

more able to endure the dust. This task was the only work on the farm that my father would not do. It was not the actual labor but the dust that he could not take.

The sketch does not show in detail the hemp brake and its operation, but the brake consisted of three sharp-edged pieces of hickory, the swords, set with edges up. The handle, the part raised, had two similar swords with edges downward. This attachment was hinged to the brake frame and could be chopped down on the hemp, which was held with the left arm while the right hand raised and lowered the handle. This operation was very simple, but the breaking of a hundred pounds of lint in a day required not only plenty of muscle but a certain sleight. Some men could break two or three hundred pounds a day, while others working just as energetically would come up with one hundred.

In 1901, our first full year in Boyle County, we grew three acres of hemp on the home property and about four acres on a farm a couple of miles away which we rented on "the shares;" we got half the proceeds and the landowner got half. At the time our hemp crop was ready for breaking Claude was twelve and I was nine. Claude managed to do some breaking and the following year was able to make some money breaking for a neighbor. We didn't grow any hemp after 1901. There was always the problem of getting labor for hemp breaking. We brought four or five breakers from Jessamine County. They cooked their meals and slept in the "cabin" in our backyard. These hemp breakers were Negroes whom Dad had known when we lived in Jessamine.

One of the older Negroes brought along a nephew who turned out to be not so trustworthy as his uncle. Two days before Christmas all of these workers except this younger one went home for the holidays, but he remained at the cabin. When we arose on the morning of Christmas Eve, we discovered that one of our horses was missing, and the young Negro was also gone. A quick appraisal of the situation disclosed that our buggy harness was gone, and further that a surrey belonging to a neighbor had been taken from its accustomed place in the carriage house. Dad, naturally, was angry. He borrowed a horse and buggy from a neighbor - also a .38-caliber revolver! - took another man with him, and started for the Jessamine County home of the missing man. The Negro did not resist, but explained that he had been drunk the night before and had not realized the enormity of his crime until the next morning, when he decided to take the horse and carriage back where they belonged.

Dad forced him to accompany him back to Boyle for a confrontation with the owner of the surrey before a decision was made as to disposition of the case. The old gentleman from whom the surrey had been taken was of a lenient nature and agreed not to prosecute if Dad would likewise desist from further action, so the culprit was allowed to return to his home. The brunt of this whole adventure fell upon Claude, who had to go to town and procure the customary "goodies" for Christmas. He rode to town with a passing buggy driver, but had to walk the three and a half miles back home carrying the Santa Claus articles, which, however, in those days were not

too heavy.

As to the problem of finding laborers for the hemp-breaking operation, the larger farmers had a custom of advancing money to Negro workers early in the year in order to arrange for breakers late in November and December. This arrangement usually worked out satisfactorily, but in some instances when hemp-breaking time came, some men who had anticipated their wages failed to show up where they had already been paid, but found employment with other hemp growers from whom they could receive cash. One farmer in Garrard County had advanced money to some men who lived in a small village near his farm, but when his hemp was ready for breaking the workers had gone over into Boyle County and were breaking hemp for another farmer. The Garrard County man, who had moved into the community from the mountains of Eastern Kentucky and who had a reputation as a "pistol packer," mounted his horse, rode over to the farm where the workers were employed, and explained to them in rather forceful terms that he expected them to be on the job at his hemp field the next day. The story is that they were there.

Hay was cut with a two-horse mowing machine and wheat with a three-horse "binder." The latter was a very complex machine owing to the knotter that bound each bundle with strong twine. These bundles were dropped as they were cut and tied, and were put into "shocks" by a man or by two men, depending upon the volume of the crop. After the wheat had dried for a few days, it was hauled to a thresher, and the grain was separated from the straw. The threshers were powered by steam traction engines, the term "traction" meaning they could be moved on their own power from one farm to another, pulling the separator behind. The separator was the part of the threshing operation that actually extracted the grain. A long, wide belt transferred the power from the engine.

About every community had a thresher operator who threshed all the wheat in that area, going from one farm to another with his equipment. With the threshing outfit was a crew of eight or ten men - the engineer; the fireman; men to feed the wheat into the machine; one man to see to filling, tying, and stacking the sacks; one man to manipulate the blower (a long metal pipe through which the straw was blown). Before the blower was invented, a straw carrier was used to handle the straw, carrying it to the stack on conveyor belts. This was a clumsy affair, and the blower greatly facilitated the operation. The threshing crew also comprised the necessary wagons and teams to haul the wheat bundles to the thresher. Usually each farmer supplied some teams and wagons. The regular crew remained with the thresher for the entire threshing season, which was of three or four weeks' duration, dependent upon weather conditions.

In addition to the separator and traction engine, there was a cook wagon with stove and cooking equipment. The crew ate at the cook wagon and slept in barns, strawstacks, ice houses, or any other available places. The cook had the responsibility of procuring the food and preparing the meals. The cuisine was quite austere, being restricted to beans, cabbage, fat bacon, potatoes, onions, and corn bread. Some of the thresher hands seemed to enjoy this rigorous life and came back to it year after year. Some of the men who brought their own teams went home each night if they did not live too far away.

One season I took our team and wagon and worked four days with the local thresher crew, but I took my lunch each day and went home each night. The society didn't appeal to me, nor did the diet. My work was not hard. I just drove the team, helped place the bundles of wheat on the wagon as they were thrown up to me by the men on the ground, and helped throw the bundles to the feeders at the separator.

I was paid three dollars a day for me and the team. Thresher and harvest wages were more than wages paid for farm work at other seasons of the year. I quit after the fourth day, as I had earned enough cash to finance a two-day trip to Richmond, where my beloved was attending summer term at Eastern Normal School - now Eastern University. Richmond is thirty miles from where I lived and was outside of my driving radius, so Dad drove me to Lancaster, where I caught the train for the last twenty miles. I don't know how I got back home unless Dad made another trip to Lancaster to meet me. This does not

seem too realistic, but he just might have done that.

With modern day harvesting, I am told, one machine accomplishes the entire operation of cutting and threshing the grain, requiring the labor of only one man, the tractor driver. Of course this type of operation would not be used by farmers with small fields, but only by those with large acreage. I don't know what improvements in farming have been adopted in the neighborhood where I grew up, as I have not been in a position to observe. It is my opinion, however, that most of the work animals have been replaced by tractors, just as the driving horses have been replaced by automobiles.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new"
- Tennyson

For illumination we used kerosene ("coal oil") lamps which had come into use in Dad's early life. He told us of many exciting experiences among rural people when they began the transition from candles to coal oil lamps. One prosperous old codger voiced his opposition to the "new-fangled contraption" when his ambitious daughters decided they just had to have one of the latest status symbols. The old man kept a suspicious eye on the "infernal machine" and waited for the first danger sign. One night when they lighted the lamp after failing to get the burner properly adjusted, the flame began to sputter. Pa, with tension already built up, exploded. He yelled, "I told you that blasted thing would burn the house down." He grabbed the offending instrument and hurled it - of all places - into the fireplace. The glass broke, the coal oil blazed up and blew ashes all over the room. Fortunately the lamp was a small one, holding only about a half-pint of oil, so no serious damage resulted.

For outdoor light we had a kerosene "barnyard lantern." We were very careful with this, especially around the barn, which always contained various combustible material. We had heard the story of the Chicago fire - that it was allegedly started by a lantern kicked over by Mrs. O'Leary's recalcitrant cow.

Before the days when automobiles created a demand for gasoline, refineries had a problem getting rid of the more volatile elements from crude, and it is said that oftentimes these "light ends" were dumped into sinkholes or any other place where there existed no danger of causing a fire. An

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inspector was employed in each county to run flash tests on all kerosene sold in the county. This was to prevent gasoline or naphtha being put in kerosene and creating a fire hazard.

I believe the first electric street lights in Danville were installed about 1905. I can remember seeing gas lights on Lexington Avenue about 1904 or 1905. Between 1924 and 1925 a dam with hydroelectric plant was built near the mouth of Dix River, and electric power lines were erected throughout the area. With alternating current available in practically all of the rural communities, the farmers took advantage of the opportunity to utilize this source of power, which eliminated the inconvenience and uncertainty of the primitive methods upon which they had depended previously.

About 1903, coincident with the automobile age, stationary gasoline engines had come into use. These were utilized for pumping water, cutting feed, filling silos, et cetera. It was also possible to use air compressors operated by the gasoline engines to produce direct electric current for lighting.

There was another system for pumping water without the use of windmills or gasoline engines. This was called a hydraulic ram. It was a very ingenious operation whereby the force of the water from a spring could be so manipulated as to supply the energy for propelling the water through the pipes. I don't remember too much about this subject, as I never observed a ram in operation and never fully understood the principle.

In our section of Kentucky were many stone fences, the kind built without mortar; most of them had been built by slave labor. The stones were laid flat, one upon another, to a height of about three feet, and on top a row of "cap rocks" was set on edge, adding about six to eight inches to the overall height. A few of those old rock fences are still standing, but most of them have fallen apart as the result of freezing and thawing of the ground beneath them during more than a hundred winters. Most of the owners of large farms have had their stone fences crushed and ground into lime, which was scattered over their fields to enrich the soil and promote the growth of bluegrass and clover.

These fences were a source of trouble to the farm owners, for the reason that persons walking across the property were prone to pull off the cap rocks to make the fence climbing easier. Also boys and hunters would damage the fences by pulling out rocks in their efforts to catch rabbits which had taken refuge therein. The farmers took cognizance of this practice and inveighed against it by putting up signs threatening dire legal action against any and all persons so offending. As to walking across property belonging to other persons, this was common custom as a means of shortening walking distances from one point to another, instead of following the roads around. No landowner objected to this so long as no damage was done to the property. Very few "no trespassing" signs were used in the rural areas, but some farmers put up "posted" signs, which meant simply that hunting was prohibited.

In those days much complaint was heard from farmers that

the tenants were cutting up the rail fences for firewood. As these rail fences gradually disappeared, they were replaced by woven wire or barbed wire which was stretched on posts. In some instances where cedar posts were used, these seekers after combustible material would even split off slabs from the posts. The use of locust posts precluded this possibility, as they were not vulnerable.

In preparation for each winter we would haul in some beech logs, saw them into proper lengths for kitchen stove and fireplace, then split the cuts to suitable size for burning. The sawing was done by two men or boys using a long saw with a handle at each end. With this beech wood it was necessary to use kindling for starting fires. Fortunately we had an abundance of old shingles from the buildings dismantled during our first year at the stone house. These shingles we used rather lavishly, and the supply was exhausted within a couple of years. After the shingles were gone, the task of getting kindling became more difficult, as it was then necessary for us to saw and split some old cedar posts that had been left from a fence torn down and replaced with new material.

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During summer and autumn we were busy preparing food for the winter months. In the big cellar we had abundant storage space where the temperature in winter never dropped below forty-five degrees. Many farmers buried their potatoes in the ground, but we kept ours in wooden boxes in the cellar. Sweet potatoes we wrapped in newspapers, one to a package. Toward spring the Irish potatoes would begin developing sprouts, which we rubbed off before they caused the potatoes to shrivel. Some cabbage heads were stored, but most were ground and made into sauerkraut in a big earthen jar. Some green beans were strung on heavy thread and hung on nails along the kitchen wall, and some were cooked and canned in glass jars. Pole beans and limas were gathered from the vines late in summer after they were dry. Each year we had a few strings of red peppers hanging on the wall of the log kitchen. These added zest to soup. Ripe tomatoes were put up in quart tin cans and sealed with red sealing wax. Green tomatoes were gathered just before frost and ground on the sausage mill, treated with vinegar and various spices, squeezed dry in a flour sack, and stored in a jar. This concoction, called green tomato ketchup, was in great demand after hog-killing time, when it was served with backbones and spareribs.

Every summer we canned some blackberries and made some into jam. In our side yard were several plum trees which usually produced a good crop of big red plums, which were made into preserves. We had only one apple tree and it was a poor producer. In autumn when apples were cheap we bought a supply which Mother canned in glass jars for winter. We also dried some apples during the late summer. The fruit was peeled, sliced,

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spread out on a cloth (flour sack), and placed on the kitchen roof in the sun. In winter the dried apples were made into fried pies, a very palatable item. One year we made apple cider in the orchard of a neighboring farmer. Our share we placed in a barrel and stored in the cellar, where it became vinegar.

Wild grape vines were scarce in our vicinity, and the fruit was usually sour. Each year we bought a small amount of honey, except at such times as our uncle supplied us with wild honey which he gathered from bee trees along the Kentucky River cliffs.

Autumn also brought hickory nuts, walnuts, wild grapes, pawpaws, and persimmons. We knew exactly where to find all such treasures, most of which were in our own neighborhood. The hickory nuts, however, were about three miles away in Weisigers' woods, and we rode on horseback to gather them. In only one place in our area were pawpaw trees. We would gather the fruit and leave it in the grass for a couple of frosty nights, when it would become mellow and ready for eating. In sight of our house was a persimmon tree. The persimmons we would leave on the tree until they were ripened by frosts and could be eaten without the "mouth-drawing" effect caused by green ones.

One of the oldest and most universally practiced customs of rural Kentucky at the time of my early youth was hog killing, but with the advent of electric refrigeration and the installation of power lines throughout the state, family hog killing lost its popularity and was discontinued.

The annual event of butchering hogs and preparing meat for the ensuing twelve months always came about in early winter or late autumn, depending upon the weather. The ideal time for this operation was when the nights were cold enough for the meat to cool out thoroughly, yet not so cold that it would freeze. Also, it was desirable that there be no rain or high humidity. The decision upon an exact date for this event could not be set in advance, because it depended upon the vagaries of the weather. For this reason all preliminary preparations were made days in advance and held in abeyance until a suitable morning appeared, when the hurry would begin with the rising of the sun and continue, long, long after the going down thereof.

The preliminary preparations consisted of assembling all of the necessary equipment, most of which was borrowed, as no one small farmer could be expected to own all of the essential articles. These butcherings were usually joint affairs for the reason that very little more trouble was involved in preparation for the slaughter of a dozen hogs than was necessary for half that number or fewer. If the hogs were large, three to four hundred pounds each, several men were required to handle them, even if only one or two animals were slaughtered; so two, or sometimes three, neighbors would combine their efforts and provide the equipment. Most of these proceedings were held at our place on account of the big spring with plenty of clean water easy of access.

The actual killing of the hogs was usually done by shooting with a 22-caliber rifle. This method was the most humane and least painful, when performed by an accurate marksman. As described

by those who had examined the skull and brain formation, the porcine brain is the shape of an egg and about the same size, with the pointed end facing the executioner. This does not present an easy target even at close range. At such times as a rifle was not available, or a dependable marksman was not on hand, each hog was killed by a well-delivered blow with an ax. This method was not as inhumane as you would think and oftentimes was resorted to when the rifle trial had failed. I have been told that in earlier times before the advent of modern guns of small caliber, the ancient muzzle loader was used, in which case the hog would be shot behind the ear with the rifle ball emerging from the front of the head after passing through the brain. I understand this is not a pleasant picture, but it is in the interest of accuracy that I bring these details. It will also indicate that the "good old days" were not so good from the viewpoint of the porkers involved.

At the location of slaughter was erected a pole upon which the hogs were hung. Two stout poles were set in the ground, and a pole of sufficient length to accommodate the number of hogs to be butchered was placed from the top of one post to the top of the other. Dad had managed to get two posts with a part of a limb extended out from near the top of each, on which the horizontal pole would rest without extra work in fastening with spikes. These we used for several killings.

A number of strong pieces of lumber or limbs were cut about two feet long and sharpened at each end. These, called "gambling sticks," were used in hanging the hogs by cutting through each of the hind legs between the bones and inserting one end of the sharpened stick through one leg, putting the

stick across the pole, then inserting the other end through the opposite hind leg. This procedure I may not be making entirely clear, but believe me, it was a very ingenious arrangement that worked with success and so far as I know was used in all rural hog killings.

The hog box, in which each hog was placed in extremely hot water as soon as killed (which operation caused the bristles to loosen so they could be scraped off), was about six feet long, three wide, and almost three deep. The bottom was covered on the outside with heavy sheet iron, so fire could be built underneath to heat the water. To make space for the fire it was necessary to dig out the ground or to place thick rocks under the corners of the box. All of this preparation required time and effort, and the equipment had to be dismantled after the operation, since it was only an annual occurrence.

One piece of equipment necessary for activities of the second day was a huge iron kettle, in which the fat removed from the meat was cooked down into lard. The term for this procedure was "render." I don't recall in my early years ever hearing the word used in any other sense, certainly not applied to any other cooking process. There was one colored woman in the neighborhood who handled this chore for us year after year as long as we lived there. The rendering process required many hours. After the fat was cooked sufficiently, with care lest it be scorched, it was allowed to partially cool. Then it was put through a lard press (which was usually borrowed or supplied by one of the other partners, as we never owned one). The lard was pressed out of the cooked pieces of fat meat, leaving a residue

called "cracklings," which were sometimes utilized in making bread, but with the details of this process I make no claim to being acquainted. The evening of hog-killing day was devoted to cutting up the carcasses, at which Dad was a master and never required assistance from anyone. Of course the other neighbors involved would take their hogs home after eviscerating them and removing them from the pole.

After cutting out the shoulders, hams, and sides (which we called "middlings"), Dad would trim off the parts which were to be ground into sausage. We had our own sausage mill. Sometimes we would get some of the sausage ground the first night and give it several trial tastes as to seasoning and grinding texture. The meat to be made into sausage Dad always salted and peppered before grinding. Some others put in the seasoning after the grinding, but he said he could get a more uniform mixture by his method. We kids would stay up for the tasting stage. As soon as a small amount had been ground, Mother would fry a few cakes to test the salt and pepper content, especially the cayene pepper, as we kids could not eat it too hot. I suppose to the parents it did not particularly matter. They were more concerned with the texture. They always ground the sausage twice, and if they had difficulty setting the grinder properly, would even grind it a third time. They were perfectionists and always had sausage at its very best, the likes of which it is impossible to find in these modern times even with several brands of so-called country sausage on the market.

Another favored delicacy was what we called "sausage meat," slices of the meat such as we were grinding into sausage. I

never knew exactly from what part of the hog it came, but during sausage making was the only time it was available and then for only a brief spell.

There were several parts of the hogs that we didn't eat, but gave to the hired help. One Negro who worked for us had a generic term for some of those internal organs, disdained by whites but esteemed highly by his race; "plucks" was the word and I never heard it used by anyone else. Years after the hog-killing days I looked up the word "pluck" and learned that one definition was, "An animal's heart, liver, and lungs, used for food."

After the hams and shoulders (we called them "joints") were cut out and trimmed of fat, they were laid out to chill during the late night hours and the next day were "salted down" - placed in a big wooden box and packed with coarse salt, where they were left for several days, the exact time depending upon weather conditions. After being removed from the salt, they were hung up in the meat house, which we always called "smoke-house." The next process was smoking. This was accomplished by burning under the joints, in a metal container set up on bricks, either hickory bark or clean corn cobs. This was continued for four or five days, varied according to conditions of humidity. The smoke penetrated more deeply in damp weather than in dry.

After the smoking period the hams and shoulders were put in heavy cotton bags, each fastened tightly by tying each sack in two places with heavy twine, with a small piece of cob between the two knots. The hams were taken down in a couple of weeks, and each was given a heavy coating (on the meat side)

of pepper and sugar made into a heavy paste and applied with a wooden paddle. Then the hams were rewrapped and hung up until ready for cooking, usually for a year or two unless the gastronomical urge or the economic pressure to sell overwhelmed us before that period of time elapsed.

The fat from three 250-pound hogs, if they were extremely fat at slaughter time, would produce a couple of 50-pound cans of lard, ample for our family for the entire year. The fresh sausage was packed in long cotton sacks and lasted us almost two months. A small amount was usually fried in cakes, packed in tin cans (quart size), and sealed inside the can top with a coat of lard. These were opened in early spring and enjoyed with the first lettuce and onions, usually served with hard boiled eggs.

Also enjoyable after hog killing were the backbones and spareribs, along with which we always had sauerkraut from a big keg in the cellar. The side meat from the fat hogs was mostly used for cooking with cabbage or beans, and a portion of it was sold. The jowls were considered by most of our friends as ideal for cooking with greens, but we didn't serve greens (kale, mustard, turnip greens, et cetera) very often and preferred cooking with hambone when it was available. The hog heads we always passed along to the colored help. We did the same with the feet, as Mother considered pickling pigs' feet too much trouble for the food value.

All in all, I would have to say that rural hog killing was one of the significant customs of the years that are gone and, despite the long hours of hard work, was generally considered an important event in the lives of country folk.

Each year as autumn progressed with cool, frosty nights, our hunting and trapping season began. We had an old single-barrel shotgun that Dad had bought for two dollars. Almost every day we would shoot rabbits in the rocky, weedy portions of the fields in our immediate neighborhood. When we came into possession of the shotgun, I was only about twelve years old and too small to operate the twelve-gauge gun, which had a terrific recoil, "kick," as we termed it. I was content to go along with Claude and "scare up" the rabbits and carry the game, but after about a year I began to fire the gun. For most of my first season I confined my shots to such game as I could find sitting. There was a stigma attached to shooting "settin'" rabbits, but I didn't allow that to deter me from taking every advantage possible of cottontails. Ammunition was expensive; a box of twenty-five 12-gauge shells cost about sixty cents, and three shells cost a dime, as we more often bought them. At such times as I was able to kill more rabbits than we needed for our table, I would sell the extras to a colored woman who did our laundry. She would pay me ten cents, or if I had as many as three I gave her a rate of three for a quarter. After considerable shooting experience I began firing at rabbits as they ran and found it not too difficult to realize a profit from expending three and one-third-cent shells at ten-cent rabbits.

One day after I had acquired reasonable accuracy, I found a bunny "at rest" under a tiny cedar bush. The ground was rocky and some good throwing-size rocks were available. I considered my throwing ability - I had on several occasions killed rabbits with rocks. I cocked the gun and was ready to

shoot in case I missed with the stone. I picked up a couple of rocks, and while holding my gun and one rock in my left hand, I delivered my pitch, which struck the rabbit in the head. A three and one-third-cent shell had been saved. The kidding from my friends didn't bother me, as I was proud of my prowess in this particular activity - the only one, incidentally, in which I was ever able to excel. By the way, my reason for picking up two stones was that I had learned from experience that a rabbit did not usually run instantly when thrown at and missed, but only settled down for a few seconds before taking off, which allowed time for the second throw.

Our trapping was confined to setting "dead falls" for rabbits. Such a trap was baited with a piece of apple stuck on a trigger which extended under a flat stone propped up on a set of triggers in a figure four arrangement. We would set five or six such traps in rocky thickets near our home and would catch possibly two or three rabbits a week during the season from November on into the winter. In one of these dead falls we caught a skunk. This was not our intention, as skunks were the most obnoxious of "varmints." The pelts were valuable, but the odor was not only vile but of enduring strength. We did manage, with the aid of a colored boy, to get the skunk skinned and later took the pelt to town, where we were paid something like a dollar, as I recall: a small remuneration for such an experience. On another occasion we caught a small opossum. We had been told that some people ate these small marsupials, but we were unable to persuade our mother to cook this one.

Our favorite fishing spot in Dix River was just below the waterworks dam, about a mile and a half from our place. Where the water came over the dam and poured into a low place in the river, the water was covered by foam. We would drop our lines in this area and oftentimes caught quite a few new-lights and sun perch, and an occasional black bass. About two hundred yards downstream from the dam, Clark's Run emptied into the river. This was a small stream and shallow, where we would wade and catch our minnows. We used a small seine - a "gunny sack" opened and fastened to two sticks about three feet long. We would start out on these excursions early in the morning and take a lunch with us. Walking the mile and a half carrying our impedimenta, then seining the minnows would produce an urge for the sandwiches, boiled eggs, et cetera, and before fishing long we would attack the lunch.

Usually we would fish until late afternoon before starting for home. This return trip was the most strenuous part of the day's activities. To get from the river bank to the top of the cliff, it was necessary to climb a long flight of steps from the waterworks pump station. I don't recall the number of steps, though I counted them many times as I dragged my tired limbs to the top. I would guess the height to have been about 120 feet, which, allowing seven inches for each step, would be over 200 steps. After we reached the top of the steps, we had more than a mile to walk and the first quarter mile was uphill, so by the time we arrived at home we had lost all desire for another fishing trip. I recall one particular trip, our most successful, when we weighed our string of fish and

found we had caught four and a half pounds.

There was a method of fishing in Dix River which they called "spodging." The instrument used was a barbed metal hook fastened on the end of a stick about four feet long. The fisherman would wade into the river and probe under the large rocks on the bottom. After feeling the fish (usually a mud cat) he would poke the hook under, fasten it into the quarry, and pull him out. This method appealed to only a few rugged individuals, but as I recall they caught great numbers of catfish which were generally of large size. Sometimes following a heavy rain, when the river was high and swift, some fishermen would use "dip nets." These nets were about three feet in diameter and fastened to a wooden frame attached to a handle about eight or ten feet long. The fishermen operated from the shore. Dix River was only about fifty yards wide and followed a channel between rather steep and high cliffs. In summer the water was usually low, and some places it was possible to walk across the rocks, while in some deep holes the water was ten to fifteen deep. A sudden heavy rain would bring a rush of muddy water and "drift," - logs, small bits of bark, et cetera.

Most of the fishing, sportwise, in Dix River was when the water was low, when the town sportsmen would use sophisticated equipment - bamboo or steel rods, Meeks or other high-priced reels, fancy lures, spoons, plugs, et cetera. These fellows were after black bass, called "jumpers" by the local fishermen. Owing to the scarcity of money, our fishing gear was rather primitive, consisting of ten-cent cane poles about ten feet long and lines made of twisted cotton thread. Our corks were

exactly that - corks out of bottles. We were content with this equipment until we began to observe that the fishermen out from town were using tackle that enabled them to cast out to the middle of the river. As we watched one of these experienced fishermen, who, with a very slight motion of the wrist, would drop his line far out in the stream, we were mightily impressed and began to wonder if it would ever be possible for us to possess such extraordinary paraphernalia. We realized that these modern rods cost several dollars each, and one of the slick-running reels we had heard would cost about eight bucks.

These prices were so far beyond our reach that we had about decided to continue with our rude equipment, when we found an ad in a magazine offering reels at the surprisingly low price of twenty-five cents each. From the description we were convinced the reels would perform almost as well as the one we had watched being manipulated by the city guy. Another problem was getting rods suitable for the new reels; they would not work on the long cane poles. For some reason we did not think of cutting the cane poles down to the proper length, but instead we found some straight saplings that seemed to be the answer. The reels were ordered, and when they arrived we stripped the bark from the saplings and affixed the reels with copper wire. We managed to get to town, where we spent some of our limited cash for line guides, which we fastened to the poles with wrapping cord (obtained by raveling out the stitching from a flour sack). The job looked complete, but to our disappointment the rods warped - from having the bark removed - and were too crooked to operate successfully.

The cheap reels with our clumsy cotton lines, instead of running smoothly and noiselessly, required such a violent fling that the minnow was detached from the hook. The whole project was a failure, and we had to return to our cane poles for further piscatorial adventures.

We would have done well to follow the example set by our grandfather and our uncles, who had never owned any fancy tackle, but were highly successful using long cane poles which they cut from the cane brakes along the Kentucky River. They scorned the use of reels, whittled their corks from red cedar, wove their lines from thread, and chopped their sinkers off lead musket balls. The only items they bought were the metal hooks.

The school situation in those days was, of course, vastly different from that of the present time, 1974. The town school districts usually included all territory within a half mile of the city corporation limit, and all children living in the district could attend the town common school free. Those living outside the district could attend the city schools, but were required to pay tuition. In Danville, in addition to the common free school, were two select or private eight-grade schools, which charged tuition. At first the only schools there teaching beyond the eighth grade were Centre College Academy on Walnut Street and Hogsetts Academy on Maple Avenue where the junior high is now. Both charged tuition to pupils living either in town or out. There was also a junior college, Caldwell College, for girls and also for boys up to the sixth grade. The first free school in Danville to include ninth through twelfth grades was Broadway School, which graduated its first twelfth-grade class in 1912. By 1909 the annual term of the city schools had been increased to nine months, from September to May.

The one-room rural schools were distributed over the county about four or five miles apart. On each road leading out of Danville, three or four miles from town, was a free common school which held a five-month term each year, starting in July. These country schools were of the one-room type and taught primary through eighth grade. Tuition was free to all pupils in the district, but most of the parents of the affluent class chose to send their youngsters to the town schools, paying the tuition and supplying transportation by the horse

and buggy method. Occasionally one of the country schools would organize a spring term of three months by hiring a teacher who would instruct any pupil whose parents would pay a monthly fee of about two dollars. At our school, Walnut Hill, it was seldom possible to have a spring term, for the reason that most of the parents whose children attended the regular sessions were either unable to pay the monthly fee or were not interested in giving their offspring the extra instruction.

The one-room country schools were discontinued one by one as the counties began building consolidated schools and inaugurated the school bus system for conveying the pupils to and from the new schools. As the consolidated schools were put in operation, the one-room school properties reverted to the farms from which they had been taken.

Very few if any of those who read these pages will have any knowledge of the one-room school as it existed about the beginning of the century. The one we attended at Walnut Hill from 1901 to 1905, and where I continued to 1908, was probably similar to all others in Central Kentucky. The building was about fifty feet long and twenty feet wide with three rows of desks, except that a portion of the center row space was occupied by the stove and its utensils: coal bucket, shovel, and poker.

The entrance door was at the rear, and on a shelf near it was the drinking water bucket with its community dipper. At the other end of the room the floor was elevated by an eight-inch step to the "rostrum" with the teacher's desk in the center and behind that a chair. The blackboard covered

the end wall starting about two feet from the floor and reaching a height of about six feet. There was another board - of the same height but less than half as long - fastened to the wall on the north side of the room. Some of the erasers were modern "store-bought" type, but most were rectangular blocks of wood to which pieces of sheep wool were fastened with carpet tacks. When these were rubbed across the board, the tack heads produced a squeaking sound. These antiquated erasers were avoided by the most sensitive pupils, but seemed to be preferred by those of a more phlegmatic nature and those having the most need for erasers.

Also on the platform or rostrum were two charts. One was for the instruction of the younger pupils in the first mysteries of the English language. The other chart depicted the various parts of the human anatomy. Many were the hours we spent tracing the journey of blood to and from the heart and trying to commit to memory the names of more than a hundred bones, exclusive of teeth.

The larger pupils occupied the higher seats to the rear of the room, while the smaller kids were seated nearer the front. The desks and seats were all fastened to the floor. Extending across the room near the rostrum was the "recitation bench." As each class was called, the members would come forward and seat themselves there for recital.

All through my years in county schools, Ray's arithmetic books were used - primary, elementary, and practical (third part). Harvey's Grammar was used in those years, and I had plenty of opportunity to get acquainted with its contents.

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In the lower grades (although they were not called "grades" but "First Reader," "Second Reader," et cetera) I remember one little boy who went through one entire term of school studying only a spelling book. I never knew why he had no reader; it was probably because his parents wouldn't buy it.

At Walnut Hill each pupil beyond the Second Reader used a copybook. These copybooks were about eight by eleven inches and contained one hundred lined pages. On the top line of each page was a copy in bold Spencerian handwriting. At a certain time each day the students devoted about thirty minutes to filling in the blank lines with their best efforts to reproduce the copy. These copy lines often consisted of maxims - "Waste not, want not" and similar aphorisms calculated to inculcate habits of honesty, industry, and thrift. I doubt that these exercises did a great deal to develop correct penmanship, and whether the admonitions were of any permanent influence upon character development is likewise subject to conjecture.

At the time I started to school in 1899, the old McGuffey readers were used. They had brown covers. About 1901 or 1902 came the new McGuffey readers with pale green covers and with contents considerably changed, but many of the stories and poems of the old were retained in the new. At the time some of the county schools in Kentucky changed from McGuffey to Baldwin, but Boyle County continued with McGuffey readers. Garrard County, I heard later, adopted Baldwin.

Since the days of McGuffey readers much has been written to compare them with readers used in later years. I have no recollection of the readers used by my children or those used by my grandchildren, but still have memories of the McGuffey

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series of nearly seventy years ago. They not only were intended as text for teaching pupils to read, but also were designed to inculcate the virtues of honesty, industry, frugality, and thrift. Their stories and poems were replete with exemplification of these characteristics. Since it is unlikely that the readers of these chronicles will ever see a Third, Fourth, or Fifth McGuffey Reader, mention of a few passages will provide some idea of the contents of those ancient pages.

One poem entitled "We are Seven," in the Third Reader, contained lines that went like this:

Two of us at Conway dwell
And two have gone to sea;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my Mother.

(These lines we invariably read as though the comma had been placed after the "I." This error was made because "I" was at the end of the line.) Another of the Third Reader poems was Tennyson's "Sweet and Low: " "Low, low, breathe and blow, wind of the Western Sea."

One prose story was "The Echo," concerning a small boy who scolded the echo and received his answer in the same tone. "The Contented Boy" was a lad who, when offered a gratuity by a man whom he had befriended, refused to accept. The man insisted, explaining, "But your shoes are worn out. Let me buy you a new pair."

The answer: "I have a better pair at home."

The man went on to say, "As you are working here in the field, don't you get hungry?"

Answer: "If I do I root up a turnip and eat it."

"But if there are no turnips?"

"Then I work on and never think about it."

There was more to this colloquy, but this gives the principle involved.

There was the story of Charles and Rob: as Rob was chopping wood Charles decided "to hinder Rob for awhile." "Don't you hate splitting wood?"

"No, I rather like it. When I get hold of a tough old fellow, I say, 'you think you are the stronger and are going to beat me, but I'm going to cut you up into kindling wood.'"

"Pooh, it is only a stick of wood." Charles expressed the wish that he could fall asleep and wake up a rich young man or a bank clerk.

Rob's rejoinder: "I am not sleepy. I too expect to be a bank clerk someday, but I intend working toward it."

After a few more remarks the story ended with the question, "Which of these boys do you think grew up to be a successful businessman and which joined a party of tramps before he was twenty?"

The Fourth Reader got right down to cases with the first lesson - "Perseverance," a prose account of a boy's efforts to get his kite airborne. Success followed several attempts. The next lesson was a very inspiring poem entitled "Try, Try Again:" "If at first you don't succeed," etc. The next success story was "Waste not, want not." It told of a thrifty youth

who providently saved a string instead of cutting it to open a package. The next day when his bowstring broke during a contest, he was prepared for the exigency and won the match!

One poem, "Sailor's Consolation," was an ironic tale of a sailor's specious delineation during a sea storm of the dangers faced "by folks on shore tonight." A very pathetic poem entitled "Which shall it be?" concerned the impecunious parents of five children. The parents were in a quandary as to which one of the siblings they would give to an affluent relative. Some lines went as follows:

Which shall it be, which shall it be?

I looked at John and John looked at me;

Poor patient John who loves me yet,

The same as when my locks were jet.

Later lines, as the various children were being considered:

Poor Dick, bad Dick our wayward son,

Thoughtless, reckless, idle one.

The conference ended with the decision to keep all five.

At the beginning of the Fourth Reader, before the first lesson, was a very dramatic poem intended as a study in elocution. It was entitled "Lord Ullin's Daughter." It was a tear-jerking account of an eloping couple pursued by the irate sire, who with his band of cohorts arrives at the shore in time to see the ferryboat bearing his daughter lose its battle with the waves. Below are some random lines that have stuck in the memory through the years:

"Who be ye to cross Loch Gyle,

This dark and stormy water?"

"I'm the chief of Ulvas Isle

And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

Hard before her father's men

Three days we've fled together,

And should he find us in the glen,

My blood would stain the heather

I'll give you a hundred pounds

To row us o'er the ferry". . . .

"Tis not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady."

With that they shove off into the turbulent stream. Just then the old man arrives, surveys the situation, and breaks into his impassioned plea:

"Come back! Come back!" he cried in grief

Across the stormy water,

"And I'll forgive your highland chief

My daughter! Oh! My daughter."

I can't recall that we ever tried to cope with this poem as an exercise in dramatic reading, but I read it many times for the sheer enjoyment.

Usually pupils were advanced from Fourth Reader to primary U.S. history, but some of the teachers continued the Fourth Reader class members through the Fifth before starting them in history. I did not study the Fifth Reader, but went into primary history from the Fourth Reader. Nonetheless, I read the stories and poems in the Fifth at every opportunity. I can recall "The Brook," by Tennyson: "For men may come and men may go, but I go on forever." On this same theme was another

poem concerning a young purveyor of turnips:

Across the river's swelling tide

He could see the village well;

'Twas there he meant to see his aunt

And there his turnips sell.

He set his basket calmly down

And gazed upon the tide.

His turnips might have gone to seed,

His aunt have passed away;

For still the stream kept flowing on,

Nor has it stopped today.

Both poems testified to the permanence of nature as exemplified by the ceaseless flow of streams.

In addition to assigning us the admonitory passages in the McGuffey readers, our teachers often wrote various maxims and aphorisms on the blackboard for us to memorize. I can still recall several of them:

Count that day lost whose low descending sun views from thy
hand no worthy action done.

Lost yesterday somewhere between sunrise and sunset:

two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes.

No reward is offered, for they are gone forever.

Habit is a cable; we weave a thread of it every day until
at last it is so strong we cannot break it.

Harvey's Grammar also contributed its warnings against evil: "Vice is a monster of so frightful mien that to be hated needs but to be seen." In the long sentences for us to analyze and diagram we were provided with many literary gems by Lord Byron and other famous poets. One sentence I recall

diagraming, with its numerous modifiers was:

With many a weary step and many a groan,

Up the high hill he heaved a huge round stone.

The pupils were not required to keep their studies equalized, but would be moved up to the next reader while going over the same arithmetic lessons year after year. Some kids had difficulty with one subject, but could learn others. Claude was a good history and math student, but could never accomplish a great deal in grammar and spelling. He stopped school after one year of grammar; maybe he would have understood the subject if he had worked on it three years, as I did.

The reason I spent so many years at Walnut Hill was that I didn't have the money to attend Centre Academy when I had covered the grades the first time. I enjoyed school, so I just continued there year after year. It was well that I did, because I had not been overly assiduous in my studies and did not master the course until after several reviews.

I have never regretted the extra time I devoted to the eighth grade, as it gave me a grasp of basic English I would not have had and without which life would have been more difficult. The very special reason I am glad I attended the 1908 term at that little country school is that during that year I met the girl who eight years later became my wife. She also had repeated the eighth grade in country schools.

School "took up" at 8:00 a.m., with a 15-minute recess at 10:00, an hour intermission at 12:00, another brief recess at midafternoon, and dismissal at 4:00 - provided all had gone well. Occasionally the entire "student body" would be penalized for some infraction that involved offenders of uncertain

identity, and that required cross-examination. When only a few pupils had offended, they were usually held over for punishment the following day by being deprived of recess time. The "keeping in after school" was not practiced by many teachers. They were as eager to go home as were the pupils.

In each forenoon, as I recall, would be heard the arithmetic classes - primary, elementary, and advanced. History classes would follow; then the various reader classes, first through fourth. Afternoons were devoted to classes in geography, grammar, and language (pronounced "langridge" by most of the class), winding up the day with the two spelling classes. On Friday afternoon we would usually have a "spelling match" and occasionally the recitation of poems.

Recreation at country schools was limited to such activities as "handkerchief" for both sexes, rope-skipping, "red line" or "sheep meat," andy over, foot races, and occasionally marbles or ball. In the 1905 term, when Claude was sixteen and I was thirteen, we had an enrollment of more big boys than usually attended. Among them was one chap who was especially interested in organizing a ball team. I can recall six of the boys who were sixteen or older and about the same number from sixteen down to eleven or twelve, so we proceeded to round up as much equipment as we could. A ball was made by wrapping cord around a marble and sewing it to prevent unraveling. I managed to get to town, where I bought a catcher's mitt for a dime (it was made of a substance that was paper simulating leather). Later we acquired a fielder's glove that was actually a kind of leather and cost a quarter. One of the boys, a big husky youth of about

eighteen years, wore a heavy wool cap which he would put on his hand when catching behind the bat.

The bats we used were any pieces of timber we could find remotely similar to a real bat. One was a pick handle which could be swung effectively by the larger players. I came into possession of a shorter and lighter club which was in proportion to my size and physique. The terrain surrounding the school-house was ill-suited to ball games. When the catcher failed to stop the ball delivered by the pitcher, it rolled all the way down the hill to the pike, and when the ball was batted any reasonable distance, it was lost in the weeds. The team on defense consisted of pitcher, catcher, and as many fielders as were available. There were no basemen per se, but the fielders would retire a runner by throwing the ball across his path to the next base, which was called "crossing" him out. This game was called "Town Ball." Each contest was started by the "choosing up" between two of the larger and more proficient players - each choosing players until they had selected every kid who was big enough to contribute even to a minute degree. The noon intermission of an hour gave us time to eat our lunches hurriedly and have perhaps forty or forty-five minutes for our ball game. Out of this motley group no baseball talent was developed, and after a few weeks interest flagged, and the enterprise was discontinued.

For the term of 1903 we had a very solemn straightlaced man teacher, who boarded at our house. This arrangement complicated matters for Claude and me as we were constantly apprehensive that he would relate to our parents some of our school peccadillos

that would embarrass us.

This teacher had a habit of getting up early each morning, going down to the spring, and washing his face in the cold water. This routine proved to be my undoing. One morning he noticed on the ground near the spring a small wad of tablet paper which he, from some whimsical urge, picked up, opened, and read. It was an impassioned missive addressed to me and signed by a small girl in my class. One might think that any man old enough to teach school would have thrown the note away and ignored the matter, but not this character; he put the note in his pocket and took it to school. At noon that day when the other pupils were dismissed, we were kept inside for the inquisition. He proceeded to lecture us until we were almost in tears. It seemed that the note made mention of marriage. He asked the little girl if she was not ashamed to try to take me away from my mother. I can't remember any of the note's contents but only remember this fact having been brought out in the cross-examination. I was surprised that the teacher could decipher the message. It was not the first note I had received from this young inamorata, and I always found her writing difficult. After this nipping of our budding romance, we continued in school together, sans further amour, until she went away to boarding school three years later.

During all our years at Walnut Hill school the county school superintendent was the same man, a lawyer in Danville, who usually made one or two visits each term to the school and, I presume, to the other rural schools of the county. These occasions were always considered somewhat of a joke by the

kids, as this man always went through the same routine. He would invariably select some one of the boys, and, addressing him as "Ed," would ask the question, "What do you go to school for?" Then, before the embarrassed youth could recover his equanimity and give any sort of reply, the superintendent would answer his own question by tapping himself on the head and saying, "To learn how to think - make your brain grow." His next question would be, "Who knows how to spell 'supersede'?" I can recall no remarks but these.

He had a throat condition that caused him to talk in a hoarse tone, almost a loud whisper. In spite of this handicap he pursued his law practice and managed to make the necessary speeches to the jury. There was a joke told relative to his electioneering trips through the county. He was said to have knocked on one door, and when it was opened by the lady of the house (women had no vote then), he said in his hoarse whispering tone, "Is your husband at home?" She is supposed to have said, likewise in a whisper, "no, come on in."

About 1904 we had a neighbor boy about my age who was addicted to Wild West magazines and cheap detective stories. Mother was very particular as to our reading matter, and there was an embargo against the class of literature preferred by our new friend. He understood the situation and refrained from expressing in Mother's presence his predilection for adventure stories.

Claude and I had not sampled that sort of reading, having been restricted to The Youth's Companion and The American Boy, and also The Peoples Home Journal, to which I sold subscriptions in the neighborhood along with my soap and extract business. When exposed to the lurid contents of our friend's literary selection, we were enchanted and began reading the supply he had on hand. The problem was how to bring the verboten material into the house without the risk of detection. But we solved this by setting up our library in the loft of the small log stable, which was never used except for storage for a few odds and ends that no one was likely to need. We could sneak one book at a time upstairs to our room without too much danger and hide it there for reading at night.

One day when I was getting ready to start to town, I had a detective story book wrapped up in the buggy robe. Just as I started out the back door, the book fell out on the floor, where it was pounced upon by Marguerite, who held it up for Mother's inspection. Since there is always a reluctance to remember unpleasant events, I can't recall the exact result of the exposure, but I remember to this day the title of the book. It was entitled Old Quartz.

We would buy these books for ten cents each and trade them in at five cents each on the purchase of another book. Our interest in this type of reading matter didn't endure; thus we escaped pollution, a word not used often in 1904.

In the days long before the advent of radio and television with the soap operas, some women were said to be addicted to "them old yellow-back novels" and thus to neglect their household duties. I have never known where the term "yellow-back" originated, as I don't recall ever seeing a novel with a yellow cover. When I was about thirteen, we had a hired girl who was an avid reader of cheap novels, and I started reading one called Madolin Rivers. I had it secreted upstairs in my room. I would go up there and read this lurid tale for maybe an hour and become so "shook up" that I would go down and walk around in the yard until I had regained my composure before returning to the fearsome narrative. Somehow I can't remember the author of Madolin Rivers - it might have been Charlotte M. Breame - it was about her style. However, it is not to be confused with LENA Rivers, which was by Mary J. Holmes. I read Mary J.'s Tempest and Sunshine when I was convalescing from measles at the age of ten. The hired girl mentioned was looking after Mother, who was ill, and I remember hearing her read aloud to Mother from a novel called Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. Somehow I can't think of the author - but I do know that St. Elmo, read about the same time, was by Augusta Evans. This story was running then in a cheap magazine called Comfort. The maid brought copies from her home.

The most popular magazine of that time was The Cosmopolitan,

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often referred to by the more sophisticated as "the sexmopolitan." The stories were illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, James Montgomery Flagg, Harrison Fisher, and Gibson. Fisher and Gibson also put out illustrated books "glorifying the American Girl." Fisher's were in color, Gibson's in pen and charcoal. My first efforts to draw were lead pencil copies of the Fisher Girls. The stories in The Cosmopolitan were by Robert W. Chambers, Joseph Hergesheimer, David Graham Phillips, and a few other writers of that time.

At the time of my brother Jimmie's birth in 1907 we were getting a magazine called Good Literature put out by Lupton Publishing Company. It carried a story entitled "Adrian Leroy." Our parents had decided to name the new arrival James, for his paternal grandfather, but had no suggestion for a middle moniker, so they left the choice to us. The name Adrian was Claude's choice.

The only access we had to comedy, except for the colored comic pages, consisted of several books such as Peck's Bad Boy and two by a writer named Jackson, one titled Slow Train through Arkansas, the other Through Missouri on a Mule. There was also a publication called Uncle Billy's Whiz-bang. I don't know whether it consisted of only one book or was a series. I recall seeing only one copy, which was actually one too many, as its humor was of the lowest type.

Occasionally we would come into possession of other books. We read most of Cooper's works and a few novels by Mary J. Holmes, Etta W. Pierce, Emma D.E.N. Southworth, Charlotte M. Braeme, Augusta J. Evans, Charles Garvice, and a few others of about

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the same class. Mrs. Green, one of our closest friends, let us have John Fox, Jr.'s Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. It was years before we caught up to his other novels. Somewhere we came into possession of Washington Irving's Sketch Book, with the story of Rip Van Winkle and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." One time about 1900, we brought home from school a copy of Hawthorne's Mosses from an Old Manse, but were too young to get a great deal from it. About 1902 one of our teachers gave us Gulliver's Travels and Creasy's Battles.

As early as 1903 or thereabout we had read Aesop's Fables at our grandfather's home at such times as we visited him. He also had a couple of big books pertaining to the Spanish-American War. These books were no doubt bought by him in response to sales pressure of some agent who had learned in advance that he was the father of one Welburn Watts, who had lost his life in the Philippines a few years before.

It was as late as 1912 that I obtained a copy of the sensational Three Weeks, by Elinor Glyn, which I kept hidden and would read surreptitiously in my room. Along about then we began to get books from the Danville Library. I went through most of the works of Myrtle Reed, Robert W. Chambers, and others who were popular at that time. About 1912 I read books by George Barr McCutcheon, Harold Bell Wright, Zane Grey, Rex Beach, Oliver Curwood, and Jack London. It was in 1914 that I bought as a birthday gift for my girl The Eyes of the World, by Wright, but after taking it home and looking through it, I decided it was not exactly suitable for her, took it back, and exchanged it for a leatherbound copy of Byron's poems.

At the time we were reading The American Boy, Theodore Roosevelt was president, and this publication often carried items about his sons, Archie, Theodore, Jr., Kermit, and Quentin. They were only a few years older than we were at the time, and their exploits were of interest to us, especially because their activities involved sports such as we enjoyed vicariously but never hoped to experience in reality.

The snow today, as I write these lines, reminds me of similar weather during the days of my boyhood, not that I enjoyed snow sports and other outdoor activities in winter; the fact is that I was seldom allowed out of the house in cold weather until I was about twelve years old. As I recall, it was around that period that my father made us a sled. Alongside our yard was a rather steep hillside with grass and fairly smooth going, except for a few ledges of limestone sticking out of the ground. On one of my trips down the slope with both hands grasping the sides of the sled, my descent was too near one of the ledges and my hand made contact with the stone. A considerable amount of skin was scraped off. This put a stop to my coasting for that day, but by the time another snow fell, I had recovered and was back at it again. The colored woman who worked for us lived nearby and had a boy about my age who occasionally stopped by to join in the sport, which he referred to as "dustin'!"

Speaking of snow, the winter of 1935-36 was a rough one, especially in January and February. The snow remained on the highways so long that many blacktop roads broke through and

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became impassable until repaired. Back in 1917 was the worst weather I ever experienced. We were living in Junction City. The snow started on December 10 and I believe it remained on the ground until some time in February; it was not the same snow, but the supply was replenished from time to time before the ground was visible. It was that winter that the aurora borealis (northern lights) was visible from Central Kentucky, so brilliant in red and gold that many people were alarmed until told just what it was they were observing.

Between the Berkley place and Danville were two ponds, a small one just at the town limits and another, approximately 150 yards in diameter, about a mile out. Skaters from town would come out to these ponds for ice skating. The large pond remained the same size for years, but finally dried up completely. The smaller pond was drained out through a culvert and down the valley on the opposite side of the pike. Years later, in 1927, I bought the lot and built a gas station with the posts at the rear end of the building set where the pond had been. In 1932 when we returned from California, I had a cottage built where the gas station had stood.

We never owned ice skates, but would sometimes skate on small patches of ice when they were available. One day when a hard rain had been followed by a sudden freeze, we found an ice-covered space about the size of an average room. After a few slides across the ice my feet flew from under me, and the back of my head struck the ice. I immediately retired from action, but Claude continued while poking fun at me for my lack of hardihood and courage. Suddenly he went into a spin and,

after a struggle to hold his feet, fell in a twist, landing in a strange position with the side of his face hitting the ice. He was in great pain and being too big to cry, took refuge in profanity. Anyway, it ended the skating for then. The first and only time I ever tried to skate on ice skates, I was about nineteen. I sat down, strapped the skates on and then was not able to get up off the ground until I removed the skates.

During our eight years at the old stone house property Claude and I went through about all of the experiences peculiar to the average country boys of that time and locality. We experimented with smoking various substances from corn silks to life everlasting. The latter was a weed that could be found in any stubble field after grain had been harvested. It grew up in a straight stalk, and the leaves were brown and curly after the first frost. Very few of the young fellows with whom I was closely associated smoked cigarettes or drank liquor at that time, although some of them took up the habits later in life. I never knew just when Claude began smoking regularly, but it was after he left home. He continued the habit as long as he lived, to almost eighty-three.

As boys Claude and I didn't contract the cigarette habit, although we would indulge in an occasional "fag" when away from home. We always wondered how our cousin Wilmore Watts could "get away with" smoking regularly and carrying "the makings," but so far as we knew he had no difficulty with his parents as a result of his habit. We would try tobacco cigarettes only on occasions when we were away from home overnight, as we knew the tobacco smoke odor would certainly be detected by our mother or by Marguerite, who developed the attributes of a detective at a very tender age.

One day we found an old pipe that had been discarded with a small amount of tobacco inside. We lighted this and took a few puffs before throwing the pipe away. As soon as we returned to the house Marguerite exclaimed, "I smell a nigger's pipe." Dad was a tobacco chewer but the only pipes she had smelled

had belonged to the colored workhands.

On one of our trips to Jessamine County, Claude and I stopped at a country store and bought some cigars - Old Virginia Cheroots, which came three in a wrapper for five cents. Claude puffed away on the first cheroot as we drove along, and I took an occasional small draft. When we stopped at a village near Camp Nelson to buy cherries, Claude stepped out of the surrey and had to lean against the gatepost to keep from falling. He broke out in a sweat and was nauseated for an hour or more. He had smoked a few cigarettes before, but that was his first encounter with a cigar.

One boy of my age with whom I went to school was an inveterate cigarette smoker. One evening I went home with him for the night, and as soon as we were out of sight of my house I lit up one of his cigarettes - which he had rolled for me, as I had not mastered the art at that time. I was not content to puff and blow the smoke out, but proceeded to inhale a sizeable draft. The result was, to my consternation, extremely painful, and the sore throat continued for hours. This experience was well worth the pain, as it broke me of inhaling, and I don't recall ever trying it again.

When I was almost thirty I smoked cigarettes occasionally but did not get the habit; this was simply because I didn't inhale. After cigarettes became such a predominant habit, nobody ever mentioned the possibility of smoking cigarettes without inhaling, although practically no pipe smokers inhale. For the last five or six decades the custom of drawing cigarette smoke down into the deeper recesses of the lungs has become

a fetish - a symbol of sophistication. This is the practice that has caused lung cancer and emphysema.

The alarm expressed in the 1950's relative to health damage from cigarettes was not the first public opposition to cigarette smoking. Early in this century, when cigarettes first appeared, there existed considerable hostility toward them, although pipe and cigar smoking had been in vogue since the days of Sir Walter Raleigh and was accepted as a normal and more or less harmless habit. About a year ago I noticed in a newspaper the slang term "coffin nails" for cigarettes. This reminded me that this term, which is probably considered new slang, is really quite old. I can remember hearing a country cousin use the expression in about 1903. It failed to catch on however, and I can't recall hearing it again until recently.

The first objection to cigarettes was voiced by middle-aged and older persons who observed that the members of the younger generation, who had evinced little interest in pipes or cigars, were taking up the new invention with extraordinary avidity. Until the advent of machine-made cigarettes, most of the boys we knew started smoking and rolling their own from Duke's Mixture or Bill Durham tobacco and cigarette papers, which were furnished with each sack of tobacco. The first machine-made cigarettes were Sweet Caporals, which appeared on the market about 1900. Later came Turkish Trophies, which came in a flat case holding twelve and I think sold for fifteen cents. Fatimas came along about that time.

Machine-made cigarettes were more expensive than Duke's Mixture and free papers, but also were more convenient, and

for this reason the habit spread rapidly. Parents began to notice the yellow fingers on the hands of youths who were becoming addicted to this obnoxious habit. In fact the term "cigarette fiend" was becoming current in conversation, and the social stigma was being more widely recognized. When a young man applied for a starting position with a bank or mercantile establishment he could expect to be asked if he smoked cigarettes. If his answer was in the affirmative, or if the telltale yellow fingers were visible, his chances for the job were just about nil.

In the early days cigarettes were not primarily opposed as being deleterious to health, but the stigma attached to their use was an intangible, imponderable impression that anyone who used them was headed for failure and ruination. I am inclined to the belief that this attitude derived from the fact that cigarettes were first adopted by the young generation, while oldsters expressed their disapproval just as they have of many other innovations, some of which had been entirely innocuous. At that time very few men over thirty switched their smoking from pipes to cigarettes. I can remember when it was unusual to see a cigarette in the mouth of a middle-aged man, but as the early smokers advanced in age and were joined by others, the sight of an old man smoking a cigarette caused no surprise but was considered perfectly normal.

Many were the quaint expressions in vogue in those so-called good old days, especially in rural areas. For instance, several different terms were used in discussing the various stages of courtship. The casual dating of a boy and girl was usually termed "going with," or "keeping company." In a case where there was evidence of intentions that might lead to matrimony, the young man was said to be "waiting on" Miss So-and-So. The term "going with" signified an association that was of some duration but was considered an innocuous relationship, while "running around with" had connotations of the "primrose path of dalliance." "Sparking" or "spooning" was applied to the mechanics of courtship and was current before the offensive term "necking" had come into vogue. "Wooing" was a term used only in poetizing or in the most sentimental novels.

In the horse and buggy days young men customarily pursued their amorous activities within a few miles of home, but occasionally one would venture to a neighboring town in search of feminine companionship. These romantic expeditions into alien territory often resulted in such indignities by the local swains as were calculated to discourage outside competition. Oftentimes a buggy whip or robe would disappear when the horse was left hitched in a dark area. Occasionally a jealous individual would cut the harness or loose the horse from his hitchpost. Another strategem was to loosen a nut on one wheel of the buggy, thus causing the wheel to come off the spindle when the vehicle was set in motion.

In the early years in Kentucky there was an almost invariable custom of contracting marriages between couples living in the same geographic area, and many marriages were confined to the same neighborhood. An example in the Peel family is the generation of my grandfather, James Peel, who was born in Garrard and was married in about 1850 to Emily Burton, likewise a native of Garrard. Their eldest son, born in Garrard, was married about 1878 to Emma Ford, of the same section of Garrard, more than likely on a nearby farm. After the family moved to Hanly, Jessamine County, Aunt Cordia was married to John Willis, of the Mount Lebanon section - about twelve miles from Hanly, but met him probably while teaching at a school nearer his home. Hugh, my father, was married to my mother, Annie Watts, who lived a couple of miles away. Uncle Charles was married to Rose Wearren of Garrard, but this came about during a time when Charles and his mother's family lived for a brief spell at Kirksville, Garrard County. Uncle Tom, who married late in life, found his wife about 1909 in Champaign, Illinois, to which state he and Charles had emigrated many years before. Aunt Rhoda, while living with her mother near Sulphur Well, was married to Tom House, of Logana, ten miles away.

Continuing with the next generation, Uncle McKee's oldest daughter, Ann, was married to Bruce Leet, who lived just over the line in Fayette, about three or four miles away. Josephine was married to Dan Carpenter, of the Wilmore area, possibly ten miles away. Howard, while he lived in Jessamine near the Fayette line, was married to Della Overstreet of Lexington, five or six miles from his home. Maggie, after they moved to

Wilmore, was married to John Derringer of the same section of the county. Aunt Cordia Willis's daughter, Mary, was married to Leonard Wood, also of the Mount Lebanon section. Burton Willis's wife was from the same area. The same is true of the wives of Blaine, Herbert, and Elmer. Uncle Charles's two daughters were married in Illinois, where they were born.

Our family was living in Boyle when Claude was married to Gertrude Prather, from the Perryville area, about twelve miles from our place. I was married in 1916 to Bess Prudence Rogers, who had moved into our neighborhood in 1908, when I saw her for the first time. Marguerite, while attending the University of Kentucky, met and was married to Palmer C. Talbutt of Lexington. James Adrian, who emigrated to Springfield, Ohio, in 1929 met and was married to Laura Cramer of that city.

The Watts family stuck close to Jessamine County all the way. Grandfather Watts was married to all three wives in that county. The preregrinations of his oldest son, Jason, took him to Missouri, and none of his family ever heard anything relating to his marital status. Aunt Cordia Watts was married to a cousin who lived at Watts Mill, two miles from her home. As my mother had married a man from her own neighborhood, so did her sister Mary, who married Melvin Carter, who grew up on an almost adjoining farm. Andrew took for his wife Nora Carter, who was distantly related to Melvin and lived less than two miles away. Batie Welch Watts found his bride "across the creek" but still in Jessamine.

In the succeeding generation, the oldest daughter of Aunt Cordia Watts was married to Roy Jennings from across the creek

about six or eight miles away. Nell was married to Herbert Taylor, who lived in Jessamine, but I don't know exactly where. Wilmore was married to Myra Masters, who lived at Sulphur Well. Fred Curley Watts's wife was Allie Hunter, who lived not far away.

Among Aunt Mary's children, Herman was never married and now lives about five miles from his birthplace. I don't recall the name of Roy's wife or where she lived. Fannie was married to Carl Blakeman, who lived in the same section of Jessamine. Dewey Carter married Charles Bowman, who lived on the Wilmore Pike about three miles away. Josephine married James Hanley, of her own neighborhood. Robert was married to Helen Hunter of Jessamine, but moved later to Lincoln County. Uncle Andrew's older son, Ray, married Pearl Sageser, who lived about one and a half miles away on the Watts Mill Pike. Ralph was married to Maria Vanarsall, who was from the north end of the county. Jeanette, the daughter, married Brutus Taylor, a Jessamine native. Bate's daughter was never married. Welburn, several years younger, was married to Kella Dean McQuary of Jessamine County.

In Boyle County most of the marriages in those years were also between local participants. In our immediate neighborhood two marriages were between parties of adjoining farms; four boys in the neighborhood married Garrard County girls; two married girls living less than two miles away; five boys and girls found their mates in Danville.

In Danville quite a number of marriages were between local boys of social and financial status and female students or

teachers at Caldwell College (later Women's Department of Centre). Likewise, many Danville girls of the upper strata "latched on to" Centre students from other counties or states.

Of course the reason marriages in those days were so often restricted to local areas was the limited amount of travel and the fact that so few boys and girls attended schools away from home. Before the advent of automobiles the territory that could be covered by horse and buggy was limited to ten or twelve miles, and proximity being vitally necessary to matrimony, most boys and girls found their mates near home.

After moving to Boyle County we didn't see the Jessamine County relatives very often, as the distance was about fifteen miles to the nearest stop, the home of Grandpa Watts, and at least fifteen more miles to the most distant point of visitation. This was the home of my Aunt Cordia Willis, my father's sister, who lived at Mount Lebanon at the other end of the county. Mount Lebanon was not a town or even a village, but was a neighborhood bearing the name of a country church. The Willis farm lay along the Kentucky River and consisted of a large acreage in the valley, in addition to the hilly area which had to be traveled to reach the home.

In the early autumn of 1904 we drove to Aunt Cordia's home and spent a memorable weekend. We were in a surrey driving a gentle horse, but the latter part of the journey was over hilly terrain, and Mother, who was always expecting some sort of accident or catastrophe, persuaded Dad to walk and lead the horse down the steep hills. The last mile or two led through several farm gates, and the roadway was rough. The visit was full of interesting experiences, including the making of sorghum molasses, an operation we kids had never observed at close range.

The sorghum making was a joint enterprise between the Willis family and the Burtons, whose property was adjacent. The cane used for sorghum was not the same as cane grown in the Deep South and made into sugar and light syrup, but was regular sorghum cane. This cane was cut and hauled to the mill, where it was fed through to crush out the juice. The mill was powered by a horse hitched to a "sweep" (a long pole)

and driven round and round. The juice was put into a large, flat-bottomed container, which was set up on stones with a wood fire underneath. This cooking of the juice was a long, slow process and could not be completed in the daylight hours, but required late evening work. The "stir-off" was usually ten or eleven o'clock and was considered a big event, especially by us kids.

The Willis kids at that time ranged in age from Mary, fifteen, down to the youngest boy, who was about four. Mary was a very quiet girl; Burton, thirteen, was of opposite disposition. Blaine, eleven (one year younger than I), was a well-behaved lad, while Herbert, eight, and Elmer, four, were too young to take part in our outdoor activities. We were playing in a big old barn, and Burton climbed up as high as possible, walked out on a timber, and pretended he was going to jump off. His sister was terrified and implored him to come down, but he remained for a time in the perilous position while enjoying her lamentations. This was only one of Burton's escapades, of which there were many. Aunt Cordia - nicknamed "Taw" by her brothers and sisters - served us old country ham and everything else good in the way of country food. After supper we sat around the big family room until the smaller kids fell asleep on the floor. Then Uncle John, who was the world's most patient man, proceeded to carry them upstairs to bed.

Our visits to our Aunt Cordia Watts, our mother's sister, were more frequent: she lived only a couple of miles from Grandfather, whom we visited several times each year. Uncle Will and Aunt Cordia had a nice home on a farm of about thirty acres. In a pasture they had a lot of sugar maple trees, which was unusual for Kentucky. From these trees they would draw "sugar water" and boil it down into maple syrup. This operation was in late winter just before spring weather. We did not very often make our visits at this time of year, so I didn't see much of the maple syrup process.

We enjoyed visiting Aunt Cordia and Uncle Will, who always seemed glad to have us. Their daughters were older than Claude: Daisy was already married when we began visiting them in 1900. Wilmore was between Claude and me in age. Fred Curley was about eight years younger than Wilmore, so we did not have too much association with him.

Wilmore was very industrious and always managed to have ways of earning money. He grew up at a very early age and was driving his own horse and buggy and doing heavy courting by the time he was fourteen or fifteen. You might say he acquired a lot of rural sophistication from the fact that he associated with fellows older than he. We did not know his wife, as he was married after our Jessamine visiting days.

One visit I recall must have been about 1904. Wilmore went to a neighborhood dance at the home of his uncle, about a mile away. I was too young to attend but Claude, being fifteen, was considered eligible, although he at that time possessed no terpsichorean ability. The last visit there that I remember

was in 1911 when I, with another young chap, drove to Jessamine, spent the night with Wilmore, and went to a party at Hanly on Saturday night. The next day we drove to High Bridge, crossed the Kentucky River on the ferry boat, and drove back via Shakertown to Danville, a distance of about twenty-five miles overall.

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Fred Watts, my grandfather on my mother's side, made us several visits in Boyle County, and we would drive to his place two or three times each year. In 1898 and '99, when we were living near Nicholasville, we had visited him frequently. I remember that on one of our visits in fishing season he went with us to the pond of a neighbor where we caught several fish, then called "new-lights" but now known as "crappies." I learned years afterward that the term "new-light" had been taken from the name of a religious sect that existed in the 1860's.

My first recollection of Grandfather was in 1897, when he visited us at the tollgate house in Boyle County. He always seemed extremely old to us kids. He had a long gray beard and wore high leather boots which caused him to appear to walk stiff-legged. The fact that my parents treated him in a deferential manner also tended to cause us to consider him ancient, although at the time he was only sixty-seven.

Grandfather was born in 1830. I never knew his place of birth, but it was presumably in Jessamine County. He had two brothers, William and Andrew, and one sister, Katherine. William was married to Elizabeth (whose maiden name I never knew) and left four sons, William, Clay, Sinclair, and Herman. My grandfather's brother Andrew, I believe, was never married. Katherine was married to a man named Knight and had one son, who was murdered about 1895.

Fred Watts was married in 1853 to a widow Stanley who had one son, James, by a previous marriage. Her marriage to my grandfather produced one son, Jason, and one daughter, Cordelia. After the death of his first wife my grandfather was

Cordelia

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married to a woman whose name I don't remember, if I ever knew. No children resulted from this second marriage. After the demise of the second wife, he was married in 1863 to Miss Frances Fain. This marriage produced six children, with names and dates of birth as follows: Henry, 1866; Annie, 1870; Mary, 1872, Andrew, 1875; Batie, 1879; Welburn, 1881.

Prior to the War Between the States Grandfather and his brother Andrew owned and operated a flour mill on Little Hickman Creek. The mill was burned by Union soldiers in 1862 as the result of injudicious utterances by the Watts brothers, who were Southern sympathizers and had the temerity to express their sentiments too openly. Grandfather, in relating the story, always claimed his brother Andrew was responsible for the provocative remarks that prompted the destruction of the mill, but I would be inclined to believe that Grandfather might have contributed to the offending comments.

I don't know what became of his brother Andrew after the mill was burned, but Grandfather bought 110 acres of land on the main road, six miles south of Nicholasville. The only house on the farm at the time was a log cabin, which was still standing and being used as a chicken house as late as 1906, when we visited at the farm. Grandfather had a two-story house erected on the farm before moving his family, and it was in this home that his last six children were born and reared. As I first remember him he was retired from active participation in the operation of his farm and was renting his land to two of his sons, Andrew and Bate. Both lived with him, and until Andrew's marriage in 1898, they kept what he called "Bachelors' Hall."

Andrew and his wife, Nora, remained there until about 1901, when they bought a farm about ten miles away on the Sugar Creek Road. Bate continued operating the home farm while he and his father resumed the Bachelors' Hall arrangement. About 1904 Bate took unto himself a wife, one Tulia Brumfield. They made a home for Grandfather until his death in 1910. Andrew and Bate then brought the farm from the estate and divided it, Andrew getting the front portion, including the house. Bate built his house on the rear area of the farm and there lived and reared one daughter and two sons. Andrew, Bate, and their wives are all deceased, and the farms are now owned by their sons.

Grandfather Watts was an unusual character. Physically he was below average height and weighed about 140 pounds. He was very industrious, thrifty, and extremely frugal. The fact that, after the destruction of his mill, he had been successful in paying for his 110-acre farm and new 7-room house, while supporting his family was proof of his industry and frugality.

I can't recall ever hearing anything relative to my grandfather's education or lack thereof, nor do I remember his ever reading or writing. He was a man of sound intelligence and practical reasoning, fair-minded and honest. He was a religious person, a member of a local Methodist church, and always asked the blessing at meals. Although we kids could never make out just what he was saying, we refrained from asking any questions.

He had many quaint expressions; for example, instead of saying he "got rid" of something, he would say he "got clear" of it. He would yell at a dog or cat to "clear out." Many times I heard him say, "I sot thah in my room and saw him go apast

my gate." He pronounced the word "room" almost as if it were "rum." He said "fust" for "first" - something good was "fustrate." In referring to a person who would not work he'd say: "He's no ~~matter~~ account!" A vest he called a "weskit" (waistcoat). He referred to a closet as a "sidepress." In speaking of a person who was in a bad humor, he would say the individual was "wormy." He had a word he used to indicate "several" - he'd say "a passel of dogs" or a "passel of boys"! There is no such word in the dictionary, but it is evidently a mispronunciation of the word "parcel," which can mean a group as well as a package.

Grandpa was not disposed to violence or altercation, but was very easily offended. His voice was naturally high, and for emphasis or when excited he sounded as though angry. His most forcible expletive was "blame it" or "blamed," as an adjective. After his retirement he would often walk up the road to the store and carry a basket of eggs or a few pounds of butter to be traded for sugar, coffee, or Star Navy chewing tobacco. On the way and right alongside the road lived a very disagreeable, gossipy old woman who had, on at least one occasion, made some derogatory remark about Grandpa which had been relayed to him. On one trip as he trudged past her house with his long walking staff, she stuck her head out the window and yelled "Mr. Watts, have you got some butter?" He answered in his high shrill tone, "My butter wouldn't suit you," and continued on his way.

He had one neighbor who was a problem drinker and had the reputation of terrorizing his family from time to time. One day, said Grandpa, he was passing this man's house when suddenly an upstairs window was raised, and the wife climbed

out on the roof of the front porch and screamed for help. Grandpa was definitely not going to get involved in the family argument, so, as he told it, "I jist looked straight ahead and kept awalkin!."

On Grandpa's visits to Boyle County he sometimes drove his horse and buggy; other times he would ride in the mail wagon, which passed his home every morning en route to Lancaster. I would drive from our house and meet him at Camp Dick Robinson when the mail wagon arrived, then take him the remaining five miles. He would always give me a fifty-cent piece and a like sum when I returned him to the mail wagon for his return home.

We kids always looked forward to his visits, as he was a big talker, and his stories would keep us out of bed as late as permitted by our parents. Some of the more exciting of his stories he would repeat from visit to visit, but we never lost interest. We were especially thrilled by the tales of an in-law of his named Marriman Miller, who was without a doubt the world's most cruel man in his treatment of dumb creatures. Grandfather would quote Marriman as he had related to him instances of his inhumane experiences. For example, he told of his handling of a hound that had been guilty of knocking the top off the "slopbucket" (a receptacle wherein the dishwater was poured). Mrs. Miller had mentioned it to her husband. As Marriman related it with great glee, he took the hound with him one day as he rode away on his horse. When he returned without the dog his wife asked, "What did you do with that hound?" His answer: "I traded him off for a horse." He explained

to Grandfather: "I took him back to the top of the cliff and held him out and let him drop, and sir, he spread out like a bird." Marriman also told him that he had heard so much about the hardness of the head of a goat that he decided to try it out by driving a nail into the head of one of his own goats. I don't recall just what the result was; at any rate he made the experiment. On another occasion Marriman deliberately shot and killed a colt which had caused inconvenience to Mrs. Miller. She had told her husband that ^{THE} that colt annoyed her by following when she rode the mare to the country store and had to negotiate several gates along the way.

Grandpa once had a tenant who complained during the winter of being short of funds. Grandpa said: "Out thah in the granary is plenty of corn. Go and get yourself a sack full and take it to mill. It's not cold today so you can sit down thah in the granary and shell it." He was disgusted at the tenant's response when he exclaimed: "Ain't it shelled?"

On one trip to our house he came in his buggy. He had a small black mare that was gentle, and he felt safe driving her even the distance of fifteen miles and back. This being about 1904, automobiles were beginning to make their appearance in the towns, but few of them covered the territory between Danville and Lexington, so he was not greatly disturbed by the possibility of encountering a "mobile" as he called them. He started out fairly early for the return trip, which required about three hours. The next time we saw him he gave us this report, and I quote:

"I was drivin' along jist beyond Curley's distillery when

I turned a bend in the road, and there was a mobile. It was stopped and not makin' any noise, so the little black mare passed without any trouble. Of course, the mobile man led her. The mobile was headed toward Nicholasville, and if they could get it started it was almost sure to catch up with me before I could get home (he had about two and a half miles to go). I kept the little black mare in a trot all the way up the river hill and listened for the mobile. Jist as I passed Charlie Glass's I heard the mobile acomin' and I laid whip! There was a fellow walkin' along the road goin' my way. He hollered, 'Lemme ride.' I sez, 'No time for you to git in; there's a mobile right behind!' I said to myself, 'if I can make it to Tabby Perry's, I can drive in the yard.' The mobile was againin' on me, but I made it. Jist as I turned in Tabby Perry's gate, the mobile went apast jist akitin'."

As do many men who rear large families, Grandfather had experienced disappointments and griefs. He had seen the burial of each of the three wives, the last in 1885, leaving six children, the oldest nineteen years old, the youngest (Welburn) only four. The two daughters, aged fifteen and thirteen, were married during the next four years, leaving the three younger brothers with the father. The oldest son, Jason, had left home at an early age and was never heard from by the family until after his father's death. He showed up to claim his patrimony after the estate had already been divided. I never knew how he fared with the other heirs, but Mother and Dod went further into debt to provide a portion for the "Prodigal Son," who

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departed immediately and was never heard of or from again.

Welburn, Grandfather's youngest child, joined the Army at seventeen and was killed in the Philippines a year later. The next year his body was brought back to the States and interred in Camp Nelson National Cemetery, about a mile from his home. This death was a terrific blow to Grandfather, who was then sixty-eight years old, and his grief hastened his approaching senescence. It had been against his will that the boy joined the Army. Welburn was underage and could ^{not} get his father's consent, but it was said at the time that when he went to enlist, he took with him an older man who testified that the youth was of legal age. Several days afterward when the father learned of the enlistment, he was deeply troubled. In considering what steps to take, he talked the matter over with a very close friend in whose judgement he had great confidence. The friend advised him to take no action to have the enlistment annulled, because Welburn would probably be in no danger, as the Cuban situation was over, and the armed forces would soon be back in the United States. It is my idea that this advisor was familiar with the fact that Welburn had become rather wild and was causing his father some trouble - no doubt they had already discussed the problem - and when his advice was sought, he considered that the enlistment would relieve the father of difficulty, and that the boy would be better off in the army than running around with bad companions as he had been doing. After the tragic news of the boy's death, however, Grandfather was broken up by the fact that he probably could have prevented the loss of his son by making a different decision twelve months before.

In 1900 Danville had a population of about 3500. All establishments selling merchandise were called "stores." The term "shop" was applied only to places operated by barbers and blacksmiths. The "department store," as such, did not exist, but "general merchandise stores" were all that the name implied. They handled everything from clothing to hardware, shoes to harness, groceries to dishes, but it was all in the same room.

In those years prior to the advent of supermarkets there were about fourteen grocery stores in the town: four I remember on Main Street, one on Third, two on Walnut, and several others scattered around the outskirts. In grocery stores of those days very few items were prepackaged. Flour and corn meal were put up in twenty-five pound cotton sacks. Such things as sugar, salt, crackers, beans, and dried fruits were handled in bulk. These items, and countless others, were shipped to the merchants in large wooden boxes or barrels, and when the merchandise was sold to consumers, it was scooped out and weighed in paper bags, called "sacks" or "pokes." Rural stores handled, in addition to food, practically every article that might be required by the local citizenry.

The first ten-cent store in Danville was opened in 1907 and was owned by Tommie McGraw. It was a small affair on Main Street next door to Welsh & Wiseman Department Store. McGraw handled such items as could be sold at the dime limit. The Woolworth chain opened in Danville a few years later but did not restrict its offerings to the limit implied by the title. The first cash and carry market was opened in Danville in 1932 in the building that had housed the first ten-cent store twenty-

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five years before. This cash and carry market was called Piggly Wiggly and was a forerunner to the giant supermarkets that have displaced the grocery stores of years past.

Although today the clothes cleaning and pressing business has attained gigantic proportions in this country, Danville had none until 1905, when the very first cleaning and pressing shop in town was opened on the second floor of a building on Main Street. A few years later the Danville Laundry, an old institution, installed the necessary equipment and added dry cleaning to its laundry service.

Barbers then did more shaving than they do now, as that was before the invention of safety razors and, later, electric razors; most "town fellows" would spend ten cents for a shave rather than go through the process of shaving themselves at home. Getting shaved at the barber shop was a status symbol; also, the luxury of hot towels had a great appeal. In each barber shop was a row of shelves which held the private shaving mugs of the regular customers. Some of these mugs were very ornate affairs, each bearing not only the name of the patron but often also some insignia indicative of his profession or business.

Before electric refrigerators came into use, the ice wagons made their daily rounds, supplying not only the business establishments but also the homes. Each family was given a card about twelve by twelve inches, which was hung out on days when ice was needed. The driver would stop the team, go the rear of the wagon, chip off the size of block indicated on the card, carry it into the kitchen, put it in the icebox, collect the cash or ticket, and resume his rounds. The price was forty

cents per hundred pounds.

It is difficult to understand how any profit could have been derived from such a service; however, the ice plant was on a railway siding where refrigerator cars were set out to be iced, and this operation produced most of the plant's income. After electric refrigeration came along, the Danville ice plant discontinued operation, and the company started handling gasoline and oil. They had also a big coal business, which was impaired by the advent of gas and oil furnaces, and about 1940 the company started bottling and distributing Royal Crown Cola. I suppose this process of business evolution was taking place all over the world.

There were five livery stables in Danville around 1903: one on Main Street where the movie theater is now; one on South Fourth where the new bank was built about 1970; one on Main where the fire department is now located; one on North Fourth about where the Baugh and Garner building was erected years later; another at the southwest corner of Broadway and First Street. Livery stables, because of the combustible material used in their operation, were prone to fires. Of the five such establishments in Danville, four were damaged or completely destroyed by fire.

In the summer of 1906 the stable then operated by John and Booker Reed on South Fourth Street was hit by a fire that occurred about midday. The damage was slight. No horses were burned, as the flames were confined to the front portion of the building. I was in town at the time and joined the crowd that collected. Great excitement prevailed in addition to the

usual fire-fighting activities. When the fire reached a small room above the office, someone threw a bag of poker chips out the window, and they scattered over the sidewalk. An old man who slept in the little room was in a bad humor. After he argued violently with the owner of the building, who seemed to be trying to placate him, a colored boy said something that displeased him and was struck over the head with a big pistol. I don't remember whether or not the old man was arrested. It seemed that most of those in charge knew him and were inclined to overlook his obstreperous conduct because he was not only aged, but was almost completely blind. It was generally known that he had long been operating a poker game in his room.

The stable on Main where the fire department is now located was operated for many years and, so far as I know, never had any fire damage. One that opened on North Fourth opposite the jail some time about 1903 was burned out less than year later, and a number of horses were destroyed. Along about that time Nash (Bunk) Rhaum operated a stable on the corner of East Broadway and First Street where the Coca-Cola building was erected many years later. Rhaum's stable was burned, with the loss of several horses along with the building. The stable on Main where the theater is now was operated for years by B.G. Fox, until the conflagration of February 1914 destroyed it along with the Gilcher Hotel. I don't believe any horses were burned. I was told that they were all removed before the fire reached them. The livery stables passed gradually from the scene as the automotive business developed.

Danville, as late as 1905, had three carriage factories: C.N. Smith of Main Street where the Louisville Store is now; R.M. Arnold on North Second just back of Henson Hotel; and Murphy Carriage Company on North Third next to the Danville Laundry alley. All three of the carriage factories closed, one at a time, from 1910 to 1920. Two of the owners, who were well advanced in age, retired. The third, who was younger, bought land and continued to prosper as a farmer. He had started in Danville as a blacksmith, and from shoeing horses and mules he soon owned his own shop and started into carriage making at the same location.

In 1913 the Danville Business School introduced the first stenotype machine into the area. This shorthand machine had just been invented and was being manufactured in Indianapolis. When I started taking my "business course" in 1913 I bought a stenotype in preference to learning Pitman Shorthand, which I had been told was very difficult. The stenotype method was not easy. The time from September to May was required for me to acquire proficiency in typing and stenotypy.

Among the changes in Danville during the years from 1905 to the present was the opening in 1909 of Alta Avenue from Main Street south to the Stanford Pike. It originally extended from Main Street north one block to a dead end. Up to 1909 all of the property on the south side of Main from Alta Avenue to the corner of Stanford Pike belonged to Maurice Farris, whose big white-columned brick house stood on the spot now occupied by the Jennie Rogers School, built about 1954.

North Third Street ended at the top of the hill at the

entrance to the old country club golf course and was not extended further until after the present golf course was built on the Lexington Pike about 1930. The Shakertown Pike originally veered off Third Street about a block north of Lexington Avenue and followed that route out of town. Some time after 1930 Third Street was extended over the hill to intersect the old Shakertown Pike.

West Walnut Street originally continued across the Southern railroad line at the railroad station and became the Parksville, or Lebanon, Pike. The viaduct over the railroad at the west end of Main Street was built about 1965, when Walnut Street was closed at the railroad crossing.

About 1904 a large building was erected on West Main Street, where the Burger Drive-in is now, and was used as a roller skating rink until about 1909, when it was converted into a tobacco loose leaf market. It was so used until about 1914, when it was dismantled and the lumber used for construction of an apartment house on West Main opposite McDowell Park. At that time a new church was built on the warehouse site by the Christian Church congregation, which moved from its old building at the corner of Fourth and Walnut, selling the old church building to the Moose Lodge, which used it for awhile as a movie theater and then sold it to T.F. Clarke, who converted it into an apartment house with his plumbing shop in the basement.

As late as 1914 Dr. Montgomery's hospital at Fifth and Broadway was the only one in Danville. About 1914 the city and county hospital was erected on South Third between Walnut and Green where a big brick house (formerly occupied by the Lane

family) had been razed. Some thirty-five years later the hospital was extended to Walnut Street where the old Methodist church had stood.

In 1910 the telephone company occupied the second story of the building at Main and Third that housed the C.P. Cecil grocery. Before the telephone company erected its present headquarters on Walnut Street, the site was occupied by a small frame structure which belong to the Shaw family and had at one time been Danville's first post office. Next door west was the two-story residence of the Tuggle family until it was bought by the telephone company and razed about 1960 for the extension of the new building.

The street renamed Wilderness Road about 1935 was originally McGrorty Avenue, and in 1905 was only a mud lane from Lexington Avenue to Broadway. Its original name was taken from the McGrorty family, who owned and occupied a big brick house on the corner of Main where a Gulf Oil station is now located. East Main Street originally ended at McRoberts farm, about three blocks from Alta Avenue. About 1950 East Main was extended into the McRoberts woods, and many homes were built there then and in the years that followed.

All was not "sweetness and light" in the "good old days." Violence existed then even as now. During the first thirty-two years of this century, I can recall the following tragedies in the area where I grew up:

About 1901 a man was killed on First Street by a thrown brick. The killer was confined in the penitentiary until 1906. In Danville in 1902 a deaf boy, about thirteen years old, was stabbed to death. His assassin, about sixteen years old, was sent to prison for a long sentence. The same year the chief of police of Danville was shot and killed by a Negro bootlegger, who was tried and hanged in the jail yard. In the same year a farmer in our neighborhood committed suicide by hanging. Two years later another man on an adjoining farm hanged himself.

About 1903 a man was shot and killed on Main Street between Second and Third. No conviction was made. In 1911 a man was killed on East Main Street by having his throat cut, and the killer was incarcerated a few years for the crime. About 1914 a man was shot to death in the home of another man on Fifth Street. The assailant was acquitted. Around the same time a young white man was stabbed to death at a dance held by Negroes at a tobacco warehouse. A year or two later a railroad man was shot and killed at the Southern depot by another railroad employee, who was acquitted.

About 1922 a man was killed at a voting place on the Lebanon pike. Sometime in the early twenties a Southern Railway ticket agent was shot through the office window. The killer was unknown and no arrest was ever made. In 1925 there were two killings on Main Street: one at a restaurant between

Third and Second Streets, where the victim was stabbed with a butcher knife; the other between Third and Fourth Streets, where a man was shot to death in a fight. In January of 1927 a Danville businessman disappeared, and nothing was heard of him until the following July, when his body was found afloat in Lake Herrington near Chenault Bridge. In 1931 a man was shot and killed in a gambling room on Main Street. In 1932 a young colored man was shot and killed on Second Street, but no arrest was made. In the same year a man was shot to death in a gun battle at a home on West Walnut Street.

In 1905 a young man was drowned in Dix River while on a night fishing trip. In 1911 another man lost his life in a drowning accident, likewise in Dix River, at a point near Kings Mill. In 1916 occurred the first fatal automobile accident that I can recall in the community. It occurred on the Danville-Lexington Pike about a mile from Danville. The driver lost control of the car, which turned over. The driver was injured and a passenger was killed instantly.

I have, for obvious reasons, omitted names in the foregoing accounts, the object being simply to present, without involving persons, a picture of conditions as they existed so many decades ago.

When we were in our early teens, we learned about Stouts Opera House in Danville, where would come, from time to time, what were called "stock companies," which would put on a different play each night for a week's stay. Our mother considered "show people" the nadir of degradation and at first refused to allow us to attend, but after weeks of importuning and sales argument we prevailed upon her to allow Claude to attend one show, and a little later I was given permission.

The price range was ten-twenty-thirty cents for tickets, thirty cents for the main floor, twenty for the balcony, and ten for a seat on the long bench that ran across the very back of the gallery and which, by the sophisticated, was called "Peanut Heaven." At the time we were attending the melodramas at Stouts, we could take twenty cents for two seats in the back row of the gallery and a nickel or dime to buy salted peanuts and have a large evening. Money was scarce with us, but our wants were simple. We would hitch up the horse to an old no-top buggy and "take off" with the loose spokes in the wheels playing a lively tune. We could hitch the horse to a telephone post on the street until we were ready to return home after the show.

I still remember the title of my first show - Her Father's Sin. Later we saw one called Down Mobile. The stock companies continued for a few years at Stouts, and then vaudeville prevailed for some time, being eventually replaced by silent movies, which continued until 1929, when talkies came in.

The first motion pictures made their appearance in 1903 when a film called The Great Train Robbery began showing in tents at county fairs and other large gatherings. I saw it in 1904 at a street carnival in Danville. As I remember, the picture was very crude. The characters in the film flitted across the screen more in the similitude of silhouettes or shadows than a resemblance to real people with distinguishable features. By using a black tent it was possible to present the show in daylight hours.

In the next few years, as other short films were produced, a few small movie houses opened. By 1905 these became more numerous. The admission charge was five cents; thus these diminutive theaters were called "nickelodeons." Later, as the industry improved its techniques and began turning out better pictures, larger theaters were opened and prices for admission were increased. More and better actors and actresses became known to the public, and the film industry was on its way.

The first full-length sound film, The Jazz Singer, was shown in Lexington in 1929. This film featured the singing of Al Jolson, and while the production left much to be desired, it demonstrated the possibilities of sound movies and signaled the end of the silent sort.

My very earliest recollections of songs would be about 1896. In those early years Dad would regale us kids with homely ditties such as "Golden Slippers," "Grandfather's Clock," "Old Arm Chair," "Little Brown Jug," "Little Annie Rooney," and others. My mother's preference was for such songs as "Nellie Gray," "Kitty Wells," "Ship That Never Returned," et cetera, some of which she would sing occasionally. I can recall that immediately after the Spanish-American War my uncles would sing "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," "After the Ball," "I'll be All Smiles Tonight," "Sweet Marie," "Sweet Rosie O'Grady," and "Tarara Boomdeay." The musical efforts of the uncles were restricted to vocal renditions except for an occasional selection on the Jew's harp or on the mouth organ, then called "French harp." They had another stunt that could hardly be classified as music - blowing or humming through a comb covered with paper. This produced an unpleasant sound, but had some semblance of tune.

The first graphophone I can remember must have been in 1903 at the Nicholasville fair. In a little open tent the "talking machines" were being demonstrated, and I spent most of the day listening. I can't recall any particular song produced, but that is because the words were not understood at the time. The sounds were raucous and tinny.

A few years later we came into possession of a tiny Busy Bee graphophone, which we received as a premium from a clothing store for the purchase of twenty-five dollars' worth of merchandise. It played cylinder records, of which we had only a few, as they cost thirty-five cents each. I can recall only

two: "Under the Anheuser Bush" and "Meet Me in Saint Louis." This was just subsequent to the Saint Louis World's Fair of 1904.

About a year later we bought from a neighbor a large Victor Talking Machine that played disc records and had a big ornate horn. With the machine came quite a number of records that had been accumulated by the previous owner. Among these I recall "Turkey in the Straw," "Listen to the Mockingbird," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," and "Preacher and the Bear." In 1914 with the war in Europe came the British "Tipperary," "Apple Blossom Time in Normandy" and "When You were a Tulip" came out the same year.

In 1917 the graphophone or phonograph became the Victrola. Claude bought one and soon acquired many disc records. About 1918 or 1919 came the Red Seal record about twelve inches in diameter; the first ones I remember were "Whispering Hope" and "Kiss Me Again." Claude specialized in the purchase of Irish ballads and songs having to do with roses - he said he had never heard a rose song that was not good. Some of his many records were "Mother McChree," "Rose of No-Man's-Land," "Beautiful Ohio," "Memories," "Always Blowing Bubbles," "Hindustan," "Always Chasing Rainbows," "Mickey," "Smiles," and "Salvation Lassie."

In 1920 we were living at Pryse and bought ourselves a table model Victrola and a few records; one was "Three O'Clock in the Morning," which I still consider one of the best waltz tunes of all time. We had also a few Al Jolson records.

We were still at Pryse in 1920 when I heard the first radio.

It was a tiny affair with earphones. A crew of workmen came to the refinery to install some equipment and brought this magic instrument from the city. After listening to the proof that such an invention really existed, the next step was to make the investment of one hundred dollars in a small RCA set operated by batteries. At that time a few radio stations were making their appearance - KDKA at Pittsburgh, Edgewater Beach Hotel in Chicago, WHAS at Louisville, and some others I can't recall by name.

Our first radio caused us some frustrating experiences. In those early years of radio the signals would come in more clearly late at night. We would invite neighbors in to enjoy the miracle of radio and oftentimes all we could get was "static" - a new application of the word, a noun instead of the original adjective. After hours of fruitless effort to tune in any program, the guests would depart disgusted and disillusioned. I would continue to tinker with the set, and usually by twelve o'clock some music would come in, and we would listen as long as we dared to stay awake. The next day when I would report my belated success to my guests of the previous evening, they would respond with a look indicating limited credulity.

In 1929, while living in Lexington, we bought an upright floor model from Sears, for \$140. By that time radio was going big with stations all over and static more or less eliminated. New performers were coming into prominence - singers, comedians, et cetera. One station in Louisiana featured a character who called himself "Old Man Henderson" and night after night would

inveigh against chain stores and a few other ideas with which he disagreed. It would be impossible to list chronologically the stars appearing over the years. Some endured for years; others became popular, but faded into oblivion after a few seasons. WHAS had a popular crooner, Jack Turner; WLW featured a reader of poetry, Tony Wons, possessor of a mellifluous voice. There were Ed Winn, Fred Allen, Jack Benny, Phil Harris. "Ben Bierny and all the Lads," ad infinitum.

From September, 1931, to June, 1932, we were living in San Pedro, California. That was in the depths of the depression, and few people had jobs. We would listen afternoons and evenings to radio from the Coconut Grove Ball Room featuring the top entertainers of the time. The hits on the West Coast in 1932 were "Goodnight Sweetheart," "Love Letters in the Sand," "Many Happy Returns of the Day," and "Among My Souvenirs." Bing Crosby was holding forth with "When the Blue of the Night meets the Gold of the Day." Another sensational young singer, Russ Columbo, came into prominence but died very young. My preference of all the vocalists of that era was Donald Novis, who, with his rare talent for especially high notes, was fabulous with "My Dianne" and similar numbers. He, incidentally, came to New York with "Jumbo" in about 1935, and after that I never heard him or heard of him again.

The third Monday of each month was court day in Danville, and a goodly crowd was always in attendance. The occasion was the monthly meeting of the county fiscal court, but the motley throng that gathered could not have been less interested in the affairs of the court; it was the gregarious instinct that brought them in from the rural sections. The farmers who were interested in their work at home, of course, did not attend, but for many others it was an excuse to get into town, mingle with their peers, and swap stories as well as horses.

The horse-swapping area - on Main Street just below the Second Street corner - was called "jockey row." Most of the animals brought into town for court day business were of inferior quality, suitable only for swapping. Their frailties consisted of every physical defect to which the equine flesh is heir, and their habits ranged from balkiness to kicking out of the harness at the slightest provocation. One trader in making a sale stated he would guarantee his horse to be "without a fault." After the deal was closed, the buyer had mounted the steed and started down the street when he observed that his purchase had a tendency to drift out of the path. Deciding that the animal was deficient in optical acuity, he turned around, rode back to the erstwhile owner, and said, "This horse is blind! You said he was without a fault." The other trader didn't bat an eye; he said, "Blindness ain't a fault - it's an affliction."

The more prosperous of the farmers coming into town for the day would put their driving horses in the livery stable. The stable grooms would unhitch the horses from the buggies,

replace the bridles with halters, and "hitch the horses to hay." The buggies were rolled out on the street and backed up with the rear wheels against the curb and with the shafts propped up in the air out of the way of passing traffic. The less affluent of the rustics would simply hitch to the first telephone pole that could be found unoccupied.

Vendors of various fruits, vegetables, et cetera, were concomitants of court days. In midsummer the watermelon-cantaloupe man would set up and operate at the most active location in town, i.e., the southwest corner of Main and Third. The melon merchant conducted his enterprise from a spring wagon equipped with a huge umbrella as his protection from the sun or rain. Along with his stock of melons he usually offered apples, cucumbers, tomatoes, and such other products ^{from his} ~~form~~ his garden as might be desired by his customers and contribute to his profits. Of the varied items carried as a sideline by the huckster, apples were the most popular with the court day throng. Rural people always evinced a pronounced predilection for this particular fruit. The preponderance of the street crowd did not consist of the most affluent farmers, but of such individuals as would, of necessity, refrain from investing in a restaurant lunch. Instead each would settle for a couple of apples which he would eat as he strolled about the streets in converse with his fellow rustics.

In ^{early spring} ~~autumn~~ sellers of sassafras roots were wont to appear on the street on court days. Prior to the destruction by insects of the chestnut trees in the Knob area (circa 1906), the vendors handled chestnuts, for which they found a ready demand. As

the Christmas season approached, the December court day brought itinerant peddlers with sprigs of mistletoe and holly and bunches of bittersweet with the bright orange-colored berries which were used for holiday decorations.

Around the busiest spots along the main street could usually be found a mountebank selling patent medicine or demonstrating some sort of gadget. Oftentimes also there would be a blind mendicant sawing away on a fiddle and singing a mournful ballad having to do with either a railroad wreck or a gruesome murder.

Every year with the commencement at Centre College, a carnival was held, at which a King and Queen were elected. The King was always a member of the football team, while the Queen was a resident of Danville chosen on the basis of beauty and popularity. A parade through the streets would be made up of decorated buggies with the tops down, drawn by the best-looking horses to be assembled from the surrounding counties. In each buggy would be riding a boy and girl, while, on the wagon made up as a float and pulled by a fancy team of horses, would be riding the King and Queen with attendants. There was no higher point of feminine social status than being chosen Queen of the Centre Carnival.

In the early years of this century almost every town in Central Kentucky held a fair each summer. The state fair at Louisville drew the largest attendance and the greatest aggregation of livestock, especially show horses. Lexington still has a livestock fair of sorts, but the show horse feature has been taken over by the annual horse show, which attracts exhibitors from the various states. The best horses in the show horse world may be seen there. Danville had its last fair in 1915. The Perryville fair continued for a few more years, and the Harrodsburg fair is still going strong. Lawrenceburg also holds a fair every year. The oldest annual fair in Kentucky is at Germantown, a small town in the general area of Maysville.

During my young days the only fairs in my range with a horse and buggy were those held at Danville, Harrodsburg, Perryville, Lancaster, and Nicholasville. We always managed two or three days each year at the Danville fair, with an occasional trip to the more distant points.

At the Danville fairground entrance was a grass pasture of about thirty acres with many shade trees. This area was filled with horses and carriages every day during the fair. The fairground had a complete amphitheater enclosing the regular show ring and had also a half-mile track with a grandstand alongside. This track was not used except for some special feature. On one occasion an ostrich was raced against a running horse. Each was hitched to a two-wheeled sulky with each driver applying a whip. The ostrich won, but the spectators were inclined to believe that the horse was not sufficiently urged.

People from the rural precincts would bring their families

and come early, bringing with them provisions for a picnic lunch, which would be spread in the shade near the amphitheater - incidentally, quite a distance from where the horses were hitched. The town people came out only in the afternoon, but we rustics, desiring to get our money's worth, always were there when the bell rang for the first activity in the show ring and stayed until the last ribbon was tied.

The first few days of each meeting were devoted to the showing of brood mares, suckling colts, yearlings, and mules. Then came shows of five-gaited, three-gaited, light harness, and heavy harness horses; also, roadsters were shown to sulkies or road wagons and driven in speed contests round and round the small circular track, about 300 feet in diameter, with the bandstand in the center. These roadster contests were the most exciting features. The drivers would go all out in their efforts to win, passing and repassing by cutting through on the inside and taking every available advantage, fair or foul, with the spectators cheering wildly for their favorites. After a furious period of several minutes the judges would motion the drivers to pull up to give the horses a breathing spell and after a minute or two would start them again. After several racing heats, the drivers would line up their horses for the judges to select the winner, along with second, third, and fourth finishers. The defeated entries would drive once around the ring as fast as their horses could trot and leave the arena when they reached the exit, while the blue ribbon winner would invariably make one triumphant circuit after the other contestants had retired.

The roadster horse contestants were usually the same drivers year after year, and sometimes many of the same horses remained in competition for several seasons. These speed contests in so small a circle, with as many as eight or ten entries, would often result in minor accidents, but I don't recall any injuries to horses or drivers. On one occasion a horse driven by Nim Buster - a veteran driver who was almost always a contestant - fell, and Buster was precipitated from his seat in the sulky and landed on top of the horse. Of course, this stopped the drivers until everything was cleared up, and then every horse and driver was off again. At such times as a tire was deflated and came off a wheel, the driver would usually continue to drive with the tire flapping from the sulky axle until the heat was over and the judge flagged them down.

The five-gaited saddle horse contests were fast but lacked the utter abandon of the roadsters. The rack and the trot were the speed gaits of the five-gaited mounts, but they were also judged on their style, conformation, and manner of executing the gaits. The sensational mare, Edna May, was probably the most successful five-gaited animal showing in Central Kentucky in those days.

The show horse exhibitors were the same individuals each year, as the horses were from the surrounding counties. Very few were from farther away than Lexington, Georgetown, or Paris. The premier show horse rider of the state was Matt Cohen. His cousin, Bob Moreland, and their uncle, Charley Sandidge, along with Billy Shropshire, Mack Hughes, and many others, were all veteran show horse handlers and appeared regularly in the Danville show ring. Mrs. Tasker Lowndes had returned from

Virginia to her home state with a stable of show horses, among them the stallion Kentucky's Choice. Mrs. Lowndes had retained the services of Matt Cohen, who handled her stable until 1915, when she had a dispersal sale of her horses at the Danville fairgrounds. Cohen was subsequently elected Kentucky Commissioner of Agriculture and after one term moved to California. There was strong competition at that time among owners of saddle stallions in Kentucky. Many arguments in those days resulted from comparisons of Kentucky's Choice with Bohemian King, owned by Allen Edelen of Glenworth Farm, Burgin, Kentucky. These two horses, both five-gaited, were of two distinct types. Kentucky's Choice was from the Denmark family and was of light conformation, while Bohemian King, the result of intense Chief breeding had a heavier build, a longer body, and a fast bold trot as well as a fast rack. He won the championship at Louisville at the age of three and was immediately retired from show ring competition.

The show horse business has grown into a nationwide industry since those days at the turn of the century when Kentucky was the first state to devote particular efforts to improving the breed of saddle horses. First they were raised for utility; later exclusively for showing. The Kentucky Saddle Horse Breeders Association was formed in the 1890's, and from that time careful breeding records have been kept of all saddle stock eligible for registration. While working in the office at Glenworth Farm I was exposed to many lengthy discussions as to the merits of the various show horses that had been exhibited throughout the state before I was old enough to know about them.

As early as 1914, Madison Square Garden was holding an annual event for five-gaited horses. In 1915 we - that is, Glenworth Farms - showed in the fine harness class at Harrodsburg a two-year-old filly by Bohemian King, registered as Bohemian Actress. She was defeated because of lack of training and was sold to Pres Ray for \$500. A few years later she was winner of the classic at Madison Square Garden.

The days when I was enjoying the excitement of the Danville Fair were long before I knew anything about show horses, and my thrills then were provided by events outside the show ring. Around the top of the amphitheater was a promenade about twelve feet wide, which was traversed by throngs of young people looking for amusement and romance. Most of these boys and girls were equipped with either a device called a "come-back ball" or bags of "confetti." For readers born since confetti was prevalent at similar gatherings: confetti was different-colored paper cut by machines into tiny round bits and sold in bags to merrymakers for the purpose of being thrown into the air or into the faces of other merrymakers. By the third day of the fair the floor of the amphitheater was covered with this product. The come-back ball was a hollow rubber ball about one and a half inches in diameter attached to an elastic string about three feet long, which, when fastened around the middle finger of the throwing hand, would bring the ball back for another throw. These were utilized by the youngsters for pelting each other good-naturedly and led naturally to the making of new acquaintances, thus furthering romance.

Going through the grandstand were hawkers of balloons,

seafoam candy, Cracker Jacks, peanuts, et cetera, in addition to confetti and rubber balls. On the grounds surrounding the amphitheater was the "midway" with such attractions as tent shows displaying various forms of terpsichorean activity, fortune-telling, and mind reading as well as various freaks. There were always a merry-go-round, a shooting gallery, and a set-up for throwing rings at canes, knives, and other prizes. Also there was a small permanent building with counters on four open sides for dispensing soft drinks and a beverage called "cream of hops."

Nearby was always a "baby rack," which invariably brought about a great amount of gambling. This outfit consisted of the rack - three tiers of wooden dolls about a foot high - hinged to the horizontal frame. The bodies of the dolls were about three inches in diameter, the heads somewhat smaller than a baseball. Each doll wore a bright-colored, fluffy dress to make it look larger and more inviting as a target. There was always a local gambler on hand to accept the wagers of any optimistic thrower who approached and expressed his belief that he could knock down one doll in three throws. The distance was about forty feet and the dolls were about fifteen inches apart on each tier. The participants were made up of usually the same crowd and the same "hustlers" year after year. Very few throwers were able to win consistently at this game, but some of the ball players and ex-ball players could succeed often enough to prolong the action until they retired from fatigue or from proof that they could not win. Quite a few arguments would arise, occasionally followed by fisticuffs, all of which

served to make the action interesting to spectators, especially to boys of my age.

One feature of the Danville Fair was known as "the best fancy turnout." Each entry consisted of horse and buggy and was judged on the basis of both horse and equipment, taking into consideration the decoration. Usually there were several entries, as the young men were very proud of their horses and buggies and welcomed this opportunity to show them off. Their girl friends would assist in decorating the buggies and would ride with the fellows in the parade around the show ring.

Also, at least on some occasions, there was competition for the "worst turnout." For this parade were used the worst-looking horses, the most ramshackle vehicles, and the most worn out harness that could be assembled. Some of the buggies would even have one wheel missing, with a rail under the axle. This contest usually had fewer entries than did the fancy turnout, for the reason that there was no pride appeal.

At one or two fair sessions a sort of contest was inaugurated wherein the horseback riders would circle the show ring at a fast gallop, and with a wooden spear about seven feet long, each would try to pick up wooden rings about four inches in diameter suspended from horizontal poles at four or five points around the track. The horses ridden in this contest were not show animals, but were owned by the contestants and used ordinarily for riding or for driving to their buggies. This feature did not create a great deal of interest and was soon discontinued. Very likely the game originated from the old Ivanhoe stories of knights and lances.

APPENDIX

LOCAL PROPERTIES ABOUT 1905

Lexington Pike from Nicholasville to Camp Nelson (9 miles)

EAST SIDE

Welch home

Old race track field

W. Hoover farm

Rice home

Tollgate

Miller-Carr

Bakers

Funk home

L. Diedrich home

Tom Butler farm

(Sulphur Well Rd.) Baker-Waller

Ketron

Colored families

Monroe Watts farm

Bridges home

Stultz home

T.F. Baker farm

Hanly School

J. Scott farm

Gail Scott farm

Methodist church (Roberts Chapel)

H. Dean farm

Watts Mill Road

Dr. Matthews

Alverson home and shop

F. Watts

WEST SIDE

Phil Rarrick farm

Sheley farm

Diedrich farm

W. Overstreet tenant home

Joe Wallace farm

Insko farm

Bourne farm

Reynolds farm

Dr. Squire Welch home

Ike Combs home

Walker home

Monti Walker home

Woods farm

Hawkins home

Vaughn home

C. Matthews store and home

Boggs farm

M. Land farm

Partin home

W. Caywood home

H. Land farm

W. Land farm

Fitch farm

Fitch farm

C. Glass farm

H. and T. Scott farm

Carter

Tollgate

Foley

Perry ("Tabby")

Schoolhouse

National Cemetery

Old log building (originally school house)

Leavell home

Kaufman Store

Camp Nelson Covered Bridge

Presbyterian Church (1905)

Dave Noble home

Curley's Distillery

Wernwag Covered Bridge

Lexington Pike in Garrard County to Camp Nelson (7 miles)

LEFT SIDE

Aaron Smith

Lena Wallace

Ellen Ready

Poindexter home and shop

Davistown Road

Yates Hudson

Grove Church

Rose

Coover

B. Patton

Swope

Jenkins (Burnt Tavern)

Church

C.C. Becker store

Taylor Mullins farm

RIGHT SIDE

Higginbotham farm

Poindexter cottage

Marksberry residence

Marksberry store

Morton Robinson farm

Double tollgate

Moore home (Camp Dick Robinson)

Tom Adams

Jim Adams

Price McGrath

Mount Hebron Road

C. Jenkins, Jr.

Dr. Pinkard

Dickerson home and farm

J. Dunn

Steadmon

Logan Ison

Buena Vista Road

Sherrow

Small house (never knew)

Charles Bolden

Thompkinson

Camp Nelson Settlement

Wernwag Covered Bridge

Boner store

Gene Berkely farm

Glass farm

Astra Dunn

Burdette

Huston store

Home (never knew)

Home (never knew)

Jonathan Will Poore farm

Small houses down on Cooper's Branch

? on Cooper's Branch

? Easley on Cooper's Branch

Lexington Pike from Danville to Dix River (5½ miles)

SOUTH SIDE

Jake Huguely

Chenault Huguely

Weisiger brothers

Tollgate house

Weisiger brothers

Connelly farm

Weisiger brothers

Boner Home

Needmore Lane

T.B. Bright

Geiser

Jones

Chinn

NORTH SIDE

Noel Jean cottage

Cecil-Hurst farm

J. Caldwell farm

Lee farm

Johnson farm

Dr. Guerrant farm

Jim Pritchett farm

Ike Pritchett

Stony Point (colored school)

Beddow farm

J. Middleton

Walnut Hill School

Chinn Store

Little farm

Peel (stone house)

Jim Boner

Pope land

Denham

Captain Wilson farm

Waterworks Lane

T. Floyd farm

Holloway

Allen King mill and home

Pope (now Clarke Home since 1908) Tollgate house

Floyd

Bridge over Dix River

J. Ingram

DANVILLE (1905-1915)

Main Street, Second to Third

NORTH SIDE

J.P. Frank Wholesale Grocery

Vacant lot

Dunlap Mortuary

C.P. Mueller - tailoring

Shoe repair and ^{Tracy}millinery

New York Restaurant

Conn O'Brien Clothing - later Hub-Pushin

Chesnut-Salter Hardware -- still in operation in 1974

E.P. Lillard Drug - followed by Beecher Adams Drug

Tommie McGraw Dime Store - earlier Burk Bicycle Shop and Flaig Jewelers

Welsh and Wiseman

SOUTH SIDE

B. Pink - dry goods and clothing - on corner of Second

Zacharillo house - frame, two-story

C.N. Smith carriage factory

Meier and Huffman butcher shop

P. Maninni Lunch Counter - billiard tables in rear

A. Longo fruit store and bottling works

* B.J. Fox Livery Stable

* Geary's Grocery

* Bee Hive - clothing

* Hotel Barber Shop

* Gilcher Hotel - second and third floors

* Hotel lobby

* T.O. Miller Clothing

* Gilcher Confectionery - on corner of Third

Main Street, Third to Fourth

NORTH SIDE

Roberts and Caldwell Dry Goods

Henry Silliman Bowling Alleys - pool room in 1909

Citizens Bank

Curry's Drug

A.B. Robertson Dry Goods

Caldwell & Lainier ("Abe & Ike") Shoes - later Parks and Hurder

Davis Drug

Boyle Bank

Courthouse and large lot

Clemmons House Hotel, Palace of Sweets - condemned about 1905
for hotel use and burned about 1933

Wiesiger's moving picture house built onto hotel building on
east side about 1910

SOUTH SIDE

Durham and Cecil Grocery

Farmers Bank

Jonathan S. Wells Drug

Mianini Pool Room (1909)

West and Baughaf Grocery - later Fisher Gaines Grocery

Gil Cooper Men's Furnishings

W.S. Center Clothing

I.M. Dunn Real Estate

Episcopal Church

Foley's Grocery

Gibbon's Paint and Wallpaper

Advocate Office

W. Freeman Furniture

Dr. Rice Cowan home

Main Street, Fourth to Fifth

NORTH SIDE

Coulter Grocery - where post office was built in 1909

Mills Building

Residences: Sam McDowell

Col. I.M. Dunn

Dr. Herford Smith

Albert King

Robert Hardin

Misses Green - where oil station is now

Main Street, West from Fifth

NORTH SIDE

Ernestus Reid - Tates - Charles Cecil - Blantons - Yowell -
Charles Rust

Turners Court opened circa 1912 - later called St. Mildred Court

Mrs. Bessie Peters built circa 1915 - later Norris Armstrong

George Welch home on corner of Maple Avenue - now home of Centre's
President

Main Street, West from Fourth

SOUTH SIDE

Kentucky Supply Company and Powell Harness Shop

Livery stable

Morrissey home

Elks Club

Dr. B.J. Griffith

Ike Adler home

Skating rink - later tobacco sales house; Christian Church
erected here circa 1914

Mrs. Hutchins home

Tommie Brown home

Mrs. Merritt

First Presbyterian Church and McDowell Park

College Street

Old Centre to Maple Avenue

North Third Street, from Main

WEST SIDE

Roberts and Caldwell (side)

Pres. Sherley Barber Shop

Noel Sisters Millinery

Ernest Smith pool room

Jonathan Stout Drug

George Dunn and Baughman Grocery

Post office

Danville Laundry

Ice and Coal Company

Alley

Murphy Carriage Factory

Bates Tombstones

H. Coomer Paints

Frame, two-story school - Miss Heddie Wilson

North Third Street, Broadway to Lexington

WEST SIDE

Library

Daugh Mahan; Prof. Redd; Prof. Cheek; Mrs. Taylor

Lexington Avenue

Charles Rodes home

North Third Street, from Main

EAST SIDE

Welsh and Wiseman (side)

Durham and Scott Hardware

Police station - small frame building set back about thirty feet from sidewalk

Fox Studio with office on second floor occupied about 1904
by Dr. Kaichbaum

Mrs. Newland Millinery

Home of attorney C.C. Bagby

Second Presbyterian Church

Broadway

Homes remembered: Noel Jean; William Yeager; C.N. Smith;
Merrits; Nevieux; Dr. Dunlap

Lexington Avenue

South Third Street, from Main

WEST SIDE

Durham and Cecil (side)

Telephone office - second floor

Masonic Building - third floor

Implement Company (Durham)

Krichbaum Building - erected about 1905

Methodist Church

South Third Street, from Main

EAST SIDE

* Gilcher Hotel property

* Gilcher home - large, frame

Mark Hatter home - facing Walnut with flower garden in rear
to Gilcher homeNorth Fourth Street, from Main to Broadway

WEST SIDE

Coulter Grocery

Terhune Coal Yard

Rice Bengel Livery Stable - later Nelson Garage, then Baugh and
Garner

Residence fronting on Broadway

North Fourth Street, from Main to Broadway

EAST SIDE

Clemmons House (side)

County jail and work house

Dunn boarding house fronting on Broadway

South Fourth Street, from Main

EAST SIDE

Dr. Cowan's property

Residence - frame, two-story

Three-story buildings owned by Weisiger brothers - about four
rooms for businesses fronting Fourth Street

* all of these buildings destroyed by fire in 1914.