREEN, KENTUCKY

By

Elise Dulaney

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My father had a friend, Mr. Charles Barker, who owned several fine farm's near Pembroke, Ky. Mr. Barker's old home was Mount Ayre. One of Mr. Barker's sisters married Uncle Emmett Logan's brother.

Mr. Barker often came to Bowling Green to meetings of the Presbyterian Church and visited us sometimes. Mr. and Mrs. Barker had three children, Virginia, who married Dr. Maurice Hughes of Clarksville, Tenn. Frank Barker, and Mary Barker. Virginia and Mary went to Agnes Scott College and Frank graduated at the University of North Carolina and later at Columbia University in law and practiced in Kansas City, Mo.

Lena and I visited them several times at their home near Pembroke, Wheatlands. Mr. Barker, who was a devout Presbyterian, had family prayer every evening at nine o'clock. On Sunday morning after breakfast he called the colored people into the dining room from the kitchen and they stood while he had prayers and a short service.

He built a Presbyterian Church at the entrance to his farm and moved to. The Lester Memorial Presbyterian Church.

Several years ago one Sunday afternoon I was riding with Miss Georgia Hoahson and we went to Clarksville, Tenn. and I stopped to visit with Mary for a short visit.

My good friend, Mrs. Frank Kelly, lived near the Barker farm and we were invited to have supper one evening with Mr. and Mrs. Kelly and their family. Mr. Kelly was related to General Robert E. Lee.

## Second Edition

One day over twenty years ago Mr. T. H. Beard, who was at that time Cashier of the Citizens National Bank went into Piggly Wiggly on Park Row, formerly called Frozen Row, and asked the clerk if he had seen the bass.

The clerk said "Mr. Beard, Mr. Rodes never comes in here."

Mr. Beard said, "Why, I'm not talking about Mr. Rodes. I'm talking about Mrs. Beard." I heard him say that and I laughed. Over forty years ago my uncle, R. W. Covington, had a large acreage of strawberries on his farm, Elm Grove, near Bowling Green.

Men and women from various places in Kentucky came for the strawberry season to pick strawberries.

He had a large barn where the pickers slept and ate.

Mr. Argo Clagett was his partner and he employed Mr. J. C. Brown, who was a student at W. K. S. C. at that time, to have charge of the dining room. Uncle Wells asked him how much he would charge to feed them. He said, "I'll sleep them for so much and I'll eatt them for so much."

Strawberries in Warren County were shipped to many parts of the United States.

A picker one day on one of the strawberry farms put a slip of paper inside a crate of strawberries with his name and address on it.

A person that bought the crate in some distant state read the slip and wrote to the farmer and told him they were in good condition when received and were delicious.

Strawberry farms here have practically become a thing of the past.

They were considered the finest strawberries in the United States.

The season lasted only about two or three weeks and the pickers had to pick every day to keep the vines in proper condition.

A minister in Bowling Green one Sunday preached a sermon against picking on Sunday. However, it was absolutely necessary to pick on Sunday.

Miss Jeanie Blackburn's mother was Elizabeth Marshall.

Elizabeth Marshall had an uncle, James Marshall.

Nannie Stout married Raymond Marshall and they live on the Scottsville Road near the Plans Road.

Raymond Marshall is the great grandson of James Marshall.

In other words, Miss Jeanie Blackburn and Raymond Marshall (Nannie's husband) are closely related.

Feb. 18, 1961

MISS MARY PORTER CAMPBELL

My mother and Miss Mary were the closest of friends and went to school at St. Columba's Academy here.

Miss Mary is a Barclay and distantly related to Louise Carson Drake and to Woodford Dulaney. Katherine Garvin lives in the old Campbell home on Beech Bend Road.

Campbell Garvin lives in the home.

They both have some interesting things in their homes.

Miss Mary's grandparents came from Maryland. They brought Aunt Polly, the colored woman, with them. Miss Mary's grandmother was a communicant of the Episcopal Church and brought her Prayer Book with her. During Miss Mary's life, she had the Old Prayer Book and treasured it. Miss Mary was a Presbyterian and my mother would laugh and tell her that she should remember that her grandmother was not a Presbyterian. They, of course, would laugh. Mrs. Warrener was over there one day and heard Miss Mary's side of the conversation over the phone and told Katherine that she thought they were fussing. Katherine said, "Oh, Mrs. Warrener, you don't understand. They are having a wonderful time "fussing" at each other."

Miss Mary had the old Barclay Bible with records of the family in it.

Katherine Garvin happens to be distantly related to me. She and all the cousins come down from Sallie Covington, who was the sister of my great grandfather, Elijah Moorman Covington.

I don't know any dates about the family.

Elise Dulaney

Cora Bacon Cooksey, Mrs. Euclid Covington Cooksey, who lived for many years in Bowling Green, was a wonderful worker in Christ Episcopal Church. Her mother and father before her were devoted communicants of Christ Church.

Miss Cora, who was loved by all, for a long time was Treasurer of Christ Church.

For sometime she was Superintendent of the Sunday School.

She loved children and they all loved her.

She also played the organ for the Sunday School and taught classes.

For many years now she has been living in Louisville, Ky., at the Morton Home, an Episcopal home for elderly people.

Miss Cora is now a communicant of the Church of the Advent situated at the front gate of Cave Hill Cemetery. For awhile she taught in the Sunday School at the Church of the Advent.

During her many active years, She was a great influence for good for numbers of boys and girls.

I have known Miss Cora all my life.

Mr. Norman Couty, who came here many years ago to live, bought the old Underwood farm on the Cemetery Road. Mrs. Couty was my Sunday School teacher, She was a lovely person. They had a beautiful daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, named for her two sisters, and a son, Norman, Jr. Margaret had beautiful dark curly hair. Mr. Couty and the mother of my sister-in-law, Florence Steward Dulaney, Mrs. Albert Dulaney, were old friends.

Florence lived with Mr. Couty's aunts in Louisville--Belle and Eliza while she studied to be a kindergartener, Florence was a kindergartener in Richmond, Va., before she married my brother. Her home was in Petersburg, Va. Mr. and Mrs. Couty and the children went to Louisville to live and I visited them several times with Florence at their lovely home near Cherokee Park.

Norman, Jr., visited here for an hour or so once or twice and called on Mary Lawrence at her home of State Street.

Mr. Couty was a pharmacist and an accountant. Norman, Jr., said his mother was in a Nursing Home at that time.

Mr. Couty died afterwards. Mr. Couty gave the first missal and missal stand to Christ Episcopal Church and requested that it should not be known who was the donor.

The missal stand now at Christ Episcopal Church is one he gave. Mr. Couty often visited in Petersburg, Va., and saw Florence's mother and family.

He and Mrs. Couty visited us on Adams St. Florence, My sister-in-law, visited Mr. and Mrs. Couty here on the Cemetery Road and Albert my brother, met her in that way. My mother introduced Florence and Albert at our Church.

Our church at that time was on College street between 7th and 8th Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. Couty gave generously to our church.

Josephine Amanda Wells, the daughter of Judge Robert W. Wells of Jefferson City, Mo., the Capital, married Dr. Albert Wakefield Covington, my grandfather.

Judge Robert W. Wells, the author of the Dred Scott decision, was my great grandfather.

Dr. Albert Covington, my grandfather, after living in Europe for six years and visiting hospitals, returned home and built the old home. The Grove, in 1852. This home is now in good condition on the Covington farm at the end of Euclid Drive, Wakefield Ave. next to Wickliffe Lane, is named for my grandfather. My grandfather spent much time in Florence, Italy. Before this time, he graduated from Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky., and belonged to Christ Episcopal Church there. He then graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia in medicine. However, he never practiced his profession.

On his return to Bowling Green from Europe, he decided to go out to Jefferson City, Mo., to visit his sister, Eliza Covington Wells, the second wife of Judge Robert W. Wells.

Judge Robert W. Wells' first wife was Harriet Rector. Rector, Ark., was named for her family. Her mother was Frances Conway. Conway, Ark., is named for her family. The family portraits are in the Capital at Little Rock, Ark., and were sent to the St. Louis Exposition in 1904 and I saw them in the Arkansas Building. Dr. Albert Covington went to visit his sister, Eliza Covington Wells, Mrs. Robert W. Wells, and there met her step-daughter, Josephine Amanda Wells. They were married a short time afterwards.

Eliza Covington Wells and Judge Robert W. Wells had two daughters, Juliet and Cornelia, and one son, Eugene Wells.

My grandmother, Josephine Amanda Wells, married Dr. Albert Covington, her step-mother's brother. In other words, Josephine Amanda Wells married Eliza Covington Wells' brother, Dr. Albert Covington.

Josephine Amanda Wells, my grandmother, was the half sister to Juliet and Cornelia Wells and Eugene Wells. Therefore, Josephine Amanda Wells, my grandmother, married Eliza Covington Wells' brother, Dr. Albert Covington, who was her stepmother's brother.

Juliet and Cornelia Wells and Eugene Wells were the first cousins to my mother, Clara Delafield Covington, and my uncle Robert Wells Covington, and my aunt, Lena Hickman Covington. Juliet and Cornelia Wells were also my mother's half aunts and Eugene Wells was her half-uncle.

Albert Covington, my grandfather, therefore, married Josephine Amanda Wells, and became Judge Robert W. Wells' son-in-law and also his brother-in-law because Eliza Covington Wells, the second wife of Judge Robert W. Wells, was Albert Covington's sister.

Eliza Covington Wells, Albert Covington's sister, who was my great aunt, and Judge Robert W. Wells, my great grandfather, made a trip from Jefferson city, Mo., to St. Louis, Mo., where he held Federal Court. When they crossed the Mississippi River, the bridge, a new one, collapsed. Eliza Covington Wells, my great aunt, was thrown from the train and caught on the bridge and held there by her skirt. However, she was finally rescued.



The contractor that built the bridge was standing there looking on as it was the first trip a train made over the new bridge. The builder although it was not his fault, jumped into the river and drowned.

Juliet Wells and Cornelia Wells were my mother's half-aunts since they were Josephine Amanda Wells Covington's half-sisters.

Eugene Wells was my mother's half-uncle since he was Josephine Amanda Wells Covington's half brother. Mary Wells (Parsons) was my mother's aunt since she was the sister of Josephine Amanda Wells (Covington).

Harriet Rector Wells---Judge Robert W. Wells  
Mary Wells Parsons  
Josephine Amanda Wells (Covington)

Eliga Covington Wells---Judge Robert W. Wells  
Juliet Wells  
Cornelia Wells  
Eugene Wells

Josephine Anamda Wells---Albert Wakefield Covington  
Clara Delafield Covington  
Robert Wells Covington  
Lena Hickman Covington  
First cousins

Juliet Wells  
Cornelia Wells  
Eugene Wells  
Clara Delafield Covington  
Robert Wells Covington  
Lena Hickman Covington

Juliet and Cornelia and Eugene Well's mother, Eliga Covington Wells, was the aunt of Clara Delafield Covington, Robert Wells Covington and Lena Hickman Covington.

Juliet and Cornelia and Eugene Wells were Eliga Covington Wells children. Robert W. Wells, Judge, was their father. Eliza Covington Wells was Albert Covington's sister. There were therefore my mother's first cousins since Eliza Covington Wells was Albert Covington's sister. Albert Covington was the father of Clara Delafield Covington (Dulaney) and Robert Wells Covington and Lena Hickman Covington (Logan)

Harriet Rector Wells, the wife of Judge Robert W. Wells, was Josephine Amanda Well's mother. Judge Robert W. Wells was Josephine Amanda Wells' father. Harriet Rector Wells was Judge Robert W. Well's first wife. Therefore, Josephine Amanda Wells, my grandmother, was the half-sistef of Juliet and Cornelia and Eugene Wells. Therefore, Juliet and Cornelia Wells were my mother's half-aunts and Eugene Wells was my mother's Half-uncle.

My grandfather, Dr. Albert Covington, made a trip to California many years ago. However, I do not know what year it was. He was born in 1807 and he was grown when he made the trip. He went by boat to New Orleans and visited his sister, Juliet Covington Jannin, Mrs. Louis Janin.

Juliet Covington Janin was the mother-in-law of Violet Blair who owned 1/3 of Mammoth Cave. She inherited this property from her mother. From New Orleans he sailed around South America around the Horn. In California, he visited another sister.

On one of his trips to Europe the water on the ship got low, but they were careful and had enough water for the trip. It took six weeks for the trip.

My grandfather, Albert Covington, had two little dogs. One was white and he named it Day and the other was black and he named it Night. He said he wanted two so they could play together and not be lonesome.

My sister had a black dog named Fritz and I had a white dog named Dandy. Fritz would bite, but Dandy did not bite.

April 3

Mary Smith of the Elm Grove Dairy, has the biography of her uncle, Brother Ham, who is the evangelist that converted the evangelist Billy Graham. She will be glad to have you read it, I am sure. Brother Ham lived in Anchorage, Ky., at one time and lived in his home which my aunt and uncle had formerly owned and in which they lived.

Billy Graham, as you know, is celebrated and is on the radio frequently.

E.D.

Elijah Moorman Covington, my greatgrandfather, came to Warren County, Kentucky from Richmond County, N.C., in 1795, three years after Kentucky was admitted into the United States, 1792.

He settled at Elm Grove near Bowling Green where Mrs. C.A. Smith, her daughter, Mary Smith and her son, Luther Smith, live and operates the Elm Grove Dairy.

His son, Albert Covington, my grandfather, had the following children: Clara Delafield Covington Dulaney, Robert Wells Covington, and Lena Hickman Covington (Logan).

Clara Delafield Covington had the following children: Albert Covington Dulaney, (Lena Logan Dulaney (Barbour), and Elise Dulaney.

Robert Wells Covington had the following children: Euclid Madison Covington, who married Mary Ingersall of Beloit, Wis., Margaret Steele Covington (Shackleford), Wickliffe Cooper Covington (Jenks), and R. Wells Covington, Jr., who married Rosa Rarret of Louisville, Ky., the great grand daughter of Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston, who was killed at the Battle of Shiloh.

Lena Hæckman Covington (Logan) had the following children: Wells Covington Logan, who married Llewellyn Payne, Emmett Logan, who married Effie Willis, the daughter of Mrs. George (Sallie) Willis, who was the daughter of Pleasant J. Potter, and Dulaney Logan, who married Margaret Whiting of New York, the daughter of a prominent doctor there, and after her death Nell Lewis, a relative of President George Washington, John C. Lewis of Lousiville, Ky., of the John C. Lewis Dry Goods Company was also a relative of President of George Washington.

Nell Lewis Logan was descended from either Fielding Lewis or his sister. The mother of Fielding Lewis and his sister was a Washington and was perhaps the sister of President George Washington, Therefore, Nell Lewis Logan is related to President George Washington.

*Now owned*  
R. Wells Covington, Jr., not wons thê farm, The Grove, next to Elm Grove. It was my grandfather's home and was build by him in 1852 and was heree my mother and her brother and sister were born. My uncle, Mayor Robert Wells Covington, died there in the home where he was born. I was out at his home. The Grove, the afternoon he died. March 19, 1949.

Three generations have owned this home and farm.

Elijah Moorman Covington's brother, Isaac Coovington, settled in the Three Springs neighborhood and had one son, Ed Covington, who married Kate Meadow of Tennessee. On one side of the place is Meadowcrest. Ed Covington had the following children: Joseph Gilmore Covington, Fannie Covington, Benjamin Covington, Albert Covington, Josphe Gilmore Covington. had two sons: Edward Covington and william Covington.

Joseph Gilmore Govington's son, Edward Covington, married Elizabeth Dollar. They have two sons, Edward and Robert Covington.

William Covington, the second son of Josphe Gilmore Covington, married Bettie Morse of Fairbanks, Morse and Company. Bettie Morse is the first cousin of Mary Ingersoll Covington, the wife of Euclid Madison Covington.

Madison Covington.

Five generations have owned and lived on this part of the Covington land.

Elijah Moorman Covington had two other sister, Millie and Letitia Covington, who never married. Elijah Moorman Covington had a sister, Cornelia Covington, the grandmother of Dr. Sidney Meyes, President of the University of Texas and later president of the College of the City of New York.

Elijah Moorman Covington had a brother, Enasmus Covington.

My great uncle Euclid Madison Covington, who inherited from his father, Elijah Mooreman Covington, his farm, Elm Grove near Bowling Green started to town during the Civil War one morning. When he reached his fence, a sentry was walking up and down. Uncle Euclid turned and faced his farm. When the sentry walked away, Uncle Euclid walked across and went to town. When he returned home later, the sentry told him to halt. He showed him his credentials and the sentry let him pass. In other words, he outwitted the sentry.

His home, Elm Grove, was a 2-story brick with double parlors. The earthquake of 1849 cracked on of the walls of the house.

When Uncle Wells inherited the place he decided to tear down the house and build a new house.

Years after this time, I was out at Uncle Wells' house and asked him about the house. He said:

"Let's not talk about it. I was so foolish to tear it down. I should have kept it for my home."

This was the earthquake which formed Reelfoot Lake. 20  
1811-12

*Euclid*

During the Civil War Uncle Eudid Covington was arrested for being a Southern sympathizer. He was taken to Nashville, Tenn. My mother, Clara Covington, Aunt Lena, and Uncle Wells began to cry and yell. Mrs. Josiah Pillsbury, Mrs. Samuel D. Blackburn, and my grandmother, Mrs. Albert Covington, went down to Nashville to plead his cause.

Mrs. Pillsbury was the spokesman for the occasion.

She said to the commanding officer:

"I am Mrs. Josiah Pillsbury and this is Mrs. Samuel D. Blackburn and this is Mrs. Albert Covington."

He returned to Bowling Green with them.

Mrs. and Mrs. Pillsbury conducted a school at their home on Kentucky Street.

On top of the house they had an instrument to study the stars.

My great aunt, Juliet Covington Javin (Mrs. Louis Javin) rented the house for the summer months.

Mrs. Pillsbury had a Southern flag on top of the house and Yankees fired on it and she refused to take it down.

The house was an unusual one and is now gone.

It was on Kentucky Street, between 11th and 12th.

Euclid Madison Covington, (Major R. Wells Covington's son) at Elm Grove would not drink any milk for breakfast.

His father told him if he would drink one glass every morning for breakfast for one year he would give him a pony.

Euclid then began to drink one glass of milk every morning for breakfast for one year.

Uncle Wells then bought a pony and a cart and gave it to Euclid, hoping he would continue to drink milk.

Then Euclid drove the pony hitched to the cart every day to school as fast as he could go.

However, he never drank any more milk.



Many years ago Uncle Wells Covington's home "Elm Grove" burned.

Aunt Maria and Aunt Harriet, the colored women, were helping carry things out of the house.

Aunt Maria went out doors and Aunt Harriet began to throw clothes and pieces of furniture out of the upstairs windows.

Aunt Maria said, "Throw the china wash bowl down!"

Aunt Harriet said, "No, It'll break."

Aunt Maria yelled, "That doesn't make any difference. Just throw it down."

Uncle Wells Covington many years ago had a colored women, Aunt Sarah, to work for him.

He had an electric bell under the dining room table to call Aunt Sarah to the dining room.

One day when Aunt Sarah was in the dining room she accidentally stepped on the bell under the carpet.

Aunt Sarah said, "I'se done tread on de whistle."

Mack Parker, a colored man, who worked for Uncle Wells, borrowed \$25 from Uncle Wells. Uncle Wells let Mack make a note at the Citizens National Bank and had Mrs. Will McElroy to keep the note. Every 90 days Mack renewed the note and paid \$1 discount. Mr. McElroy placed the dollar in an envelope each time the note was renewed. This continued for about 6 years until Mack had paid \$25. Then Mr. McElroy gave him the note cancelled and told him Uncle Wells said he was not charging any interest and that the note was paid in full.

AUNT MARIA CAMPBELL

Aunt Maria, the colored nurse, for Wells Covington. Uncle Wells' son was talking to Uncle Wells one day on the front porch.

Aunt Maria said, "Mr. Covington, didn't this house cose a million doälars?"

He said, "No, Aunt Maria, a million dollars is a lot of money and this house didn't cost a million dollars."

Later Wells came out and misbehaved. Aunt Maria said:

"Wells, behave yourself. Your pa is a millionaire and you are acting like trash."

When I was about five years old, my mother entertained a Cumberland Presbyterian minister from Tennessee, who came to Bowling Green for a meeting of the Church.

Families were asked to entertain the visiting ministers.

Mr mother entertained a refined, well-educated, scholarly minister from Tennessee.

At the supper table, she had on the table a white linen cloth. At my place, there was a rather large spot of ink. My mother told me not to raise my plate when I asked for more grapes and let him see the ink spot.

While we were eating the Concord grapes. I said, "We have a secret at this table." We continued eating and when I finished my grapes I raised my plate and said, "I want some more grapes." Of course the minister in a dignified manner smiled. My mother smiled and was a little embarrassed.

At the conclusion of the Church meeting, the minister returned home. In a few days he wrote my mother a very splendid letter expressing his appreciation for my mother's hospitality.

After his death, my mother had a sweet, lovely letter from his widow telling her of his untimely death.

The unusual thing about his visit was that we had black Concord grapes for supper and the minister was the Reverend Mr. Blackburn.

About 1885 Aunt Lena Logan and Uncle Emmett Logan, who lived in Anchorage, Ky., and their small son, Wells C. Logan, were invited to have dinner one Sunday at the home of Henry Watterson.

Uncle Emmett Logan at that time was the Editor of The Louisville Times.

When the dessert was served, it was delicious apple pie.

Wells, who was seated next to his mother at the table, said in his childish way, "I likes ice cream." Of course, Aunt Lena was very much embarrassed and Mr. and Mrs. Watterson smiled at his honest remark.

Our old family horse was Charlie. On Sunday afternoons he was hitched to the surrey and we drove out one Sunday to see Miss Mary Campbell. The next Sunday we drove out to Elm Grove to see Aunt Wickliffe and Uncle Wells Covington.

On Monday afternoon the colored boy hitched Charlie to the old Spring wagon and drove down to Shake Rag to deliver the clothes to the washer woman.

On Friday afternoon he drove Charlie back to get the clothes.

It was my mother's rule that the clothes must be ready on Friday.

When the boy brought the clothes home, my mother took them out of the basket and placed them on chairs in front of the fire in her bedroom.

On Saturday morning she looked over the clothes and put all of them that were in good condition into the bureau drawers.

All socks and stockings that needed to be darned were darned by her then.

One Saturday afternoon, Miss Mary Campbell came to see her and of course she had to come upstairs and sit with my mother in the bedroom.

One afternoon Miss Mary said, "Clara, what would you do if Gabriel blew his trumpet?"

My mother said, "Mary, I would tell him he would just have to wait until I finished the darning and the mending."

*Campbell*

One Sunday afternoon as we drove down College Street to go out to see Miss Mary. Charlie stopped before a house and refused to move on. Later we found that the colored boy had been stopping there to see some friends and Charlie knew the place and felt that we should stop there.

Mr. Salisbury (Barton), who lived across the street from our home and who was an invalid and loved by all in our neighborhood, said Charlie had so much good common sense and that he showed when he raised his head that he was aristocratic.

Elise  
Elsie asked me to add the facts below.

Mr. Barton Salisbury worked for the L&N. Frank, his son, worked for the L&N. Frank got something into his eye and lost the sight of one eye.

Will Dulaney worked with Frank.

Mr. Barton Salisbury's children were: Frank Loring Salisbury dead, Nellie Salisbury Miller, dead, Agnes Salisbury is now married and lives in Louisville. I can't remember her married name.

BARTON SALISBURY

Frank Loring

Nellie and Mr. Miller  
dead  
and  
Mr. Perry

Agnes and Cecil  
Sanders  
dead  
Son Frank, Howard  
and  
Hermon Lee  
from Woodburn, Ky.,  
and lives in Louis-  
ville, Ky.

Lucy Johnson, A McCutchen negro from Logan County, was our cook for a number of years when I was very young.

After I ate my breakfast, I would go into the kitchen and climb up on the back of her chair at the kitchen table and put my arms around her neck. I had never tasted tea and Lucy drank hot tea. She would take her spoon with tea in it and hold it up and I would grab it and drink the tea, which my mother did not allow me to drink.

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One day when I misbehaved, Lucy said. "If you don't behave yourself, I'll jerk a knot in your tail."

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Lucy made good salt-rising bread and fixed the yeast and put it up on top of the hot water heater to keep warm.

When I ran into the kitchen from the backporch, I did not like the smell of the yeast and I would hold my nose and run as hard as I could through the kitchen.

Lucy said that I must stay out. After that she locked the door so I couldn't get in. She said I shook the yeast down and ruined the bread.

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One day I told Lucy I wanted some brick ice cream and she said when I got home from school I would find it on the kitchen table.

When I walked in that afternoon, I found a gray brick on the kitchen table with a pitcher of cream on top of it.

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Charlie Morton, her half-brother, was a cook at the L&N Station.

After Lucy left our house to keep house for Charlie and his son and daughter, Annie Morton, (his wife had run off with another man), Lena and I went down on Center Street to see Lucy very often and she gave us the cooked gizzards and livers and necks that he had brought home from the kitchen at the L&N Station. They were not used at the L&N kitchen.

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Mr. and M s. Robert Rodes at the time I was young lived on Elm Street and Lucy took Lena and me to see Virginia and Harvey McCutchen Rodes, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Rodes.

Virginia and Harvey both died when they were very young of scarlet fever one night.

Shelly Rodes was not born until after their death.

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Later on Lucy married and had a child named Helen Gould.

Before she married, she talked and talked about Helen Gould.

When Mr. Bell was here last Monday evening to see me on a little business matter, he spoke about you so nicely and said he remembered you when he was in school here.

My great grandfather, Elijah Moormen Covington, had in his house an old fashioned grand piano. Uncle Wells inherited the piano and later sold it to Mrs. Bagby. Later Miss Elizabeth Woods had the piano in her home and perhaps you have seen it!

In our house we had a set of mats for the table for all the dishes. Here are two of them which I have had for many years.

The larger one is for the breakfast meat dish.

We had a mat for each vegetable dish and for each plate and for each glass. We had larger meat dish mats for roast beef or chicken and a much larger one for a turkey platter.

Sometimes we used these mats for the meat platter.

These mats are over 80 years old.

When I was a very young child, Mrs. A. H. Taylor (Miss Carrie Burnam Taylor) had a party for a child visiting in Bowling Green. I did not know who she was.

Lena and I were invited to the party on Chestnut St.

When the party was over Lena and I were standing in the front yard waiting for the colored boy to come after us in the surrey.

Lena had a pink organdy bonnet and I had a blue one.

We spent our time throwing our bonnets up as high as we could.

Years afterwards, I was telling Elizabeth Coombs about our misbehavior at the party.

Elizabeth said:

"That party was given for me by Cousin Carrie."

This happened, of course, over 55 years ago.

March 22, 1961

Over ten years ago I gave the Kentucky Building a beautiful white handkerchief which B. Grutz Brown gave my grandmother, Josphine Amanda Wells. He ran to be Vice-President of the U.S. and was defeated. I do not remember who ran to be president at that time, but of course I am sure you know who it was.

I I wonder if you have noticed what is engraved on your door knocker, You will see the word, O'DULhaine. It is my name, Dulaney, in the original.

Over ten years ago I gave the Kentucky Building my grandmother's Sunday bonenet, which was similar to the Shaker bonnet.

I also gave a beautiful fan, which was my grandmother's and which Mrs. Frances Herrick Fowler said should be in a museum. She lived on College Street where your formerly lived.

I also gave the Kentucky Building the old ivory comb which my grand mother wore. My grandmother had an old pewter sugar and cream pitcher which my mother gave Aunt Wickliffe Covington. Pewter is tin and lead, and alloy.

The old sugar scoop which I have placed on your table is one that my grandmother used and which is over 100years old. It belongs with the old crock I sent to he Kentucky Building.

We had a very large tin box which my grandmother used for sweet cakes and which my mother used in the same way. It was kept locked in the old safe on the right side and we had to ask her for the key.

On the left side of the old safe, wa had anotherold tin box which was my grandmother's which held our Baking poweder biscuits. We were allowed to eat them in the afternoon. We would take a large buscuit and stick one finger into the middle and pour sorghum molasses into the hole and eat it.

We werenot allowed to eat anything after breakfast until 10 o'clock and we sat before thg fire in the dining room before the clock and when it struck 10 we rushed out to the old safe and asked for our allotment of sweet cakes.

Some of our girl friends came in to see us to partake of the busicuits and the sweet cakes. We had several old cake pans, very small, which we used for our cakes for ourselves and for our girl friends.

My mother often made each one of us a man or woman sweet cake and of course we wanted the woman sweet bake because she had on a full skirt and we got more to eat from her than we did form him.

When my brother, Albert Dulaney, was a boy there were nine boys in the neighborhood that were close friends.

Silas Bent, the son of a Baptist minister and who married Bess Sims, Judge Porter Sims' sister, and Gifford Brigham lived on Adams Street below 11th street.

Paul L. Dulaney, the son of Uncle Will and Aunt Jane Dulaney, lived in the same block.

Raul Andrews, Wand B. Duncan, and Albert lived on the block on Adams Street between 11th and 12th.

Fred Vann and Reginald Durston, both born in England, lived across the railroad. Fred lived on Woodford street and Reginald lived on Fair Street near Woodford.

Percy Blakey lived on Kentucky Street at 12th.

Wand Duncan and Reginald Durston are both living now. I think they are the only ones of the nine still living. They had many happy times together.

E.H.

Mrs. Stout and her sister, Miss Rita Middleton are the daughters of the former men that had an interest in the New York Store in Louisville, the forerunner in the Stewart Dry Goods Store.

Harriet Cash, a colored woman who lived on lower Main Street in Bowling Green, housecleaned for my mother. She said you could not clean house when it was cold, that you had to wait until it was warm so you could put the elbow grease to the work.

One day when she was scrubbing the paint in the upstairs bedroom, she began to tell me about Miss Alice, (Mrs. Ed Stout) who lived down on Kentucky Street at 11th in a small house on the old Stout homeplace.

Miss Alice was talking over the telephone to a friend. The friend asked her what she was doing. She said, "I get up early and cooked breakfast. I washed the dishes and then I cleaned the house and mended the clothes and darned the stockings. Then I baked two cakes with white icing and washed the dishes, and now I'm "neahly" dead.



Nannie Withrow, a colored woman, washed my mother's curtains and sent them home by her husband on an old mule. While he was in our yard, the mule ran off and went back to Shake Rag and he had to walk home.



It was interesting to see old colored women carry clothes home on their heads and carry them back when they were finished. They balanced the baskets on their heads and walked on the street and the clothes never fell off.



Spugnardi's fruit store down on Main Street was a very good store and it was in the shape of an oval at the front. That was the store where Katherine Garvin bought the peanut candy. It was across the Mansard Hotel.



Uncle Johnnie Younglove had an old apothecary shop at the corner of Main and State. They lived over the store. The front hall had a beautiful old door which Aunt Wickliffe bought but did not use. She sold it to Mr. Roy Cooksey and it is now at the Cooksey residence on Chestnut St.

Uncle Johnnie's niece, Mrs. Calvert, the mother of Mrs. Obenchain, (Eliza Calvert Hall) and Miss Josie Calvert and Miss Margaret Calvert, lived at his home after Mr. Calvert fled from Bowling Green after he had gotten into some kind of financial difficulty. He went to the far South and invested in cotton and lost the money.

He built Odgen Collge for his home and before it was finished and he had the carpets on the floor, he sold the fluted stone columns, and they are now in front of the Turpin Building on State Street where the Kentucky Home Restaurant is.

Moss

The old Mitchell House where the American National Bank is and where Mr. Moss, who Married Miss Minnie Denhardt, had a ~~friend~~ fruit store, was an old house with a balcony in front (in Set). The colored servant came out and rang the bell for dinner and for supper on the old balcony.

The Younglove Apothecary and the old Mitchell House if still here would advertise Bowling Green to tourists and show that Bowling Green is an old town of interest before the Civil War.

Tom Johnson had a blacksmith shop on State Street between 10th and 11th. Lena and I would go up the street and stop at the open gate and watch Tom in his leather apron shoe the horses and blow the bellows. Tom wore a leather apron.

One day Margaret Covington and I were driving up State Street in the cart with the pony. It was the custom for farmers to bring their mules into town to sell them. They had the mules all across State Street and no one could drive up State Street. Margaret said, "I'm going through the mules with the pony." When she did, a mule kicked the pony and almost turned over the cart. When we went up that street, we enjoyed hearing the sound of Tom's shop.

Several years ago I had Sam Buewett, a colored man to lag the sidewalk to the garage apartment.

While he was working on the walk, Gertie Kennedy, the colored woman here, walked out and was looking at everything.

Mrs. Miller next door came out and said, You are not fixing that walk right.

Gertie said, "Sam, lay that walk the way you're doing it."

Then Gertie said as loud as she could, "Pay no attention to what anybody says about this walk. This walk is Miss Dulaney's walk and she knows how she wants it fixed."

And Mrs. Miller walked back home.



One day at Church when I was very young, Mrs. Hane Wilkins Evans, (Miss Jane) said to me after church, "Elise, you are ugly."

She turned and said to Lena "Lena, you are pretty."

After we returned home, we both went to the old bureau and looked and looked into themirrow.

Lena said, "Miss Janes says I am pretty and I can see it."

I said, "Miss Jane says I am ugly and I can't see it.

Miss Jane's mother was a Baker (Baker Hill).

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Granville Gossom worked for us for a number of years. We thought so much of Granville.

He often spoke about Cora Gossom, Mrs. Robert Morningstar.

He also talked about Lelia Gossom, Mrs. Downer. He also spoke about Ida Belle Gossom, Mrs. Sheehan.

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Before I was born, Granville married and had two children: Mae Ellen and a son. I do not know his name.

After I was grown, he married the daughter of a Methodist minister here and had four little girls. The first one was named Bertie Elizabeth, the second one was named Medesta Angelina.

When the third was born, he said, "Hold on! I'm naming this child after a white lady. She is to be named Elise Granelle."

I don't remember the name of the fourth child.

When my brother, Albert Dulaney, and my brother, Woodford Dulaney, were very young, my mother would recite a little poem to them:

Little Cock Sparrow sat on a tree, as happy as happy he could be, A little boy came passing by with his little bow and arrow. He said, "I'll shoot that little Cock Sparrow."

The little Cock Sparrow said, "I'll be danged if you do." And with that, he flapped his wings and flew away.

When she recited this, Woodford, who could not speak plainly, said, "I'll 'oot that little Cock Sparrow."

Woodford died in Louisville at Aunt Lena Logan's home on St. Catherine Street while he and my mother were visiting. He was only 3 years old when he died. He is buried in Fairview cemetery on our Dulaney lot.

Woodford was said to be a very handsome child. He died before I was born. I have been by the home in Louisville just to see where he died.

In 1911 when I was in High School here, Mr. Sigler became the Principal after Mr. Lambert left.

The first day he was there, he made a speech to us and said he was glad to be our teacher and our friend. In his speech he said, "You have struck a new match and I hope it will not burn."

We had a picnic at Beench Bend and we ran a race in the afternoon and I won the race over Mr. Sigler and the other children. He gave me a prize, but I don't remember what it was.

Rosemary Petham, Louise Carson's cousin, was here for a year from El Paso, Texas, and was in our class. We thought so much of Rosemary as she was a sweet and lovely girl.

Later she made a visit to Bowling Green. We had a bunch of nice girls in our class--Carolyn Binkley, the Westminister Presbyterian minister's daughter; Evelyn West, Louise Carson; Hallie Gaines, Anna McCluskey, Margaret Taylor, Frances Taylor, and many others.

Miss Nina McGinnis, Callie Sue Oake's aunt, was our room teacher and we thought so much of her. She died in 1928 and the entire community felt her loss keenly.

Before teaching at High School, Miss Nina had graduated at Potter College and later taught there.

In the class ahead of us, there were several girls we thought so much of--Stella Lee Rutherford, Mary Melvin Andrews, Harriet Kellogg, Margie Helm, Virginia Evans and others.

The High School at that time was at the corner of Center and 8th Streets,

Miss Gabie Robertson, who lives at 1244 College Street, left on March 6th with her sister and husband for a trip of several weeks to Florida.

The morning they left it was raining, but they seemed in good spirits.

I received a card from her in which she said they were having a fine time. She said they were near Bradenton Fla.

I have never been to Florida, but, although I am sure she does not know it, Bradenton, Fla. was established by my Dulaney relatives.

My father's first cousin was Robert Leroy Dulaney of Marshall, Ill. Cousin Robert married a Miss Braden. Cousin Robert had two sisters, Cecile Dulaney, who married Dr. Burnett, a dentist of Marshall Ill.

My brother and sister-in-law and their daughter and I on our way to Texas many years ago had lunch with them at the old Dulaney home, which was a large brick house in a large yard with handsome trees. The yard covered a whole city block. It is still there.

Cousin Cecile Burnett's son Woodford Dulaney Burnett is now the president of the bank, The Dulaney National Bank.

Just about a year ago, they built a new building. My sister and I sent flowers for the opening.

Woodford Dulaney Burnett has a lovely wife, Eleanor, who knows Adlai Stevenson well. She is from the same town.

Eleanor and Woodford have a daughter, Ann. She has graduated from the University of Ill. and is now a teacher.

Cousin Harry Dulaney was also an officer of the bank.

Cousin Harry's son, Robert L. Dulaney, is also an officer of the bank although he now lives in Virginia. Cousin Hector Braden Dulaney had a fine farm near Marshall and he left it to his nephew, Woodford Dulaney Burnett.

When my sister and I were there 1954 and spent several hours with them, they took us to the cemetery and we saw the family graves.

Cousin Nellie Dulaney married Julius Barclay of San Antonio, Texas, a native of Bowling Green. Before going to San Antonio to be president of a bank there, he was associated with Mr. J. Whit Potter of Bowling Green in the American National Bank here. He, cousin Julius Barclay, was the half brother of Uncle Will Dulaney's wife, Aunt Jane Barclay Dulaney. Cousin Julius and Cousin Nellie Barclay lived on Adams St. near 11th here.

In the class of 1902 at Ogden College, there were six graduates: Silas Bent, the son of a Baptist minister (Bess Sims husband); Charles Cook, who died early, Samuel Cook's brother; Grider McKay, Mr. T.H. Beard's cousin; Paul Gerard, Dr. Paul Gerard's father; Paul Andrews, Mrs. Clinton Rigsby's brother. (Opal Thomas married Joe Andrews, Paul's brother, and he died early); Albert C. Dulaney, my brother.

Paul Andrews was taken ill and died about 5 weeks before commencement.

The exercises took place at Potter Opera House in the evening. It was over what is now the Bowling Green Bank and Turst Company.

Silas Bent was a talented and prominent newspaper man in New York.

Silas Bent married Bess Sims, who was the sister of Nathaniel Porter Sims, a prominent and talented attorney of Bowling Green. Bess Sims was in a plane accident and lost her life. She was on her way here to visit her brother at the time of her death.

At the graduation exercises each one of the five boys placed some of their flowers on Paul's chair, which was draped in black.

Mrs. Andrews gave each one of the five boys a beautiful white silk handkerchief. For many years I had my brother's white handkerchief which Mrs. Andrews had given him and I gave it to George Foster Trigg, who lived in my home for several years and who graduated at W.K.S.C. in 1935 and he was an outstanding individual at Western and in the work of Christ Episcopal Church while a student there.

The old Ogden College building is now a part of Western Kentucky State College Campus and it was built by Mr. Tom Calvert, the father of Mrs. William A. Obenchain (Eliza Calvert Obenchain, Eliza Calvert Hall).

A number of years ago, Miss Marjorie Meyler, who lived at the corner of State and 13th Streets, was very ill. Her doctor here called a specialist from Louisville to see her. When the specialist arrived in Bowling Green, he went to the corner of State and 13th and went into the home of Mrs. Clarence Underwood McElroy. Mrs. McElroy opened the door and the doctor said, "I have come to give you a shot." Mrs. McElroy was quite excited and said, "You have come to the wrong house." The doctor saved Miss Meyler's life.

My sister-in-law, Mrs. Albert Dulaney, (Florence Steward Dulaney) with her little daughter Florence started to the P.O. and, as they passed by the "Old House" at the corner of Adams and 11th, she said, "Florence, that's where your daddy was born". Florence said, "Mother, how in the world does anybody get borned?"

My sister, Lena Dulaney (now Mrs. George Willis Barbour) and I were sitting on the porch one day with our niece, Florence Steward Dulaney, and Florence said, "Jacket, he's my sister and Jimmie Helm, he's my brother." Florence was an only child and perhaps a little lonely.

Georgia James, a good friend and neighbor of ours, came over to see us one day and she told us a joke she had read in a magazine. A man went into a restaurant and sat down at a table to eat breakfast. When the colored waiter came to the table, the man said: "I want some fried ham and two fried eggs." The waiter went to the kitchen and gave the order. While the man was waiting, the man motioned to him and said, "Please eliminate the eggs." The waiter returned in a few minutes and said, "Sir dat eliminator of ours, it's busted. We jist can't eliminate dem eggs."

When I was a child, we had a picture, CALLING THE FERRYMAN, over our dining room mantel. My brother, Woodford, when he was young, would look at the picture, which showed two beautiful women standing on the bank of a river and one had her hand to her mouth and she was calling the ferryman on the other side. One evening after supper when Uncle Will Dulaney came to see us, Woodford stood before the picture and put his little hand to his mouth and said, "Bring over the boat." A few months after that, Woodford died at the age of three and Uncle Will wrote a sweet little poem in which he said that as Woodford was dying he said to the Ferryman,

"Bring over the boat,"

"Death is a door that opens to let life pass through."

When the ferryman took Woodford across the river of life, he was nearer the presence of God."

Resquiat in pace.

A number of years ago The Citizens National Bank had a supper in the private dining room of the Helm Hotel. After the supper, each one of us in the bank, was called on to say a few words. When my time came, I arose and said that I was enjoying the supper and was glad to be present and I ended by quoting the illustrious Woodrow Wilson when he said, "For beauty, I am not a star. There are others handsomer by far. My face, I don't mind it; I'm behind it, It's the others in front that I jar."

Uncle Wells Covington told me once day that he read in a magazine this funny little sotry: Uncles Moses, an old colored man, was sitting on his front porch one day. His colored friend, Gehosafat, who was very fat, passed by and said, "Gosh, Moses, what dod you do with yourself all day?" Uncle Moses said, "Gehosafat, I sets and thinks and sometimes I jast sets."

One Sunday afternoon a number of years ago, my sister and I were out at the home of Uncle Wells Covington. He was accustomed to serve hot tea to us. He had a little alcohol stove on the table and was preparing to heat the water. He asked Margaret, his daughter, to go to the dining room closet and get a bottle of denatured alcohol. Margaret went to the closet and took down the bottle. She called to him and said, "Papa, is this the "dnatad" alcohol?" He turned to us and smiled and said, "And that's the way she treats me,"

Cooper Wright Wilkins of Bowling Green, whose mother was Mollie Baker Wilkins and whose father was John Wilkins (Mr. Tous" Wilkins) had a splendid traveling position and he often was in St. Louis. He often was invited to the home of Mary Dulaney Mitchell and Robert Stockton Mitchell there for supper. Cooper told them that he liked jowl and turnip greens. Cooper tdd us that he said, "Mary hold on," and he and Robert ate as fast as they could and "supped" up the pot liquor.

When I worked in the law office of Thomas, Thomas and Logan, Mr. Richard Thomas one day was dictating to Nannie Stout. After he had dictated a few sentences, in his usual pleasant manner, he looked up and said to Nannie across the table, "Miss Nannie, did you get that?" Nannie looked up and nodded and Mr. Richard said, "Just scratch it Out."

A number of years ago mymother taught the Infant Class at Christ Episcopal Church. One morning Robert Wade Spears, whose mother and father had come from New York to live here temporarily on account of Mr. Spear's health, arose from his seat and said, Mrs. Dulaney, what is the Holy Ghos<sup>t</sup>?" My mother was so surprised that a child of that thender age would be able to ask such a question said nothing.

Warner Poyntz, Mrs. Crump's little grandson, was sitting in the front yard one afternoon. Colonel Crump, Mrs. Crump's husband, was sitting nearby reading. Their home was up on Park street across from Reservoir Park. It was late in the afternoon and Warner could see the sun as it went down behind the hill. Little Warner said, "Colonel, what is that red light over on that hill?" Colonel Crump, who was not at all interested in children, without looking up from his reading said, "Warner, shut up." Warner said, "Colonel, I didn't say shut up; I said, Waht's that red light over there?"

One evening recently I was visiting Miss Gabie Robertson at her apartment on College Street. Dawn Gilbert, who lives next door, came over, also. We had a very pleasant evening together. When Dawn got up to leave she said, "We three old maids have had a nice time and now I dont have to worry about who is taking care of my three children." And of course we all laughed.



A A number of years ago when I was working in The Citizens National Bank Frances Murrery, who also ~~worked~~ worked in the bank started with some friends on a vacation trip to Washington in an automobile. The morning they left Frances came to the bank for a few minutes before leaving. She was enthusiastic about going. One of the boys in the bank laughed and said, "They're going on a trip to have a good time, but the only trouble about the trip is that the driver will have to stop the car every mile for Frances to powder her nose." Frances and I often went to the 10¢ store next door for a sandwich when the bank closed. One afternoon when we started, I was in a hurry to get back to finish my work. Frances stopped and began to powder her nose. I said, "Frances, come on and let's get the sandwich! Stop powdering your nose!"

Dr. Cinderella S. Dowell came to Bowling Green many years ago and had an office in the Halsellhome on College Street between 10th and 11th across from the Court House. She was a splendid doctor and did a great deal of charitable work. She afterwards had an office across from the Bowling Green Business University and later on the second floor of a building in what is part of the Woolworth 10¢ Store. She was a modest, gentle woman and loved by many people in this community.

Miss Mae Henderson, who taught at the B.G. B.U. when I was a student there, was her devoted friend, Miss Henderson was a splendid instructor at the school.

When I was a child one day at Christ Episcopal Church our choir rose and sang Rock of Ages. When it was finished, the congregation of St. Cecilia's Presbyterian Church across the street sang Rock of Ages and we smiled. The church across the street was a colored church and a very beautiful brick with white columns.

In 1928 one Sunday at Christ Episcopal Church our rector at the end of the sermon said in quoting from the Bible, "Open Thine eyes". After the sermon, the choir rose to sing an anthem and they sang, Open Thine Eyes. Of course, we smiled. However, it was a splendid sermon.

When I was a young child, Judge Jones, a retired lawyer and a relative of Col. Will Jones and Mrs. Turpin, lived at Uncle Will's home, Elm Grove, for many years. He was always called the Judge. He loved flowers and helped Aunt Wickliffe Covington with her flower garden.

He was a communicant of Christ Episcopal Church and said one day before a dry and wet election: "We don't have any politics in our church and damn little religion." Of course, he was joking and everyone laughed.

One day when I was little, I slapped Lena, on one cheek.

She turned and I slapped the other cheek.

Lena said that in the Bible it says if you are slapped on one  
Cheek to turn to the other side.

The Rev. Frank Thomas, a scholarly Methodist minister, was the brother of Messrs. Thomas Wright Thomas and Richard Curd Pope Thomas. Mrs. Elizabeth Wright Thomas, modest, sweet, and scholarly, was their devoted mother.

When I worked in the law office of Thomas, Thomas, and Logan, one of the outstanding law firms in Bowling Green and in the State of Kentucky, two of the women from the Shaker Colony dressed in their Shaker bonnets and dresses and one of the men came from Shakertown (South Union) in Logan County to complete arrangements for dissolving the colony.

Mr. Richard Curd Pope Thomas, a member of the firm, completed the arrangement for the Shakers. Mr. Richard Thomas and Mr. William Walters, who was the uncle by marriage of Mrs. Lille Wade Davenport (Mrs. Joe Davenport), and an oil man leased some of the Shaker acreage for oil production.

Mr. Marvel Mills Logan, a member of the firm of Thomas, Thomas and Logan, was elected senator of the United States and knew Senator Alvin Barkley intimately. One day a young lawyer brought Senator Barkley into the office and said to Nannie Stout and to me when he introduced him to us, "This is the man that will be president of the United States later on.

At one time Mr. Logan Johns was the head of the Shaker Colony in Logan County, Ky. Mrs. Blanche Robertson Johns, the sister of Mrs. Phineas Hampton Coombs of Bowling Green, perhaps married his nephew or cousin.

One afternoon in the summer when I was in High School, Margie Helm, Carolyn Binkley, who was the daughter of the Presbyterian minister of the Westminister Presbyterian Church in Bowling Green, Louise Carson, (Mrs. William Preston Drake) my sister, Lena Logan Dulaney (Mrs. George W. Barbour), and I left Bowling Green on the three o'clock train to go to South Union for a picnic.

We got off at South Union and walked across a field on our way to Shakertown. The heel on one of my shoes was caught in the mud and came off. I continued walking on one foot and hobbling on the other. It began raining and we went into one of the Shakerhouses and went into the kitchen and warmed.

After we ate our lunch in the kitchen, we started down the road back to South Union. We saw a man driving a horse to a wagon and we called him and asked him to take us back to South Union and we told him we would pay him.

The L&N station at South Union is an old brick building in the same design as the other buildings at Shakertown. It is now the home of some family. We got on the six o'clock train and went on to Auburn where we visited Margie's uncle and his family and had a very pleasant evening. We left Auburn about nine o'clock and returned home.

I hobbled home with my sister about two blocks away. The next morning when I walked out into the front yard my foot was so sore that I had to hobble back into the house and lie on the sofa.

In 1930 when I was working in The Citizens National Bank, Mr. Williams D. McElroy, secretary-treasurer of the Trust Department, was taken ill of pneumonia from attending the funeral of Mr. Thomas Wright Thomas, attorney and director of the Citizens National Bank, and died on February 10, 1930.

Mr. McElroy's aunt was the wife of Governor Proctor Knott, Governor of the Commonwealth of Kentucky. Mr. McElroy was a member of the Presbyterian Church and a Southern gentleman and an Elder in the Presbyterian Church. He was a valued officer in the Trust Department of the Citizens National Bank.

One morning Henry Woods, a respected colored man, who was employed by Mr. Robert Rodes, President of the bank, came into the bank to drive Mr. Rodes home. Henry went over to talk to Mr. McElroy at his desk. Mr. McElroy, who wore old-fashioned spectacles with only a half lense, looked up over his spectacles and said, "Henry, don't ever go near a bed. More people die in beds than in any other place."

Henry said, "Yessah, Mr. McElroy, that is perhaps true." And quick as a flash he said, "MR. McElroy, did you know that people die everyday that never died before?"

My uncle, Judge William Leroy Dulaney, who was Circuit Judge many years ago (he died in July, 1904) and whose portrait is now in the Circuit Court room in the Warren County Court House, and who lived at the corner of Adams and 10th Streets, often came up to over home at 1133 Adams Street with his fiddle and visited us. One year he won a prize in the Fiddler's Contest. After he death, the fiddle was given to my father and it finally went to pieces.

Uncle Will was very affectionate and one afternoon my sister and I went down town. When we reached 10th Street at College, my sister said, "We'll not go up by the Court House because Uncle Will will grab us and hug and kiss us and knock our Sunday bonnets off."

When Uncle Will came up to visit with us in the evening, he rang the door bell. Lena and I ran under the dining room table. Uncle Will, who knew we were under the table, came into the room and got down on the floor and grabbed Lena and hugged and kissed her. Lena laughed and yelled and jumped up. Then he came over to the other side and kissed and grabbed and hugged me. Of course, I jumped up, too.

Uncle Will, who was loved by everyone in the community, was a Confederate soldier. One evening at the old Opera House on Main Street over what

is now the Bolwing Green Bank and Trust Company the Chapter of the U.D.C. held a meeting and speeches were made about the Civil War. Miss Jeanie Blackburn was on the stage decorating the soldiers with Confederate badges when she passed Uncle Will, he jumped up and hugged her and everybody laughed and Miss Jeanie was a little embarrassed

When I was quite young, Mr. Bruff had a seed and fertilizer store in a brick building between the Presbyterian Church and the County Jail. When I passed by, I held my nose to keep from smelling the fertilizer. Then I stopped in front of the jail and looked through the iron fence at the prisoners at the front windows. One day when a man passed one of the prisoners called to him and said, "What time is it?" The man replied, "You're not going anywhere, what difference does it make to you?"

When I was a child, Mr. Bearce had a store up on 10th Street above State Street. He had a large wooden horse at the door. That horse is now at the entrance to a Motel on the Louisville Road across the Warren River and across the road from the old Baker home.

When I was a child, Gettys Hall was a large hall over Nahm Brothers store and over the James Cuthbertson Store on Main Street. In this hall, the Warren County Fair Hop was held each year. It was a great social event and attended by many people from out of the city. Mr. Gettys was the uncle of Mr. Cuthbertson, and the great uncle of Messrs. Sterrett and Samuel Cuthbertson.

Dr. Irvin Abell, who was for many years an outstanding surgeon in Louisville, Ky., was reared in Lebanon, Ky. In the fall of 1916 he performed two very difficult and dangerous operations on me at St. Joseph's Infirmary on Fourth Street. It was his custom to go into the Infirmary Chapel for prayer before starting to operate. He was a scholarly man, a Christian gentleman, and had a very pleasing personality. Dr. Joseph Henry, who also was a splendid surgeon, was his assistant and helped him operate. When my mother took me to his office, he examined and found that it would require two operations instead of one operation. When he told my mother this, she was quite shocked and disturbed. In his sympathetic manner, he said to her, "Sometimes you will find that you have to take two bites at one cherry instead of one." Dr. Abell saved my life and was a blessing to hundreds of sick persons. He was known to be a very charitable doctor in Louisville. He was an authority on cancer and lectured on the disease.

In the summer of 1914, I was taken ill very suddenly and three days afterwards I was rushed to St. Joseph's Hospital on 12th Street where I was operated on. The hospital was the old home of Dr. Lillian South, Dr. T.O. Helm, Margie Helm's father, owned and operated the hospital.

Mary Bishop, a colored woman who had many years before been my mother's cook, was the cook at the hospital. While I was there recovering from the operation, Mary came to my room to see me. Mary was noted for her

angel food cake. Mary had in her room many hats and dresses. One day Dr. Lillian was going to a party and borrowed Mary's hat. The next morning when Mary discovered her loss, she began to cry and was so upset that she was unable to cook breakfast on time. All the nurses and patients had to wait until Mary could recover.

Georgia Peterson whith whom I went to school was my night nurse.

My brother, Albert Covington Dulaney, was to leave the first of December to be married to Florence Gibson Steward of Petersburg, Va. One day Dr. Helm said to my mother. "How did Albert meet her?" My mother said, "I introduced him to her at Christ Episcopal Chruch and he took me out to see her at Mr. Norman Couty's home on the Cemetery Road near Bowling Green, which was the old Underwood place, Mt. Ayre.

Dr. Burnett Wright, the son of Dr. Tom Wright, was a patient at St. Joseph's while I was there later.

Dr. Tom Wright was the son of Dr. Coper Wright and the mephew of Mr. Daniel Webster Wright, whose home was on the Nashville Road near Bowling Green, Poverty Flat. Dr. Tom Wright died very young and the whole community grived over their loss. He was a very talented doctor. Dr. Cooper Wright, my father's friend brought me into the world. Dr. Cooper Wright's second wife, was Miss Jennie Barclay, the sister of Mr. Joseph Barclay, who married My Father's sister, Annie Dulaney.

Aunt Annie and Uncle Joe Barclay's little daughter is burried in the beautiful Russellville Cemetery near her father's grave. Uncle Joe Barclay married a second time and she is burried there, too.

Aunt Annie Dulaney Barclay is buried in Fairview Cemteery, Bowling Green, Ky., on our Dulaney lot where all my people are buried including my great grandfather, Leroy Dulaney, who came to Warren County from Culpeper County, Va., My grandfather, Woodford Dulaney, is buried ther, also.

When I was very young, Mr. William Cook lived in a two-story house on the Louisville Road near Bowling Green. The house was on a hill with a cave in front below the hill. The house is still there. He was always called Mr. Fish Cook since he sold fish. On his place he raised grapes and fruit. He build the Cook Building, which is between the Court house and the Presbyterian Chruch. The law firm of Bell, Orr and Reynolds is situated in this building. It is modern and complete in every way.

Mrs. Walter Brashear (Mary D. BUrton) and Mrs. Herschel Brits (Jennie Jenkins) are his granddaughters and both live here now. On Sunday afternoon my father took my sister and me out to see him. He was sitting on the wide back porch very quietly swapping flies and a chicken was standing on the proch grabbing the flies and eating them.

Mr. Fish Cook was a very interesting character in Warren County in those early days. In recent years the State Highway Department in changing the highway has destroyed the cave much to the regret of many oldtimers.

A number of years ago Mr. Frnak Herbert Moltenberry, Assistant cashier of the Citizens National Bank, brought the place and he and Mrs. Moltenberry

lived there for several years. He died there in 1952.

He was a valued officer of the bank and was polite and courteous to all the customers. He is buried in Fairview Cemetery. For many years he was Treasurer of the Presbyterian Church.