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Fred W. Peel, 1892-1979

Fred Welch Peel, born on April 26, 1892, was the second son born to Hugh and Annie Peel. He was reared in rural Boyle County, Kentucky, and attended a one-room school through the 8th grade. He repeated the 8th grade, not out of necessity, but because he was romantically interested in his school marm. He married Bessie Rogers, his former teacher, in 1916 after a seven year courtship. He and Bessie later became the parents of two children: Fred, Jr. and Anne. As a young man, he was able to briefly attend a business school in Danville. This completed his formal education.

As an adult, he was employed at a variety of jobs, including such vocations as general office work, collecting insurance premiums, operating a gas station, and running a retail liquor store. During the early Depression years, his lack of prospects led him to move his family to California, where his elder brother was established. Remaining for only a year, he returned to central Kentucky.

His love of the English language and his deep respect for education contributed to the academic success of his two children: Fred, Jr. became a Harvard graduate, while Anne earned a degree from the University of Kentucky. He began his boyhood reminiscences in the late 1960s after his remarriage (Bessie had died in 1956) and continued working intermittently on the project through the mid 1970s. A stroke in the summer of 1978, while visiting his daughter in northern Kentucky, began a serious decline in his health. He died on June 27, 1979, at the Booth Memorial Hospital, Covington, Kentucky.

This account is based entirely upon memory.

## CHAPTER 1

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At the time of my birth, April 26, 1892, my parents and my older brother were living on the farm of my grandfather Watts, six miles from Nicholasville, three miles from Camp Nelson. We continued living there until 1896.

Our home was a two-story frame structure about forty feet from the road. The yard was enclosed by a high plank fence which kept us kids off the pike and out of traffic, which in those days consisted of horse-drawn vehicles, an occasional drove of hogs or sheep, and frequent droves of fat cattle being driven from Curley's distillery at Camp Nelson to the railroad at Nicholasville for shipment to city markets. I can remember very little that happened during the years we lived there, but I can remember a Negro woman named Ann Stevenson who came in to do the housework and look after us boys when Mother was ill. I remember a stroke of lightning that struck and set fire to a tree in the field across the road from our house as we sat looking out the front door.

In 1892, '93, '94, and '95 my father owned a team of mules and wagon and spent a part of each year hauling barrelled whiskey from the distillery to the railroad station at Nicholasville. As this work was not continuous throughout the year, he always managed to grow a crop of corn on Grandpa's farm and also to help with other agricultural tasks. In 1895 he grew a crop of tobacco on a nearby farm, but lost his entire year's efforts. The price of tobacco dropped to three cents a pound and scarcely paid for the hired labor. Naturally, my mind at that early age did not register these facts of finance, but I heard lengthy

and repeated discussions of the "panic of '95," which Dad always maintained was the fault of the inept Cleveland administration. His opinion was colored by the fact that Cleveland was a Democrat whereas Dad had always been a Republican. His mother's brother, Irvine Burton, had been a captain in the Union Army, and the family remained loyal to the GOP.

Our parents were interested in our welfare, our behavior, and our life habits, admonishing us against all forms of evil such as bad language, falsehood, and dishonesty, and urging upon us the necessity of cultivating industry and frugality - Dad's emphasis was upon the former and Mother's more upon the latter.

~~Dad's nature was toward excess in everything with which his life came in contact. In his work he was always hurried; when he drove a horse he was continuously urging the animal on to prevent its slowing down. In his carpentry activities he would drive three or four nails where two would be sufficient, and would continue to pound them until hammer marks would be visible ("cat heads" as they were called by a carpenter I knew later). At times when we had a new supply of coal, he would pile it on the grate until there was no space for more. When he had a supply of feed for the stock, he would issue it in such abundance that the supply was soon exhausted. He had an inordinate pride in his ability to do any sort of work that was necessary and in doing more of it than anyone else. When he hired laborers, he endeavored to exceed them in the amount of work accomplished.~~

→ Just as he made no effort to spare his <sup>own</sup> efforts, he had no sympathy for his horses. For about ten years he had one team, a pair possessed of prodigious strength, and his delight was to see them outpull any other team they met. His other source of pride was in being able to provide for his family, which he managed to do despite the fact that Mother's state of ill health necessitated the expenditure of more money for doctors than was spent for ordinary living expenses. At such times as she would be prostrated by violent headaches for

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several days at a spell, he would do the cooking, such as he could do in his hurried, precipitate manner. I can still remember the scattering of flour that accompanied his production of biscuits.

~~His generosity to his family was limited only by his means. He was regretful of the fact that, in spite of his utmost effort and continuous hard work, he could not accomplish more in their behalf. Sacrifice seemed to be natural on his part. It was manifested even in details. For instance, when we had fried chicken, he invariably ate the neck and back or even the feet if there was a scarcity of parts. While there were only three of us kids, Claude ate the breast, Mother the wings, I the thighs, and Marguerite the legs. I can't recall just what division was made of the various parts when two other kids made their appearances, eight and ten years later. It is possible that Marguerite had to forfeit her claim to one of the legs with Emily's advent, and when Jimmie came upon the scene a further division was necessary, which doubtless encroached upon my area, reducing my portion to one thigh. It was around this time that I just about stopped growing, which could have been more than mere coincidence. My use of the chicken example was only academic, as chicken was a rare item on our table, for the simple reason that, although we raised a good many, it was necessary that most of them be marketed for the purchase of such items as we could not produce at home for instance, sugar, coffee, soda, and salt.~~

Dad's only extravagance was chewing tobacco. This habit was of long duration, having been started in his youth, and

continued until his death at eighty-two. His tobacco chewing was carried to excess - as were most of his habits - and was one of Mother's crosses. I would guess that chewing occupied ninety percent of his waking time, considering that his customary three meals also required mastication. I have no doubt that this tobacco, which he attacked with the same fury that he applied to all his activities, had a tendency to relax his tensions and absorb his antagonism toward the difficulties that assailed him. He possessed a temper and was addicted to forceful expressions at times of frustration, but he never used profanity in the presence of Mother or ~~any~~ of us children. Mother was extremely circumspect in her language. Although given to frequent outbursts of anger, her vociferation was always without profanity or obscenity.

By nature, my parents were diametrically different. Mother was scrupulously clean and neat; Dad was downright slovenly compared to Mother, but not by any means unkempt. He had certain areas of pride in appearance. For instance he liked good hats and good shoes but cared little for "Sunday shirts" and neckties. Mother was naturally frugal and careful in spending, although not avaricious. Dad, while not given to wild extravagance, had no real idea of the meaning of frugality. Mother was inclined to resent being unable to live up to conditions enjoyed by more affluent families. Dad could not have cared less, so long as he had the necessary comforts for his family.

Mother was a very industrious person. I can remember that at one time she made fancy sun bonnets which she marketed in Nicholasville as a contribution toward family income. She always



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kept hens and raised a goodly number of friers for market. Like the woman of Proverbs 31:27, she "looketh well to the ways of her household and ate not the bread of idleness." She had a principle which she expressed repeatedly to us kids, "If you can't go with the right kind of people, don't go with any." Her idea as to the "right kind" was not always based upon morals, but upon home surroundings and general information such as would lead her to assume culture and correct morals. Her opinion of new arrivals in the neighborhood was immediately based upon the home and whether it was rented or owned.

These recollections are mentioned not in a spirit of criticism but in an effort to present as accurately as possible a picture of personalities and events as they obtained in my early years. I doubt there ever lived parents who were more interested than they in their offspring, or who made a more earnest effort to rear them to the best possible advantage from such resources as were available. Mother, in her eagerness to protect us from any possibility of illness or injury, was overly solicitous, and as a result we grew up as though wrapped in cellophane - hermetically sealed against contact with the world that surrounded us. She had the feeling that because we belonged to her, we were less able to cope with the vigors of weather and outside danger than were children belonging to parents of less refined nature and blood lines.

When we would call her attention to the fact that other kids played outside in snow and rain and sometimes even skated barefoot on the ice, her response invariably was that likewise did pigs survive under exposure to inclement weather, the

implication being that rugged health among human beings somehow connoted a kinship to the porcine species. On any trip made by our family during cold weather, we kids were bundled up as if to accompany Admiral Peary to the North Pole. Over our shoes was pulled an extra pair of long, ribbed stockings, veils were tied over our faces (I kid you not), our caps were pulled over our ears, and every extra coat extant was put around us. A couple of bricks were heated at the fireplace, wrapped in an old blanket, and placed beneath our feet. And of course all this extra paraphernalia was in addition to our regular winter equipment - long underwear down inside our stockings and tied around our ankles. Our winter shoes had reasonably high tops with a series of eyelets and five or six hooks at the top.

When we lived at the Berkley place in Boyle County, a winter pilgrimage to Jessamine County covered about fifteen miles and usually required from two and a half to three and a half hours, depending upon the speed of the horse that was being driven. Very few of these trips were made in winter and then only in case of some emergency. On such a journey, the customary buggy robes, one for each of the surrey seats, were augmented by old blankets or bed quilts. The curtains were kept on the surrey all winter, and there was also what was called a storm apron. This was made of lightweight leather (as were the curtains), was fitted tightly over the dashboard, and could be pulled over the occupants of the front seat on top of the robe. No bricks were heated for the front seat occupant, who was Dad, a hardy soul if ever there was one. If the weather were below the freezing mark, he might be wearing gloves, if he happened to

have a pair that were in decent condition.

My father's health was extremely good. As far as I can remember, his only illness while I was growing up was measles, which he contracted in 1901. This kept him from work for a week or thereabouts, as I recall. Once about that same year he had an injury to his ankle, which incapacitated him for several days. One other time, when doing carpentry work, he fell from a scaffold. As he went down he grabbed a two-by-four timber, which burst his hand across the palm. To the best of my recollection these were the only accidental injuries he ever sustained, in spite of his reckless manner. I have heard him relate many instances that occurred in later years - when he was doing house painting - of having ladders fall with him, and in every such experience he managed to land on his feet and escape injury. Some of these accidents occurred after he was seventy years old.

I can't recall his ever having trouble with his teeth, beyond an occasional remark that some sour food had "put his teeth on edge." He had throughout his life a terrific appetite and seemed to prefer foods such as were calculated to be more or less injurious to health. He liked greasy foods, wanted his biscuits made with plenty of lard, and was extremely fond of sweets of all kinds. Two articles of food he could not, would not, eat - tomatoes and salt mackerel. Mother liked salt mackerel but would never cook it if Dad would be there when it was served. He didn't object to the sight and odor of tomatoes, but always contended that if hogs got into a garden they would not eat the tomatoes.

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Dad had a pronounced antipathy to finding a door locked. On one occasion when Claude and I were playing cards in our room, which was against all home rules, we had the door fastened by inserting a nail into the casing over the latch to prevent it from being raised by operating the handle on the outside. Dad came up the stairs, and we failed to realize who it was until he grabbed the door handle and gave it a violent yank. The nail flew out of its position, the door came open, and Dad entered, breathing threats against ever finding another door locked "on the place." He knew there was "something rotten in the state of Denmark," but we had managed to get the cards out of sight, and no questions were asked.

Whenever Dad called one of us and we yelled back, "What do you want?" we were asking for trouble. He meant for us to come and find out what he wanted, and he made that dramatically clear. Another offense he would never condone was any sort of implication that his word was being disputed. When he gave us an order or instruction to do something, we were never to say we were not going to do it. We might make excuses or even fail to carry out the order, but in no circumstances were we to say, "I'm not gonna do it."

I can recall only one licking he ever gave me, except for an occasional rap on the noggin or a swat on the posterior for some misdeed when I was <sup>within</sup> ~~in~~ his immediate reach. The licking was applied with a shingle and was the result of my going to play with a neighbor boy after being given definite orders not to do so, with a promise of punishment if I did. I was already "in the dog house" for malicious rock throwing at the time

and was restricted to the home grounds. I had the feeling that his heart was not in the shingling, but that it was administered because Dad was on the spot after his threat. The paddling was very light and without overtones of anger. As a matter of fact, none of our chastisings by either parent was meted deliberately, but always in "sudden heat of passion" while we were in reach at the moment.

We moved to Boyle County in 1896. There Dad operated <sup>a</sup> the tollgate and worked the road from the Dix River Bridge to Danville. His decision to move probably resulted from his acquaintance with the Foleys, a nearby Irish family that had operated the tollgates and had also worked the road from Camp Nelson to Nicholasville. To digress briefly: there was a story relative to a Foley of an earlier generation who moved into that neighborhood. A member of the family died, and the traditional wake was observed. Following a couple of days and nights of celebrating, replete with alcoholic potables, the clan was ready for the burial. The corpse was loaded into a dump cart, the only conveyance available, and the trip was started to Nicholasville. Several horse-drawn vehicles were in the procession, with the cart bearing the mortal remains bringing up the rear. When the grave was reached, the dump cart was empty. The box containing the decedent Foley had been jolted out en route.

→ The shock of this bizarre turn of affairs had <sup>so</sup> sobering influence on the celebrants, who hastened back a couple of miles, retrieved the body, and proceeded with the interment. For the authenticity of the foregoing I am not in a position to vouch, as it was related to me years later.

→ In 1896 we moved to <sup>a</sup> the tollgate house, located just beyond the Dix River Bridge. In those times the main roads - turnpikes (so called from the tollgate poles or "pikes") - were owned by private capital and controlled by commissioners in each county who employed tollgate operators to collect toll on a commission basis. The turnpike owners gave Dad a contract to apply broken rock on the five-and-a-half-mile stretch of road from the bridge to Danville. I have always wondered how it was possible

for him to accomplish this task of road work in addition to collecting the toll. At that time he had only one small mule and a dump cart. Evidently he had been forced by the misfortune of 1895 to sell the big team and wagon. Of course he hired help to quarry and break the stone and probably hired some carts or wagons and teams, but even so it would seem to have been impossible.

I can remember one man who worked for Dad on the road and boarded at our house, a young fellow named Jim Johnson. When the Spanish-American War broke out, he enlisted in the Army, was sent to Camp Chickamauga, and in less than six months died of yellow fever. His body was brought back home and buried at Lancaster. I can remember going to the funeral.

The tollgate house was owned by the King family, who rented it to the turnpike company for the occupancy of the toll collector. Mr. Allen King, Mrs. King, and a daughter, Anna - then about twenty-five years old, had come from Boston several years before and had bought the Floyd property comprising about twenty acres of land which included a mill, the house and barn on the hill, the steep, rocky hillside sloping to the road - which the Kings always referred to as "the lawn," and the tollgate house and small barn, both on the roadside. The property also included a small garden space across the road directly opposite the toll house and a grassy area - which they called "the meadow" - adjacent to the garden and extending from the road to the river. The mill was, naturally, on the river bank about fifty yards downstream from the bridge.

Mr. King, being a millwright as well as an experienced miller, made extensive repairs on the old mill, which had not

been in use for many years, and proceeded to grind wheat and corn for patrons from far and near (maybe not too far considering the prevailing mode of travel, usually horseback). We had no idea as to the amount of income from the mill operation, but Mr. King always kept a goodly number of hogs, to which he fed the grain received in payment for grinding. The Kings appeared to live well; the women dressed well, especially when they drove to town, which they did often.

Mr. King was Scotch. He was at that time about sixty or sixty-five years old (we kids thought he was ancient), small, wrinkled, and bald, very badly stooped but always active and busy. He possessed a vitriolic temper, which at least once almost cost him his life. This incident occurred about a year after we had moved away, but was related to us by a neighbor after we moved back to Boyle, <sup>in 1900.</sup> When the tollgate was removed, the Kings rented the house to a Mr. Stivers and his wife, Mrs. Stivers was known for her violent temper, so in the course of events she and Mr. King disagreed. After a bitter dialogue she was ordered to vacate the premises. A few days later Mr. King, observing the Stivers were still there, stopped and demanded, "Get out or I'll set you out." Mrs. Stivers still refused, so Mr. King grabbed an article of furniture and set it out in the road. As he returned for the next load, Mrs. Stivers met him in the doorway with an old muzzle-loading shotgun. She pointed it at his head and pulled the trigger. Fortunately for Mr. King the gun had not been loaded with shot, but contained only the powder and cap to set off the explosion. The flash from the barrel was sufficient to blacken and scorch his face, but caused



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no serious injury. I don't remember how the question of evacuation was settled, but the Stivers were not there when we moved back to the locality about a year later.

In the summer when Mr. King would pass our front porch, as he often did in his daily activities, he would stop and ask for a drink of water. When we kids would bring the water, he would drink it and say, "just a drop more." We would bring another drink, but after he was gone, we would wonder what he would have said if we had brought only "a drop more."

Mrs. King and Anna were well educated and spoke very precise English with an accent we had never heard. Mr. King's home life was somewhat similar to that of Jiggs in the "Bringing up Father" cartoon. The wife and daughter were continually trying to break him of habits they considered uncouth. They were violently opposed to his addiction to "snuffing." He didn't dip snuff, in the accepted manner, but literally snuffed dry tobacco crumbs up his nostrils, which was naturally followed by paroxysms of sneezing and copious tears. He didn't usually carry tobacco, but would always ask the fellows for a "pinch." They would give him the strongest "long green" they had and enjoy the demonstration that followed. Mrs. King told us that in an effort to cure him of the snuffing habit his family once put cayenne pepper in his supply of tobacco.

The Kings were very friendly and neighborly with us, but some persons in the locality were inclined to be suspicious of them. I believe this was because the Kings were so different from rural Kentuckians in speech and manners. We kids were very fond of Mrs. King and her daughter, as they were especially nice

to us. At such times as we met with small accidents and raised a yell, "Miss Anna" would usually come down the hill with cookies or some other treat such as would restore us to our normal well-being. They also supplied us with colored comic sheets from the Boston papers. These were the first we had ever seen, as we subscribed only to the local weekly paper, which carried no cartoons. Such characters as Foxy Grandpa, Happy Hooligan, and others current in those days contributed immensely to our interest and enjoyment.

After about a year after we moved to the tollhouse, the Kings adopted a ten-year-old boy, Stephen Craddock. The Craddock family lived about two miles away, but the Kings had learned that Stephen was being mistreated by his father - in fact he had run away from home on one occasion and had taken refuge with the Kings. They had refused to surrender him, but instead took the case to court and were given legal custody. Stephen lived with the King family until Mr. and Mrs. King had both passed from the scene, and the daughter returned to Boston, where she had a sister who had remained there when the parents and Anna came to Kentucky. We kids, Claude and I, would see Stephen often, but the Kings kept him under such strict discipline that we didn't find him very interesting.

More to our liking were two colored boys who belonged to the woman who did our laundry. These boys, Lonnie Smith, ten, and "Baby," eight, would come to pick up the laundry and return it when it was done, so we became well acquainted. They were well-behaved lads, and we never had any disagreements. Lonnie taught us the art of making bows and arrows. He made the first

→ bows for us out of dogwood and the arrows from red cedar. Into the end of each arrow he put a small nail that he <sup>had</sup> filed to a sharp point. I can remember we used to shoot these arrows across the road, where they would penetrate tin signs fastened to the plank fence. It was surprising and not true to character that our parents permitted us little kids to handle such dangerous weapons, which could have caused serious injury.

We had handled slingshots (gum slings) for some time, when our uncle came for a visit and taught us how to make the type he called "leather sling" (see sketch), which consisted of a piece of leather - usually the tongue from an old shoe - and two strong strings. Very little accuracy was possible with this affair - we could throw only in a general direction - but the distance was unbelievable. We little tykes could stand on the road and throw rocks into the river, nearly a hundred yards away. Our uncle, who was then grown-up, could send rocks across the river and high into the cliff. This uncle, Mother's brother Bate, developed into a baseball pitcher of remarkable skill, but his talent was wasted as he never progressed beyond the local semi-pro team. I have been told that all he lacked in making the professional ranks was an opportunity of a tryout. Bate had a younger brother, Welburn, who also visited us occasionally, but Claude and I always had difficulty with him. He was nearer our age, and there was almost constant bickering.

→ When Bate and Welburn were growing up, they were typical throwbacks to Huckleberry Finn. Early in their youth they had become adept at catching fish and trapping "varmits." They were expert at devising and making various instruments of pro-

pulsion such as the sling mentioned. They also made from a split shingle a type of dart of which there is a sketch included. A dart of this kind could be thrown for a great distance, but was difficult to find unless it fell in an open area and stuck up in the ground.

During our two years at the tollgate we boys had the average number of small injuries but nothing of a serious nature. Claude had a sprained wrist sustained when he tried to walk with his eyes closed down the steep path from the King home and stumbled over a ledge. Another day, when we were "playing horse," he tried to run under the tollgate pole. I was short enough to clear, but he, being taller and failing to duck, struck the pole with the top of his head. He was not badly hurt, but rolled in the dust and was taken into the house for examination and, if necessary, treatment. It so happened the doctor came in to see Mother a few minutes after the accident. When he saw the kid all tear-stained and dusty he said, "Sonny, you look like you've been in the flour barrel." This bit of humor did not appeal to Claude - he was highly indignant, but refrained from comment until the medic was gone. Later, when I was about ten years old, we had another family doctor who delighted in kidding us boys. Neither Claude nor I was especially enthralled by his facetious remarks. We considered ourselves too sophisticated for patronizing comments from our elders. One day I came in the house while this doctor was there, and he greeted me with this jocosity:

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man  
We ne'er shall see him more;  
He always wore a long brown coat  
All buttoned down before.

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The coat I was wearing was brown, but I didn't consider it particularly long, nor "All buttoned down before." While I was not exactly regaled by the recitation, I never forgot the quote. Seventy years later I ran across a similar excerpt from a poem in Bartlett's Quotations. The poem the doctor had paraphrased was by one Albert Gorton Greene, 1802-1868.

Naturally I, too, had my share of slight hurts: for instance, when I leaned too far over the porch bannister and fell on my head on the road. Another day, when we were throwing rocks into the river, I raised up suddenly and caught one of Claude's rocks in the top of my head. I was not injured, but the few drops of blood terrified me. One day I rode to the store with Dad in the dump cart (see sketch). We rode on a plank across the cart bed. When Dad started to dismount while I was still perched on the plank, his weight as he walked back toward the rear of the cart caused the cart body to tip, and I came rolling down toward the ground. As I tumbled backward, he reacted instantly and caught me, preventing me from landing in the road. The unexpected tilt of the cart had occurred because the attachment for fastening the front of the body to the shafts had jarred loose.

The covered bridge over Dix River was only about a hundred yards from our house, but we kids were not permitted to go there on account of the danger of falling through the opening in the bridge alongside the traveled area. Mrs. King told us that the McElroy boys, who lived at the tollhouse before our tenure, had dropped a goat through the open space and into the river. About halfway between our house and the bridge was a fence post that was established as our "deadline." Beyond this we never ventured, except when accompanied by our elders.

About a mile from us lived a family named White. The kids consisted of Lydie, about thirteen, Fanny, ten, and Willie, four. We knew the parents well. They visited us occasionally, and the kids came often. Mr. White told us one day that their family dog had died, and the children were grief-stricken. He went on to say, "Their only comfort was to bury the dog." After Mr. White had gone Claude and I expressed the belief that it was foolish to use their only comfort for the animal burial rites. We kids at that time were not acquainted with the word "comfort" except as an article of bedding.

On another occasion my gullibility was exploited when my uncle was visiting us. When going to the river to fish, he put on a pair of pants that had some small holes visible. I asked the why-for of the holes and he said they were air holes. Not long after this explanation I took the shears (which we called "scissors") and carefully cut a few "air holes" in my own little "cottonade" britches.

My sister Marguerite was born at the tollgate house on November 5, 1897. The most I can remember about her early years is that we considered her the most beautiful child we had ever seen. I can recall that when she was only a few months old we made a trip to town, where Mother bought a piece of pale blue material - a soft, light wool - for a little jacket which they called a "sacque." This material was taken to a Mrs. Stanwood on East Broadway, who made the garment. Some place on the sacque she made scallops using a "pinking iron," which left very small notches in the scallops. I guess this must have been around the bottom of the jacket. There was much "to-do" about the little garment, for it was considered the acme of quality and luxury as befitting the first girl child.

At about that time I had, for some unaccountable juvenile whim, decided to wear a sunbonnet. How I had arrived at such an idea I can't recall, unless it was from seeing bonnets on Lydie and Fanny White during their frequent visits. I suppose my mother wore a bonnet when out in the sun, as did all other women who lived in rural areas at the time. Mother made a bonnet for me and I wore it all summer. I cannot imagine any greater incongruity than this five-year-old boy wearing a bonnet while engaged in throwing rocks with a leather sling and shooting nail-tipped arrows from a bow.

For "dress up" occasions in those days, Claude and I wore white waists (blouses), with big collars reaching out to the edge of the shoulders, and wide, thin ties which tied in immense bows. I recall we had a photograph taken of the two of us together. This photo was enlarged and put in an ornate

frame about four feet wide and three and a half feet high. I never knew what became of this grotesquerie or when it disappeared, but it was probably during one of the family's numerous moves. At the time the picture was taken in Danville at the photographer's office, punctilious preparations were made to insure we looked our best. These scrupulous ministrations, brushing and combing of hair, et cetera, had aroused my inherent acerbity, and my countenance reflected my feelings. When folks would view the picture the usual comment was, "Fred looks like he's mad."

The first shoes that I can remember wearing were bought for me when I was about five years old. They were pointed toe slippers so narrow and sharp that they extended several inches beyond my toes and turned up like sled runners.



A few general remarks relative to clothing styles of those days may not be amiss. Starting with feminine attire: skirts, of course, were long. When a girl reached the age of ten or twelve, the dress hems began to descend, and when she was seventeen or eighteen, she really "put on long dresses," as the saying was. No longer were the shoe tops visible, except in some such activity as climbing into a buggy. About 1902 came an innovation called the "rainy day" skirt. This was a very radical <sup>garment</sup> ~~garment~~ - outrageous by some standards, as it was at least three inches above the instep. The rainy day skirt <sup>s</sup> ~~s~~ <sup>were</sup> was accepted by only a small minority of women, but <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ highly acclaimed by the men, except by husbands whose wives insisted on wearing them. I recall one prominent farmer's wife who liked to cross her limbs while driving to and from town in her runabout (no-topped buggy), and this practiced ~~provoked~~ provoked severe comments from the more demure dames of the neighborhood. By the way, in those days there was an aphorism for polite conversation to the effect that "chairs and tables have legs; trees and women have limbs."

Around the home most women wore the type of dress called a "wrapper," which, however, I am not able to describe beyond testifying to its ample length. Some few country women wore what were called "Mother Hubbards," which, like a deficient contract, "covered everything but touched nothing." There was an item of apparel strictly for indoors, called a "dressing sacque" or "boudoir gown." There <sup>were</sup> ~~was~~ also boudoir caps, crocheted in loose open-work with an elastic band around the head. A type of crocheting thread <sup>al</sup> ~~thread~~ called "sansilk" was used in various colors. These items were homemade.

Women's blouses were then called "shirtwaists." The only garment called a blouse then was the sailor type "middy blouse" worn by school girls. Many women wore chatelaine watches fastened to shirtwaists with ornate pins of fleur-de-lis design. Some of the shirtwaists featured "leg-of-mutton" sleeves, large at the top, standing up above the shoulder, tapering to the elbow, and fitting tightly at the wrist.

The feminine bathing suit was a monstrosity. Fortunately there was very little public bathing in those days. The old-time bathing suit extended from the neck to the ankles and was anchored there to eliminate any possibility that it might slip up and reveal even a small area of feminine cuticle.

The popular hair style was either a high pompadour, with a "rat" (a long roll of some sort of wool) inside the pompadour, or a hollow pompadour mashed down above one eye. The "bobbed hair" style was introduced by Irene Castle, a professional dancer, during the First World War. By 1923 the style had penetrated the hinterlands, where it was at first accepted by a few of the more innovative women; then more and more long tresses fell before the shears until almost every feminine head wore the "new look." In an old photograph album is a snapshot taken in 1923 showing three of my sisters-in-law and one niece (then about ten years old) displaying the newly bobbed hair, the picture being taken from the rear. The early bobs were worn hanging straight until the beauty parlors began to work their magic with modern curling techniques.

Styles in men's wearing apparel since the turn of the century have made no radical changes but a multitude of small ones. As far back as I can remember - that is after I was old enough to take

notice - men's suits have been substantially similar yet with various deviations as to cut and the use of different materials. Some years the garments would be loose and others they would be form-fitting. Some coats were double-breasted, some single; felt hats would vary from wide brims to narrow. These changes, of course, were dictated by the manufacturers in order to prevent the customer from wearing the same "Sunday suit" or hat too many seasons. The mention of seasons reminds me that until the 1920's there was no such product as a lightweight suit except linen suits, which were worn by very few men. The tropical, worsted, Palm Beach, corded Haspels, et cetera, had not appeared on the market.

Up until the twenties, it was impossible to buy a dress up shirt with a collar. All white shirts, the "Sunday" type, were made with narrow neck bands, each with a button hole in the back of the band, where a stiff collar could be anchored. This style of shirt was designed in the interest of economy. The shirt could be washed and ironed at home and the stiff collar sent to the laundry for two cents. A hand tailoring shop was opened in Danville about 1902 and some of the best dressers began to wear custom-tailored suits which cost about thirty-five dollars each at first and advanced to forty dollars in a few years, but remained at that figure until about 1925 or 1930.

Neckties were priced from twenty-five cents up to six bits and ranged from narrow to wide from year to year, even as they do today. There was a type called a "cravat." It came already tied and covered just about all of the shirt front.

Practically all men wore vests to their Sunday suits, and the more opulent man would customarily carry a watch in his vest pocket, with a heavy gold chain hanging across his chest and

→ anchored to a button hold<sup>e</sup>. The more expensive watches were Elgins and Walthams, some about the size of a small turnip and most of them with closed cases - "hunting cases," they were called. On the cover of the case would often be an elaborate engraving of an elk with antlers.

→ Men's shoes were all made with tops until around 1900 when the "low cut" made its appearan<sup>ce</sup>, but then only for summer wear. Occasionally a guy would have a pair of low cuts still wearable when cold weather came, so in order to save the investment of three or four bucks in a pair of winter shoes, he might buy a pair of spats. These affairs were of heavy cloth, about the height of a winter shoe top, worn round the ankle with a strap under the foot (like leggings), and buttoned<sup>on the side</sup> from top to bottom. This type of spats cost about twenty-five cents a pair, but there were also fancy types, often of gray material with pearl buttons. These were worn only by<sup>y</sup> fellows of sartorial elegance or by characters of the vaudeville circuit. The most expensive shoes on the market in those days were Hannon at \$5.00 and Nettleton and Edwin Clapp at about the same price. The Walkover and W.L. Douglas were \$3.50, but numerous others, boasting no name brand, were <sup>for</sup> on sale as low as \$1.50 or \$2.00.

→ In winter many men who did outdoor work wore felt boots which were about a quarter inch thick and reached almost to the knees. Over these were worn heavy rubber overshoes with buckles above the ankles. For winter most small boys wore caps or toboggans - knitted stocking caps. Many of our country friends wore cheap little wool hats. After a short time these would lose their outside bands and then stretch out into the shape of a cone. This process we defined as "going to seed," an expression we heard our dad use.

Straw hats were worn when I was a youngster, but were mostly the stiff, flat type. About 1905 the first Panama hats were imported but not in great numbers, because the price was prohibitive except for the affluent. The price even in those austere times was about twenty-five dollars, when the very best felt hat - the John B. Stetson - was staple at five dollars. In summer for everyday wear most men and boys wore wide-brimmed straw hats called "buckeyes." These were made of flat straws that had a proclivity for coming loose at the ends and punishing the scalp. Some fellows had these hats lined (at home) with calico, and some had them equipped with leather sweatbands salvaged from worn out felt hats. Claude and I detested the buckeyes because of discomfort from the straw ends. We persisted in wearing caps despite efforts of our mother to protect us from the sun. The suntan I attained each summer from wearing my little cap on the back of my head would endure through the winter. Those were days before everybody wanted to acquire suntans. Women wore gloves and carried parasols when they walked down the street. Farm women wore sun bonnets when outside the house.

The most memorable occasion for us boys while we lived at the tollgate house was the time a circus came to Danville, and Dad took us to see it. What caused us to know the circus was coming was the array of bills pasted on our barn. I don't remember now, but very likely the circus advance man gave us passes. Anyway, Dad took the day off from his work and hitched up the mule to the surrey, and off we went. I believe that circus had no wild animals but was more of a dog and pony show. The one thing I recall vividly was the experience of eating at the Gilcher Hotel. I know we had oyster soup. This was very strange inasmuch as the weather was warm, and in those days before refrigeration oysters in summer would seem an anachronism.

On another day, Sunday, Dad, Mother, Claude, and I went to Alum Springs and Linietta Springs, two "semi-spas" about a mile apart and located about five miles beyond Danville. This turned out to be a hot and dusty pilgrimage with little at its termination to compensate for the effort or to justify the glowing description we had read. Twenty-one miles of driving in one day over dusty roads was not an experience conducive to enjoyment.

When I received an invitation to visit Nicholasville October 14-20, 1973, for Jessamine County's 175th anniversary, I recalled that back in 1898, while we were living at the tollgate, Jessamine held its centennial celebration. The reason I heard of the occasion at the time was that our uncle came to visit us soon afterward and brought the news. The only reason I have remembered the incident all these years is that he related the story of an old farmer in his neighborhood, who, when asked if he would attend the centennial, replied that he was too busy, but would wait for the next one.

Our life at the tollgate continued at a fairly even tenor until early in 1898, when it became evident that the populace had begun to look with extreme disfavor upon the system used by the turnpike owners to provide funds for maintaining the roads. The fact that the roadways belonged to the turnpike companies and had to be repaired at the expense of the owners, did not, in the opinion of a certain element of the public, justify the collection of toll. No doubt the protesting public felt that the expense necessary to road maintenance was not fairly divided between the rich and the poor. It was observed that the man of limited means paid the same cash amount toll for a trip to town in his buggy that was paid by his affluent neighbor for a similar conveyance. If, however, the latter happened to be one of the turnpike directors, he paid nothing but carried a pass stipulating that he, his family, and all of their equipment be exempted from toll payment. There would seem to be no doubt that the less prosperous citizens were the first to voice objection to the toll system. They reasoned that were the roads maintained by taxation, the cost would be borne by the property owners.

At the time of the first rumors of dissatisfaction probably very few persons believed that violence was imminent, but when threatening notes were left on some tollgate porches during the night hours, and stories were circulated that bands of masked riders had been seen in some areas of the state, the turnpike owners began to consider the situation serious and arranged with the legal authorities to have armed guards from the local militia stationed at some of the gates. Five men were sent from Danville to our house each night to stand guard until morning, when they returned to town. Naturally very little

of the situation was discussed before us kids, but I do remember the guards, their guns and ammunition, and that Dad, who had not owned a gun of any kind, bought a huge Colt 45 - in fact he traded a couple of hogs for it. The reports of the destruction of tollgates must have reached the grown-ups in our family but I can't remember any feelings of danger, so the accounts were probably not mentioned in my hearing. Many years later I read in a book of fiction a graphic account of the depredations in various counties in Kentucky. Many tollgate poles were chopped down in the area around Maysville, some in Washington County, and some around Owingsville. One gate just outside Danville on the Perryville Pike was attacked by raiders, who were driven off by guards in ambush behind a stone fence opposite the house. One of the raiders was killed in the fusillade. It was surmised that the marauders did not expect the guards to be on duty. The double tollgate at Camp Dick Robinson, two miles from our place, was chopped down, but it had no guards on duty, which was no doubt true of most of the other gates destroyed, as the nocturnal bands could have been expected to select for their victims the gates easiest of conquest. Our gate was never attacked, but after a few weeks of suspense and the bother of having the guards, my dad took Mother and us kids to Jessamine County, where we remained at my grandfather's home until the trouble was over.

Within a few months the state bought out the private owners, and all remaining poles were removed by law. A property tax was then inaugurated to provide funds for the maintenance of all primary roads. The funds were not used for the smaller roads, those leading to dead ends. They were owned by the counties and were maintained, after a fashion, by the citizens living thereon



or nearby. In each locality having such a road, the county court appointed an overseer whose duty it was to see that each and every male person above the age of eighteen years contributed a specified number of days of work each year to the upkeep of the road. The overseer decided the time of year (usually when crops were not requiring too much work) and would "warn in" all those obligated to work the road. Unless they responded or had a valid excuse, they were subject to a fine. For this road work the county paid \$0.50 a day for a man's labor or \$2.50 for a team and driver.

In our neighborhood was one of these little roads, which ran from the Lexington Pike to the Dix River - a distance of two miles. When we moved back to Boyle County from Nicholasville in 1900, this road was only a mud lane, but in the sixteen years we lived in the area, it was improved year by year. By 1916 it was hard surface all the way and could be traveled winter or summer without encountering any mud. During the last fifty years I have had occasion to drive over this road several times, and it is now as smooth as the highway. I don't know whether or not the same custom of maintenance is practiced as in the early years of the century, but I doubt it.

Our move from the tollgate at Dix River Bridge was to a house in Jessamine County near Nicholasville. We moved there in 1898 and stayed two years. The home, previously used as a toll-house, had a front porch, two rooms fronting the pike, two upstairs rooms, and an ell containing a dining room and kitchen. Alongside the house was a lot about ninety by ninety feet with a barn and an attached buggy house. Just past the barn was a dirt lane that led to a farm about a quarter mile from the pike. At the rear of our house we had a fair-sized garden.

We lived a couple of miles from my Grandmother Peel and visited her home often. Her youngest daughter, unmarried, lived with her and at the time taught a neighborhood school. In their "parlor" was a tall organ and on a table was a stereoscope with a stack of card views. There was also a large photograph album with a hard binding covered with small shells which were glued on. Grandmother had a weaving loom on which she usually had a rag carpet in the process of being woven.

The Rice family occupied the other house shown in the sketch. We boys were allowed to play on the Rice property either in the little front pasture or in the orchard at the rear of our garden, where we amused ourselves by climbing the apple trees. Mr. and Mrs. Rice had a son who was a minister living in Memphis, Tennessee. He would send his boy, Willie, each summer to visit the grandparents. Willie was about ten when we first knew him and had acquired most of the bad habits available to city boys. The only other kids living near us were two colored boys named Miller and a white boy named Jamison Baker. We never had any trouble with the Miller boys, but Jamison was strictly a problem.

The Baker family had an old bony horse with a very thin tail. The Miller boys called the horse "Ole Six Strands." One

day when Willie Rice, Claude, and I were out on the dirt lane, Jamison rode by on "Ole Six Strands." Willie came up with the idea of robbing Jamison, so as he passed, Willie gave the order "Halt!" Jamison was slow in responding to the command, so Willie threw a piece of hard clay, which struck the rider in the back of his head. The surprise of the act more than the force of the blow caused Jamison to tumble to the ground as he pulled "Six Strands" to a stop. Willie then ordered, "Hands up!" By this time Jamison was crying, but Willie was adamant. He "frisked" his victim, discovering a spool of thread in his pocket. This he confiscated. Claude and I were becoming apprehensive of the possible results of this act of brigandage. Jamison was allowed to climb back on his mount, still whimpering, when the bandit relented, returned the spool of thread, and bade Jamison begone. We heard nothing more about the robbery, so probably Jamison's pride prevented his reporting the incident to his parents.

We had very little confidence in the veracity of Willie Rice because of some wild stories he related, so when he said there were "horseless carriages" in Memphis, we accepted the statement as just another figment of his overdeveloped imagination. A couple of years later when we actually saw a horseless carriage, we could believe he had told the truth. After moving to Boyle County in late 1900 we never heard of Willie again, but often wondered about his future.

Between our house and Nicholasville was a large field where, our dad told us, there had been a race track in the 1880's. It was at this track that the famous trotter Maud S. set a record, which was broken by Nancy Hanks when she trotted the mile in 2:04 at the same track. The track was closed about 1890, and the field was returned to cultivation.

Street fairs (later called carnivals) were in vogue at that time and I can still recall the thrills of watching the balloon ascensions. Another popular feature of the fair was the "cake walk" contest held in the courthouse yard. There were many contestants, black and white. The contest was won in 1899 or 1900 by the daughter of a prominent farmer.

Claude had at that time a very intelligent yellow dog named Jip, a mixture of several different breeds. He was trained to retrieve a stick or cob and would bring back the object even when it was placed in difficult places. In the front lot was an apple tree (see sketch) which grew in a leaning position. We would climb the tree and place a cob in the upper limbs, and Jip would climb up and get it. For fear he might fall and be injured we would stand directly below prepared to catch him in our arms. He never did fall from the tree, but on one occasion when we put the cob on top of the surrey in the barn, he fell on a wheel of the carriage as we were not able to get underneath in time. He was hurt but not seriously injured, and we began to be more careful in preparing for his feats. The location of the apple tree was ideal from a show business standpoint. Often passersby would stop and watch a performance. When we moved to Boyle, Jip somehow managed to return to the home we had vacated and was killed by a man who lived nearby.

During our early years we had our share of dogs, but usually only one at a time. Dad had brought Jip home as a small pup for Claude when I was four years old. I was not interested - in fact, I spent most of the next four or five weeks in the high chair, as I was afraid of the pup. After a month or two I was no longer afraid, but wanted a dog of my own. Dad came up with a little rat terrier which we called "Cuff." I don't remember what ever became of Cuff or how long he was around, but a little later we came into possession of another rat terrier which we called "Sport." He was supposed to belong to me, but the whole family loved Sport, whom we kept four or five years, until he was killed

in a canine orgy one night at a neighboring farm.

Sport was only about fourteen inches tall and weighed about twenty pounds or less. He was the most belligerent dog I have ever seen, large or small. He was possessed of indomitable courage and challenged every dog he met. His fighting style was such that, if his adversary chanced to be larger than he, he was usually subjected to terrific punishment before winning, as he invariably sought the foreleg. Sometimes this was hard to reach, but once he secured his favorite hold, the battle was won.

One day he and I were out on a rocky hillside when we met up with a large groundhog. Sport rushed toward the groundhog, which immediately whirled around to do battle. Before Sport could figure out his offense, I thumped the groundhog with a rock. He turned and headed for his den, which was about a hundred feet away. As soon as he turned, Sport was on top of him, but couldn't get any kind of hold. The hog turned again and stood the dog off until I could deliver another stone. As I was hitting him in the back or side each time instead of in the head, the rocks were doing little damage. Sport was unable to get his favorite hold on account of the hog's short legs and his vicious defense with teeth and claws. After several rounds of this procedure and just as the woodchuck was getting close to his hole under a ledge, one of my rocks struck a vital spot - the head, and the battle was over. The woodchuck was actually heavier than the dog, but built closer to the ground.

After the demise of Sport we soon arranged for another terrier, this one black, a little taller than his predecessor, not quite as heavy, and lacking in pugnacity. By this time Claude

and I were beginning to grow up, so we wanted no more typical dog names but a more unusual appellation for our new pet. In the big Spanish-American War books that we had read at our grandfather's home were mentioned two Cuban generals - Maximo Gomez and Maceo. We decided upon the former, and the little black mutt went through life as "Maxie." He was eventually shot by a boy on an adjoining farm - at least we always felt sure, but would have been unable to prove it. Maxie was the last dog we owned while Claude and I were at home, but later Emily and Jimmy had two or three different dogs, one at a time.

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I recall we had our first marbles in 1899. They were a very cheap variety called "jays," which were made of clay and came in red, green, and yellow. We paid a nickel for fifty of these. Later we had a few called "crocks" or "scotches," which were more expensive and came in brown and blue.

The first real marble game in which we participated was with our uncle at the home of our grandfather. This uncle was then about twenty-one years old, but had kept some of his boyhood marbles and would get them out and play with us when we came. In the backyard was a smooth area without grass or weeds - ideal for marble shooting. After we moved to Boyle County and began playing with other kids in the neighborhood, we learned to play "keeps," a different game from that played with our uncle. We acquired considerable skill and met with no real competition until I was about thirteen, when a boy from Lexington came to spend the summer with his uncle on a nearby farm. This kid was about eleven, but had learned the game from experts, and his proficiency was amazing. After a few bouts with this city boy my supply of "jays," "crocks," "glasses," et cetera, was seriously reduced; even my prized agate had been in momentary jeopardy, but I had been fortunate enough to retrieve it.

The game of marbles was one of the many pastimes to fall victim to the changing times. I don't recall that my son ever played the game, and the only marbles I ever saw at the home of my grandchildren were the opaque glass variety used for Chinese checkers. There was really no future for marble shooting after boys began to learn about such national sports as baseball, football, and basketball. By playing these games and acquiring expertise they could look forward to the time when they might achieve membership in a professional team and rival the athletes



whose pictures they were even then collecting - the likes of Babe Ruth, Rogers Hornsby, and many others. No one ever heard of a National League of marble players - that game was for kids and carried no incentive to lofty goals. Every boy competing in the various little leagues could consider himself an embryonic Lou Gehrig or Gabby Hartnett.

Another sport for boys in the early days of this century was spinning tops. This was a town game; none of the county kids had tops, nor could they have manipulated them anyway. These tops were about the size and shape of an egg. The pointed end had a metal spike on which the top would spin when thrown down as the cord, wound around the upper end of the top, was pulled, giving it a rapid spinning motion. Our town friends explained to us that they would mark off a ring on the ground where they took turns throwing their tops in efforts to knock those of competitors from the ring. Any top knocked from the ring became the property of the successful thrower. This game was, as was the game of marbles, for keeps, a stepping stone to dice, cards, et cetera, as the acquisitive instinct and the urge to get something for nothing is born early in the human race.

In the summer of 1899 we started school at Hanly, a country one-room school, where we completed the term and attended the following year until we moved away in early autumn. The school was two miles from our home, and we walked the distance along the dusty road. We didn't object to the walk, as we enjoyed the experience of getting away from the direction of our parents and out on our own. We would throw rocks, our favorite pastime, as we walked along with other kids attending the same school. Claude was almost nine when we started to school and I was six, but an aunt of ours who spent almost a year at our home had given us a concentrated course of study, and prior to that time our mother had taught us. When we began at Hanly, we were up with other kids our age and ahead of most.

In thinking back over the days spent at the Hanly school, five months the first term and three the next, I can recall by name more than thirty of my fellow pupils. As clearly as I remember the individual names of the kids, I also remember their characteristics and many particular incidents, none of any significance but still sticking in the memory. One small incident may be worth relating only to show the difference three-quarters of a century makes in the attitudes and mores of a society.

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One day a class of small kids, six or seven years old, was going through its daily flag drill. When the teacher gave the order "Present," one small girl presented her flag with such

vigor that her petticoat jarred from its moorings and dropped on the floor. Consternation followed and the teacher sent all the boys out of the room until the child had been reinstalled in her nether garment. When we were allowed to reenter the room the atmosphere was laden with embarrassment. Nobody dared to laugh. The class resumed the recitation, and no remarks were made concerning the contretemps.

In 1900 we moved from Nicholasville back to Boyle County. Dad bought a small "place" (small farms were called "places") about three and a half miles from Danville on the Lexington Pike. As to the actual moving, I have no recollection of details. I have to believe that several wagon loads were required to move all the family effects - furniture, tools, and such livestock as we had. We had only one horse and a surrey at that time, so teams and wagons had to be hired. It seems rather strange that no details of an operation of such magnitude were retained in my memory, but similarly I can recall neither of the previous two moves - from Jessamine to the tollgate in Boyle, and from there to Nicholasville. Of course, at those times I was too small to take much interest or to contribute significantly to the undertakings. The move to the Berkley property was in early autumn of 1900, about September or October.

All that concerned us kids was the new home with its many interesting features. This property contained twelve acres with a stone house (see map), one large barn and one small log barn, a buggy shed, a two-room structure that we called "the cabin" in the backyard, a smokehouse, and a henhouse. On the property also was a distillery with two large warehouses, a corn crib, and two cattle pens, but these were reserved and later dismantled and hauled away.

Mr. Will Berkley, the last occupant, had taken good care of the house and grounds, and we found it a very comfortable home. The house was set on a hillside that sloped toward the front. The front yard was terraced and contained some interesting and attractive plantings including a Calycanthus bush with

dark red blossoms of pleasant aroma. The vegetable garden was a rich plot with a grass walk through the center lined with gooseberry and currant bushes. There was an asparagus bed, along with rhubarb in abundance and a strawberry patch.

Until we moved to the Berkely place we had never seen any Baltimore orioles, but there each summer they suspended their woven nests from the high limbs of the big locust tree in the backyard. There was also a martin box on a tall pole in the backyard. Each spring the family of martins returned from the south and reared their young. The house was vacant during the winter. One early spring before the return of the martins, the obnoxious English sparrows moved in. The legal owners were unable to recapture their quarters, so they departed.

As small boys we were well acquainted with the various species of birds indigenous to our area, but the names we had for many of them were incorrect. We had no books at that time to provide us with descriptions and pictures of the various species. The only correct information available to us was in the form of a small picture card in each package of Arm and Hammer soda, of which we used only three or four packages a year. It was about four decades later that I came into possession of a small but very complete illustrated book designed for the use of bird-watchers. From this text I discovered that some of my earlier bird lore was erroneous.

Our dad had given us names of most of the bird families in our community, but the names had been handed down by his forebears, and most of them were incorrect. For example, the bird he had introduced to us as "orchard wren" or "raincrow" was in fact a

cuckoo! The whippoorwill we called a "bullbat" (because of the noise it made while flying after insects). The downy woodpecker we called a "sapsucker." The kingbird we called a "bee martin." The brown thrasher we first called a "brown mockingbird" and later a "thrush." We had never heard of cedar waxwings but called them "storm birds" because we believed them to be harbingers of stormy weather. We had seen a few redwing blackbirds in nearby places, but for some reason we called them "starlings." If any starlings existed in Kentucky at that time, we had never seen them. They were mentioned in one of our books in a child's poem, but the first starlings I saw came at least fifty years later.

We had never heard of grackles, but learned years afterward that they were the long-tailed birds that we had simply called "blackbirds." The cardinals, a name we had never heard, we called "redbirds." These birds, incidentally, were not numerous in our vicinity. The tiny yellow birds that showed up a week or two each migrating season we learned later to have been goldfinches. The meadowlark we called "field lark," which was close to correct. The killdeer we called "kildee" because of its cry. We saw many vultures in those days when farmers were careless about burying animal carcasses. Our name for these scavengers was "buzzards." Chimney swifts we called "chimney swallows." Flickers were sometimes called "yellowhammers." Blue jays we called "jay birds."

Mockingbirds were very numerous in our immediate area. This was doubtless due to the growth of so many redthorn trees and bushes, wherein they invariably built their nests, usually quite near the ground but protected from predators by clusters of long,

sharp thorns. One year we captured two young mockers when they were learning to fly. We built a crude cage and confined them, with the fatuous belief that they would develop and produce their music in captivity. After a few days we observed that they were beginning to languish, so we set them free.

Paradoxically, the bird book mentioned states that the "misnamed English sparrow is not particularly a native of England and is definitely not a sparrow but a relative of the weaver finches." The book does not list this bird with the nine other sparrows described and photographed, but in a different category under the name "house sparrow." Under any name, these birds had become a national nuisance on account of their phenomenal fecundity. We considered them our natural enemy and made war on the tribe with our air rifle, gum slings, and bows and arrows.

The blue jay was not a popular bird, although a very handsome individual. He has always borne the reputation of an outlaw of the bird world. He was often accused of destroying the eggs of smaller birds. We accepted this imputation as deserved, although we had no evidence beyond the fact that his habitual clamor in the area never failed to evoke protest from other winged citizens who had nests nearby.

Other than those already mentioned our bird population consisted of robins, catbirds, wrens, bluebirds, barn swallows, doves, bobwhites, and crows, with an occasional sparrow hawk circling in the air or snipes along a small stream. Only one kingfisher do I remember seeing, a showy bird of bright blue with some white feathers. Hummingbirds were very rare. I don't recall seeing any of that family until years later when I was living in a different place.



Berkley

The spring was perhaps the outstanding feature of the property. In arriving at the value of any piece of real estate in a rural area it was necessary to consider the available water supply. Some farms were supplied from springs. Some of these springs could be depended upon to furnish a plentiful amount of water throughout the year regardless of weather conditions, but most would go dry during drought, causing severe inconvenience and loss to the farmer in his efforts to raise livestock. Most ponds would fail in dry times unless fed by underground streams. Before electric power lines were installed through rural areas, windmills were used by some of the prosperous farm owners to pump water from springs or wells and distribute it through pipe lines to other portions of the property and also to residences for indoor plumbing operation.

At the Berkley place, the stream of cold water was ever-flowing. Dry weather had no effect on the water supply. The second year we were there an extreme drought occurred, and many springs and ponds in the neighborhood failed. Many surrounding farmers hauled water from our spring and some even drove their cattle to drink from the spring branch. The distillery had been built on this particular piece of property because of the never-failing water supply. Other similar plants in the area had also been closed during those years, including Mock Distillery, on the Shakertown Road about three miles from Danville. These small distilleries had ceased to be profitable to the owners. The distillery trend was toward consolidation of the liquor interests into gigantic companies such as National Distillers, Schenly,

and Seagrams.

The two warehouses were locked, but we kids were free to explore the old dilapidated stillhouse from which all the machinery had been removed. We could also explore the two cattle pens - actually, two long buildings built side by side with two rows of troughs running lengthwise through the center of each with sufficient space on each side for cattle to be tethered to the troughs, where they were fed slop, a by-product of the distillery process. From the comb of one building to the comb of the other was a pair of timbers, and on top of this structure was a box about six or eight feet long, four feet wide, and two feet deep. In this box, according to reports by the neighbors, had at one time been placed a human skeleton that was to be utilized for medical study by a young doctor who lived on the property prior to the arrival of the Berkleys. The theory was that the skeleton had been placed there for drying in the sun. Some of the kids in the neighborhood actually thought the box might still hold its macabre contents; however, when the buildings were dismantled the box proved to be empty.

The stone house was estimated to be more than a hundred years old at the time we moved in, but was still in good condition; its walls, over two feet thick, and the outside chimneys were as plumb and solid as when first erected. The stone portion of the house contained four large rooms, two upstairs and two downstairs, with a small front hall and stairway. One of the first-floor rooms had a fireplace - not the huge type for a back-log as in some of the other old houses, but just wide enough for a grate in which we could burn either

wood or coal. The other room was heated with a stove. With its thick walls and small windows the house never got too cold. The grate provided sufficient heat for the family room, but we had no heating arrangement for the upstairs rooms. In winter Claude and I would prepare for bed downstairs by the fire, run up, and jump in bed. In the mornings we would come down and dress by the fire, which Dad would have going before he called us. At night he would cover the fire with ashes to keep it through the night and would shake it down and add fuel when he arose.

Back of the stone portion of the house was a two-room log section with the back door at ground level, while the front rooms, at the same floor level, had a full basement beneath, which could be entered only from a door below the front porch. This arrangement was very inconvenient in summer when we had to keep the milk, butter, et cetera, in the cellar and either walk around the house or go through and use the front steps. After living there about four years we had a dairy house dug into the ground at the back kitchen door. This was walled with stone and had a roof of dirt and sod.

The most unpopular feature of the home, in the estimation of us boys, was the necessity of carrying water from the spring, about eighty yards away and uphill most of the return trip. There were gutters on the house, and we used a couple of rain barrels to help out. We always sent our laundry out to a wash woman in the neighborhood, and the colored kids would return it when it was done.

In 1960 I made a trip back to the old home place to make

a sketch of the stone house. I had not seen the property for many years and was shocked at its appearance. The front pasture was grown up with trees and bushes, the fences were in bad condition, and the front porch and steps showed damage from neglect. The stone portion of the house appeared to be in reasonably good state, with the walls straight and the massive chimneys still standing plumb. The old log kitchen had been replaced with a makeshift frame structure, obviously out of character with the ancient stone building, giving it a look of deterioration rather than of antiquity.

After we sold the place and moved away in 1908, it had been occupied by several different owners and tenants who had apparently given it little care during the fifty-two year span. As a consequence there was only a slight resemblance to the home I had known as a youngster.

In 1965, State Road 34 was changed (see map), and the new stretch of about two miles crossed the rear portion of the property about a hundred yards back of the house. The original road in front of the house was abandoned except for use by the owners of homes facing thereon. In 1972 I passed through the area again. I drove over the original road in order to have another look at the old homestead, but discovered that it was almost hidden from view by trees that had grown up along the front fence.

The highway change was made in order to eliminate some curves and to provide a wider thoroughfare. This improved conditions for the traveling public but was of no advantage to the owners of farms facing on the original road, as it left

them facing an abandoned thoroughfare which probably received no state maintenance. During the seven years from the time of the road change to the time of my last trip, the old road had fallen into disrepair. It was so overgrown by trees and bushes that it appeared barely wide enough for one-way traffic.

At the time we moved to the stone house, we were unacquainted with any person in the neighborhood except Mr. and Mrs. Jim Green, whom we had known from the time we had lived at the tollgate house a little more than a mile from the Green's home. They lived on the Garrard side of the river near the ford and thus were about a mile from our new home. The Greens were almost the only folks with whom we visited back and forth during the years we lived in four different homes in the area before moving into Danville in 1917. Mr. Green was ten years older than Dad, and Mrs. Green was ten years younger than her husband. They were church-going people, members of the Pleasant Grove Christian Church in Garrard, one mile from the King's Mill Bridge. As I look back on those years it seems that either we visited them, or they spent the day with us on practically every Sunday, especially in the warm months. Not only were the two families together on Sundays, but Dad and Mr. Green worked together almost daily, as they were partners in the road-working contract and occasionally tended rented corn land together. It seemed to us kids that surely they would have exhausted all subjects for conversation. Unless we could get out of the house and play on or in the river, we were bored almost to distraction with the repeated discussion of subjects from the choice of chickens to the palatability of green beans.

The discussions also included recitation by Mr. Green of his many quarrels with numerous persons on various subjects, replete with quotes of mild expletives and idle threats. He was a very irascible individual and experienced difficulty with most of those with whom he came in contact. He had a team of horses - Mike and Lou - which he worked together all week, and he drove one or the other to his buggy on Sunday. The old mare, Lou, had a very scanty tail, rather similar to that of a mule, which prompted an eight-year-old neighborhood girl to remark, "Mr. Green, are you makin' a mule out of your horse or makin' a horse out of your mule?" Any other adult would have laughed, but Jim was highly indignant. One day when Jim had turned his team loose to graze along the fence while he ate his lunch in the cornfield, a neighbor who had stopped by for a chat remarked facetiously, "Why don't you try feeding your horses sometime?" Jim responded angrily that the matter of feeding his horses was strictly his own business, and he didn't appreciate any advice on the subject.

We had quite a few other characters in the neighborhood. One was a Confederate veteran. He had been in the battle of Perryville and "fit" the battle all over again anytime the subject came up. It did come up often, as most of the fellows around about got a "kick" out of his version, which was highly colorful. He had related this tale so many times that it seemed to have worn a groove as if in a phonograph record. It was said that on one occasion when there were ladies present, someone purposely mentioned the Civil War. The old Rebel launched into his favorite story with his customary zest, and when he reached the climax,

not realizing there was mixed company, he closed with the regular text sans expurgation. This old gentleman had a pronounced proclivity for using the wrong word. He would speak of someone who was going under a "consumed" name. After his first experience with grapefruit he referred to them as "them big grapenuts." In a discussion of a rather ingenious man of natural mechanical ability, the old vet said, "By golly, that man sure has got a 'metallic' head on his shoulders." He was said to have referred to the boats on the lake in Michigan, where he had visited, as "little vaseline launches;" however, I have my doubts about this story.

The old soldier took a very dim view of the young generation of that day and often made the prediction that "after we are gone this country will grow up in jimson weeds." One day, in the discussion of a young lad in the neighborhood who had been involved in more than one misdemeanor, he came up with this dire prediction: "This crop of hemp is growing for him." To his listeners, who were aware that rope was the principal product of hemp, his prophecy was not enigmatic.

Another ex-soldier was a Union army captain who had a big farm about a mile from our place. His home had the appearance of a typical Southern plantation, a big old rambling two-story house with upper and lower porches in front. The outside walls appeared to have at one time been covered with plaster - it was long before stucco - which was broken off in places, leaving some brick area exposed. In the yard at the rear of the big house was an old frame house of four or five rooms that was occupied by a Negro family with children of various ages from



ten to eighteen. The Negroes' abode also showed signs of age and decay and was probably a relic of slave times. At that time we kids had the feeling that the Civil War was something in the dim, distant past. We knew the date from our history lessons, but forty years seems like an age to youngsters, and I don't think we realized then that the old frame house could, at one time, have housed slaves.

This old captain must have been about seventy, as he had a daughter who was then only fourteen, but he looked like pictures of Moses with his long white whiskers. He had operated a small distillery down on the river bank, but <sup>that</sup> this was years before, and the little old stone distillery building had nothing remaining but parts of the walls. The old captain was retired from farm activity and rented out his land, except the pastures where he kept his own livestock, all of which appeared to be suffering from inanition. He had the reputation of operating on the principle that any money he saved on feed would be reflected in his profits. The neighbors had many amusing stories about the captain, who was well-liked on account of his placid disposition. Incidentally, it was from him that the Negro boy stole the surrey, as related in Chapter 3.

On the adjoining farm, about three hundred yards from our house, was a small tenant house. This cabin housed a Negro family the first year we were there, but after that all the occupants were white. One outfit was a family that would have to be rated "Necks" according to the classification of the colored work hand mentioned elsewhere. They had five boys from age six up to around sixteen, but not one of them ever set a

foot in the schoolhouse which was in sight of their house. The old woman was a terror. Sometimes we could hear the beatings she administered to the kids. The next to oldest boy seemed to be the recipient of most of the punishment. Occasionally he would run away and hide out until after dark, when we would hear the other boys yelling for him to come home and assuring him that "mammy" wouldn't "whoop" him.

One day Claude and I were hunting on the hillside not far from the cabin when one of the boys called out to his mother that "them old Peel boys are shooting yer chickens." We boys had no associations with these Necks, but I had a few rock battles with them. They occupied the cabin only one year and then moved out of the locality. They were without a doubt the lowest "white trash" I ever observed.

Into our neighborhood in 1902 moved a family named Holloway from Jessamine County. They had bought a farm about half a mile from our place. Mr. Holloway and wife, Lee, and four children, Charles, fourteen, Grace, eleven, George, nine, and Marian, five, were Presbyterians. The parents were very devout, sending the children to Sunday School, having evening prayers, et cetera, but the boys were without morals or any sort of decency. Among the numerous instances of cruel and inhuman treatment, only two will be necessary to explain their characters, or their lack thereof. A stray dog happened to come to their place, and after a week or two they decided to dispense with it. They put some poison on a piece of fat meat and fed it to the dog. The fat meat evidently prevented the dose from being fatal, but it left the poor animal so shaky it could

scarcely move about. The boys then amused themselves by pelting it with rocks and a club until it was dead. A litter of kittens was disposed of by throwing them, one at a time, into a small pond and then stoning them to death as they swam toward the shore. These and other similar atrocities they related to us, laughing like hyenas while giving the "blow by blow" account.

When the Holloways first came, they sent the two boys and Grace to school in Danville for one year, but when the farm provided less income than they anticipated and money was in scant supply, the kids were sent to the neighborhood Walnut Hill school, which we attended. In 1905 the older boy, Charles, became interested in one of the country girls, too good for the likes of Charles. The Holloway parents objected strenuously to the romance and, being unable to bring it to a termination, decided to move to Florida. The girl probably never knew how fortunate she was to escape. We never heard anything more about the Holloways, but always wondered if Charles and George escaped the gallows or electric chair, whichever was in vogue in Florida.

Soon after we moved to Boyle in 1900, the government inaugurated the first rural mail delivery system. The first route was established between Nicholasville and Lancaster. The route that passed our house was from Danville to a rural post office in Garrard called Marcellus, a distance of about six and a half miles. The driver would leave Marcellus at eight o'clock each morning for Danville and return in the afternoon, passing our place about three-thirty. This short route was let on bids, and the lowest bidder recieved the contract, almost without any other qualification. The first carrier was an old Negro man who could barely read. The postmaster in Danville would line up the mail in order of the boxes along the way, and the old man would make the deliveries with as few errors as possible. This old man was very proud of his job. One day his vehicle was bumped in a very slight collision with the buggy of a civilian, and he threatened to take action through the authorities in Washington. When his term ended another man, also colored, underbid him, and he was out. They would bid for this contract at less than \$300 a year, because the work was easy. The bidder already owned a horse which he would have to feed anyway, and he would derive almost a dollar for each trip. At that time laborers were getting only fifty to seventy-five cents a day for farm work except in harvest time, when the pay was a dollar a day.

My first experience or observation of rural telephones was in 1904, when a company was established in Jessamine County. There might have been a phone in the country store in our neighborhood, but I can't recall any notice of it until about 1906. There were already phones in the towns and cities in Kentucky, but the lines into rural sections were installed

later. These early country phones were all fastened to the wall, each with a long transmitter and a crank on the side of the box. Each phone was on a "party line" with usually six or eight parties, each having an identifying ring - two longs, two longs and a short, et cetera. When one phone rang on a line, they all rang. One ring was for "central." The patrons on each party line would simply ring each other directly. Most of the lines had one or more chronic eavesdroppers, and a caller was likely to hear the sounds of receivers being taken down along the line. Later the phone companies improved equipment until each subscriber, even on a party line, had an individual number and could be rung separately. Eavesdropping was precluded!

One feature that helped to break the tedium of our existence as boys growing up in that setting of rusticity was the little neighborhood store nearby. It was operated by a young man then in his middle twenties. He possessed a small-town sophistication, but was not too mature to take an interest in our puerile activities. He would join in our air rifle, bow and arrow, and gum sling shooting there on the rocky road in front of his store. As we developed into adolescence he regaled us with accounts of the shady side of Danville's night life. He would tell us stories of poker playing personalities and the more interesting small time politicians. Most of the worldly lore imparted to us we would have been better off without.

Our dad was not unaware of the habits of this fellow, but I don't recollect that he ever gave us any admonition against hanging around the store. Our mother, however, expressed opposition to our spending too much time there and would call us any time we loitered too long. At that time we had a big old tin horn at the house. It was a crude affair but packed a terrific wallop - a full blast could carry several hundred yards. The distance to the store was beyond vocal range, but Mother could summon us easily with one short toot of the horn. After two or three years of our responding to the trumpet, the trumpet disappeared. Claude would never admit, even to me, that he had disposed of the horn, but I was always convinced that he was responsible for its disappearance.

The store had a strange fascination for us. We would go there at every opportunity and stay as long as there was anything interesting going on or until we heard the stentorian call of the trumpet. It was there we could hear varied conversations among various grownups - nothing that could be calculated to contribute to our edification, yet of intense interest to us at that stage of <sup>our</sup> development.

Most of the customers who bought at the store were local citizens, black and white, who were without means of transportation to town. The discourse of these people was not of any interest to us, but occasionally we would have the opportunity of listening in on some rather picaresque discussions when one or more of the sophisticated young men of the community happened to drop by to "shoot the breeze" with the proprietor. Much of such conversation was over our heads, but we would discuss between ourselves the more abstruse remarks and try to interpret their meaning.

The storekeeper always had a lot of facetious remarks for the colored customers. They seemed to enjoy the exchange of badinage and responded with very fitting ripostes. One Saturday afternoon a couple of middle-aged Negro men were there getting their cotton sacks filled with provender for the next week. They both lived on the farm that belonged to a young man who lived about a mile away. One of the men said that his boss was in Danville to get a haircut. The merchant asked in a joking manner,

"Couldn't you cut it?" The tenant answered promptly, "He want a babbah to cut his haih ef he do hop de clods."

After more than threescore years I can still see in retrospect that little country store and can almost perceive the odor. It was a blend of cigar smoke, dried fruit, cheese, and a hint of kerosene, with the distinct scent of chewing tobacco predominant. The store's interior I remember in detail. As you entered the door, on the counter to the right, was first a cracked glass showcase containing a box of Old Virginia cheroots and two or three other brands of cigars, some twist tobacco, and cigarette papers. The next item was a showcase of various and sundry penny candy - Italian cream, coconut kisses, cinch (a species of lottery candy whereby it was possible for the buyer to get a free piece by drawing a ticket marked "Free"). Next to the candy case was the rim of cheese. Next was a space left vacant on the counter top where were served in a community dish such comestibles as sardines, salmon, and deviled ham, with crackers from the open-topped box behind the counter. The shelves on this side of the store held stick candy in jars, canned goods, smoking tobacco (Duke's Mixture and Bull Durham), and chewing tobacco with a knife with lever for cutting the plugs. Back of the counter were wooden boxes of dried apples, dried peaches, and prunes, all kept open for easy access. There was also a barrel of sugar, likewise open, with the big tin scoop for filling the paper bags for purchasers. Outside the counter were lined up a couple of big wooden boxes containing navy beans and lima beans; there were also two or three kegs of nails of various sizes. Across the tops of the kegs was a wooden plank about six inches



wide used for seats.

On the front end of the left-hand counter was a Clark's O.N.T. thread desk, furnished by the thread company to hold its product and also to be utilized by the merchant for his accounts. These desks, incidentally, became valuable in later years as antiques. Next to the desk on the counter was a vacant space covered with oil cloth. This area was prepared for the measuring and wrapping of dry goods, several bolts of which were kept on the shelves. This counter space was often occupied by the proprietor, who had a habit of sitting there, tailor-fashion, with his feet under him while he expatiated upon any subject in which he might have been interested at the time. My recollection of him is as a very loquacious individual with a propensity for talking rather than listening. This characteristic was very likely from the fact that he was a "man of the world," while most of his listeners were denizens of the surrounding countryside.

In the center of the store aisle just beyond the nutriment station was the heating stove, which stood there summer as well as winter. I won't describe the stove lest I use the hackneyed term invariably applied which likens such stoves to a prominent portion of the human anatomy. Close beside the stove was always kept an open-topped flat box containing ashes, which was provided as a target for the tobacco-chewing gentry. In winter the stove was encircled by inverted nail kegs to be used as seats. In summer the kegs were less numerous.

At the rear of the store was the kerosene tank, a very busy facility in those pre-electric days. To the right was a

door leading to a lean-to room used as a sleeping place by the owner. Later this space was used as an apartment by the husband and wife who bought the store.

Our eight years at the Berkley place were not all uneventful. Various happenings from time to time would break the monotony: for instance, a gun battle between the men who owned the store and one of their in-laws. It was in summer and about midday when we heard a volley of shots - pistol and shotgun reports - from the road in front of the store. We could not see the participants, as the store building obscured the view. The store was about a hundred yards away, and we could also hear angry voices, but could not understand the words. After the battle we waited a short time, then strolled over to find out what had happened. No serious injuries had been inflicted but a few "bird shot" had struck the two merchants, one of whom had been firing a revolver at the other man, who was in a no-top buggy and armed with a "scatter gun." He had driven past the store and stopped in the road about sixty yards away. At that distance the small shot scattered and did very little damage. The shots from the revolver - six, I would think - all missed their mark. The battle over, the man in the buggy drove back to town. The incident, which could have been tragic, came off so harmlessly that the neighborhood made a joke of the whole matter.

One afternoon in the summer of 1907 the country store caught fire. The fire was caused by some blackberries cooking over on the kerosene stove in the adjoining apartment while the housewife was inside the store room waiting on a customer.

Her husband was away at the time. We heard the commotion and saw flames and smoke rising from the building. By the time we reached the scene, a few persons who had happened to be in the immediate vicinity had begun efforts to get as much merchandise as possible out of the frame structure. There was no fire-fighting apparatus nearer than Danville, and before it could have driven the three and a half miles the building would have been destroyed anyway.

During the frantic efforts on the part of several men and boys, the flames set fire to a telephone post on the opposite side of the road. One man told a little colored boy to get a bucket so he could throw water on the post to put out the flame, which was about ten feet from the ground. The kid took off for our house, the nearest place, and returned with a five-gallon milk can. Well, if you have ever seen a milk can you can understand the impossibility of utilizing this small-topped can for the purpose intended. When the kid handed the can to the man who had ordered a bucket, the response was a remark that we always considered a classic: "How do you expect a man to throw water out of a jug?" This flash <sup>OF</sup> humor in the tense situation appealed to us kids so much that we failed to remember the ultimate fate of the telephone post. The store was a complete loss within a very short time. Another store building was erected on the opposite side of the pike on the farm belonging to the father of the merchant. The neighbors helped with the carpentry work, and the new store was in operation in a few weeks.

After the tollgate raiders of 1898 the next epidemic of nocturnal depredations in Kentucky was in 1908 when the "night

riders" practiced their activities, This trouble developed as the result of the organization of tobacco growers entitled "Equity," popularly known as the "tobacco pool." This Equity movement was started by a wealthy farmer named Stone and was supported by a member of the state legislature, J. Campbell Cantril of Bourbon County. Prices that had been paid to farmers for their tobacco up to that time were so low that this cash crop was not profitable. In past years tobacco prices had been set by the tobacco trusts, consisting of two or three huge companies who decided among themselves the amount per pound they would pay for each year's crop. The leaders of the Pool sought to organize the tobacco growers into an independent marketing concern which would wield sufficient power to force the manufacturers to pay a reasonable figure for the crops. The plan was to refuse an unsatisfactory offer for their tobacco each year but to store it until such time as the buyers would agree to meet the terms.

The problem of building an organization strong enough to be successful in such an enterprise was that tobacco-growing tenants could not live from year to year without cash for their tobacco while it was stored pending a price agreement. The Pool movement was not sufficiently funded to enable the organization to advance money to growers during the storage period. Furthermore, there was a diversity of opinion among farmers as to the probable success of this plan. They had always sold their tobacco as soon as it could be prepared for market, by which time they were so badly in need of cash that they would sell at the price offered although they were sorely

disappointed at the amount received.

The efforts to organize both farm owners and tenants met with opposition from some parties in both categories. There was suspicion as to the management. There was much discussion of the issue as Equity began to canvass the area to obtain signatures from growers. A number of growers signed agreements to abide by the decision of the Equity officers as to sale or storage of the 1908 crop. Of the growers who declined to sign, some had one excuse and some had another, but the principal reason was that they felt they could benefit by the pressure put on buyers by the Equity even if they did not sign and could go ahead and sell their crops as soon as the tobacco was ready for market. This attitude was anathema to the Pool people, who realized that unless they could control the sale of practically the entire tobacco crop, their organization would be seriously handicapped in its effort to combat the trust. This situation led to threats and then to violence. The first acts of destruction were visited upon the plant beds of farmers who had refused to sign and yet had proceeded with preparation for a crop in spite of veiled threats and later warnings in the form of written notices, unsigned and affixed under cover of darkness to the property involved. When this stratagem failed to impress the grower, his plant bed received a visitation and his plants were destroyed. If he succeeded in protecting the plants and reset them in the field, he could still expect damage at any time during the growing season, or worse, could have his barn burned after the crop was harvested.

Dad had not grown a crop of tobacco since 1895, but in

1908 he decided to put out a small crop, about three and one-half acres. There had been no destruction of tobacco beds in our section of the state, most of the night rider activities having occurred in Bourbon County and in Western Kentucky. The farmers in our neighborhood had proceeded with their crop preparations as usual and talk of the Pool had about ceased, but still an undercurrent of uneasiness existed as to the outcome.

One Saturday night in April we boys were upstairs in our room playing an innocuous card game with a neighbor lad, when we heard an ominous sound, the voice of a man coming round the house. We ran downstairs and found Dad, who had heard the voice, standing in the living room with the Colt 45 in his hand. The lamp was burning in the dining room, which was immediately back of the living room. By this time the voice had reached the back door. The words we had heard were mumbled. The only word we understood was "fire." Dad asked, "Who is that?" The answer was not clear, and he asked, "What do you want?" This time the reply was clear and explained the whole affair: "You know what Bill Pelman wants."

This colored man, Bill Pelman, had been working for Dad but instead of coming in the afternoon for his pay had gone to town and proceeded to get drunk. When his cash was gone he decided to come to our house and collect his wages. After the man made his identity known, Dad put the gun away and opened the door. Pelman never knew that his life had been momentarily in danger.

In further explanation of the contretemps: this colored

man had been working in the rock quarry across the road opposite our home. The quarry was on the roadside, and when the workers would prepare to set off a dynamite blast, they would send men up the road in each direction to warn traffic. When the fuse was lighted the quarryman would yell, "Fire in the hole." In Bill's state of intoxication he was absentmindedly repeating his occupational warning, not loudly but in the mumbling sounds we had heard when we detected the word "fire." Except for the tobacco pool situation, more or less on our minds, we would have paid no attention to the voice, which in the circumstances had assumed a menacing note.

When the excitement was over, we looked for the boy who had been in the card game, but he was not present. He had run out the front door and down the steps, unhitched his horse from a tree, and set sail. This lad, incidentally, was the Stephen King we had met at the first tollgate house.



It was during our first years at the stone house that we kids first became aware of our comparative poverty, our dad's strenuous efforts to provide the necessities of life, and our mother's extreme frugality. The home had been purchased with a down payment of funds advanced on Mother's future inheritance from her father's estate. We boys did not know the financial details, but we observed that at a certain time each year Dad would make an effort to meet the payment due or at least to pay the interest and arrange for a renewal of the mortgage.

Our tools consisted of the bare essentials - a handsaw, a hammer, a hand ax, a grindstone, a "whet rock" for pocket knives, and an ax for wood chopping. We never owned a brace and bits, but Dad would use our fireside iron poker, which he heated for burning holes in wood. Of course he had the necessary hammers, picks, shovels, et cetera, for the road work described below.

We boys utilized practically every source available to add to family resources. For instance, we used a brand of coffee, Arbuckles Brothers, not because of any preference for that particular brand, but because on each pound package was a signature that could be clipped and mailed to the company. Premiums were given for certain numbers of signatures. While working in the fields in our area we found many flint arrowheads. These we collected and sold for two cents each to the superintendent of the Deaf School in Danville.

Inasmuch as our dad chewed tobacco, we kids always saved the tin tag from each five-cent plug. These tags we sold to the

merchant from whom the tobacco was bought, for which he paid us twenty cents per hundred. Around the country we also would pick up ~~store~~ tags from other tobacco brands, some of which tags had a cash value. In those days tobacco chewing was more prevalent than it is today, and I can recall several brands such as Star (which my grandfather always called Star Navy because it had originally been issued by the Navy, as I was led to believe), Kate Gravely, and Nancy Gravely; there were also twist tobaccos such as Granger and Blue Ribbon.

Dad engaged in every activity that offered a possibility of providing income. The first year at the stone house he bought a big team of horses and wagon with which he did any and all hauling jobs available and cultivated twenty or thirty acres of corn each season wherever he could rent the land, giving one-half of the crop to the land owner. About 1902 he received a contract to work the turnpike from Danville to the Dix River Bridge. A specified number of rods of rock each year would be quarried, broken, and spread on the road. The road contracts occupied about forty or fifty percent of his working time. During the tobacco marketing season he hauled tobacco for farmers in the neighborhood to the Lexington market. The first "loose leaf" tobacco sales warehouse in Danville was opened in 1909.

On one of his trips with tobacco to the Lexington market, he found the streets in the warehouse <sup>area</sup> crowded with wagons loaded with tobacco waiting to be unloaded. It was near midnight when his wagon was unloaded and he started on his drive home, a distance of thirty-two miles. The night was cold and at

times he got off and walked behind the wagon to get warm. The team kept in the road and traveled at a walk so he could keep up, and when reasonably warm he climbed back on the wagon for a few miles. They were about seven miles beyond Nicholasville, and he was walking behind the wagon, when they started down the hill toward the Kentucky River. When the horses felt the wagon pushing them, they broke into a trot, as it was their custom to trot downhill. The road was tortuous and narrow, with a high precipice on the left. Dad said later that as he ran to catch the wagon and climb on the rear end, he realized the danger in the situation. He knew that the horse on the right was naturally faster than the one on the left, and he was fearful that this might cause the wagon to be forced to the left, strike the fence which was at the very edge of the precipice, knock the fence down, and go over. Also, in the road at the foot of the hill was another hazard - the old covered bridge with the southbound entrance on the right, the northbound exit on the left. I suppose all of these problems were rushing through his mind while he ran after the wagon.

He caught it after a few hundred yards and scrambled aboard to pick up the reins and take charge of the situation. It must have been a difficult task to overtake the horses as they trotted down the road, especially since he was wearing felt boots with heavy rubber overshoes. After crossing the bridge, the road was uphill for five or six miles, and after a rest he was walking again. The return from Lexington to our house with a two-horse wagon, even though empty, consumed about eight hours. Accordingly he reached home at about 7 a.m. As he had started from home the previous day before daylight, this

meant a long, hard twenty-six hours, but this was the history of his life, and probably after eating a big breakfast and taking a nap he was up and at whatever task needed to be done.

At one period (I think it was about 1903) he tried operating a dairy. He took, on a share arrangement, a herd of milch cows which he milked by hand twice a day. He hauled the milk to town, where he delivered it house to house. After a month or two he decided the dairy business was not for him, and he delivered the cows back to the owner.

In the years 1902-03 and ~~1903~~ 1903-04 our dad and his partner, Mr. Green, had the contract for the five and a half miles of road from Danville to the Dix River Bridge. In these days of modern highways of concrete it is difficult to visualize the crude roads that were traveled at the beginning of this century. They consisted of loose stones that were applied annually and worn down by steel-tired vehicles until only dust remained by the time the next application was due. At that time rock crushers were not being used in that area, and the rock had to be broken by hand. The first stage of the road work was quarrying the stone, which was done by drilling and blasting with powder and dynamite. The larger stones were then broken with twenty-pound sledges into pieces of small enough size to be loaded into wagons or carts, <sup>h</sup>auled, and unloaded alongside the road. The wagons were equipped with special beds made of heavy timbers of sufficient strength to withstand the pounding by the stones.

After being unloaded beside the road the rocks were broken into smaller pieces with an eight-pound "sprawling" hammer. The next tool used was a short-handled knapping hammer about the size and shape of a doughnut. The knapping process was done from a sitting position on a wooden seat made of boards, with a "gunny" sack filled with straw nailed to the boards. This knapping was a slow, onerous task fraught with the hazards of flying fragments of stone. For this work the laborer would make a crude leather protective glove to be worn on the hand holding the stones to prevent injury from the sharp bits flying from the hammer blows. The knapping procedure reduced the stones to a size small enough to meet the test of being put through

an iron ring about three and a half inches in diameter. This doesn't mean that each individual stone had to be put through the ring, but that the contractor might come along from time to time and try an occasional stone, or that the test might be made when the pile of stones was being measured by the paymaster. After being broken, the stones were in piles about four feet wide and five or six inches deep. The magistrate would measure the length, width, and depth and figure the volume in square rods. This measurement was used for paying the laborer and also for settling with the contractor, whose remuneration was also calculated at a specified rate per rod. The broken stone was shoveled into wagons or carts and scattered over the road surface. I don't remember the number of rods that were applied to the five and a half miles of road, nor do I recall the pay per rod.

In 1905 another contractor took over this stretch of road, and by that time a crusher was being used. This machine was operated by a steam traction engine. It had powerful iron jaws that vibrated back and forth, pounding the rocks to small bits and dust, which were loaded through a chute into wagons and hauled directly to the road. Stone crushed by the machine was more satisfactory than hand-broken stone, for the reason that it consisted of a mixture of small rocks and dust, which caused it to pack down on the road and remain in place until worn by traffic into a smooth surface.

At the turn of the century Danville had macadamized streets - that is they were made of crushed limestone spread to a certain depth, wet down, and packed with a steam road roller. This

process was named for its inventor, a Mr. Macadam. This type of roadway became very dusty, especially in summer, and had to be sprinkled daily. This was done with a two-horse tank wagon equipped with a sprinkler. A few years later the system of oiling the streets was tried, but was not satisfactory. The heavy black oil was applied at the beginning of each summer and was sufficient for the season, but for several weeks the oil would remain wet and would be very destructive to clothing and carpets.

At the street intersections were pedestrian crossings consisting of stones set on edge and imbedded in the macadam with about four inches extending upward. These stones were about two and a half feet apart, spaced so that horses and the wheels of vehicles could travel between them. This worked out satisfactorily so long as the traffic continued straight through the intersection, but when turning a corner and passing through two crossings in making the half circle, the wheels would often strike the stones. This was regarded as merely one of life's small annoyances and was not eliminated until the process of asphaltting was perfected and the stone crossings removed.

Although road rollers were being used for work on city streets about 1900, they were not used on rural roads until about 1915, when "blacktopping" came into use. This process spread and rolled a combination of crushed stone and heavy road oil. Within a few years all the main highways and most secondary roads received this treatment, which rendered them impervious to water and added permanence.

Later came the cement streets. I am not sure just when the first concrete was poured on Main Street in Danville; it was in 1921 that Third and Fourth from Walnut to Broadway and Broadway from Third to Fifth received the cement treatment. I remember this date because my parents had bought a home at Broadway and Fourth. The property faced about 60 feet on Broadway and extended about 150 feet on Fourth. The cost of the cement street was borne by owners of property "abutting thereon."

The first concrete highway built in Central Kentucky was from Lexington to Winchester in about 1920. The second that I remember was in 1922, when concrete was laid on Highway 25 from Richmond almost to Clays Ferry. This concrete strip was extended in 1947, when a bridge was built across the Kentucky River from the hilltops on either side.



Since the early days of this century, the traffic has changed as much as the roads. Before the advent of automobiles and trucks it was not unusual to meet a drove of hogs, sheep, cattle - or even turkeys - on the highway, as all livestock was driven to market. In those days before stockyards were established in practically all county seats, buyers for the packing houses would ride through the area buying cattle, hogs, and sheep, which were driven to the nearest railroad station and shipped to the city when a carload had been collected.

In autumn the turkey crop was bought up by buyers who rode horseback through the county contracting for the birds, which were collected later and driven along the road to town for shipping to the cities for Thanksgiving and Christmas market. Driving a flock of turkeys along the road was not an easy task and required several men and boys to keep the drove intact. Sometimes in encountering traffic the turkeys would become frightened and fly over the fence into the fields, where they had to be reassembled to resume the journey. There were no large commercial turkey farms then, but almost every farm wife raised a small flock each year. We never raised turkeys at our place but kept busy with chickens. Turkeys required more range than our small farm provided; also, the work and attention necessary to produce turkeys for market was more than was justified by the potential profit.

All farm power then was furnished by horses and mules. All hauling of crops from the farm to market was in two-horse wagons, just as all local personal transportation was in buggies, buckboards, surreys, et cetera. A few prosperous farmers drove

teams of well-matched mules to the family surrey, but most driving animals were horses. Few of the "town folk" kept horses, but for the rural residents horses were essential.

Farm people took great pride in the possession of fast, stylish harness horses, and some of these steeds were as well known in the community as were their owners. These horses were named, and - in the manner of "Snuffy Smith" with "Ole Bullit" - the qualification "Old" was prefixed to the names. For instance, "Old Ella" was a handsome bay mare driven for many years by Virgil Rice. "Old Dan" was an extremely fast trotter driven by Eugene Clark. "Old Riley" was a fast buggy horse driven by a good friend of mine, Mr. Walter Rice. When I was twelve to fifteen years old I often rode with Mr. Rice. When he had partaken of a few shots of spiritus frumenti, he would let me drive "Old Riley" and would shout at the horse from time to time, urging him on to greater speed while I hung onto the lines and enjoyed the thrill.

Although road conditions in those days were not suitable for horse racing along the pike, these contests frequently resulted when one driver attempted to pass another. Not only the element of pride was involved, but also the question of which driver would lead and which would get the dust. The driver starting in front had the advantage, since the one attempting to pass was forced to pull over onto the rough area, but this obstacle was not sufficient to intimidate a driver of inordinate pride, and such a race was likely to continue until interrupted by other traffic.

In those days doctors made house calls even in the remote

sections miles from town, and it was customary for them to own driving horses that were fleet of foot. I can recall one prominent physician in Danville who drove a very speedy pacing horse. When this M.D. bought his first automobile - a Franklin - his pacing horse was sold to our rural mail carrier, who had been on the job a number of years.

The horse-and-buggy routine was not a simple matter of waiting for a colt to grow up, throwing harness on it, and starting to drive. There was a necessary process called "breaking," not to be confused with the term "training." Training was for show horses. Some farmers broke their own colts, while many others employed specialists for this assignment. There was one man in Danville who made this his occupation.

Breaking consisted of getting the animal accustomed to halter, then bridle, and finally to harness. Next it was hitched to a cart with long shafts and driven for several days before being hitched to a buggy or other four-wheeled vehicle. In the course of several days to the break cart a young horse would be exposed to such sights and sounds as were calculated to inspire terror - trains, any other sort of steam engine, and especially automobiles, after they appeared in the land. If no difficulties resulted, the animal was considered ready for routine driving but only by a proficient driver - not by women or children until after its behavior was demonstrated.

When I was about twelve my dad bought a young bronco that had been shipped from the western plains with a carload of such horses that were sold at the local stockyards to such buyers as were willing to take the risk. None of these animals had ever received any more handling than was involved in catching them and loading them into the car. Dad employed the professional mentioned previously, who drove this filly for a week or two, but we were afraid to hitch her to a buggy. We worked her to a wagon alongside a well-mannered teammate until a buyer could be found, and then we disposed of her at a loss.

We found this mare to be inherently an outlaw so far as riding was concerned. In our neighborhood was a Negro who had been successful in riding other broncos, which he rode bareback. When he came to try his skill on this equine terror, he suggested that the test be made in a freshly plowed field. This precaution was for two purposes: first, the deep dirt would handicap the mare in her efforts; second, in the event he failed to maintain his seat, he would land on soft terrain. His forethought proved to be judicious, as the bronc threw him about eight feet in the air. He was unhurt and eager for another try, which produced the same result. This made a "believer" out of the fellow, and the mare never had another mount while she was with us.

The value of a buggy horse was determined to a greater degree by its manners than by many other attributes. Dad always managed to keep at least one gentle driving horse while we kids were growing up, and we escaped the frightening experience of a runaway horse. We had numerous incidents, however, any one of which could have had serious consequences even with gentle horses.

One occasion I can recall was in May, 1915. I was working at Glenworth Farm about eight miles from Danville. One Friday Marguerite and a schoolmate, Ruth Owens, were to drive to meet me at five o'clock, when I would leave the office and walk toward town. Just after I left the office, a sudden rain-storm began and I stopped in at the John Buster home. The wind and rain continued about an hour, and I was getting uneasy about the girls, who were surely somewhere between Danville and the farm where I had taken refuge. When I mentioned this

to Mr. Buster, he had one of his hired men hitch up a horse and take me to investigate. We drove up the road about two miles and found the buggy turned over beside the road with neither the girls nor the horse in sight. I went immediately to the nearest farmhouse, where I found the girls, neither one injured but both soaked from the rain. The sudden wind had turned the buggy over on its side, dumping the girls out. The mare had simply stopped and stood still while they unhitched her from the buggy. They had led her up the road several hundred yards to the farmhouse where I found them about an hour afterward. The buggy was not damaged, and the rain had stopped, so I hitched up and we drove on to town while the Buster hand returned to the farm.

One night in the fall of 1912 when I was calling upon a young lady in Junction City, about eight miles from my home, I was driving this same mare, then only three years old. I had hitched her to a fence post, and when I went out to go home I untied the hitch rope, climbed in the buggy, and started driving. When I turned the corner onto the highway, I noticed the rein felt as though I were pulling against something solid. Knowing something was wrong, I said "whoa" in a matter-of-fact tone, and the mare stopped instantly. When I got out of the buggy and felt in the dark, I found the bit was broken and the bridle was slipped back. I had been pulling against the mare's neck. We always worked a leather bit on this filly because she had a very tender mouth. This leather bit had become rotten and fallen apart. I could not see to make the repairs in the dark, so I tied the rope around the mare's neck and hitched her to the fence while

I went to a house near the road, knocked on the door, and borrowed a "barnyard lantern." It was then about 11:15 and I could tell that the man had been awakened from slumber; but he was very patient and seemed glad to accommodate me. He got the lantern, lighted it, and said just to leave it on the porch when I was finished with it. I tied the hitch rope in the bridle rings and put it, doubled, through the mare's mouth for a bit. This improvisation worked admirably, and my drive home was without further complications. I did wonder, and have since wondered, how I would have made out without the cooperation of the man in the "house by the side of the road."

We would almost always tie up the reins and sleep when driving homeward at night, as the horse usually knew the way and was content to be returning to the end of the journey. Returning from another of my hebdomadal trips to Junction City that same winter and on the same mission, I tied up the reins as usual and went to sleep. I awoke to find myself riding through an unfamiliar section of Danville. The mare was trotting along at a normal gait, but was going downhill. I knew the street I was due to be traveling was level. My trusty steed had turned right at Green Street instead of continuing four blocks farther to Lexington Avenue. Although this error on her part gave me some doubt as to her navigating capacity, after correcting the mistake I tied up the reins and sought once more the arms of Morpheus.

Claude also had trouble with this practice. In 1905 he attended Walnut Hill school for his last session. The following year Miss Gertrude Prather came to teach. She boarded with one of

our neighbors, and Claude met and fell in love with her. She taught two years at our school, and I attended both sessions. Her home was near Perryville, about twelve miles from our place. Claude's romance necessitated that he have a mode of conveyance for weekend trips to Perryville, and our "rattletrap" buggy was not adequate. He managed to save up sixty dollars to buy himself a new conveyance. Our horses at that time were not the kind for driving on these trips, so he hired various ones from the neighbors.

Returning from one of these trips to Perryville he had an accident that could have been serious - even fatal. At the edge of Danville was a railroad crossing with gates or guard rails that were lowered to keep traffic off the track each time a train was approaching. Claude was asleep in the buggy, and when the old mare reached the barricade she stopped. This aroused Claude, who, not knowing what the situation was, slapped her with the rein, and she charged into the gate and knocked it down, but stopped when the gate fell in front of her. All of this noise brought Claude to a wide awake condition and also brought the railroad watchman down from his tower to investigate. Claude's first remark was, "I was asleep." The watchman assured him in emphatic tones that it was a "damned poor place to be asleep." No effort was made to collect for the damage, which was probably slight, and Claude continued homeward.

Some years afterward when driving a different horse, I took my usual nocturnal nap and woke up stopped in front of a gate about a quarter-mile from my home. For some reason the horse had passed the lane that led to my house, but had stopped



at a gate entrance similar to the one to which he was accustomed. After we had owned this horse two or three years and he had been driven by my mother and the younger kids, he developed the kicking habit. Following a couple of these obstreperous outbreaks, which fortunately caused no damage, he was sold. In his place Dad brought a very docile mare which Mother drove for several years.

When Emily and James were going to school in Danville, they drove a small Shetland pony. This pony was not considered dangerous, but was spoiled and difficult to control. They lived only a couple of miles from town, and the drive to and from school presented no great element of danger. Automobiles were not too numerous, and they experienced no difficulty worse than the recalcitrance of the pony.

There were innumerable other incidents involving horse and buggy accidents, but none of a serious nature. One night I had a fairly new buggy wrecked in a collision with a heavy carriage. One rear wheel was crushed and some spokes were knocked from another. This occurred not far from the home of another boy who was with me. We rode the horse to his house, leaving the buggy on the roadside. The next morning we had the disabled vehicle hauled into town for repairs. The cost from the wreck made it necessary that I sell my only cow to pay off.

Over the years there were many instances of horses stumbling and falling while being driven. The damage was often a broken overcheck, occasionally a broken buggy shaft, and always skinned knees for the horse. My dad always contended that when a horse stumbled and fell it was the driver's fault. He was either

allowing the horse to travel too slowly or he was not holding a taut rein. Another mishap that could cause injury to a horse was to allow it to lose a shoe on the road and then drive it several miles on the bare hoof, which soon was worn off to the "frog," damaging this tender portion of the foot. Sometimes gravel from the rocky road would work up through the top of the foot. Such an injury always disabled a horse, sometimes permanently.

In the days when horses were used for all local transportation, before automobiles became prevalent, blacksmith shops were more numerous. Every crossroad village had its "smithy" whether or not a "spreading chestnut tree" stood by. As autos became more numerous the blacksmiths suffered a reduction of income, and many were forced to close their shops.

Most buggies were of standard type and measurements, with the bodies and seats of sufficient width to accommodate three occupants without undue crowding. Some few, however, were built to special dimensions, with less width of bodies and seats, while the width from wheel to wheel was standard. These vehicles were referred to as "courtin' buggies" and were favored by the young gallants for the propinquity provided. No doubt many courtin' buggies were purchased by unmarried males who, within a few years, had one or more reasons to need a more spacious conveyance.

Steel-tired buggies, surreys, buckboards, phaetons, et cetera, had been in use for many years, but rubber tires came into existence about 1903. They were of solid rubber, about four inches in circumference, with a wire inserted to hold them in a groove around the wheel in place of the flat steel tires theretofore used. Naturally, these rubber tires provided a certain resiliency that resulted in a more comfortable ride; however, the prevailing incentive for investing in this expensive innovation was the matter of social status. "Buggy riding" in those days was one of the concomitants of country courtship, and the swain who could supply only a steel-tired buggy was at a distinct disadvantage.

Along with the rubber tire came changes in buggy styles. About 1906 appeared on the market the "arch axle" buggy. This meant that the wheels were considerably smaller than those on the standard style, and the buggy body was raised to the customary height by the arch in the axle. Some of the arch axle jobs came equipped with metal wheels, wire spokes, and pneumatic

tires.

After a two-horse wagon had been used for several years, the steel tires would get loose and would have to be "cut." This meant that the blacksmith would remove the tires and heat them so that they would shrink sufficiently to fit tightly on the wheel. One of our neighbors who was of a particularly frugal nature would have his hired man roll the wagon into the pond for the night; the water would swell the wooden wheels and thus cause the tires to fit, but this was only a temporary remedy at best.

The lubrication for buggy and wagon wheels was called axle grease. It was of about the consistency of butter and was applied to the spindles. This was quite a laborious task. Each axle had to be rested upon a support while the wheel was slipped off and the grease smeared on the spindle with a paddle. When this operation was neglected too long, the spindles would become dry and start creaking, then if not greased would get hot and begin to smoke. When a neighbor would borrow a vehicle, he would almost invariably be warned that the wagon or buggy "Probably has not been greased for some time."

Neither a borrower nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulleth edge of husbandry.

So quoth Polonius, one of Shakespeare's characters in Hamlet; however, this admonition was disregarded by the denizens of our community, where borrowing was practiced extensively. My dad had a tongue-in-cheek observation that So-and-So was one of the best neighbors you ever saw - would borrow anything

in the world you had. Money was scarce in those days, and among small farmers and tenants there was a reluctance to invest in such articles as were used only infrequently. Such was the case with equipment used at hog-killing time, as mentioned elsewhere. A great portion of borrowing concerned means of transportation. Most of the sharecroppers and day laborers did not own horses, as they could get along without them except in some emergency, when it was possible to borrow a horse and vehicle from either the landlord or the employer, who was usually willing to oblige.

In one such incident, a colored man, who was working for my dad at the time, had a death in his family. We were using our horses on the day of the funeral, but he borrowed our surrey and harness and borrowed a horse from a man on an adjoining farm. That afternoon as the family was returning from the funeral, they turned a curve in the road and were suddenly in close view of a rock crusher which was operating at the quarry by the roadside. The steam engine was running, the air was full of dust, and the crusher was adding to the noise and confusion. The horse was so terrified that instead of running away it simply dropped dead in the harness.

The first bicycle I ever saw had a front wheel about five feet high with the pedals affixed to the center and the seat on top. The rear wheel was less than two feet high, the tires solid rubber. This was in 1897. Two or three years later we began to see bicycles of the modern type pass the tollgate house where we lived, about five and one-half miles from Danville on the Lexington Pike. The bicycle craze of the late '90's started in towns and cities, but some of the cycling aficionados would venture out on the rough road as far as our house, where they would usually stop for a rest and a drink of water. Some of the more hardy riders would attempt the trip to Lexington, thirty miles away. One character I recall was a deaf mute, a teacher at the deaf school in Danville. He came up with the idea of putting cabbage leaves in his cap to keep his head cool. I don't know whether or not the strategem was effective. I never tried it.

The bicycles being used in the late '90's were very similar in appearance to those used fifty years later; however, many inventions and refinements were added year by year. The first of the modern cycles were equipped with pneumatic tires, although the roads of that day were ill-suited to their use. Among the first improvements was the "coaster brake." The carbide light came along about 1905.

In 1897 my uncle Bate Watts, who lived six miles from Nicholasville, bought one of the first "wheels." (They were beginning to be called wheels by that time.) Being of an adventurous nature, Bate, who had never tried to ride a wheel, rode into town with one of his neighbors, bought the modern

vehicle, and proceeded to ride it home, where he arrived a few hours later bruised and dust-covered from the falls he had taken on the rough road. I don't remember whether or not he was happy with his purchase, but considering the condition of the rural roads of that day, I would be inclined to believe he preferred his horse and buggy as a more dependable means of transportation.

When we moved to the Berkley property in 1900, we found numerous magazines devoted to the bicycle sales movement. Mr. and Mrs. Berkley had each bought a wheel, but the one belonging to Mrs. Berkley had been left there in storage with various other articles and showed no signs of having been used.

The first automobiles we saw on infrequent occasions, when drivers from Lexington would venture through to Danville and pass our house. We lived only about a hundred yards from the road and would always hear the noise before they rounded the curve into view. The first ones I can remember were somewhat similar in a crude way to the first station wagon, except they had high wheels with wooden spokes and solid tires. A few years later came smaller cars with pneumatic tires but bearing little resemblance to cars of modern times.

Among the brand names, as I recall, were Ford, Dodge, Cadillac, Buick, Maxwell, Chalmers, Chandler, Brush, and a few others. One man in Perryville bought a White Steamer, which, as indicated by the name, was propelled by steam. According to street gossip, the speed of this car was fantastic. In fact it was so fast that no one ever had the intrepidity to test its potential, for fear the car would leave the ground, or at least the road. One wealthy lady in Danville bought an electric brougham, a battery-driven job, the first glassed-in car in the city. All other autos up to that time were called "touring cars," with leather or canvas tops and removable side curtains of the same material. Later came sedans, coupes, and limousines. The electric brougham came to a disastrous end. The owner, accompanied by one of her lady friends, drove out the Lexington Pike about three miles, where she attempted to turn the car around and accidentally backed over a twenty-foot precipice; the car landed on top of a fence. A fence post penetrated the glass, striking the passenger, who died later from the injury.



By 1906 a few automobiles had been bought in Danville, and each year more were acquired. Tommie McGraw owned one of the first automobiles in town. It was a one-seat job and was equipped with a "wild cat" horn. My first ride in an auto was in this car. The first public garage I can recall in Danville was on North Fourth Street where a livery stable had been destroyed by fire. The first gasoline service station was built at the corner of Second and Walnut about 1910. The second station was built on the southwest corner of Main and Fourth, and the third at the corner of Main and Second. All three of these stations were owned by Standard Oil, which had taken long-term leases on the sites.

The advent of the automobile caused much comment from the citizenry, especially from the drivers of horses. The "horseless carriage" was recognized by the law-making gentry as a menace to highway navigation, and laws were enacted to protect against it. One law specified in detail the duties of motorists when meeting, passing, or being passed by horse-drawn vehicles. In such events the motorists were required to stop their cars, turn off the engines, dismount, and lead the horses past the objects of their terror. In those times when drivers of horses were more numerous than drivers of automobiles, it was not difficult to enact laws that favored the former. Later, of course, the opposite was true.

About 1912 electric trolley lines and tracks were built out of Lexington to Versailles, Frankfort, Paris, and Nicholasville. Interurban cars were operated until 1930. The roads had been improved, and automobiles and buses were used so extensively that interurban lines ceased to pay off and were discontinued, and the tracks were removed.

The first airplane owned in Boyle County was bought about 1926 by Guy Jones. For several years he made "barnstorming" trips about the state, taking the more intrepid individuals for short aerial cruises, for which he collected a nominal fee, considering the innovation and excitement provided.

Agriculture since the early years of this century has advanced, as has technology, but not having been directly in touch with farm life during the last half century, I am not acquainted with modern farming methods, but can only present some of the practices of the earlier period. In our area the farms were generally small, from those of only an acre or two - usually utilized for gardening or truck farming - up to those comprising one or two hundred acres or even more in some instances.

The rotation of crops then was a very primitive practice compared to the complicated methods which I understand are in use today. Now we have state agricultural schools, county agents, et cetera. In those times we followed corn and tobacco crops with rye or wheat and then sowed red clover or timothy in order to get a hay crop, and the land then went back into grass. The various modern species of clover, soy beans, et cetera, were then unknown. The term "erosion" was not used, but most farm owners were alert to stop "gullies" as best they could by plowing dirt into them and sowing grass to prevent further washing. Sometimes they filled them with rocks and hemp hurds. Hemp hurds were the broken stalks of hemp, the residue after breaking and removing the lint. These small bits of the stalks were useful only for filling ditches and when not needed for this purpose were disposed of by burning.

In the cultivation of crops before the advent of tractors, the ground was broken by plow and team of two horses or mules. The next implement used was the disc harrow, which required a three-horse team; then the smoothing harrow, which likewise

was pulled by a three-horse hitch. The planting of corn was done either with hand planters or with a team-drawn planter. Wheat, rye, oats, hemp, et cetera, were sown with a two-wheel drill pulled by a two-horse team or occasionally were broadcast by hand. Crops such as corn and tobacco were plowed with a one-horse "double shovel" or with a two-horse plow called a cultivator.

Tobacco plants were set by hand until about 1906, when the two-horse setter was invented. The greatest advantage of this setter was that it carried a barrel of water and eliminated the necessity of waiting for rain to make hand-setting possible. Tobacco plants could be set by hand only when the ground was wet. Setting tobacco plants by hand was a very tiring activity, for which the workers were paid ten cents per hour. For dropping the plants ahead of the setter the pay was five cents per hour. This was the job that I usually performed. Notwithstanding the difference in remuneration, my distaste for strenuous labor triumphed over my natural acquisitive instinct.

Before the advent of the corn-picking machine, corn was cut by hand and put in shocks. Later the corn was husked ("shucked") from the stalks, and the stalks were put back into shocks to be used during the winter as "fodder." This was hauled out and scattered in feed lots or pastures, where the horses and cattle ate the edible portion, leaving the bare stalks. Fodder was not considered the best of feed, but was used to help out and save on more expensive feed, such as corn, hay, and oats.

Every farmer had a sled, on which fodder could be loaded more easily than on a wagon. Another advantage was that, unlike

a two-horse wagon, a sled did not get mired in the field or cut up the ground in wet weather. Our farm contained only about four acres of land in addition to the pasture and garden. For this reason most of our corn was grown in fields rented from surrounding farmers, sometimes two or three miles from home. This caused us to haul the fodder on a wagon instead of a sled. The only sled we had was a small one-horse type useful for moving small items about the place.

No one who has not grown up on a farm could understand the punishing work involved in hauling fodder, especially on a wagon. It seemed that the weather was almost always bad when this job became necessary. Pulling the frozen stalks out of the shock and throwing them by arm-loads up on the wagon, with snow falling down the neck and sleeves, was not a task conducive to comfort. I still remember one particular morning when it was imperative that a load of this provender be hauled out and scattered. This was ordinarily Claude's job, he being older and much larger than I, but he asked me to go along with him. I expressed reluctance and <sup>he</sup> began to negotiate. He said, "I don't want you to help - just to go along." When I still refused, his response was: "You're the only guy I ever saw who was too lazy to watch somebody else work." No doubt there was some basis for this remark and for others I sometimes heard from my parents to the effect that I was "sparing of my labor." I guess I was hoarding my energy. ~~Maybe that's why I have lived so long.~~

Another farm task related to growing corn was breaking the stalks left standing about two feet high when the corn was cut. These remaining stalks had no nutritive value. Wheat or rye was sown in September, and cornstalks were

left until winter, when the ground was frozen. In the small field at home we chopped the stalks with hoes, but in the larger fields we took a long pole, hitched a horse to each end, and, riding the horses, dragged the pole across the field, breaking the stalks off even with the ground.

When I lived later in Estill County, most of the men who lived nearby and worked at the refinery had small plots of ground where they grew corn. They had a still different method. They pulled the ears off and left the entire stalks standing. A few days later, at a time when rain had dampened the blades, the workers would stay home for a day to pull the blades off each stalk and tie them in bundles. They called this operation "saving the fodder." One day one of the workers came by the office and said to the boss, "I won't be out tomorrow, I've got to stay home and save my fodder."

One of the office force who was always ready with a wisecrack observed, "Sounds as though his male parent is in danger."

I really don't know how farmers nowadays dispose of the long stalks left standing when the corn is picked mechanically.

At the turn of the century, hemp was one of the most important cash crops grown in Kentucky. A few years later the hemp market was lost to countries that grew and exported sisal. Early in the twentieth century the hemp plant was discovered to be a narcotic called marijuana (or marihuana). The dried leaves of the plant could be pulverized and smoked in a cigarette. For this reason Federal laws were enacted, making illegal the growing of hemp in the USA. During the Second World War, when the necessity arose for commercial hemp, government permits were issued to some farmers to grow hemp for the emergency.

A hemp crop did not require any cultivation, as the seed was scattered broadcast, but much other labor was necessary to prepare the crop for market. First it had to be cut - a very slow, laborious operation when done by hand. As early as 1902 the hemp-cutting machine came into use. After the hemp was cut, it was spread on the ground for a few days until the leaves wilted. It then was set up in shocks. Later it was spread again on the ground for rotting and set up once more to dry and be ready for breaking. The crude sketch will give some idea of the breaking process. The salable product was the lint - the bark. When the stalks were rotted and then dried out completely, they could be crushed between the "swords" of the hemp brake and shaken out, leaving the lint ready to be tied up into "hands," baled, and hauled to market. But this breaking operation is the hardest and most expensive task connected with the hemp crop. In those days hemp brought about six cents per pound, and the breaking process cost one cent per pound. Breaking was mostly done by Negroes who seemed