

FA 1069

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THE PROCESS OF HOG BUTCHERING

Restricted Information

Compiled by Ernie Hampton
American Folklore
Dr. Montell
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The Process of Hog Butchering

The place--Fairview Kentucky, the time--6:00 A. M. , January 18, 1971, the event--hog butchering. My name is Ernie Hampton, the collector, and my informant is Pete Hampton.

I collected my information on March 20, 1971, at my uncle's home, Pete Hampton in Pembroke, Kentucky. He has been killing hogs for some forty years and the information was gathered very informally. I was a week late for getting pictures because they had killed the previous week for the last time this year.

The hog butchering took place at Fairview, Kentucky, at another uncle's whose name is Henry Hampton. They have a block building (sepecially built for this purpose. This particular butchering involved ten hogs and five men helping: Henry Hampton, Pete Hampton, Dwight Hampton, Paul Massey, and Don Brumfield. Pete bought the hogs from a local stockyard for the purpose of butchering them. He has an exceptionally good eye for picking hogs, staying away from the short, lardy type hogs. Pete bought the hogs on January 15, 1971 and did not kill until January 18, due to the time it requires to work the hogs up after butchering. Pete brought the hogs from his home on the morning they were killed and unloaded them in a special pen outside of the building where they worked.

The hogs, after being unloaded, are let into the building one at a time for butchering. Before all of this can take place, there is a lot of work to be done the day before. The equipment has to be cleaned--from the tubs all the way to the knives. The scalding tub has to be filled with

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water, and wood put underneath in a special concrete pit to heat the water, for scalding which helps to remove the hair of the hogs. The lard tubes have to be set up, along with firewood to heat the lard. Now, we are ready for the first hog.

Dwight will let the hog into the building to start the butchering. Pete will take aim at the hog's head, drawing an imaginary line from one ear to the opposite eye until he has an imaginary X mark on the hog's head. He will then shoot the animal, trying to hit this mark, with a .22 rifle. However, it usually requires more than one shot to kill the hog. Paul immediately takes a sticking knife and places under the hog's throat to cut a place for the blood to drain. He can usually stick the hog ^{white} playing on its side but sometimes requires help to roll the animal on its back so as to get a better stick at the hog.

The water in the tub has to be the right degree of temperature to make the hair easy to remove. Some people use thermometers to check the temperature while the old timer's use their finger. The water should not be too warm because the hair would set. Once the hair is set it is hard to remove the hair by scraping it off. The hog is now rolled into the tub after being shot and stuck. You do not want to leave the hog in the water very long. It helps to keep turning him and scraping him with knives or spoons to remove the hair. Uncle Pete used a chain to turn and remove the animal from the tub.

The hog after being removed from the tub will next be placed on a scraping table. This hog will again be scraped to remove the remainder of the hair, or will be twisted off with the hands. Once the hair is removed, the animal is washed down and rescraped again. Pete then cuts a place in each back leg through the tendon muscle to place a heavy stick to hang him by. After the stick has been placed, the animal is raised up to a

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pulley and removed from the scraping table. The hog is now hanging from the pulley--head down ready for gutting.

Gutting the hog is a simple task. Pete cuts the animal from deep in the belly section, straight down the middle. He then removes the insides and washes the animal out well. The head is then removed with a sharp knife for easier handling of the carcasses. Paul uses the block style of dressing for the animal. The block style is removing the backbone and cutting the animal until it is in two halves. The tools required for doing this is a sharp knife and an ax. When cutting down the back, you remove two excellent pieces of meat--the backbone and tenderloin. The carcass is now divided into halves and the ribs are removed. Butchering the hogs and working them up usually takes from two or three days. They called it the day after butchering, all ten of them and working them up to this point.

The next day started about six A. M. with the same men and two women. The women were used to cut the fat which was to be made into lard. They also helped with seasoning and sacking the sausage. Paul's job was to set the large kettles for cooking the lard and cracklings. The men began cutting the hogs to remove the pork chops, ribs, shoulders, and the meat which is to be made into sausage. Pete and Don now begin to trim the hams. They have the task of trimming the hams as each have butchered hogs for a great number of years. Ham trimming is one of the most difficult jobs in butchering hogs. The hams should have a nice appearance if you want to sell them.

Sausage and hams are the main parts of the hog that people want. Sausage seasoning is a tedious job to do well. The women, who were sisters, had several years experience in this field. The public demand for sausage

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is tremendous and this is why seasonings is so important. The procedure is to let all the meat cool well--that which you are going to put in the smoke house. Pete wanted to smoke his sausage a little to give them a smoky taste. He always smokes his hams and shoulders, using saw dust. Storing meat is not a simple task either. The large items like the hams are salted down before being hung in the smoke house.

There are several pieces of equipment needed to butcher hogs. The pieces of equipment required in butchering hogs is very expensive. Once you have acquired these pieces, they will last for a number of years. The tools they used to butcher hogs with are:

- Rifles - 1
- Sharpening steels - 1
- Sharpening stones - 2
- Knives, straight blade - 8
- Knives, curved blade - 1
- Metal tub - 1
- Buckets - 3
- Thermometers - 1
- Scraping tables - 1 long table
- Bell scrapers - 4
- Meat saws - 2
- Block and tackle - 1

Hog butchering is a major task for anyone to undertake, and experience is a must in order to succeed. I, am going to discuss in my informant report the changes which have taken place, and the laws governing the sale of meat, and how to select a hog for butchering.

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Informant Report

I received my information from my uncle, Pete Hampton. He has farmed all his life and learned about butchering when he was a young man on the farm. He began by watching his father on the farm and then trying it himself.

Pete said there had been several changes since he first started butchering. They use to kill outside in the cold and pack their water from a pond for scalding purposes. One of his biggest concerns now is the labor situation, for labor is harder to get for each kill now. They were paid several years ago by a small amount of meat, but the people today want a lot of meat and several dollars for their labor. Experience is a necessity to do a good job in butchering and there are fewer and fewer persons with this type of experience.

The laws governing hog butchering are a great concern to all of the farm people. The government has passed a law forbidding the sale of any meat unless it is government inspected. These laws stopped the people from selling sausage and country hams to stores and to the general public. Pete is very concerned with the law because there has always been several dollars made in selling fresh meat. It appears to be in his words, "a way to stop the little man by the government." These laws are not strictly enforced, so when the local people see smoke coming from a building, they are there by noon for the fresh meat.

I know the background of all these men involved in the butchering and will give a brief description about each.

Henry is the owner of the building and the majority of the hogs killed. Henry and Pete are brothers and both learned by simply watching their father and trying it themselves. Henry is sixty-nine years old,

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while Pete is sixty-five. The building was built mainly because of Henry's son, Carol. Carol was an excellent hand in butchering hogs and really enjoyed it. He lost two fingers in a sausage grinder once but simply replied later that "it was two less nails to clean." They had plans to open a slaughtering house but these were destroyed when in August, 1970 my cousin was murdered while waiting to pick up his wife in a hospital parking lot. Three young Negro boys walked up to him, opened the door and shot him. They later killed an elderly couple by beating and then shooting them. Their motives were the same as before, robbery and just to see if they could get away with it. They have been caught but not all of them sentenced.

Dwight is Pete's son and is twenty-six years old. He learned about butchering from his father and his cousin Carol. He is becoming very efficient in gutting the hogs and trimming them. He said, "it just takes time and experience to become efficient in this type of work.

Paul Massey is a young man about thirty-six years old. He became interested in butchering because of his close friendship with Carol. He, like Carol, was a big man which could handle a hog very easily. Paul was especially talented in sticking the hogs. He bought a speical knife and has used it for about five years.

Don Brunfield is a man of about forty-five years of age and especially talented in trimming a ham. He, like all the others, learned by someone in the family and watching others. Don can trim a ham like a thing of beauty. This is very difficult because you have to be careful in not cutting too much fat from the ham.

Pictures of the Event

I was able to visit and take some pictures of the building and the facilities on April 28, 1971. These pictures were taken inside and they are very dark and hard to distinguish. I will describe each picture and give you the background that goes with it.

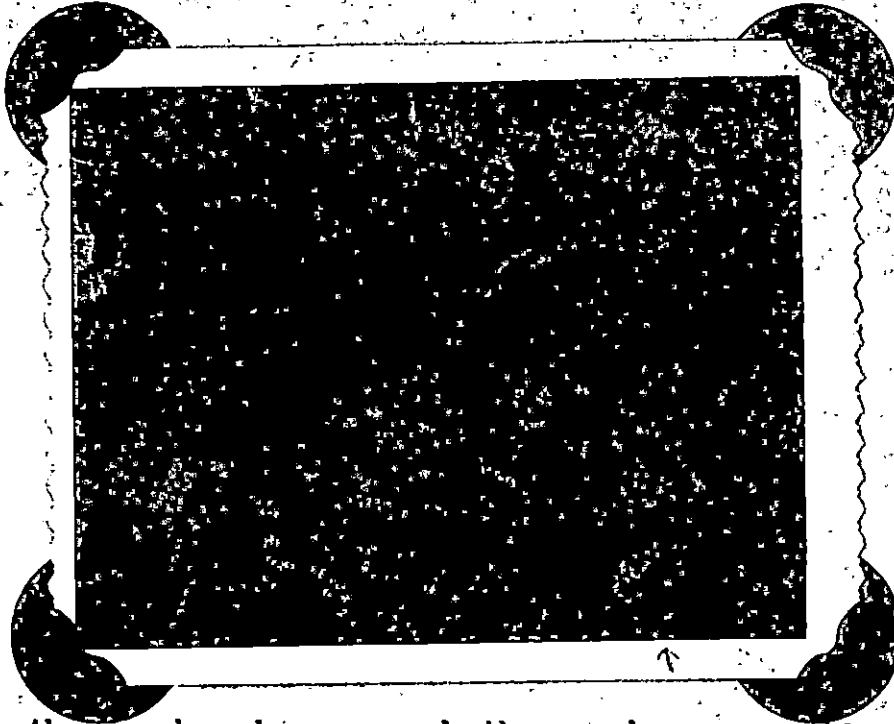
This is where the butchering took place. It was erected in 1965, by two local carpenters. It is a concrete block building with a tin roof. The building has running water, electricity and a pot belly stove. The building is approximately 20 feet by 50 feet with a concrete floor. There is one side entrance with a pen where they are killed, one front door, also a large doorway to remove the carcass. Pete said this was a great improvement over killing outdoors. The day these hogs were killed the temperature was about 20 degrees with a low that night of zero.



This picture is the pit where the tub sits for scalding the hogs. The pit is concrete and very safe to light a fire on. The tub sits into the pit and the fire is used for heating the water. The water has to be very

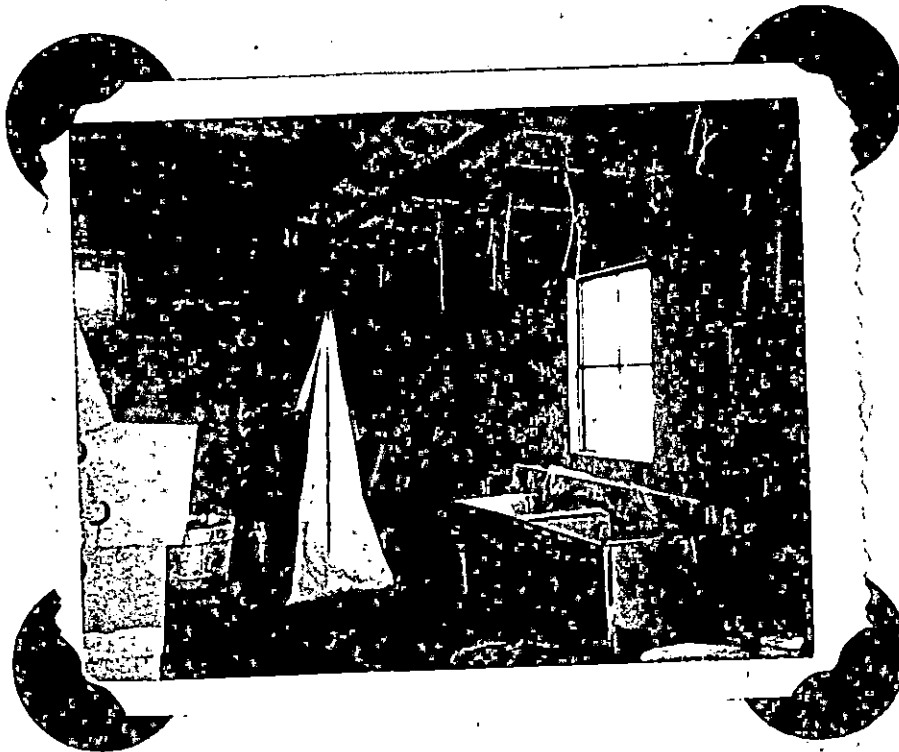
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warm because this is what loosens the hair.



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After the hogs have been scraped, they are hung up on this pulley. The pulley is very handy in handling the hogs--saving you from packing them everywhere. The sack is used here to demonstrate how a hog would look. The wash tub in the background is used for washing some of the meat, meat--mostly the livers.



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The pot belly stove is a must in these buildings. The stove along with the heat from the boiling water from the makes it bareable. You can also see a chopping block to the right of the stove. The block is used for cutting some of the larger pieces of meat.



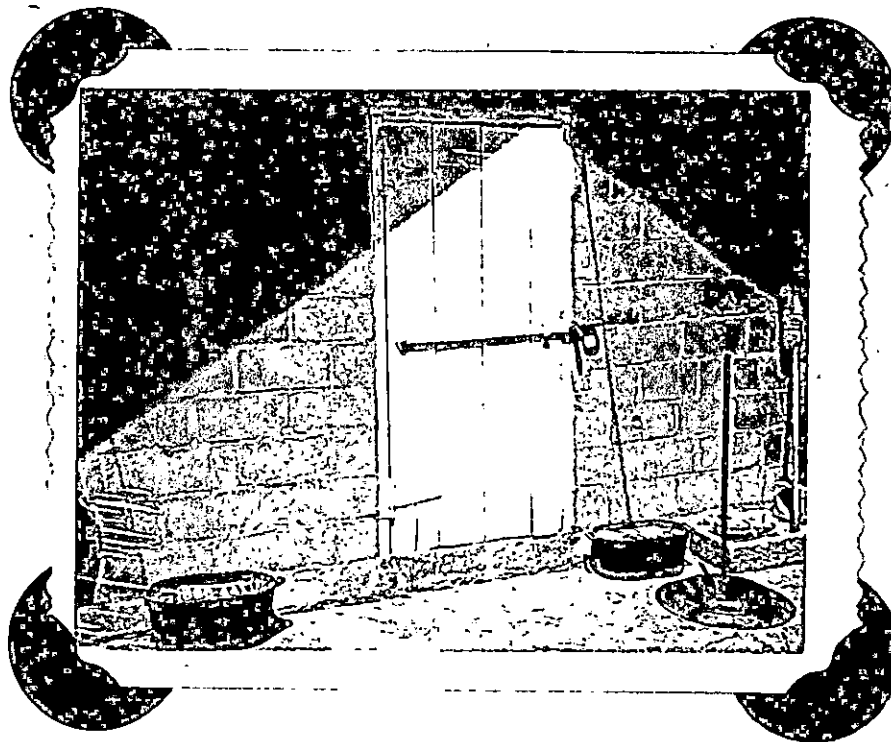
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This picture shows three large pots used for cooking the lard and making cracklings. These pots would probably weigh about 30 to 40 pounds and would last a person a life time. The lard is cooked in the pot and poured into the lard cans to cool and then it becomes the white substance as we recognize it.



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This picture is where all the work ends up--the smoke house. The smoke house is a block building with a concrete floor. It is called a smoke house because a fire can be started, causing smoke to seep into the meat. The meat then has a smoky taste, depending on the type of wood or saw dust you use. As you can tell the door stays locked. Although the government may say the meat is bad, you can't convince a lot of people that.



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This completes the information I received from my informant. I would classify this material as class "C", meaning that I reworded all his information.

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STORIES AND TALES TOLD BY
JAMES ROBERT KELTNER AND FLONNIE ROSS KELTNER

COLLECTED BY GLENN E. GROEBLI

APRIL 30, 1971

AMERICAN FOLKLORE 276

DR. MONTELL

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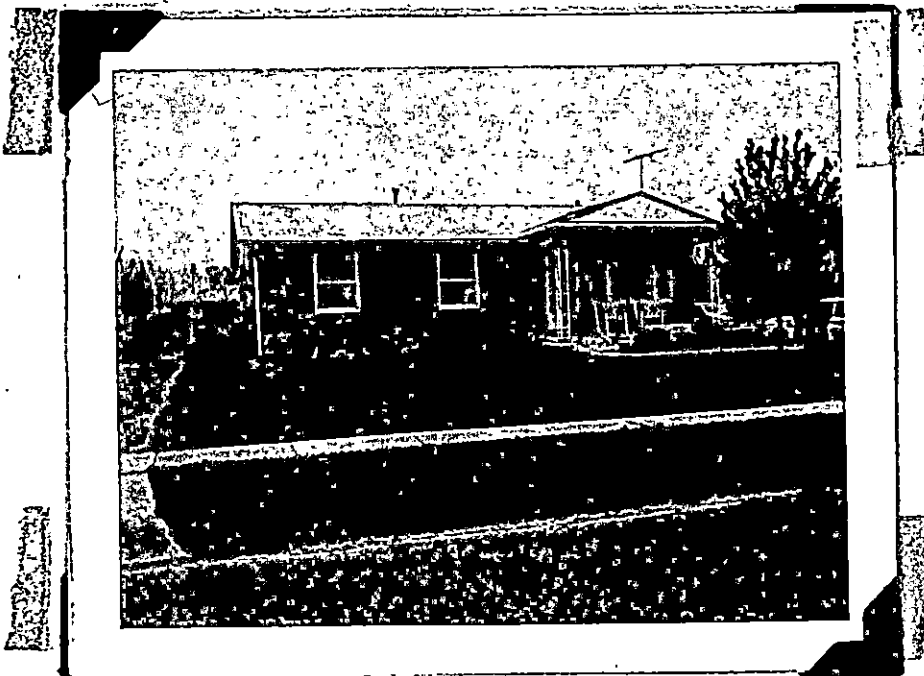


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Mr. James Robert Keltner

September 9, 1893

Born in Adair County, Kentucky



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The Home of J.R. Keltner and Flonnie Keltner

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DESCRIPTION OF PROJECT

I started my project by collecting tales from my grandfather and grandmother. They told me tales that their parents, brothers, and sisters had told. These stories are all originals, and have been passed on through oral tradition. These tales and stories have been kept mostly circulated through the Keltner family, and this is where I did my collecting. Most of the tales came from Adair County, and the rest came from parts of Tennessee, where they lived for ten years. My only problem was I think the tape recorder made my grandparents nervous, which could have cut the tales and stories shorter than they might have been originally told. I think the collecting of tales and stories is one of the most interesting parts of folklore which I have covered. These have been very educational and beneficial to myself and I hope they may aid the department in some way.

Glenn E. Groebli

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AREA OF COLLECTION

I did my collecting from my grandfather and grandmother in Jefferson Co. in Louisville, Kentucky. Their house is located in the suburb of Okolona off Preston Highway. Most of the material originated from Adair County, Kentucky. Some of the tales came from Brimstone Mountain close to Onida Tennessee, where the Keltner's also have relatives.

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BIOGRAPHY SHEET ON JAMES ROBERT KELTNER.

James Robert Keltner was born September 9, 1893 in Adair County Kentucky. His father was Lewis Curtis Keltner, and his mother was Mary Nelson Keltner. He had four brothers and four sisters. He and his wife have one son and two daughters. James only reached the fifth grade in education, but he is a very intelligent person . He began his working career at Western Union in the railroad. He did this for nineteen years, and he traveled from New York to New Orleans. He then began working in Louisville, Kentucky in construction work as a forman for thirty years, and he is now retired living in Louisville, Kentucky. On August 26, 1922, he married Flonnie Ross and lived in Norton Virginia for two years. Later he lived in Bristol Tennessee for ten years, and now live in Louisville, Kentucky for the past thirty-seven years.

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BIOGRAPHY SHEET ON FLONNIE ROSS KELTNER

Flonnie Ross Keltner was born in Winfield, Kentucky on December 22, 1901. Her father was John L. Ross, and her mother was Marhta Cox Ross. She had seven sisters and one brother. Flonnie had three children, one boy and two girls. Each of her children now have two children of their own. She worked for Dr. Vincent Stabile nineteen years as an assitant to him. Prior to this she taught three years in the Scott County School System in Tennessee. She was married on August 26, 1922. She had lived in Norton Virginia for two years, Bristle Tennessee for ten years and Louisville, Kentucky for thirty-seven years, where she now presently lives and is retired. She obtained her high school diploma, and her teaching certificates.

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Mr. James R. Keltner Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

GHOST TALE

Ah, My two youngest brothers, they was spending the night at our neighbors house, where everybody thought it was a haunted house, and ah they both claim that this woman that used to live there died. Come in, and she's dressed in white, she had a, just come in and never spoke, and just stood there and looked them over and they never spoke to her and ah, that was about all that was too it, she stayed in there they think about ten or fifteen minutes, and turned around and walked away, and they didn't say anything to each other about it, and ah finally one of them was talking to our neighbors, and then the other one he spoke up and said he seed the same thing. That's about all there tis too that story.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
4112 Norene Lane
Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

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Mr. James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

BLOODSTOPPER TALE

Seventy-five years ago they didn't have doctors like we've got today and this is a story of how to stop blood. My dad was chopping wood, or clearing a new ground, and ah with a chopping ax he cut his foot almost off, his toes, and he they, tried to stop it two or three days, all our neighbors, and there happened to be an old quack doctor, in the neighborhood, and he came, and took a spoke out of the spinning wheel and touched the bolld and put it back in, and ah bloodstopped. That's all of that story.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
4112 Norene Lane
Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

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Mr. James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

BLOODSTOPPER POCKET KNIFE

We had a neighbor school boy back when I was bout ten years old, and ah, and everytime we'd play ball on the school ground and he'd get too hot why his nose would start bleeding, and our teacher would take a pocket knife and catch some of the front of his hair, and hook the blade over it, just close the blade, and that would stop the bleeding. That's the end of that story.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
4112 Norene Lane
Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

Flonnie Ross Keltner, Dec. 22, 1901
Winfield, Kentucky

Class "A" text

SEED WART

And when I was about thirty I had two large seed warts on the back of my right hand, and they were just a trial for me. So we had an old lady in our town, she was a delightful old lady that everybody called her Aunt Rachel. She was no relation of ours, but everybody loved her and I heard she could remove these warts. So one day we pasted, and she came out to the gate and I asked her if she could remove them and so she wet the tip of her finger on her tongue and rubbed over them. And while she was doing this she was saying to me, sometimes I can, and some times I can't. And that was all. But those warts dissapeared without never being sore, I never knew where or when, but they completely dissapeared and there is no sign of them today.

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Flonnie Ross Keltner, Dec 22, 1901
Winfield, Kentucky

Class "A" text

SPELL ON MILKING COW

When I was a young girl, my grandmother had a milk cow that would get some kind of a spell and her head would draw way around to her side, and she refused to give milk. And there was an old man that lived a few miles from them, and she would have to send one of the children to get that old man to come and take the jinx off the cow, and sure enough he would come, and say a few words and the old cow would straighten up her head, and give the milk and be alright, so this happened several times and ah, the husband had to go one time for him and when he put the cow back alright, why this he, just dawning on him and so it just made him so mad, He said to the old man, if you can take the jinx off the cow, you are the one that is putting it on there. So he was chopping wood with a double bladed ax, and he just started after this old man with that ax. And the old man out ran him, but that was the last jinx that the old cow, was the last spell the old cow had, he didn't jinx her anymore.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
4112 Norene Lane
Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

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James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

MADSTONE

Back when I was a boy, about seventy-five years ago,
ah we'd have mad dogs in the country and I think there
was one madstone in Adair County. And ah, anyone get bit
by a mad dog, why we'd take him to this lodstone or
madstone or whatever you want to call it, and ah, it
would draw it out of it's, ah, draw it out of the wound
like a magnet.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
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James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

TOOTH PULLING STORY

I remember when I was a boy, there's a neighbor family lived close to us, and ah two of the boys, one was about ten, and the other one fourteen. He had a front tooth that needed to be pulled, back them days, we didn't have no dentists. And he tied a strong thread to his tooth, and was going to tie it to the kitchen doorknob. A string about three feet long, and he figured when he got up enough nerve he'd just gonna slam the door and that would jerk the tooth out. He was standing there dreading the ordeal and ah, his older brother came along and ah old step kitchen stove fired by wood, he reached in got a little chunk of coals and dabbed it to his nose, he run back when he did, his little tooth just hit the door pop. And ah his brother, the one who had his tooth pulled made a dive for the shotgun. And his brother took off, around the house and cause he knew his brother would fill him full of shot. And ah, he just made it around the corner, but anyway he filled the corner of the house full of shot.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
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Flonnie Keltner, Dec. 1901
Windfield, Kentucky

Class "A" text

RED CLAY

My husband was holding a ladder for a man to install some wiring on a building, the ladder slipped and hit my husband's big toe, and mashed it, it was black. So we heard if you make a poltice of a certain kind of clay and vinegar and put a little cast on it, it would draw this bruised blood from his toe. So we thought we would try it cause we had nothing to lose. And that night I gathered the clay from the neighbor's yarn in Bristle Tennessee, and mixed it with vinegar, and made a little cast that just fit his big toe. And we wrapped it and put a white sock on it, and fixed it so it would stay on for the night. And the next morning when he got up, this little cast was hard as a plaster cast would be, and we removed it, it stayed in tact but his toe was as white, it didn't look like it had a drop of blood in it, and was wrinkled like it was in water for a long time. But every drop of that bruised blood, was gone and his toe healed, without being too sore, it was amazing what the clay did. We know this is true because we did this.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
4112 Norene Lane
Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

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Mr. James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

STEAM ENGINE

Back when I was a boy I made me a little steam engine out of a wagon thimble, and I had a wooden stopper in each end, this wagon thimble was about fourteen inches long, and about six inches in diameter. I'd had me a little force pump that ah would pump the water in, and I had build me a little charcoal fire under the center of it so it wouldn't burn the stoppers, on each end, and for I ever found out how to put a pop off valve on it, why I got too much steam in it, one of the stoppers blew out and scalded my face. So I was ashamed to go to the house and let my mother know anything about it, it happened along about four o'clock in the evening, I went down on the road, and set on the old rail fence, and our family doctor was Doctor Nell, and he come along he'd been out to see some patients out on Sparks Ridge, and he was coming back I stopped him. And he examined me, and give me some callimal pills. Told me not to eat any grease or anything like that or it would salivate you, cause it had callimal in it.

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Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

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Mr. James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

ED DIDDLE'S FATHER, JOHN DIDDLE

Back when ah we was, I was a boy and Ed Diddle was about the same age, ah his daddy Johnny Diddle used to ride his horse up the creek, Big Creek they call it, when it was up about three or four feet, will he'd ride his horse up the creek a mile or two and then jump in the creek and float down through a little town called Gradyville. And ah, his horse then would follow him on down the creek, and when he got down again, he'd ride his horse back and float down again, and that's it.

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Mr. James R. Keltner, 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

J.R. KELTNER PAINTING SHOES ON HIMSELF

When I was a boy bought, I probably three yrs. old,
Why ah, took this black liquid shoe polish, and one
spring summer morning I went out I painted me some shoes,
on my bare feet, an I painted them up about six inches
high on my ankles and I had a little shoe polish left,
I figured I'd just paint the door facings and jams and all
that. Well, my mom when she found it out she was going
to skin me, skin me a live. And ah grandmother Keltner
happemed to talk her out of it. That's all that saved my hide.

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Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

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Mr. James R. Keltner, 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

PREACHER'S SON

There was a preacher in New River Tennessee, down in the country and ah he ah had a little boy and ah one of his neighbors wanted to see him about something or other and ah, he come alone and asked the little boy where his daddy was, well there's some ah, Harnesses lived up on Brimstone and ah, he'd go up there to see them, and had a little church he'd go up too, and this man asked the little boy where his daddy were, he says he's gone up on Brimstone to take the gospel to them damn Harnesses. That's the end of that story.

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Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

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Mr. James R. Keltner, 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

HAIN'T STORY

My daddy and mother, and I don't know, two or three of us, I think I was about four or five years old. Ah been to church and its back in the days when we had coaloil lights, and ah it was in the summer times, and dark, and when they come around in sight of the house why a lights was shining out the window just as bright, and ah so my dad thought the house was on fire so he spurred up the old mules and he got to the front gate, why he jumped out and ran in, there it was just as dark as midnight, no light. And there wasn't no one around, cause it was out in the country and the rest of the family was out, could have seen anybody if they ran out, but anyway there wasn't anything that could have caused a light. That's a haint story.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
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Mr. James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

DOG GHOST

Ah, you take our old family doctor at home, back in them days they rode a horse all the time going to see his patients, and he passed a cemetary, we knew all about the cemetary, well acquainted with it, and it, it was at Highpoint Kentucky. And ah This doctor's name, Simmons, Doctor Simmons. And ah he said a little white dog would run out and follow him along the highway for a little ways then just dissappear, says he'd do it in the daytime or nighttime. And said he didn't pay no much mind to it to start with, but just kept on and kept on, he said it would come out and run along after his house and just dissappear in mid air right in front of his eyes. That's the end of that one.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
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Mr. James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

UNCLE LONNIE PRICE AND THE CATS

Ah, I have a uncle, uncle Lonnie Price. He lived in a log house. And ah the main part of the house was in one section, and the kitchen you went across the breeze-way with a dirt floor over into the kitchen. And he had a lot of cats. So he cut him a big hole for the big cats in the corner of his door, and then over in the middle of the door at the bottom he cut a small hole for the little cats. So he'd have a big fire going, them cats would come in and row up around the fireplace and sometimes polecats would, he said would be laying in the bed watching them from the light of the fire, sometimes polecats would come in and set around the fire. Said, we asked him how come he had two holes in the door. He said when he said "scat" he meant scat. So they all could get out at one time.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
4112 Norene Lane
Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

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Mr. James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

OWL STORY

Here's a tale about my dad, back when I was a boy. We didn't have no toilets in our house, you had to go to the woods or some where outside. And My dad one night, had done got dark and he went down the kind of a, we called it the point you know and ah, the he got ready to do his business he pulled his pants down, sat down on the, there's an old owl, a big hooting owl, made a dive after him, and I guess he thought he was a, we had a lot of old white geese and the owl had been after them and ah I guess he thought he was one of those old white geese. And so this old owl made a dive after him, he didn't realize it was a man till he got so close, and he just flopped his back end with both wings and took off.

Mr. Glenn E. Groebli
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Louisville, Kentucky - Jefferson County

1971-82

(25)

Mr. James R. Keltner, Sept. 1893
Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

JAMES, GARNET, GARLAND, AND THE GOAT

Ah we had a , back when I was a boy, we had a goat, ah we called him a billie goat, so we play with him, get him up in the barn, we had a driveway up in our barn loft where we unloaded hay. We'd get him up there and close all the doors and make him jump out the back. It's a barn lot, and one day we's was my youngest brother and I, we was running this goat around the uard fence, We had an old tarpolion right spread on the fence to dry right close to the corner, and Garland said to Garnet and me, "You all run the goat around and I'll hide right here behind the corner, and jump out and scare the old goat when he comes around. Well we was running that old goat around the yard fence ninety to nothing, we, he says when you want me to jump out and scare the old goat, holler. So we bout the time the time the old goat got there we hollered jump out, and he jumped out and he hit the old goat right square in center, on, and they both fell out, knocked the breath out of Garland, we had to pour water on him to bring him to.

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Adair County, Kentucky

Class "A" text

LEWIS CURTIS KELTNER

We used to have good apple orchards, all kinds of apples and, raised um, we'd gather um in the fall of the year and put um in the cellar or storm house we called it, and have bushels and bushels of them stored, during Christmas time, you take all the people, country people around our neighborhood. Well my dad would play Santa Claus, he would take one of these old bushel baskets, split baskets, and deliver apples around to all the kids in the neighborhood. So that's about all of it I know.

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