

*The News-Leader, Nov. 9, 1899, p. 1***In Honor of Will S. Hays.**

The 31st of October, 1899, was a red-letter day to the Sisters of St. Catharine's Academy, Springfield, Ky., as they were favored by the presence of Col. Wm. S. Hays, of Louisville, at a musical given by them in his honor.

Although the entertainment had not been publicly announced, the handsome convent hall was nearly filled by an admiring audience. The stage curtain was raised at 3 p. m., revealing a beautifully grouped array of young ladies, from the midst of whom Miss Stein, of Louisville, gracefully advanced and delivered a short address of welcome to Col. Hays, whom they were assembled to honor by reproducing some of his beautiful songs and music. As soon as she had ceased speaking Col. Hays arose and stepping up on the stage, expressed in graceful terms his appreciation of the compliment shown him by the Sisters and their youthful charges, and the pleasure he in anticipation felt at the program about to follow. As he had noticed that his popular song, "Mollie Darling," was the first on the list, he jokingly remarked: "It is so old I should have thought that the Sisters, out of respect to gray hairs, would have omitted it, but since it is included I will relate its history,

as it may afford additional interest to some when it is sung." This he did, and the recital proved the kindness of the author's best.

When all things are well done it is no easy thing to specify which are best; this must be left to the expression of the audience. But even here we are at fault, for each was appreciated. To the mind of the writer (who is a lover of music, but no critic in that beautiful science), each pupil did credit to her teacher as regards time and expression, but as regards beauty to the eye the pantomime and tableau excelled. The tableau was accompanied by a plaintive song, "Nobody's Darling," sung by little Miss F. Devine, during which something of an excitement took place, caused by the igniting of a portion of the stage trimmings, but the young songstress continued and the angels came forward so composedly, as if nothing was amiss. By kind and ready hands the fire was soon extinguished and each resumed his seat, to enjoy what followed.

One of the most exciting features of the program was the sudden entrance of a bevy of little minims, who danced around the stage, reminding one of the old poems, "The Butterflies' Ball" and "The Grasshoppers' Feast." They fluttered and circled in perfect harmony, but, forgetting that they were not on a level with the friends they were entertaining and under the joyous influence of their dance, the dear little butterflies and grasshoppers raised their feet higher than their teachers had intended, then they darted out of sight as unexpectedly as they came.

Two of last June's graduates, Miss Kelly, of Louisville, and Miss Wathen, of Lebanon, spent a few days at their Alma Mater for the purpose of aiding their former companions in preparing for this musical, much to the delight, we are sure, of themselves and those they so kindly assisted, for they dearly love the home of their childhood and their teachers of bygone days.

VISITOR.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, county and state aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL }

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

The News-Leader, Nov. 2, 1899, p.1

Springfield, KY

* * *

WILL S. HAYS—Col. Will S. Hays stopped over here Monday night on his way to St Catherine to be present at the entertainment given in his honor by the pupils of that institution. Col. Hays is always an interesting figure and is an inimitable story teller. While being introduced about town the other day he stopped to spin a yarn to a few acquaintances on the street corner. One yarn led to another and the crowd that soon collected around the genial colonel threatened to blockade the street until he finally thought it wise to desist. Col. Hays was entertained while here at the house of Dr. W. W. Ray and while there a number of friends and local lovers of music were called in and all enjoyed an evening of music and fun.



STAFF PHOTO BY TAMMY LECHNER

William Shakespeare Hays is featured in an exhibit at the Filson Club.

Fading notes sound name of 'Dixie' claimant

By ALAN JUDD
Staff Writer

His name was William Shakespeare Hays, and as a songwriter and newspaper columnist, he was one of the most famous people of his time.

You've probably never heard of him, though.

In his spare time from his job as river editor for The Courier-Journal, he wrote 354 songs, and they sold millions of copies. They were translated into many languages and sung worldwide.

You've probably never heard of his songs, either — except one, and its authorship is a matter of dispute.

Col. Will S. Hays, as the most prolific songwriter who ever lived in Louisville was known, counted among his compositions the Confederate marching tune "Dixie." But another man, Dan Emmett, is generally credited with writing the famous song, and it is his name, not Hays', that lives on with the music.

Hays, who died in 1907, would have been 150 years old today. Members of the church to which he belonged, Sec-

Hays was born in a house at Hancock and Main streets, just a block from the Ohio River. According to newspaper articles, manuscripts at the Filson Club and clippings collected by Kaye, Hays was still young when he developed two of his greatest loves — the river and music.

He wrote and published his first poem when he was 17, and he wrote his first song while in college at Hanover, Ind. He was known there as the "boy poet."

After he graduated from Georgetown (Ky.) College, Hays, despite his musical inclinations, took a job as a clerk on a riverboat. He soon put his infatuation with the river into print as the river reporter for the old Louisville Democrat. Then his friend George Prentice, editor of The Courier-Journal, hired him as the newspaper's river editor.

When the Civil War broke out, the newspaper sent Hays south. His dispatches sympathized with the Confederates — even though, shortly before the war, he had written a song called "The Union Forever for Me."

He left The Courier-Journal to become the commander of the Gray Eagle, a boat that carried goods between New Orleans and Vicksburg, Miss. All the while, he was writing songs, including one that got him into trouble with the enemy.

Union Gen. Benjamin Butler took offense at "My Sunny Southern Home," and ordered Hays arrested and all copies of the song confiscated and destroyed. Shortly, however, Hays escaped — and promptly published the offending song again.

It was during this period — although exactly when is unclear — that Hays purportedly wrote "Dixie."

According to an interview that Hays gave in 1898, he and a friend, Charlie Ward, were in a music store on Main Street in Louisville when a group of Confederates heading south to battle stopped and asked Hays to write them a song. Ward found an old Scottish tune, and Hays put new words to it. The soldiers sang the new

song on their way south, and it soon caught on.

"Yes, I wrote 'Dixie,'" Hays said in the interview, "and Emmett has not the slightest claim to it. . . . Dan Emmett changed the words just a trifle, and he has been getting the credit for writing the song. In reality, the air is stolen from (the) Scotch, but the words are mine."

Early this century, a Filson Club report endorsed Hays' claim of authorship.

His songs in the postwar era included "The Wandering Refugee," which chronicled the plight of a little girl he had met who was orphaned by the war. Another song he wrote during that period, "Write Me a Letter from Home," expressed the homesickness of Southern soldiers who remained near battlegrounds after the fighting was over.

Other compositions were not so somber.

His ballads "touched the heart of the simple masses," The Courier-Journal wrote, "because of their simple and true sentiments, so aptly turned and wedded to that indescribable 'catching' music, which will not live, but attracts for the moment."

Those ballads included "Nora O'Neil," "Evangeline," "We Parted By the River Side," "Nobody's Darling" — and "Mollie Darling," for which he earned his widest fame.

*Won't you tell me, Mollie darling,
That you love none else but me?
For I love you, Mollie darling,
You are all the world to me;
O tell me, darling, that you
love me,
Put your little hand in mine,
Take my heart, sweet
Mollie darling,
Say that you will give me thine.*

"Mollie Darling" sold 3 million copies — a phenomenal amount in the 1870s. Because of such songs, according to "History of Kentucky" by S. J. Clarke, "probably no other man up to that time had attained such distinction" as a songwriter, "and certainly in America his songs were more deeply admired and cherished than those of any other composer."

But Hays made no money on

"Mollie Darling" or many of his other songs.

As he took "Mollie Darling" to his New York publisher in 1871, he met a weeping woman outside the publisher's office who told him her child had died and she needed money to pay for a funeral. Hays said in the 1898 interview that he took his manuscript inside, told the publisher he'd take \$25 for it, and took the cash outside to the begging woman. The publisher eventually made \$60,000 on the song.

"No, I never made any money out of my songs," Hays said in an 1898 newspaper article. "I don't want to, either. It's enough pay for me to hear people singing them, and know that I have made somebody happy."

The 1898 article described Hays as "one of the gentlest men in all the Southland" despite his "rough ways and his profane language."

His reputation as a Southern gentleman stayed with him until his death on July 23, 1907, which followed a series of strokes. Newspapers around the country eulogized him, and The Courier-Journal headlined its obituary, "Death Stills Song of Life."

Hays, who was survived by his wife and two children, was buried at



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Hays, who died in 1907, would have been 150 years old today. Members of the church to which he belonged, Second Presbyterian, will mark the occasion with a special service at 10 a.m., and one of Hays' few living descendants, Mary Frances Kaye, hopes the event will spark new interest in Hays' life and music.

Kaye, the songwriter's grand-niece, will have a display of Hays memorabilia, and two vocalists will sing "Save One Bright Crown for Me," a hymn that was among Hays' better-known works.

It's another song that, like Hays himself, is long forgotten.

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After the war, Hays returned to Louisville and resumed his river column in The Courier-Journal. It consisted not only of news about the comings and goings of riverboats, but also of Hays' poems and pithy observations:

"It is a poor rule that doesn't work any way you want it to."

"The difference between perseverance and obstinacy: One is a strong will, the other a strong won't."

His ballads "touched the heart of the simple masses," The Courier-Journal wrote, "because of their simple and true sentiments, so aptly turned and wedded to that indescribable 'catching' music, which will not live, but attracts for the moment."

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Hays, who was survived by his wife and two children, was buried at Cave Hill Cemetery in a section filled with elaborate monuments, including one for Nicola Marschall, who designed the Confederate flag and a Confederate uniform. A Kentucky Historical Society marker denotes Marschall's grave.

Hays is buried beneath a small, unadorned tombstone that says:

*"Will S. Hays
July 19, 1837
July 23, 1907
Father"*

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE HAYS
from
DICTIONARY OF AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY
Vol. 8, p.464

William Shakespeare Hays, (July 19, 1837-July 23, 1907), ballad writer, composer, was born in Louisville, Ky., where he also died, His father, Hugh Hays, was born in Pennsylvania, but he went to Louisville in 1832, married Martha Richardson, and became a prosperous manufacturer of farm implement. William early developed a faculty for music, but he took lessons in the art for only a few weeks, since, says an admirer, "instructors in music, as in literature, seemed superfluities to him," He none the less, after attending primary school, went successively to three small colleges, one in Hanover, Ind., one in Clarksville, Tenn., and one in Georgetown, Ky., at the last of which he was listed as a freshman in 1856-57. His first published ballad, "Little Ones at Home," appeared in 1856. It proved popular, and it was not long before Hays found work as a reporter on the Louisville Democrat and as amanuensis for George D. Prentice. At about this time, he composed for the delight of a house party the song "Evangeline," first writing it, words and music, impromptu, with a charred stick upon a white board fence. During the Civil War, he was in command of a river transport named the Gray Eagle, but he so incensed the Federal general in command at New Orleans that he was thrown into prison. Always he was working at some song or other, or at some poem which might as well have been a song. They were mostly reminiscent and sentimental, descriptive of joys that could never be again, but they were bought, one after another, by thousands, through the entire repertory of over 300, until at last Hays had sold millions of them. At sixty he wrote as he wrote at twenty, with just the proper dash of dialect to make his work poignant. He always maintained that it was he who wrote the original words and music for "Dixie," but as this authorship has been disputed, a more certain claim to remembrance rests with "Mollie Darling," the most popular of all his ballads. In 1865 he was married to Belle McCullough of Louisville. During the late sixties and early seventies he was a riverman, plying regularly from Pittsburgh to New Orleans. Later he resumed his work with the Louisville Courier-Journal, serving as its marine editor and conducting a daily marine column. He sought not merely to amuse and instruct his readers, but to create public opinion, for it seemed to him most urgently important that the rivers be made more easily navigable. He exerted himself powerfully, and with some effectiveness, to that end. All his life he dabbled in Black-face comedy, and in the late eighties a company in Louisville which bore his name advertised as "the Creme de la Creme of Negro minstrelsy." He published three booklets, all in Louisville: The Modern Meetin' House and Other Poems (1874), Will S. Hays' Songs and Poems (1886), and Songs and Poems (1895). On the page following the title-page of his last book, he printed this note: "To my Friends: If I have done wrong in publishing this book, forgive me. Yours truly, Will S. Hays."

Look away, Look away,
Look away down South in Dixie!

CHORUS.

I wish I was in Dixie, hi ho, hi ho!
In Dixie lan' I'll take my stan'
To lib an' die in Dixie!
Hi ho, hi ho, I'll lib an' die in Dixie;
Hi ho, hi ho, I'll lib an' die in Dixie!

Later along, after the song had attracted some attention, and about the time the Southern troops were being mobilized for the civil war, Col. Hays rewrote the words, making a marching song for the famous Buckner Guards, of Louisville. These were the words, by the way, that were considered treasonable. The first verse of these words was as follows:

We gwan down to de lan' ob cotton,
Cinnamon seed an' sandy bottom,
Away, away, we gwan down to Dixie;
We gwan to take our guns along,
We gwan to fight an' sing dis song,
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

CHORUS.

We gwan down to Dixie, Away, Away!
We gwan down to Dixie's Land,
To stay down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!
Away, away, away down South in Dixie!

* * *

Mr. D. P. Faulds told for the first time in late years the history of "Dixie" and the publication. He said:

"It was in 1857 or 1858 that the song was written. Charlie Ward entered my employ at the age of fifteen in 1854. He was a clerk and slept in the music store. Will Hays was also a clerk. Both were gifted musicians, and aided me very materially in my publishing business.

"One afternoon in my mail I received from a New Orleans house a single sheet of music entitled "Dixie." It was a kind of dance. When Ward came down stairs the next morning about 6 o'clock I gave him the music and asked him to try it on the piano.

"That might make a good song," I suggested as I passed it over to him.

"While Ward was playing the air Hays came in. The music was just in the strain to which Hays always wrote his slave songs.

"Will," said I, 'here's a new tune that has just come in. I want you to write me some Southern nigger words for it.' The piano was a square one, and as Ward went over the air Hays wrote the words. He was always a man who rattled off his songs at one stretch. So, standing, he wrote the words with the piano top for a table. In an hour he had written four or five verses, I forget which. Well, by 8 o'clock, Ward had arranged the words, and Hays sang it while Ward played the music. In two hours Dixie was written, arranged and sung. I at once sent the song upstairs to my engravers.

"Shortly after the song was published Joe H. McCann, a negro minstrel, and a brother of Michael McCann, for forty years a leading coal merchant of Jeffersonville, dropped into my store--which was always a lounging place of for singers and musicians. He heard the air of 'Dixie.'

"It's an old nigger air the've been singing in the South to almost

any words. The negro roustabouts on the steamboats load and unload the cargoes to it," said he.

"I had given the song the title of 'Way Down South in Dixie,' and had 5,000 copies printed. I sent it to all my customers in the South and also to all the other publishers in the country, as all of us sold the others' music. The words I copyrighted, but the music was common property.

"In tracing the music in after years it was found that it was from an old English ditty, which began, 'If I was a soldier wouldn't I go,' etc.

"A parody was afterward written for children, which was extensively sung on the plantations in the South, and thus the slaves got the air. The parody used to run:

"If I had a donkey that wouldn't go, Do you think I'd whip him-oh, dear no!" etc. and then continued a strain of how the child would persuade him by candy and sweetmeats. Thus the slaves picked up the air from the children on the plantations. How it came to be called 'Dixie' I have never been able to learn.

"The South had my edition of the song, and no other. When war came on, it became the marching song and was the song of the Confederacy. Even before the war it was regarded, as it was intended, as a strictly Southern song, and at no time was it popular in the North.

"The other edition of 'Dixie' was published a year after mine. It was Dan Emmett's version. The air was the same, but the words were different to those of Hays. Hays' was strictly a Southern song. Emmett's was a version suitable for singing in the North, where he performed.

"Soon after Emmett's version was published I received a letter from Col. William A. Pond, Lieutenant Colonel of the Seventh regiment of New York, alleging that I had infringed on the copyright of his song, 'Dixie'. Pond and I were good friends, and a long correspondence followed. Though I was positive, and am still, that my 'Dixie' was published before his, I took the ground that both tunes were alike and were common property-there was no infringement of copyright on common property. I admitted his right to copyright the words of Dan Emmett, just as I had the right to protect the words of Hays.

"The correspondence grew, and meantime the sales of the song grew, and as mine was the only version in the south it quickly became the popular air. Pond and I agreed to lay our disagreement before the Board of Music Trade at its next annual meeting, which was at New York. That was in 1857 or 1858. Imagine our amusement to find six other instrumental editions of 'Dixie'. Well, the Board of Music Trade laughed at the controversy and refused to consider it.

"I had sold 30,000 copies of my song before the war, all in the South. My edition was being sung in the South before Emmett sang his version anywhere. War was coming on, and as my 'Dixie' was not popular in the North nor Emmett's suited to the South, I surrendered my plates to Pond. Pond's version was never published in the South, but after the war broke out, and Louisville being shut off from the Confederate lines, my version of 'Dixie' was copyrighted under the Confederate laws. The people of the

North ceased to sing my song, as it was considered disloyal so strong a Confederate song was it. It was the song of the South, just as it is today becoming the song of the country. Pond had paid Emmett for his words, while I had paid Hays nothing for mine.

"Pond never reprinted Hays' words. He used only Emmett's. The words now sung are Emmett's words. I lost my only remaining copies of the original version by fire in 1894."

G. E. JOHNSON

The Baby

Who makes the home of the poor man so bright?⁴
 Who fills the palace of wealth with such light?
 Who, when you kiss him, will give you a bite?
 The baby.

Who in one moment can laugh and cry?
 Who at the same time can yield and defy?
 Who is it - one can't but love, though he try?
 The baby.

Who has opinions which no one gainsays?
 Who naughtily pranks with impunity plays?
 Who is the monarch of all he surveys.
 The baby.

M. C. RANKIN, COM. AGR. EX-OFFICIO
CHAIRMAN, FRANKFORT
M. A. SGOVELL, LEXINGTON, DIRECTOR
KY. EX. STA. EX-OFFICIO MEMBER
G. N. MCGREW, BAYOU,
FIRST APPELLATE DISTRICT

J. L. DENT, LEITCHFIELD,
SECOND APPELLATE DISTRICT
GUTHRIE M. WILSON, BARDSTOWN,
THIRD APPELLATE DISTRICT
L. L. DORSEY, ANCHORAGE,
FOURTH APPELLATE DISTRICT

H. M. FROMAN, GHENT,
FIFTH APPELLATE DISTRICT
WM. ADDAMS, CANTYBANK,
SIXTH APPELLATE DISTRICT
FRED. R. BLACKBURN, STANTON,
SEVENTH APPELLATE DISTRICT



Louisville, Ky.

Exhibitor's Book

The Baby's Prayer.

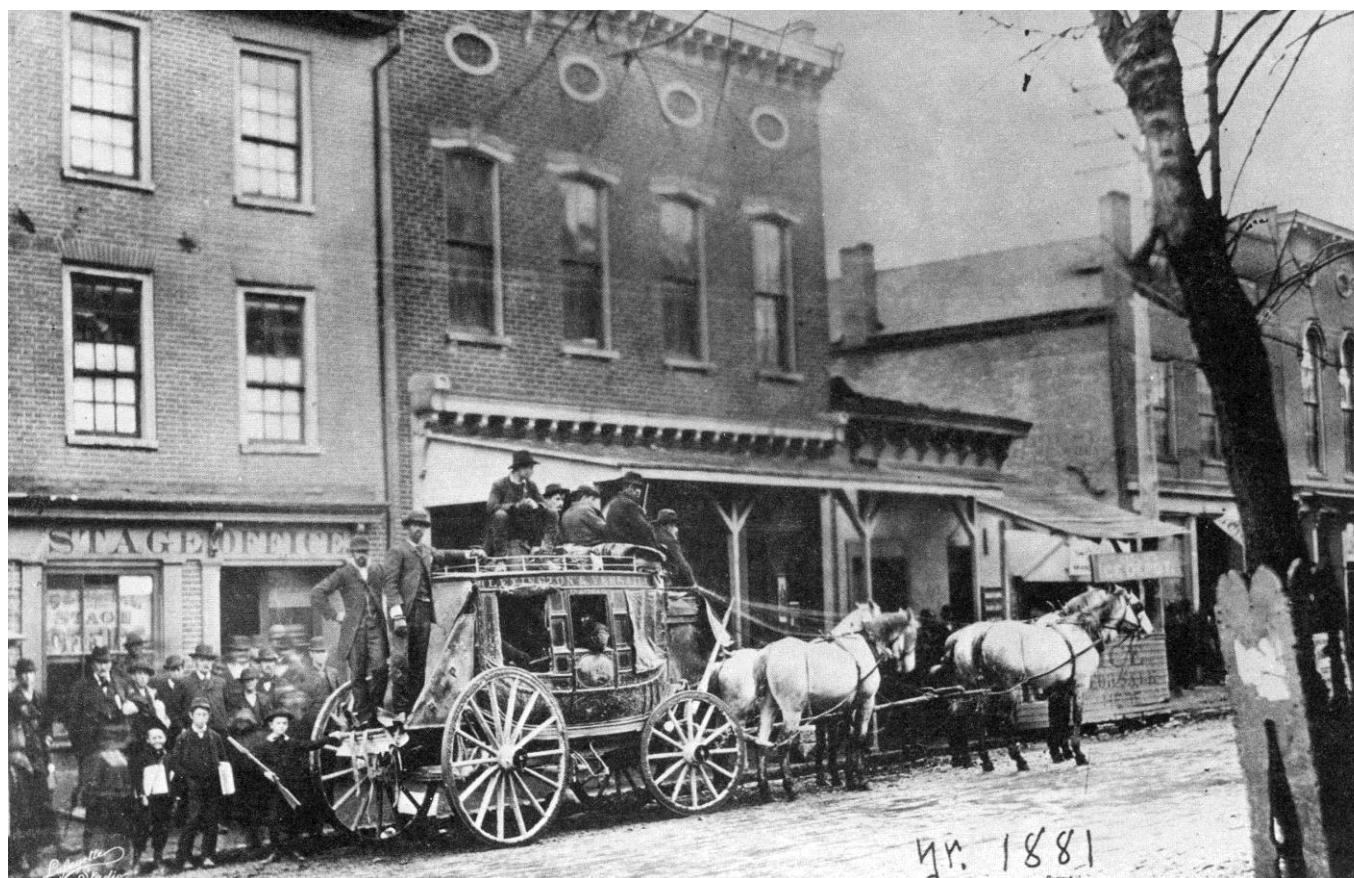
5

She knelt with her sweet hands folded,
 Her fair little head bowed low;
 While dead vines tapped at the window
 And the air was thick with snow.
 Without, earth dumb with winter,
 Within, hearts dumb with care.
 And up through the leaden silence
 Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,
 And help me be good," she said,
 Then stirred by a sudden fancy,
 She lifted the shining head.
 Did she catch on the frozen maple
 Some hint of the April green,
 Or the breath of the woodland blossoms,
 The drift of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered,
 "Where the ^(violet) lovely birds used to sing;
 They are tired of the cold, while winter,
 Oh, help them to grow in spring;
 And the flowers that I loved to gather
 Lord, bring them again in May;
 The dear little violets sleeping
 Down in the ground to-day.

Ah, earth may be chill with snow flakes
 And hearts may be cold with care,
 But wastes of a frozen silence
 Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
 And lips that were dumb with sorrow
 In jubilant hope may sing;
 For when earth is wrapped in winter
 In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.





Clark-McNeal-Adams 1203 Chestnut

There are very few log houses remaining within the city limits of Bowling Green but one of these is located on the corner of Chestnut and Twelfth Streets, across from the Baptist Church, and presently owned by Donald W. Adams. When built the house faced Twelfth Street, then called Poplar, but through the years it has been enlarged and weatherboarded.

It appears from deeds at the court house that in the early days this house may have been a part of the extensive John B. Clark property. Mr. Clark's home was on State Street between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets, now the residence of Mrs. O.V. Clark, and covered several acres. He was a carpenter and builder and it is said had a shop on the corner of State and present Twelfth Streets. So it is likely he also had a log house or two on his estate — this being one of them.

On the Bowling Green map of 1877, a copy of which is in the Kentucky Library, the house was owned by J.C. McNeal. According to the deeds J.C. McNeal became the owner in 1866 when he purchased the property as a result of a suit over the estate of John B. Clark, deceased. As early as 1855 there was a house on this corner, possibly before that date. But the name of the

builder is lost, so far as this writer can determine. J.C. and Ann McNeal had four children mentioned in a deed, Nanny, Ervin, Mattie and Charles, there may have been others.

Through the years the property has changed hands a number of times. During our recollection it was the home of Mr. and Mrs. E.H. Binzel before they built a brick residence next door. The Binzels had purchased it from Mr. and Mrs. George R. Mayo. The Mayo's had three sons, Ernest, John and Morrow. Morrow wrote a well publicized poem about World War I which gained national recognition: entitled "To the Blue and the Gray"

Here's to the Blue of the windswept north
When we meet on the fields of France
May the spirit of Grant be with you all
As the sons of the north advance.

And here's to the Gray of the sunkist South
When we meet on the fields of France
May the spirit of Lee be with them all
When the sons of the South advance.

And here's to the blue and the gray as one
When they meet on the fields of France
May the Spirit of God be with them all
As the sons of the flag advance.