

Mr. John Stagner, who lived on Center Street, across from Cook's Grocery, many years ago, was a music teacher and taught many persons in Bowling Green. He renewed cane bottoms of old chairs for people and did splendid work. Mrs. Stagner was a sweet, modest, lovely woman and I have walked with her on Center Street several times.

After his death, she had a beautiful dog, that she said came to her house. I have seen her with the dog many times.

I do not know whether she is living there now.

March 11, 1961

I have always thought that Mr. Henry Hardin Cherry was the greatest man in the educational world that Warren County ever produced.

In fact, I feel that he had done a great service to many young people all over the United States in preparing them for their life's work.

Requiescat in pace.

I have always thought that Mrs. Aaron Taylor (Carolyn Burnam Taylor) was the greatest woman in business that this city ever produced. She and my mother were good friends. We always called her Miss Carrie. Her establishment was on State Street below the Helm Hotel. She made clothes for women all over the United States. She made the suits for the girls at Potter College.

Her establishment was said to be the largest one in this county. She had two children, Louise Taylor, Mrs. Herbert Beckwith, and Will B. Taylor.

Billy Denny and Denny Marr, who are devoted sisters, have lived in my garage apartment since June, 1954.

Billy has beautiful black hair and Denny has beautiful red hair. They are devoted sisters. Their home is in Kentucky beyond Glasgow, Ky.

They are sweet, kind, lovely, persons and I think so much of them. They are good neighbors.

Mrs. Mabel Stamps Miller, (Mrs. Henry Miller) lives at the corner of College and 13th Streets in what was the Charles Coombs home. Before her marriage she lived at Fairview near the Jefferson Davis monument.

Mrs. Miller is a modest, gentle woman, kind, thoughtful and refined. She is a member of the Twelfth Street Church of Christ. She is a good neighbor and has many friends.

Her daughter Margaret is Mrs. Kermit Pharis. She and Mr. Pharis live at Tallahassee, Florida. They have a beautiful daughter, Mabel Ann Pharis.

Margaret is a devoted daughter and mother and Mrs. Miller is a devoted mother.

One day Mrs. Appleton asked if some one would volunteer to sing a solo. We sat in silence and finally Wells, 12 years old, My cousin, raised his hand. We practiced for the next Sunday for the solo.

Wells sang the verse, We need Thee Every Hour, and we sang the chorus.

Wells was the only one brave enough to sing the solo part.

March 13, 1961

In 1938 Claire Livesay of Bristol, Tenn. spent the summer with me at my home on College Street,. She and I were friends and classmates at the Bowling Green Business University. She invited me to go home with her for a short visit.

We left Bowling Green one afternoon and went on a bus to Nashville, Tenn., and spent the night at the Hermitage Hotel.

The next morning early we left on a bus for Bristol, Tennessee. When we got on the bus at Nashville, it was crowded. Claire sat at the front of the bus and I took a seat at the rear with a friendly woman. When I sat down, I said to her, "IT's awfully hot today." She replied, "Yes, but I am used to hot weather, I vile in Texas."

I said to her, "My brother lives in San Antonio," She replied quickly, "I live in San Antonio. Where does your brother live?"

I said to her, "He lives on Thelma Drive." "Where does he live on Thelma Drive?" I said, "He lives at 434 Thelma Drive."

She said, "I live at 436 Thelma Drive. What is your brother's name?" I said, "Well, I declare, he and Florence are my next door neighbors."

Several years after that I went back to San Antonio to visit and met her daughter, Mrs. Leslie Ballard, (Lorena). Mr. Ballard was formerly in the oil business with Mr. Warner B^Nderwood. Mrs. Ma^hcom Hart Crump's nephew and Mrs. Samuel D. Hines' brother.

March 11, 1961

Dr. James Oliver Carson was a very prominent and successful eye, ear, and nose doctor here for many years. Mrs. Carson was Margaret Poindexter before her marriage. She was a sweet, modest, beautiful, lovely woman, and a devoted mother. She had many friends here and was loved by all of them. She was the daughter of a Presbyterian minister.

Her lovely daughter, Mrs. William Preston Drake, now lives here in St. James apartments on Chestnut Street, Mrs. Drake (Louise Poindexter Carson) and I were classmates in school for many years. She was a sweet, lovely girl. After her school days in Bowling Green, she graduated at Brenan College, Gainesville, Ga., and then taught at the University of Kentucky. She then married Dr. William Preston Drake at her home at 1133 State Street here. I was present at her wedding. Dr. Carson and my uncle, Major R. Wells Covington, were devoted friends.

Dr. Charles Welch, a Bowling Green man and a prominent Presbyterian minister in Louisville, Ky., performed the ceremony when Louise and Dr. Drake married. Dr. Carson and my uncle, Major R. Wells Covington, were intimate friends.

Dr. Carson died many years ago and the city of Bowling Green and the surrounding country have felt his death to be a great loss.

Requiescat in pace

March 12, 1961

I have known Frank L. Kister for many years. His mother and father and their family came to live at 1115 Adams street when I was young and when I lived at 1113 Adams street.

He now has a splendid grocery at the corner of College and 13th streets and I now live just across the street at 1244 1/2 College Street.

His grocery serves the neighborhood and many families in different parts of the city. He and Mrs. Kister, who was Mary Aspley, Miss Mary Campbell's cousin, lives at 1347 Park street in this city.

March 13, 1961

A good many years ago when Christ Episcopal Church was on College Street between 7th and 8th streets, Lena, my sister, (Mrs. George W. Barbour) was our organist. The choir was composed of several young people. Mary Frances Renfrow (Mrs. Glenn Marrow), Margaret Covington (Mrs. W.N. Shackelford), Whickliffe Covington, (Mrs. Herbert Jenks), Margaret Love, Mrs. Bowman (Davenport), Annie Fore Hines, (Mrs. Clarence Welch) Wells Covington, and I with Major William A. Obenchain, (the husband of Eliza Calvert Obenchain, the author of Aunt Jane of Kentucky) composed the choir.

Mrs. Appelton, a businesswoman who came here from Lexington, led the choir and was our instructor.

March 10, 1961

Recently I was listening over the radio to WRUS, Russellville, Ky., for the morning Devotional. The speaker that morning was the Cumberland Presbyterian minister. In his sermon he made a very striking statement in which he said, "You must open your door to real living."

Mrs. J. Porter Hines, who was Margaret Nichols of Calhoun, Ky., before her marriage to Mr. Hines, came to Bowling Green and graduated at Potter College. Mr. and Mrs. Hines lived at 1337 Park Street in this city when I knew her.

Caroline Hines Tyson, her daughter, and I worked together in the service League of Christ Episcopal Church, an organization for young people., before her marriage to the Rev. Alfred Stephen Tyson, who is the rector of St. George's Episcopal Church, Roseburg, Oregon

After my mother's death, I went to visit my brother and my sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Covington Dulaney (Albert Covington Dulaney and Florence Steward Dulaney) in San Antonio, Texas.

The first Sunday after my return home, after church at Christ Church here, Mrs. Hines spoke to me and said, "Elise, I am glad to see you today. Do you have everything you need?" In her usual kind and sympathetic manner, she talked,

My uncle, Judge William L. Dulaney, and Jane Barclay, eloped from Bowling Green and was married in Tennessee.

The trip was made in a hack and Uncle Will sat with a pistol on the trip.

Mr. Barclay went in search for them, but did not find them.

Many years afterwards Uncle Will and Aunt Jane entertained a minister from out of Bowling Green.

In their conversation the minister said. "Many years ago I performed the ceremony for a Bowling Green Couple and during the ceremony, the bride cried."

Aunt Jane said, "And I was the bride".

Woodford Dulaney and Eliza Harlan Arches Dulaney

William LeRoi Dulaney (Judge) Confederate soldier
Hiram Dulaney Confederate Soldier
Annie Dulaney (Mrs. Joseph Barclay)
Robert Fenton Dulaney, my father

Robert Fenton Dulaney- born March 2, 1845
His mother died in 1849 of Asiatic Cholera.
Home at "Cloud Spring" on the Browning Road
near Rockfield, Ky.

March 8, 1961

One day Mr. Marshall Ennis, the brother of Mr. Frank Ennis and the uncle of Mr. Leslie Ennis, was in the office of Mr. T.W. Thomas and Mr. Richard Thomas, Thomas and Thomas, the forerunner of Thomas, Thomas, and Logan when Mr. M.M. Logan came into the partnership.

Nannie Stout and I were sitting at our desks in the front room. Mr. Ennis began talking to us and made several pleasant remarks. He made one statement that I shall never forget. He said, "Some people are gatherers and some are scatterers."

One day Nannie Stout came into the office after lunch. She had a small bag in her hand. Mr. J. Franklin Corn, a young attorney, who was employed there, was sitting in the office. Nannie handed him the bag and he took it from what looked like a piece of white candy.

Nannie, with a smile on her face, said, "Hold on! That's a bag of moth balls. And we all laughed.

One day Mr. Carl D. Herdman came into the office when Mr. Richard was out and sat down at his desk. In his usual jovial manner, he said, "Dick has a heart as big as this desk." And we promptly agreed.

While I was working in the office, the attorney's in Bowling Green entered into an agreement that law officers were to close at the noon hour on Saturday.

When Nannie closed the door of the office at the noon hour on the first Saturday after it went into effect, Mr. Richard said, with a smile on his face, "Miss Nannie, I have some work to do this afternoon and want you to stay. "

Nannie laughed and said, "Mr Richard, you signed the agreement and we are not going to stay and work." Mr. Richard began to laugh and said, "Miss Nannie, you are right and I am sorry that I said what I did. She and I then walked out of the office and went home

Mr. Richard and his brother took Nannie home in the afternoon in their car. One afternoon Mr. Richard called her with a rather loud voice to come into his office. Instead of going into his office, Nannie got up and put on her hat and went home.

The next morning Nannie told me that after supper that evening, Mr. Richard came over to her home on High Street and knocked on the door. When he went in, he said to her, in his pleasing manner, "Miss Nannie, I'm sorry that I talked to you as I did." And Nannie laughed.

Several years ago I read in a magazine a line which I have thought about so often, "A shadow in your life is needed at times to temper the glare of the sun." And that shadow was never seen by me in the office of Thomas, Thomas and Logan. Only the soft glow of the sun shone there for me.

Finis

A number of years ago when I was working at the Citizens National Bank Mrs. Emmett McGinnis, who lives on the Nashville Road near Bowling Green, came into the bank with her little nephew. Before that time she had deposited to his credit in the bank some money.

He asked her where his money was. She took him back to the vault and stood before the grill which was there at that time. She said to him, "Your money is there inside the Vault."

He said to her, "I can't see my money. Where is it?" She said "It's inside the vault locked up in a box."

Mrs. McGinnis is the widow of Mr. Emmett McGinnis. He was the son of Carrie Strange McGinnis and the nephew of the Hon. Frank L. Strange, who served in the State Legislature of Kentucky.

He (Emmett McGinnis) was the nephew of Mrs. Mary Sophie Strange Hatcher, who lived with her husband on the Louisville Road across from the old Baker home.

They afterwards moved to Franklin and lived on North Main Street across from the Post Office for many years. They had a son, Rochester Strange. Their daughter, Mary Rebecca, married Mr. Gillespie, who is the half brother of Mr. Nelson O. Gillespie, Assistant Vice-President of The Citizens National Bank here. Their son married Weldon Peete's daughter, Pattie Peete, of Bowling Green.

Pattie Peete, Gillespie and her husband are communicants of Christ Episcopal Church, Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Carrie Strange McGinnis and Mary Sophie Strange Hatcher and the Honorable Frank L. Strange and Mr. Rochester Strange and Mrs. Georgia Strange Manning were the children of Agatha Rochester.

The Rochester family and the Strange family and the Hatcher family were old aristocratic families in this county at that time.

Corinne Manning, Mrs. Georgia Strange Manning's daughter, lives in Washington, D.C. I was in school at W.K.S.C. with Corinne Manning and she was a very sweet, lovely person and a fine student.

Carrie Strange Davis and Virginia Strange Jones Morris are the daughters of the Hon. Frank L. Strange and Mrs. Fannie Morgan Strange and the nieces of Carrie Strange McGinnis and Mrs. Georgia Strange Manning and Rochester Strange, and Miss Bethe Carter Morgan, deceased. Miss Bettie Morgan was my teacher and everybody loved her.

Dr. Jesse Funk, a successful physician here and my doctor, is the nephew of Miss Mattie Hatcher, a retired teacher, deceased, and Mrs. John Blackburn, the widow of Dr. John Blackburn, a successful physician of Bowling Green for many years.

Landon McGinnis, a scholarly man, is the brother of Emmett McGinnis. He married a Miss Larmon of this county.

Katherine Garvin, Miss Mary Porter Campbell's niece, had a little brown dog named Spug. Spug was named for Mr. Spugnardi, who had a fruit and candy store on Main Street across from the Mansard Hotel in Bowling Green.

Spugnardi

Mr. Spugnardi made peanut candy and Katherine liked it so much that she often bought some and that is why she named the little dog Spug.

Spug had a strong sense of smell and he knew Katherine's clothes whenever he came near them.

If anyone went near Katherine's clothes, he would try to bite the person.

Whenever we were out there, we obeyed Spug.

This all happened over 55 years ago.

Miss Mary told me that the name of their home, the David Campbell place was Surrey-Field.

Katherine's mother was Miss Margaret Campbell, Miss Mary's sister.

Katherine's father was Mr. Charles Garvin.

Mr. Virgil Garvin, Katherine's uncle, married Miss Ora Campbell. Miss Mary's sister, and therefore he married a Campbell and his brother, Mr. Charles Garvin, married a Campbell.

In other words, two sisters married two brothers.

Robert Garvin, Helen Garvin (deceased), and Campbell Garvin are Mr. Virgil Garvin's children.

These three and Katherine are double first cousins.

Miss Mary and Miss Ora also had a sister, Miss David Ella Campbell, and a brother, David Campbell.

Mr. David Campbell, Sr., married Katherine Donaldson.

Mr. David Campbell, Sr., went to California during the gold rush of 1849.

Robert Garvin, the son of Miss Ora and Mr. Virgil, married Annie Patterson, Mrs. Cabell's niece. (Potter College)

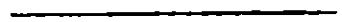
Annie Patterson graduated at Potter College in 1909, the last

class before Potter ceased to exist.



Robert and Annie Garvin have two children:

Charles Cromwell Garvin and Helen Garvin Donnelly, the wife of Dr. Arthur D. Donnelly, a prominent doctor here in Bowling Green.



My father, Robert F. Dulaney, and Mr. Ely Adams conducted a flour mill over 60 years ago on Adams St.

Bob Harper, a colored man worked at the mill. He was accused of mistreating a white woman.

A mob was organized and seized him and carried him to a place on the Smallhouse Road and hanged him.

My father knew that he was absolutely innocent and pleaded for his causes.

This was considered as one of the great tragedies of that time.

Reginald Durston, who was born in England, came to Bowling Green with his mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. James Abraham Durston, when a young boy. His brother, Jesse came also.

Reginald and my brother were close friends.

Reginald and his father were talented carpenters and carved beautiful pieces of furniture.

Reginald has been a communicant of Christ Episcopal Church since coming to Bowling Green.

Reginald Durston has been a splendid citizen of Bowling Green and was a member of the city Council.

He was injured a number of years ago in an accident and is now in retirement at home on Fair Street.

His son, Dr. James Marion Durston, who is a communicant of Christ Episcopal Church, lives here.

He and Mrs. Durston and their two sons, James Lord Durston, and Reginald Durston, are active members. The two boys are acolytes at Christ Church.

James Lord Durston is my god child.

Mrs. Alice Hackney and Mr. Hackney (I do not remember his given name) and his sister, Miss Rachel Hackney, lived over a store on Main St. overlooking Fountain Park when I was a very young child.

Mrs. Hackney was the organist at Christ Episcopal Church of which she was a devoted communicant, for many years and she gave many young women music lessons.

Miss Frances Potter (afterwards Mrs. Allen) was one of her pupils. Frances Potter had a sister, Mrs. (Lena) Sam Moseley, and another, Mrs. Mary Jurey. They lived on Chestnut Street near 11th St.

Frances Potter afterwards became the organist at Christ Church when Mr. Hill was the rector:

Frances Potter and Mr. Allen were married in the Baptist Church on Main St. near the Mansard Hotel and Mr. Hill performed the ceremony. Frances Potter afterwards became a member of the Episcopal Church.

Mr. Hackney was related to Mr. Carl D. Herdman.

Mrs. Hackney was loved and admired by all those in Bowling Green that knew her.

She was gentle, kind and modest and a true friend to all those she knew.

She was a blessing to the city of ^Bowling Green.

Mrs. Katherine Topmiller Hunt, the widow of Mr. Tom Morris Hunt, died recently at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Barnett Ladd in Clarksville, Tennessee.

She was a very charitable person and was interested in the welfare of the community and was civic-minded. She was a valued customer of the Citizens National Bank and showed appreciation for all that was done for her. She lived on the Richardsville Road for many years in a beautiful home, Beechmont. After Mr. Hunt's death, she moved to her home on Edgewood Drive.

She had a pleasing personality and a smile for everyone with whom she came in contact.

She was very kind to me and I miss her greatly.

Requiescat in pace.

Mr. Shirley C. Hutcheson, the head teller of The Citizens National Bank, is able to take warts off of any one's hands. He has a secret way of doing it and does not tell anyone just how he is able to do this.

Several years ago he worked on Roger L. Simmons, Sr., who was the Cashier of The Citizens National Bank before his untimely death several years ago.

Roger (Sonny) Simmons was completely cured.

Juliet Covington Janin's son, Louis Janin, was a well-known mining engineer in the West.

Cousin Louis Hanin gave Herbert Hoover his first position and sent him to Europe for a fine position.

Sidney Myes, Cornelia Covington Johnson Myes's son, was President of the University of Texas at Austin, Texas.

Juliet Covington Janin (Mrs. Louis Janin) was Albert Covington sister.

At one coffee social at Mrs. Ragland's house, Mrs. Will Jones was there in a beautiful silk dress. It was made on an automatic sewing machine.

Miss Mattie (Mrs. Jones) got up from a chair and her right sleeve caught on the chair.

She got up and walked across the room and the thread that caught on the chair was across the room and she stood with the whole sleeve completely off of her arm and every body laughed and she did too.

Mrs. Jones' home was Stoney Lonesome out near Beech Bend Road.

Mr. Will Jones was Mayor of Bowling Green at one time.

He and my father were brought up together down near Rockfield.

My father and Mr. Jones swam in the pond at Mr. Jones' home.

The old home is still there on the Russellville Road near the Browning Road on which my father was born and lived.

Mrs. Turpin on State St. was Mr. Jones' sister.

Will and Perrin were his sons.

Redford Turpin, another son, died from a terrible accident.

Mr. Fred Keune a number of years ago had a drug store at the corner of Main and Adams Streets across the street from Farnsworth and Stout's drug store.

When Lena and I went down to the L. & N. station, we stopped at the side door of the store on Adams Streets. Mr. Keune had a large tub just inside the door to attract customers for the liquor department. This tub was filled with water and had several alligators in it. We liked to look at the alligators although they scared us so badly that we ran as hard as we could.

Mrs. Keune, who was a handsome refined woman, was for many years the splendid organist at the Roman Catholic Church here.

Mr. Keune was a fine singer and sang in the choir.

Later their son, Mr. Fred Keune, sang in the choir and he married a girl who also was in the choir.

Mr. and Mrs. Keune lived over the store and they had a balcony in front which extended completely over the pavement on Main Street and in the summer they sat out on the balcony and we enjoyed seeing them there.

Mr. and Mrs. Keune were fine citizens in Bowling Green.

March 22, 1961
Wednesday

Last Sunday morning early I saw Frank Kister's assistant in front of the grocery. He seemed to be somewhat confused. He went inside for a few minutes and then came out. Soon Frank arrived and went in.

I was surprised at the whole thing because he never has the store open on Sunday morning. In a few minutes I saw a policeman walking up the street and go into the store. After a short time I saw customers going into the store and of course I did not understand. I then went over to get some groceries and Frank told me he did not have any cash on hand, I still did not quite understand. but I gave him a check for my purchase and walked home.

I returned to the grocery and told Frank I was sorry I had torubled him, but he said it was all right.

To my amazement, he told me the store had been robbed in the night and he showed me the broken safe lock. The next evening in the paper it was written up. It also said that other stores had been robbed. Frank got everything arranged and kept the store open for business all morning. Then he closed the store and as usual opened it at 4 p.m. for business. He does a bood business and serves the neighborhood and the community in a fine way.

I have known Frank since we were young. His father bought the lot on Adams St. for their home from my aunt, Lena Covington Logan, next to my home. Frank's home is now the home for the Girls Club and my home is torn down now and the City County Health Office is located there.

Dulaney Logan (Lara Covington Logan's son) and Euclid Madison Covington were playing on the roof of the ice house at Elm Grove, ~~Euclid's home~~ (Major R. Wells Covingtons home.)

Dulaney had a ^{hatchet} ~~hat~~ chill in his hand and ran Euclid up on top of the ice house.

Euclid fell fof the ice house and Uncle Wells came running out to see what was going on.

Uncle Wells scolded Dulaney and turned Euclid loose. but ^{but} Euclid was the one that started the trouble by running after Dulaney with the ~~hot chest~~ ^{hatchet} first.

Mrs. George Love (Nora Sullivan) and my mother, Mrs. R.F. Dulaney (Clara Delafield Covington) were devoted friends. They worked together in Christ Church Guild, Christ Episcopal Church parish, for many years and with Mrs. Malcolm Hart Crump (Mary Underwood) the cousin of the Honorable Oscar Underwood.

Mrs. Eove was much younger than my mother and Mrs. Crump. Mrs. Love's daughter, Mrs. Bowman Davenport (Margaret Love) is a weेत, lovely person and does splendid work in Christ Church parish. She serves on the Altar Guild in the Church. She lives on Chestnut street in this city. My Sister,)Lena Dulaney) Mrs. George W. Barbour, and I have known Margaret and all the family all our lives.

It was a great pleasure for my mother and my sister and me to visit the Love family during the Chrustmas holidays and at other times.

Christ Church Guild often met at Mrs. Love's home. Mrs. Love died in 1922 when she was very young and we have missed her very much.

MRS. CLARENCE UNDERWOOD MCELROY

Mrs. Clarence Underwood McElroy (Litie Trigg, who was the daughter of Col. Hayden Trigg, Glasgow, Ky., the originator of the Trigg strain of foxhounds) and Mr. McElroy lived at the corner of State and 13th Streets in Bowling Green.

Mrs. McElroy had a half-sister, Mrs. Pearl Trigg Shuster. Mrs. Shuster had a little daughter, Litie McElroy Shuster.

One day little Litie McElroy Shuster said to Mrs. McElroy:

"Aunt Litie, when I am grown, I'm going to marry a rich man and have plenty of money."

Mrs. McElroy said:

"Litie, how do you know that you are going to marry a rich man?"

Litie said:

"Aunt Litie, it has been done, it can be done, and it's going to be done!"

Now Litie McElroy Shuster is a mature woman living in Europe and married to a wealthy man. (An Italian Count) E.D.C.

Mrs. McElroy often invited me to her home for supper.

One evening I went over to Mrs. McElroy's home to make my "party call."

I rang the bell and when Mrs. McElroy came to the door she threw her arms around me and said:

"My child, why didn't you come earlier and have supper with me?"

Lizzie Austin was Mrs. McElroy's cook. One morning Mrs. McElroy became suddenly ill in the parlor while sitting on the sofa and Lizzie rushed in from the kitchen and knelt before her on the sofa and soothed her until she died.

Mrs. Matrich Lynch, who lived on 13th Street across from the side of Mrs. McElroy's home, happened to be at her front window and saw Lizzie kneeling before Mrs. McElroy as she died.

After Mrs. McElroy died, the family had the Deemer Floral Company to gather flowers from Mrs. McElroy's garden in the back yard and arrange them to cover her coffin.

Before Lizzie Austin was Mrs. McElroy's cook, Jane Blackburn was her cook.

Sallie, Jane's sister, was my mother's cook.

Mrs. McElroy told Jane if she would stay with her as long as Sallie stayed with my mother she would give her a home. Jane stayed the same length of time and Mrs. McElroy built a home for Jane down on State Street just beyond the colored Baptist Church and deeded the house and lot to her.

Jane Blackburn had a horse and buggy and drove to Mrs. McElroy's home every day.

Mrs. McElroy very often drove Jane's horse and buggy down town. One day as Mrs. McElroy started down State Street, she saw an automobile coming up the street. She became frightened and drove the horse up on the pavement and stayed there until she felt that she was out of danger.

Both Mr. and Mrs. McElroy were true Christian characters and performed many acts of charity unknown to most people.

Mrs. McElroy was a member of the Ladies Literary Club and Mr. McElroy was a member of the XU Club.

They are buried in Fairview Cemetery.

Resquiant in pace.

One day Mrs. McElroy came into the Citizens National Bank and went to the vault to go into her safety deposit box. As was the custom, she signed her name and the Vault clerk put down the time she entered. It was 10 o'clock. When Mrs. McElroy saw the figure, she took from her purse a dime to pay her. The vault clerk said, "There is no charge. That means you came at 10 o'clock."

Mr. McInteer, who lived on Adams Street above our home over sixty years ago, was in the habit of going down early every morning (about five o'clock) to Farnsworth and Stout's Drug Store at the corner of Main and Adams to get a drink of whiskey.

One morning as he went down he saw Mr. Will Cook at the corner of 11th and Adams.

Mr. Cook said, "Mr. McInteer, where are you going?"

Mr. McInteer said, "Mr. Cook, I'm going down to the drug store to get a drink of whiskey."

Mr. Cook, who was a great prohibitionist, said, "Why, Mr. McInteer, what in the world do you mean by taking a drink? It is sinful for you to do that"

Mr. McInteer, instead of proceeding on down the street to the drug store, turned and started back home.

Mr. Cook said, "Why, Mr. McInteer, you said you were going to the drug store to get a drink of whiskey."

Mr. McInteer said, "Mr. Cook, I was going down to get a drink of whiskey, but, since smelling your breath so strong of liquor, I do not feel that I need the drink this morning."

And Mr. McInteer went on back home without his morning drink.



Mr. McInteer always as he walked down the street in the morning had the habit of sneezing so loudly that he awakened all of us in the neighborhood.

My father went to him one morning and told him that he would have to stop sneezing. but I think he continued to sneeze and we continued to wake up in a bad humor.

Callie Lue Oakes, the daughter of Mr. John Oakes, lived across the street from me on Adams Street for a number of years. She is the niece of the late Miss Nina McGinnis, who taught at Potter College for many years after graduating there.

When Potter College closed in 1909, Miss Nina began to teach in the Bowling Green High School and was my teacher there. Miss Nina was a splendid teacher and loved by everyone that knew her. Miss Nina died in 1928.

Callie Lue for many years was a commercial teacher in the Little Rock, Ark., High School. She did fine work there.

I spent one night at the beautiful Albert Pike Hotel in Little Rock with my brother and his wife and their daughter.

Callie Lue is now retired and lives with her brother, John Edward Oakes, and his wife, Marion Oakes, and their son, John Warren Oakes, at their old home on Clay street.

Callie Lue is a devoted sister and was a devoted daughter.

Callie Lue's father was a kind neighbor and friend to all that knew him.

Major William A. Obenchain, a Virginian, who was the President of Ogden College, many years ago, and Emmett G. Logan, the husband of Lena Hickman Covington Logan, sat with the body of General Robert E. Lee before he was buried.

Major Obenchain was the husband of Eliza Calvert Hall, the author of Aunt Jane of Kentucky and other stories.

The Rev. Clarence Prentice Parker, (a Kentuckian) who was rector of Christ Episcopal Church, Bowling Green, Ky., a number of years ago, (about 1912) wrote a short book entitled Angels Unaware.

I do not know where he now lives.

I do not have the book.

RHODES MUNFORD PERRY
(MRS. W. D. PERRY)

February 18, 1961

Mr. and Mrs. Perry bought our home at 1133 Adams Street in 1919. Mrs. Perry was lovely and kind to us and I miss her so much. Mrs. Allie P. Rue is her sister-in-law and she lives at 910 Kenton Street here.

She is the only person I know that can tell you anything about Mrs. Perry's family. Mrs. Rue lived in Bessemer, Ala., but sold a nice home and came to Bowling Green after Mrs. Perry died to take care of Mr. Perry. She was a splendid musician and belonged to the Music Club there. She had lovely friends there. She was in Mrs. Perry's wedding and they thought so much of each other. You would enjoy knowing her and hearing her talk and you would do her a great favor by visiting her.

Elise Dulaney

Franklin, Ky. February 17, 1961

2-76

MRS. ELIZABETH SALMONS PLUMMER

Her grandfather, Robert DePriest Salmons, May 6, 1815--Jan. 1, 1885

Her father, Richard Allison Salmons, Mar. 29, 1841--Aug. 3, 1873

Her mother, Frances Whitesides Salmons, Jan. 20, 1844--Dec. 1, 1873

Her grandmother, Elizabeth Kerr Buntin Salmons, April 27, 1823--
Dec. 29, 1894

Her great aunt Mary Jane Buntin Carter (Mrs. Daneil Carter),
May 14, 1821--

Mary Jane Buntin Carter's daughter was Rachel Adele Carter,
Mrs. Craighead (Cousin Puss).

Mrs. Plummer is buried in Greenlawn Cemetery, Franklin, Ky., on
the old Salmon lot at the rear of the cemetery. The monument is a
very handsome one.

Her first husband, John Craighead Buntin, her second cousin, is
buried in Nashville, Tenn. Her little daughter, Jennie Craighead Buntin
is also buried there (Mount Olivet Cemetery).

The old Salmons home, a large brick, is still standing across
from the L. & N. Station. Her grandfather, donated a small portion
on the side of the yard for the Railroad Station, at Franklin, Ky.

Mrs. Plummer was one of the best friends I ever had.

February 18, 1961

Mrs. Plummer when she was married to Mr. John Buntin lived with
him at "Tanglewood", which is a lovely old red brick house on the
Nashville Road just a few miles south of Franklin over the Kentucky
line in Tenn.

She had a lovely picture of little Jennie, whom she always
called her little daughter, in a little wooden wagon with a goat
hitched to it.

Rock Rest, Mrs. Craighead's summer home, was a little distance
down the road and Mrs. Plummer spent many happy days there.

I stopped at Rock Rest for a little visit several years ago
with her cousin, Mr. Craighead Buntin of Nashville. Rock Rest
burned several years before that time and he and his family were
there in a beautiful loghouse that he had built.

His brother, Mr. Daniel Buntin, is the man that disappeared
and later he and his wife were found living in Orange, Texas,
under the name of Daniel Palmer.

Elsie Dulaney

There is a beautiful memorial window in Christ Episcopal Church, Nashville, Tenn., over the altar in memory of Mrs. Plummer's mother-in-law, who was the mother of John Craighead Buntin.

I have been to Nashville, Tenn., many times and gone to Christ Church and have seen the beautiful window.

Elise Dulaney

Miss Reed Potter is a retired teacher, and a sweet, lovely person. Hersister, Belle Potter, and I attended W.K.S.C. Together. Reed and Belle were both outstanding students. Potter-Gray School was named for Belle.

Reed Potter was named for her aunt, the first Mrs. Thomas ^{Pollard} Poland, who lived on State Street just ~~***~~ above 13th. Mrs. Pollard and Aunt Jane Dulaney and Aunt Cecile G. Dulaney were cousins.

Belle Potter was named for her aunt, the first Mrs. John ^{Mallory} Molbry, who lived on State Street across from the Christian Church. Reed and Belle's grandfather was Pleasant J. Potter, the founder of Potter College, for whom it was named. Potter college was built by Prof. Cabell and was located on Vinegar Hill.

Western Kentucky State College is now located on Vinegar Hill, but it is called the Hill now by most persons.

Reed and Belle Potter are cousins of the late J. Whitfield Potter, former President of the American National Bank. They are cousins of Effie Will's Logan, who married Emmett Logan, my cousin and the son of Emmett Garvin Logan, who married my aunt, Lena Hichman Covington.

Uncle Emmett Logan was on the Courier-Journal and became the First editor of the Louisville Times.

Uncle Logan, as we always called him, was regarded as one of the most outstanding newspaper men in the United States. He died in May, 1912, and the funeral was conducted by the Episcopal Rector of Christ Episcopal Church here, in our front yard at 1133 Adams Street.

Reed and Belle's aunt, Mrs. Sallie Willis, was the sister of Mrs. ^{S.W.} Coombs, who lived on State Street near 11th street. Mrs. Coombs husband was the brother of Elizabeth Coombs' father, Mr. Phineas Hampton Coombs.

Belle Potter was a beautiful cahracter and is missed by many persons here.

Years ago our Church had coffee socials on Friday in the winter months.

One Friday Mrs. Dach Ragland had a coffee social at his home on 10th st.

Dr. Reardon and some others who were going to a dance stopped at the coffee social.

Dr. Reardon had an old fashioned top hat made in sections like a folding drinking cup. (opera hat)

Mrs. Ragland (Miss Hyde Baker before her marriage to Mr Ragland.) Miss Florence Ragland's cousin, came into the room and sat down on his hat and crushed it. She jumped up and said, "I have crushed your hat and ruined it."

Dr. Reardon said, "Yes, you have crushed it but not hurt it. It is a folding high hat."

When Mr. Ragland was ill after Miss Hyde died, Miss Florence had him to come and live with her and he gave her the beautiful diamond which she wore.

Our church had a Thanksgiving Market before Thanksgiving every year and we went in the early afternoon. My mother wrote a note to the teacher to let me out at 12 o'clock so that I could go to the Thanksgiving Market.

I never had a birthday party and I never had a birthday cake, but the Thanksgiving Market was my birthday present.

Our church made money in this way.

My mother and Mrs. Jave Evans had a table and several others had tables.

Handwork was sold.

Candy was also sold.

We had oyster stew, turkey, coffee and ice cream and it was attended by many people of all religions.

The coffee socials and the Thanksgiving Market were our social life.

Mr. and Mrs. Mose Sabel had a millinery store in Bowling Green situated on State Street where Riley's Bakery is now. Miss Bertha Denhardt, sister of Judge Henry Denhardt, worked in the store.

Mrs. Sabel was a talented milliner and did a thriving business.

She had a large dining room table in the rear of his store with the hats on the table and on other side tables.

When we went to her store, I liked to peep into the back room where Miss Lucy trimmed the hats.

Mr. and Mrs. Sabel lived over the store and had many friends in this city.

This business was carried on by them over fifty years ago.

Gladys Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sloss's daughter, across the street from our home on Adams Street was washing the supper dishes one afternoon in the summer. Gladys and I were in school together. Mrs. Sloss was 3/4 Julia London of Woodburn and Mr. Sloss was from Woodburn.

I was standing out on the front walk and Gladys was standing at a window in the kitchen which looked out on the street.

Gladys had something to tell me and she ran out of the kitchen door with the dish towel and two plates in her hands. She ran across the street and told me an interesting story while she wiped the dishes in our front yard.

This happened over fifty years ago.

Gladys often went to see Mr. Barton Salisbury up the street as he was in invalid and enjoyed having company.

Mr. Salisbury said that Gladys was such a nice polite girl and so interesting.

Frances O. Taylor, who is the manager of the Taylor Drug Store at the corner of Main and Center Streets in Bowling Green, a communicant of Christ Episcopal Church, is a splendid business woman and a devoted daughter and sister.

She is loved by many friends and acquaintances here and in other places.

She is a fine Christian character and is a very charitable person. I have known her all my life and love her as a true and sincere friend.

She and her mother and her sister live in her grandfather's home, Kinlock, on the bank of Barren River near Bowling Green.

Many years ago some man in Bowling Green was passing by Fairview Cemetery and he stopped at the iron gate and said to the caretaker of the cemetery:

"What in this wide world do you mean by having this fence here? All the people that are in can't get out and all the people that are out don't want to get in."

A good many years ago a man that lived out on the Cemetery Road walked home one afternoon late half drunk.

He wandered into the cemetery and fell asleep.

When he woke up in the morning he looked up and said:

"All the people that are buried here are asleep waiting to go to hell and here lies Joshua, a sober man, waiting to go to Heaven!"

One afternoon a man half-drunk went home. When he stepped into the kitchen he saw three onions and one potato on the table.

His wife said to him:

"I'm going to boil the onions and the potato."

He said to her:

"No, don't do that! If you do, the onions will be too tough and the potato won't be half enough."

About 55 years ago Mrs. Wolfe and her husband had the Bowling Green Academy (a colored school), which was held in the old Adams home on lower State Street across from the Wilkins home.

Many colored boys and girls received a very good education at this school. These students often did part-time work in the homes of some of the white families.

The Rev. W.K. Marshall, the rector of Christ Episcopal Church and who came here in the fall of 1904, lived with Mrs. Marshall at the Rectory on upper 8th street below Reservoir Hill.

Mrs. Marshall was a lovely woman and a fine rector's wife. She graduated at Mary Baldwin Seminary in Staunton, Virginia. She was a member of the Current Topic Club and gave many fine club papers. Mr. Marshall conducted the funeral of my aunt, Lena Hickman Covington, the wife of Emmitt Logan.

This academy ceased to exist after many years of good service to the colored people here and now the High School has filled its place. Some of those academy students probably have grand children here who are attending W.K.S.C. now.

owner

Over 50 years ago there were 3 hotels in Bowling Green, The Webb Hotel across from the L.&N. Railroad Passenger Station on Adams Street. It was formerly the Winans House. Mr. Aaron H. Taylor married Mary Wianns, the daughter, and later married Carolyn Burnam, the founder and woener of the Mrs. A.H. Taylor Co. She made fine dresses and suits for the Potter College girls; the Mansard Hotel at the corner of Main and Center & across the street from the Taylor Drug Co. and the Tucker Drug Co. and the present P.O. The old P.O. was where the Wucker Drug Store is now and the P.O. building was owned by my uncle, R.W. Covington; and the Morehead House across from the Younglove Apothecary, the present Williams Drug Co. and formerly the Fletcher Drug Co.

The Mansard Hotel was on the corner of Main and Center and the First Baptist Church was above it where the Bus Station was before the present one was built on 8th street.

The Baptist Church was a fine brick with columns in front. In the vestibule was a sign on the wall--Silence. You could see the sign as you entered. The Rev. Dr. William Lunsford from Virginia was the pastor and lived in the parsonage on Kentucky Street above 12th and which is still there.

One day a traveling salesman came to the Morehead House and registered. He was from New York and had never been to Kentucky and the South and to Bowling Green before. He had heard that Kentucky was a wild state and that all Kentucky men fought and killed each other. His room was on the Main Street side of the hotel.

That night while he was in his room, he heard a shot. He went to the window and opened it and looked out. A young man half drunk was coming down Main Street. He saw the man with his head out of the widow and shot at him, but fourtunately did not hit him. Early the next morning the salesman went down into the lobby and asked the night clerk for his bill. He paid his bull graschly and seemed quite nervous and said. "When is the first train out?"

The clerk said, "North or South?" The salesman said, "I don't care which way! Just so I can get out of this wild place and state!"

He left on the first train out (I don't know which way.) and yelled, "I'll Never be back!"

Probably some of his descendants have passed my home recently on College Street where I live on the highway going South!

Bowling Green is situated in a valley surrounded by three beautiful hills. Baker Hill is across the river, Barren River, from the city. Reservoir Hill is on the east side at the top of East Main Street. Vinegar Hill is at the top of College Street. Potter College was established there many years ago by Prof. Cabell.

Mrs. Cabell was the aunt of Mrs. Robert Garvin, who lives on the Beech Bend Road. Mrs. Garvin graduated at Potter College in 1909, the last graduating class before the school closed.

Margaret Morehead Hobson also graduated in that class.

When I went to school on the hill at Western, I had a class in geography under Mr. R. P. Green, a very fine teacher. In that class, I learned that frost always settles in the valley and that an apple or peach orchard should be planted on the side of a hill so the budding fruit will not be killed in the spring.

I have noticed the orchards in Warren County and the surrounding countries and in the mountains of Kentucky and have observed that they were on the side of a hill if possible.

Vinegar Hill undoubtedly had orchards on it and I suppose they made apple vinegar there and that is the reason for calling it Vinegar Hill.

It is now the site of WKSC and is known as the Hill by all people here.

Bowling Green was shelled by the Northern soldiers from these hills. There is a market on the hill telling about the Civil War and the place Bowling Green played in the War. ^{no} ~~the~~ ^{the}

Elijah Moorman Covington had a sister, Rachel Covington (Grider). She had a daughter, Jane Grider, who never married, and a daughter, Mary Grider Rodes, the mother of Robert Rodes, Chairman of the Board of Directors of The Citizens National Bank here.

Mary Grider Rodes also has a son, Judge John Barret Rodes. She also had a daughter, Sally Rodes, who was my music teacher, and a daughter, Shelley Rodes Settle, and a son Will Rodes.

Elijah Moorman Covington had a sister, Sallie Covington (Smith). There are numerous descendants of Sallie Covington (Smith) here.

Elijah Moorman Covington had a son, Euclid Madison Covington, my great uncle, and who never married. He and my grandfather were devoted brothers.

Elijah Moorman Covington had a sister, Harriet Covington (Delafield). Grace Delafield Robinson, her granddaughter, gave a handsome memorial, the parapet, to the Cathedral of St. John the Devine in New York. She also gave a handsome memorial to Christ Episcopal Church., Bowling Green, Kentucky. The Delafield Fund of Christ Church was given by Grace Delafield Robinson and her cousin, Delafield Shipman.

Delafield Shipman gave his free services to the missionary work of the Episcopal Church in China for many years. One of the Chinese Bishops visited Bowling Green and at a dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Deemer, Sr., when my uncle, Mr. R.W. Covington was a guest, told him he knew Delafield Shipman. Much to the surprise of the Chinese bishop, my uncle said, "He is my cousin."

Elijah Moorman Covington had a daughter, Juliet Covington Janin, mother-in-law of Violet Blair (Janin) who inherited from her mother 1/3 of Mammoth Cave.

Violet Blair Janin and her husband, Albert Covington Janin, lived at the Blair home, 12 Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C., across from the White House.

Violet Blair Janin was related to James Rogers Clark. My sister-in-law, Florence Gibson Steward Duhamey, and I visited Cousin Violet in her home many years ago. She also owned Blair House and gave it to the Government of the United States.

Violet Blair Janin gave a handsome memorial to the Cathedral of Sts. Peter and Paul (Washington Cathedral). It was built as the first wing of the Cathedral library. I went to the Cathedral and was allowed to visit the Library.

In the old cemetery on lower College Street where there are graves of people who died years ago. You will see that the graves are facing so that the dead are facing toward the east.

That was the custom of placing the graves in olden days.

Christianity spread westward from Jerusalem and people turned back toward the east when they returned.

In all Episcopal Churches, as well as in other Anglican Churches and in the Greek churches and in the Roman Catholic churches, the front door is on the liturgical west side.

Passing through the northex, you will enter the nave (from the Latin word for ship) which is where the people kneel to pray, sit to listen, and stand to praise God.

From the nave, you pass through the crossing and up three steps (the Trinity) into the chancel where the choir is and where the clergyman reads the lessons and preaches the sermon.

From the chancel, you walk up through the alter rail into the sanctuary where the Bishop, if present, or the rector of the church celebrates the Holy Communion. The alter is at the far east.

The Holy Communion Service is the highest form of Christian Worship.

On the right side of the crossing as you look at it from the nave is the south side of the church.

On the left side of the crossing as you look at it from the nave is the north side of the church.

All cathedrals are built so that the front door is on the west.

All cathedrals are built in the shape of the cross.

All parish churches, if it is possible, are built in the shape of the cross.

Unfortunately many churches are not financially able to build their churches in the form of the cross.

Mrs. Sarah Gilbert Garris, a retired librarian of Western Kentucky State College, comes from an old aristocratic family here, The Cox family. Her grandfather's home, the old Cox home, was a large white frame Colonial house on Adams Street just across from my home where I was born.

When I was very young, the Cox home burned. However, the stately white columns were saved.

Col. Benjamin J. Proctor, an attorney here, bought the columns and placed them on his front porch of his house he built at the corner of 14th and Chestnut Streets here.

After the death of Colonel Proctor and Mrs. Proctor, who was a sweet, lovely woman, the house was used by Mrs. Avo Herod, a practical nurse, who nursed my uncle, Mayor Robert Wells Covington, for many weeks before he died. I was at my uncle's home with Mrs. Herod and my uncles two daughters, Margaret Steele Covington (Mrs. William Nelson Shackelford) and Wikklife Cooper Covington (Mrs. Herbert Jenks) when he died.

Miss Sarah (Mrs. Garris) was my English teacher in the 2nd year Hight School at the corner of Center and 8th streets, and she was a very fine teacher.

Mrs. John Harvey, Miss Sarah's aunt, and Mr. Harvey lived just below the old Cox house on Adams Street for many years. Mr. Harvey was an attorney here and was a kind neighbor in every sense of the word. Mrs. Harvey before her marriage to Mr. Harvey was Mrs. Cole and she had two sons, Felix and Willie. They were fine boys. Felix Cole was home and we enjoyed visiting with him as he could not attend school. Mr. and Mrs. John Harvey had two daughters, Sarah Susan and Camilla Harvey.

Mrs. James F. Huber, my mother's devoted friend and the moter of Blanche C. Huber, Louisville, Ky., who is a very prominent amd sunssessful business woman and a devoted communicant of St. Andrew's Episcopal Chruch there, was the daughter of the Rev. Samuel Ringgold, one of the first Rectors of Christ Episcopal Church here.

Mrs. Huber was a devoted daughter and mother and atrue and loyal friend. We loved her as though shw was our aount and we called her Daisy Huber.

Requiescat in pace.