This article is a reprint from an article given to me by Edith Spradling Hall. It was written by Bert Kitchen, Grandson of Charles Kitchen who owned the Kitchen Store in Leon and is about growing up in the Leon area around the turn of the 20th century. My thanks to Edith for sharing this information with the rest of us. JDH

James Houston Kitchen

The oldest son of Charles Kitchen and Lauretta King Kitchen was born at Deer Creek, Carter County, Kentucky January 8, 1867. Being the oldest child in a large family and-since his father operated a large farm and store, it was only natural that my father who was very energetic should start work almost as soon as he could look over the counter in the store. My father received his early education in a one room country school house. He also attended two terms of what was then called Institute. This was supposed to be an advanced course and especially for people wanting to get a school certificate so they would be able to teach. These schools were usually held in the winter for about three months and were always taught by the best and oldest teachers. They were paid schools, that is they were held in some community and the pupils would come from miles around and would often have to board with someone near where the school was held. The tuition was very small for money was scarce in those days.

My father attended one and possibly two terms of school and I have often heard him tell of some of the experiences. He lived with uncle Joe King and aunt Lina King at Newfoundland in Elliot County while attending these schools. These schools were always held in winter so as not to interfere with any farm labor. The regular one room schools were held for five or six months and in many cases the boys and girls would miss much of the school for they had to work in the fields and education was not allowed to interfere with necessary work to be done. Getting an education in the early days was more or less a side line. The common school teachers of that day were real honest upright citizens. They would have to board around among their scholars for they did not receive enough to pay board, but they were really interested in seeing that the boys and girls were instructed in reading, writing and arithmetic. They were also exceptionally good in teaching geography, English and history. I really believe some of the boys and girls were better equipped at that time after they had finished the fifth reader and Ray's Three-part Arithmetic than the present children are after they have finished the eighth grade in common school. And this was accomplished under the handling of one teacher teaching from 35 to 75 pupils of all sizes and grades in one room. So such for my father's schooling.

My father started to work and help in the store and around the farm at the age of about six years. A few years ago my aunt Sarah Kitchen gave me a small oil lamp which she and great uncle John bought when they went to housekeeping and she told me that my father sold it to them and that he was so small that he could hardly see over the counter in the store. I have often heard my father relate that they would send him with a team to haul goods for the store. At this time they were hauling goods from Denton, Kentucky. This round trip was about forty miles over a

mere trail and would take at least two days in good weather. They would not send anyone with him and he was so small that he could not load the large barrels and boxes in which the goods were packed and I have often heard him relate how mad the station agents would get when they would have to help him load his wagon.

My father worked around time the store and farm on Deer Creek until grandfather purchased the Debard store and farm at Leon where my father was sent to take charge. He slept in the store and boarded in the community until my grandfather moved to Leon. At this time my grandfather made my father his first business proposition. My father was to have one half interest in the store for a certain sum and he was to pay for it by his work in the store and out of the profits, if any. The company was called Chas. Kitchen & Son and it was quite some time before my father had cleared off his half of the store. The store was operated by father from 1888 until 1910 under the same name. This was very profitable and in order to give a clear picture of it and the community there about I will have to go into detail about the store for it was a real community center around which everything hinged for miles around and, I think, one of the most interesting chapters in the early life of Carter County.

Chas. Kitchen and Son

The building in which the above named firm operated is still standing at Leon. This was a frame building two stories high. The main store room was about forty feet wide by seventy feet long with a ware room about ten foot wide running across the back and down one side. This ware room was only one story high. The front door to the store was a double door about eight feet wide, but only one door was left open most of the time. Both sides of the store were shelved the full length of the store as well as the back of the main room. There were two counters running the full length of the store on both sides and almost in the center of the store was a huge coal stove which furnished all of the heat for the huge building, and it did a good job of it too. As you entered the door on the right side there was a space about ten feet wide and sixteen feet long enclosed by a railing with parts and slats like a picket fence. Inside this enclosure was a large iron safe, a roll top desk and a stand up desk with pigeon holes built into it.

This enclosure also contained the post office. When I was small the post office handled tons and tons of mail for this was the distributing point for all the mail from Leon to Sandy Hook and all of the post offices in between such as Rose Dale, Bruin, Newfoundland, Gimlet, and so forth. This mail was carried from Leon to Sandy Hook by the mail carrier on horse and sometimes it would take three horses to carry the load. The mail carrier would ride one and lead the other two loaded down with mail. We had five mail trains on the C&O through Leon every day. 25, the early train, went through Leon on the way from Ashland to Louisville about five o'clock in the morning. This was a through and did not stop at Leon, but they would pick up the mail with a catcher and throw off several sacks of mail each morning. I have often heard my father tell that he hung out the mail bag for this train to pick up

for twenty years and never missed a single morning. Father would get up at 4:30, go to the store to put out the mail bag to be picked up by the early train, help the clerk sweep out the store, sort the mail which had been kicked off of the early train and then turn it over to the mail carrier so he could start on his twenty mile jaunt. Father would then return home for his breakfast and then return to the store for a long day, for dad's day started at 4:30 in the morning and lasted until nine or ten at night.

On the right side of the store was the dry goods side. Starting just back of the office the shelves were filled with stockings, women's corsets, lace and embroidery. Next came the piece goods, muslin, satin, calico and gingham. My father always carried a large stock of goods. On the left side of the store first came the patent medicine department consisting of Swamp Root, Lightening Hot Drops, Doan's Pills, Esperine Asserfidity, worm medicine, worm candy, rock candy, Electric Oil, Indian Remedy and many others too numerous to mention. Next came the tobacco and candy department, Star Tobacco, Kate Gravely, Granger Twist, Brown Mule Natural Leaf, Red Man, Mail Pouch, Duke's Mixture, Bull Durham and many others. I cannot recall all of them. All of the plug tobacco carried tobacco tags on each cut of tobacco, and they gave wonderful prizes for the tags. Father would buy the tags from children by giving them stick candy for the tags. Money being scarce, this was the main means of getting candy, for all the children saved the tags. I remember some of the prizes, a shot gun, a sixteen shot rifle, chairs and in fact the dining room suit we still have was purchased with tobacco tags.

Continuing on down the store, next came the candy jars. They were glass jars with large openings in the top through which you could get your hand and they were covered with a brass top. They were always filled with stick candy such as lemon cream, orange, peppermint, clove, horehound and sometimes they were filled also with chocolate drops or Grocer's Mixed or French Mixed, for this was the day before candy bars. These jars made a very pretty sight with the striped candy. These jars were more for display than anything else for the chocolate drops, Grocer's Mixed and French Mixed came in thirty pound pails which were kept under the counter. The stick candy came in barrels and was kept in the same place.

In the same section of the store were the tin canisters in which they kept tea, mustard, and whole pepper, cinnamon bark, and many other spices. These canisters had pictures on them and are really antiques today. Under the counter in this same section was the cracker barrel for all the crackers were packed in barrels at this time. Next under the counter came the coffee. There were always two boxes, one of Four-X (XXXX) and one of Arbuckle, the coffee with the signature on the side of the package. You could cut out and save the signatures and send away for prizes. Also under the counter were always two boxes of green coffee for many people roasted their own and green coffee was much cheaper. All coffee was whole grain and everyone had a coffee mill and I have many times ground coffee for breakfast. Our first coffee mill was made of a hand made piece of wood which you would sit on and hold a cup under the little mill placed on the end and grind out a cup of coffee. We later got a mill made out of wood., It was about eight inches square

and had a small drawer in the bottom. You could hold it between your knees and turn the crank around and around.

Advancing on down the left side of the store the next shelves were filled with canned goods, tomatoes, pie peaches, sardines, salmon, corn, cove oysters and many kinds of canned vegetables. On the lower edge of this shelf always sat the cheese box which would be round. They would take the top off, lay it upside down, then put the round cheese on it and turn the other box over the cheese to keep the flies off. On top of the box would be a butcher knife for cutting the round yellow cheese and how many times have I cut me a piece of cheese and went to the cracker barrel. This really made a nice in between snack.

Just across from the cheese box under the counter were two barrels of sugar, one a real dark brown, the other granulated. There was no packaged sugar, at that time. The brown sugar would be packed so hard in the barrel you would often have to take a hatchet to get it out. It was very lumpy and made a very choice morsel in the place of candy, and I shall never forget the time I headed into the barrel trying to get me a lump of sugar. I got up on a little box and leaned over the barrel, lost my balance and went in head first and could not get back out. I let out a yell and started kicking for dear life. The clerk and father let me stay in what seemed like quite a while to me. They thought it would teach me a lesson, for they had told me to stay out of the sugar.

This recalls to my memory an old custom which you very seldom see any more. There were no places for lunch, only the store. Anyone passing through and many of the non working at the mill and stave factory would eat their lunch in the store. On the back ledge were always kept several bowls and spoons for anyone to use it they wanted to lunch. The bowls were usually used for a can of tomatoes or cove oysters. I have often seen a man open a can of tomatoes and eat the whole can with a few crackers on the side. Another favorite lunch was cheese and crackers. These were served by placing a piece of wrapping paper on the counter, cutting a slice of cheese and then reaching into the cracker barrel and placing the crackers on the paper with the cheese. At this time the cheese and crackers both sold for five cents. Another favorite was brown sugar and crackers. The men would ask for five cents worth of brown sugar and crackers and stand around and munch on these for lunch. Another odd favorite was Vienna sausage or sardines. They were served the same way on a piece of wrapping paper on the counter with a few crackers. No silverware was ever served with anything like this and the men used their own pocket knives to eat with.

About this same location in the store they kept on the shelf a wooden box of bakers chocolate. It came in small bars and I don't believe the package has been changed even today. How many times have I put my hand in this box for a piece of the chocolate. Going on back to the left side of the store after you passed the canned goods the next items to appear on the shelves were the shot gun shells, pistol and rifle ammunition. Then continuing on back you would find the dishes, bowls and meat platters and once in a while a complete set of dishes. Other standard items were the oil lamps. They were clear glass or they were different colored bowls with clear glass stems. Red was the main standby, believe they

called it ruby. They would also have all kinds of lamp chimneys some flowered, some clear and one of the standbys was half frosted and half clear. They ran in three sizes, 1-2-3. Another standard lamp was for the kitchen which fitted in a metal bracket fastened to the wall.

Next in line going back the left side of the store was the tin ware or granite ware. Included in this stock came the coffee pot, the wash pan, the dish pan, wash boilers sat along the top shelves and all kind of pans to cook in, pans with handles, pans with lids, strainers, flour sifters, dippers, measuring cups, pie pans and doughnut cutters. Right in the back at the store on this side was the ironware such as skillets, pots both covered and open. The heavy iron pots used outside were kept in the warehouse as were the coal buckets.

Now just back of the stove and near the rear center of the store was the shoe section. All shoes were packed in wooden boxes or cases and each case would hold one dozen assorted sizes of shoes. This section for shoes was about four boxes wide and three boxes high. They would take the top off the boxes very carefully and set the boxes together and place one on top of the other. This shoe department was as I say about four boxes wide and would extend down one side for about ten boxes deep with four more tiers of shoes across the back. This makes a rectangle about eight feet wide by twenty feet long. This arrangement took care of about a thousand pair of shoes. Then the shelving across the back at the store was always used for shoes. This would take care of about three hundred pair of shoes.

This almost takes care of the main store with the exception of the show cases. On the dry goods side sitting on the counter was a show case about ten feet long by four feet deep. The front glass in this case was a half circle. Stowed inside were boxes of all kinds of ribbon on spools all different sizes and widths and the colors were gorgeous. Also in this case was lace embroidery, scissors, needles, darning needles, thimbles, silk thread of all colors, buttons on cards of all colors and kinds, shoe strings, and little things for babies like rattles and rings to cut their teeth on. Just back of this case on the ledge sat the ??? thread cabinet and on the extreme back end of the counter were bolts of heavy dry goods and oil cloth. Almost in the center of the store against a post was the rack for screen wire. On the left side of the store on the front counter was a show case about eight foot long and four foot wide and one foot high. This case contained razors, pocket knives, key rings, pocket books, pipes and many other things that appealed to men.

Next to this case was a small case about four feet long and three feet wide with a curved glass in the front. This case was used for cigars. I remember one or two brands, one was Yellow Dogs, Old Virginia Cheroots was another and there were several I cannot recall. I do remember the Yellow Dogs for they had a sweet taste, but brother were they strong!

Continuing on down the store on the left side the next case was also eight feet by four, by one foot tall. In this case was contained the lead pencils, tablets, writing paper, chewing gum, etc. Just a little further back on the counter was another case about the same size as the others. Now this case contained odds and ends such as knives, forks, silverware, files for hand saws, flat files, leather for half soles, pegging awls, needles for sewing leather, needles to sew sacks, drawing knives

and many other items too numerous to mention. Right on the back of the counter case plain on the outside with pigeon holes in the back. This was a very popular case for it contained the Diamond dyes.

Another item I don't want to forget - in the early spring the two garden and flower seed boxes were placed on the counter. They were always Ferry seeds and were put in the store on consignment. We would sell seeds from them all summer and they would pick them up in the fall. You would only pay for what you had sold. This takes care of the main store room.

We have already described the large coal stove in the center of the store. From the stove to the front door was quite a large open space. This was used to stack surplus goods not needed at once. There were also six to eight flat bottomed chairs round the stove and in the open place. This was the loafing section and anyone coming in to trade in the winter would always pull up a chair and get warm by his big stove first.

There was a ware room across the back end of the store and down one side. This was about twelve foot wide and only one story high. Stored in this room on the right as you entered from the main store were keg after keg sitting on the floor with their tops out. These contained horse shoes, mule shoes, and nails of all sizes and shapes. On the shelf on this side were too calks, horse shoe nails, harness straps, collar pads, chalk lines, trace chains, back bands, belly bands and saddle girths. Just across the door as you entered the ware room and against the back wall were four or five big square stones about one foot high and three feet square. On the first was placed the coal oil tank. This tank would hold a fifty gallon barrel of coal oil. It was equipped with a hand pump to fill the containers of the customers.

Next came a barrel of vinegar with a wood spigot in the bottom for at this time vinegar was not packed in glass as we have it today. Next was the molasses barrel with an iron spigot in the bottom. In cold weather the molasses would hardly run at all for the ware room was never heated. Along this wall in season would be found a keg of pickles, barrel of cider, a keg of pickled pigs feet, a can of lard and two huge boxes of fat meat. Back in the corner where you made the turn to go down the far side of the ware room was a huge frame which held a bag of canvas about four feet across and four feet high. This bag was for storing goose feathers.

Over head hanging from big nails driven in the rafters were harness, horse collars, coal buckets and wooden and galvanized water buckets. Also stored along the side were the bags of wool until shipping time. Continuing on down the side were stored the barrels of flour and seed. On the other side were stored bags and barrels of all kinds of grass seed, Red Top, Clover, Bluegrass, Timmothy and Orchard grass. Also along the side of the ware room were stored the plows and plow equipment, such as single shovel plows, double shovel, hill side turning plows, bottom turning plows as well as plow parts and bolts to fit any plow and also mowing machine parts.

This about takes care of the ware room, so we will continue from here and climb the stairs in the back of the store. The first room which we enter was used for the storage of furniture, bedsteads, bureau chest, wardrobes, tin safes, bed springs, cotton baths, cane bottom and rocking chairs, small tables and large standing

tables for dining rooms. We go from here into the front room which was quite large and was equipped with two rows of tables the full length and both walls were shelved. On the tables were piled suits, extra pairs of pants, vests, work pants, shirts, sweaters, and jackets for this was the men's clothing department. In the shelves were boxes of caps, gloves, hats and many other small items. Also in the shelves on one side were stored the old books and ledgers after they were finished with. So much for the arrangement and merchandise in the store.

The store was the chief center and you might say the heart of the community. It was the meeting place, the loafing place and the gathering point for a radius of about five miles in any direction. The only telephone for miles was located in the store. This line connected Leon with Grayson and Sandy Hook. This was a very crude telephone line consisting of two wires stretched on saplings of crude poles and was out of order about half of the time. Since the post office was in the store and there were no real rural routes at this time, everyone came to the store for their mail. I have seen people expecting a letter or a package walk four or five miles to the post office for no other reason than to see if they had any mail.

In the summertime there were benches in front of the store and also a platform where the men all gathered to chew the rag, pitch horse shoes, shoot a rifle or shotgun or sometimes just a gas and watch the young ones play marbles or pass a ball. And I don't know of any set of men who enjoyed themselves as much as they did. They were always trying to play a joke on each other and they were interested in everything going on in the country, and were always ready to help each other at any time.

Just to show you how things worked in the community, any one had sickness the neighbors would come in from miles around and offer their aid. You did not have to send for them. If a farmer got sick and his crops needed working the neighbors would come and hoe his corn or tobacco or do anything that needed to be done and if you had offered to pay any of them you would have insulted them. One case I remember well. The house of one of the families burned destroying not only the house but the furniture. The family was quite large so they scattered around among the neighbors to be housed and fed until a new house could be erected. The house was replaced in about thirty days and the neighboring men did all the work and helped pay for the lumber. While the men were occupied the neighboring women pieced quilts and made clothing for the family so in just a short time they were back in their own house with furniture and cooking utensils, all furnished by the community. Another case I well remember was when my father was so sick. Father had bought and stored his coal for the winter. Along in the winter Dad got sick with typhoid fever. This caused us to have to keep fires going all over the house for it was a severe winter and we had nurses and men up night and day. Father was unconscious for about twenty days and was in bed for about six weeks. We were worried for the extra fires had used up our coal supply and we were unable to replace it. Some of the men found out our plight and without saying a word to anyone they waited until after dark when a freight train stopped to take water, there being a water tank at Leon. When we got up in the morning we had a pile of coal in the front yard of about

four tons and it was the finest of coal and no one ever asked and no one ever hinted how it got there.

In the winter time the men would move from the benches in front of the store inside around the huge stove. The store was always kept closed for one hour for supper then Dad and the clerk would return to do the book work. This would give all the other men a chance to gather around the stove and joke and talk over politics and religion and any gossip around the community. Father had one of the first phonographs in that part of the country and he had hundreds or records. I well remember the phonograph. It was in small square wood box about one foot square with the turntable on top. It was equipped with a sound box attached to a large horn about four feet long which tapered and flared out in front until it was about four feet across and the big end was painted to look like a morning glory. Dad would take this machine to the store and people would come from miles around to hear it play, and some of the favorite records were Bryan's speeches, Uncle Josh in New York, Souza's Band and old Fiddling Pieces.

Sometimes someone would bring his fiddle and play. There were several banjo players in the neighborhood. Once in a while a man with a trained bear would pass through the country. This bear would perform and the man would pass his hat. We thought this some show. Another type of entertainment that would pass through once in a while was the expert rifle shot. They would stop and give a performance in front of the store. This team was always composed of a man and his wife. The man would shoot marbles tossed in the air or pennies. They would toss a small lump of coal in the air, he would shoot it and break it into several pieces and then would break the pieces. He would shoot an apple off of his wife's head and would wind up by shooting little square oyster crackers held in her teeth. Of course it would not be a country store without the checker board many hot games took place.

Just to show some of the discussions that took place in the store, I recall when a preacher made his first trip to Leon. We were on a circuit and the preacher would come about once a month on Saturday and stay over Sunday. They had made a change in preachers and the fellow was a small man and had a dark shallowly complexion and looked much like a foreigner. On Monday night after the preacher's first trip the men were all congregated in the store talking about him. Sitting on the floor with his back to a post was Henry Wallace, long, gaunt, about six foot four inches tall. After much discussion about the new preacher, the men wondered what nationality he was, Henry had been very quiet while they all talked, but all at once Henry got up from the floor and said, I can tell you what the preacher is. He is one of them dang laundrymen.

If anyone needed a doctor they came to the store and had them call Grayson and when the doctor arrived if they did not have the money to pay him the doctor would come by the store and they would pay him and charge it to the person's account. Any time they needed money they would come to the store and get it and have it charged to their accounts. Most everything they bought was on credit from one season or crop to the next crop. If they had a bad year their account was carried over to the next year. There was no question about getting your money and I have heard my father tell of one man owing them sixteen years but he finally came

back and paid off his account. If a man went bankrupt he was shunned and had to leave the community.

I remember one case in particular. Polly Hill lived across the river in a one room log house with a lean to kitchen. He had a large family and the poor hillside farm he rented would not produce enough to keep them. Dad would hire Polly to work in the garden, clean out the barn and build fences. But in spite of this Polly got in debt more and more. One day father saw Polly coming across the field to the store so he called Arch Lewis, who was working in the store and told Arch to tell Polly that he could not credit him any more for his account had reached $164.00 which was quite a large sum in those days. Polly came into the store and Arch went to wait on him. He wanted a sack of meal, coffee, meat and two or three other items. Arch told him he was sorry but Mr. Kitchen told him no more credit. Polly dropped his head and went out of the store. Dad was standing looking out of the window and saw Polly plodding his way home. So he went to the door and called Polly back and let him have far more than he would have bought from Arch. After Polly left, Arch Lewis kidded Dad about it and Dad said I thought about all those little children and know they had nothing to eat so I would rather lose on the account than to think of them hungry.

From the foregoing narration you can see that the store was the chief center of activity for the whole community made up of about 15 families located at Leon and approximately 85 families located on farms within a small radius. Chas. Kitchen & Son administered to all needs in the community. They kept a large stock of merchandise. They bought the local produce such as eggs, chickens, geese, turkeys, wool, feathers, ginseng root, tan bark, cross ties, timber, stove bolts, tobacco, cattle, hogs, horses, mules, hides, possum, muskrats, and cows. They furnished all of the equipment for farming, acted as a bank, owned hundreds or acres of land, farmed and leased farms, financed farms on mortgages, loaned on crops and donated land for a church and furnished much of the material to build it as well as furnished most of the finances for it. They donated five acres for a cemetery, had it fenced and cleared up each year. They not only furnished merchandise for their own customers but sold to other stores such items as barrel salt, flour, muslin and many other things. My father was interested in anything which would help the community.

I well remember when they formed or organized the Fraternal Order of Mules. This was a secret order and they had about 25 members. I was small and don't know for what purpose they were formed or what they represented, but I can still see them marching or attending church in a body or attending someone's funeral. To me as a boy they were a great organization. Their insignia was supposed to look like a mule collar. It was a piece of red felt or satin about four inches wide made in the shape of a mule collar. The edges were trimmed with gold braid. They wore this round their necks like a mule would and they were about three feet long. Some of the members almost looked like mules.

Another thing that my father and grandfather always took a great interest in was the school. Grandfather donated the land on which it was erected and furnished part of the material to build it. He always saw to it that the best teachers it was

possible to get were hired. I remember many of them, John Waugh, Jim Craig, K. Pea, Mable Pea, Holly Horton, Hilda Horton, Susie Conley and Owen Stewart.

Now it would be out of place not to relate some of the tales about some of the characters that lived In this community. The first one that comes to mind was George Hall. Now George lived on Grandfather's farm almost all of his life. He was quite a carpenter as well as a farmer. He did quite a lot of carpentry work around the community, George always wanted to be fancy and it was quite a joke in the community. George's trade work was fancy hand carving or scroll work. George was good with his saw or pocket knife. Many of the Two Holes in the community bore George's trade mark, such as stars, half moons or small cut out diamonds. George always wore a heavy watch chain across his chest and most times two of them and would always have several charms dangling from them. It was a familiar saying in the family when you would wore gaudy jewelry or charms that you looked like George Hall. Another incident I remember about George Hall, was the time he came into the store and bought a leather pocket book and paid $1.00 for it. After this purchase was completed George only had a dime left to put in the said pocket book. This amused me very much, but I suppose George was looking forward to better times and was preparing in advance for the money he was going to have.

Dad and several other men had a stave factory at Leon from 1900 to 1907 when they decided to move it to Morehead in Rowan County. George Hall was sent to Morehead to help erect the factory and after about two months George returned home. Someone asked him how he liked Morehead since this was the farthest George had ever been away from home. He replied that it was a fine country but he did not like it too well for he was true to Old Kentucky. The foregoing stories about George are not meant to belittle him. For George was honest, hard working, religious and raised a fine family and was well thought of in the community and I certainly mean no disrespect for George. I remember well the morning he brought me the fine squirt gun made out of elder all hand carved and made to perfection. You could squirt water twenty feet and hit any object much to the dismay of my parents.

William Hall, a brother of George, lived on a farm at the head of Four Mile Creek. He worked for my father for seven years at the stave factory. He had a large family and in the entire seven years never drew any money for his store account was always larger than his pay. Billy, as he was known by everyone, was a fine character and spent the latter part of his life in Ashland. Where George's decorations went to chains and charms, Billy was crazy about fancy pencils and fountain pens although he had small use for them as he was just able to write. He always had from three to six pens and pencils sticking out of his vest pocket and since I carry two or three in my vest pocket, my wife very often says look at Billy Hall.

The third member of this family, Hiram Hall, was born and raised on my grandfather’s farm. He was put in charge of the farming activities when I was real small and continued to run the farm as long as it remained in the family. He lived over the hill from Leon and looked after all the teams and livestock, farmed, and supervised all of the tenants under my grandfather’s directions. My father and grandfather bought and sold cattle, hogs and sheep and Hiram looked after all of

them. He cut the hay, raised a large field of corn and helped strip tobacco, for all of the tenants raised tobacco. In the winter time he supervised the hog killing and built and looked after all of the fence on the 1200 acre farm. Of course, he did not do all of the work himself. Several men were hired at different seasons of the year to help him at the job, but he was general foreman and worked hard also. He married young to a Rice girl and had several children. She died young and he remarried a Hogston and raised another family. Hiram was one of the most loveable, honest and gentle characters I have ever known. He ran the farm for years just the same as if he owned it and liked for everyone to know he was boss. Hiram retired a few years ago and now lives in grandfather's old house at Leon. The three men I have just described were all the sons of Henry Hall. They were all honest, religious, hard working, upright citizens and they were all well thought of in the community.

Another interesting family that lived on the farm, or part of them did, was the Hill family. They did not go in for education and I don't believe any of them could read or write. They were hard working tenant farmers but never seemed to be able to make both ends meet. They all had large families and packs of hound dogs. When not farming they hunted and trapped to help sustain their family income. The most important thing about this family was their names. I don't remember the girl's names, but I will never forget the boys, Ulysses Grant Hill, Napoleon Bonaparte Hill, George Washington Hill and Robert E. Lee Hill.

I well remember one incident that happened between Grant Hill and myself. I went squirrel hunting one afternoon across the hill in a deep holler and was sitting against a big oak tree with my fine double barrel shotgun and smokeless powder shells. I was watching a big hickory tree waiting for the squirrels to come feed, when down the hill stepped Ulysses Grant Hill. Over his shoulder he had a barrel muzzle loading shot gun and he came up and said he was out of powder. Now they loaded these old muzzle loaders with a slow burning black powder, and they had a measuring cup that held quite a lot. I know better, but not thinking of the danger, I suggested to Grant that he could open one of my twelve gauge shells and load his old muzzle loader. This we did, and he poured the smokeless powder into his measuring cup and found that one shell only filled it about half full, so I suggested that he take another for I always had more shells than I could shoot. So he cut open another shell and poured out the powder and then poured it all down the old gun. He then put in the shot, rammed it home, turned grinning at me and said he was going up the hill and kill a squirrel. I never thought, but he had rammed in about six drams of smokeless powder. He had only been gone a short time when I heard a report like a cannon on the top or the hill. In a few minutes Grant came sloping down the hill holding what had been a shotgun, for this huge charge of high powered powder had busted the barrel of his gun and also blown the barrel from the stock. I looked him over and he had a cut on his face, but luckily he was not hurt, but he was heartbroken over the loss of his gun. Father found out about what I had done and he almost skinned me alive, but really I had not anticipated the result from the huge load of powder. I was never told, but Grant Hill, in a short time had a shining new 12 gauge breech loading single barrel gun, and I have a sneaking suspicion that Dad bought it for him.

Sim McBrayer's family lived on a hillside farm on Wolf Creek. They had several children and the McBrayers were a good, honest, hard working pair. Their farm was very poor, but by hard work they managed to live very well, and when I look at the farm today I wonder how they did it. They produced almost everything they used on the farm and what little they had to buy they purchased by selling produce. They would come to the store with a split basket of eggs and would purchase sugar, coffee and spices which were about all they would buy. In early fall they would make a trip to the store with a wagon load of produce at which time they would buy clothing, shoes and everything they would need during the winter. When Dad would see the McBrayers approaching he would send me home to tell mother he would not be home for dinner.

I well remember one of the trips. Well, Dad sent me home to tell mother he would not be home for the McBrayers drove up with a wagon load of produce. I was playing around the store and watching Dad. The wagon had quite a load. The first off the rear end, was two coops, one of chickens and one of geese. They had to be weighed and turned out in the pen. Next came several large sacks of wool which had to be weighed and placed in the ware room. The next items to come off of the wagon were sacks of feathers. They were large sacks but very light. They were goose feathers and were very valuable even in that day. Next came several cow hides in bundles and salted down. These also had to be weighed and placed in the ware room, and there were two or three baskets of eggs that had to be counted. When everything was unloaded, weighed and tabulated, I well remember the sum was a little over $100.

Then the fun began. The old man would sit by the stove in a flat bottom chair and his wife would start to buy. First came a pair of shoes for every member of the family. Shoes were only used in the winter time. Then would come the flannel, muslin, calico, gingham shirting, work pants and sometimes a coat or two. The dry goods side would take a lot of time to pick the different color and debate the amount of each kind to buy. After this was finished they moved over to the grocery side and they would try to buy all of the necessities they would need to carry them throughout the winter. First would be coffee and a small amount of tea, brown sugar, a barrel of flour, nutmeg, cinnamon bark, black pepper, baking powder, a barrel or salt, several plugs of chewing tobacco, prunes and a large bag of rice. These were about all of the things they would purchase from the grocery side. Next the old man was allowed to buy a couple of plow parts, a back band, a belly band, a rope for check lines, two or three hoes and sometimes a horse or mule collar or two or a pair of trace chains. This would get them ready for farming next spring.

By this time it would be well up in the afternoon and since I had been home for dinner and played for quite some time, I just happened to come back into the store as the McBrayers were finishing up and had covered their list of purchases to be made. Dad was adding up their bill, and after deducting it from their credit he found they still had a small credit. Mrs. McBrayer, being the boss, had spent practically all of the money allowing the old man to buy tools and harness to work with and a small amount of tobacco. They started to look around the store to see what they could buy with the remainder of their credit. Now for the incident that

makes me remember it so well. Mr. McBrayer wanted a yellow lead pencil. Now they sold two kinds of pencils, one was a little cedar pencil with no eraser for one cent and the yellow pencil with the eraser for five cents. The old man wanted one of the yellow pencils but after the old woman had spent most of the money, she set her foot down and insisted that one of the penny pencils was good enough for him and that is all he got. I was a small boy only eight or ten years old when this all happened, but I have never forgotten, for I stood there and listened to Mr. and Mrs. McBrayer argue about the pencil, and thought of the old man working on the hillside all summer in the hot sun and setting in the chair while his wife spent most of the money never saying a word, but when he wanted a five cent pencil well that was something else. I can still see them now loading their wagon and driving away, the old man still muttering to himself and the old lady sitting up real straight in the wagon not looking to the right or left. I can also see my Dad slipping out the back door and heading to the house to get him a bite to eat for it was always three o'clock when the ordeal was over.

Uncle William Pope or Uncle Bill as we called him lived about one and one half mile up the Little Sandy River from Leon and on the opposite side of the river. It was a great treat to go with Grandmother Louisa Pope to see Uncle Bill and Aunt Becky. He lived in a large log house on the river bank surrounded by apple trees. Off to one side was a nice garden. Grandmother and I would go up the railroad and across the river in a flat bottom boat. We would most always get there in the afternoon. Grandmother would visit and I would run over the hills and in the garden and in and out of the barn. When I would get tired of running I would come into the large kitchen. I shall never forget the cook stove in one end. This room was about 12 feet wide and extended along the back of the house. As I have already stated, one end was used for preparing the meal. The other end had a long table about 12 feet with benches on either side and a row of windows on the outside wall. I would often get on a bench and play with a salt holder which they always kept on the table. It was clear glass and made like a wagon with wheels and everything. I would push it all over the table and play for hours.

After dark we would sit in front of a large log fire and they would visit and talk and I would often go to sleep. I could hardly wait to go to bed and I would keep after grandmother until she would get the oil lamp and we would go upstairs and get into the large bed. They were very high and the ticks were filled with corn shucks and they would rattle and make all sorts of noises when you turned over in then. It was a treat to me to sleep in one. Uncle Bill was a very religious man and come to church regular and made wonderful prayer. He very often came to the store with his split basket on his arm and always brought eggs to trade for sugar, coffee, tea and all.

About one half mile below Uncle Bill Pope lived Uncle Hiram Pope and Aunt Lizzie. I often went up to uncle Hiram's to spend the day. You would walk up the railroad and cross the river on a foot log. This was the old Lewis Pope place and the house of my grandmother. This was a pretty big old log house. It was made out of hewn logs and the daubing in between was as white as snow. The yard of about a quarter acre was flat and full of flowers.

Just west of the house was one of the prettiest gardens of about one acre. Uncle Hiram raised a fine garden and had a fine strawberry patch and I loved to go

up during strawberry season. He also raised watermelons and mush melons and many times when Uncle Hiram came to the store, especially if he drove down in his buggy, which he often did, he would drive up to our front yard fence in back of the store and hitch his horse and I would go running to see if he brought me a watermelon. He often did when they were in season. Back of his house up on the river was a blacksmith shop and a huge log barn. I have whiled away many hours climbing in the hay loft and playing in the blacksmith shop.

There was one incident that happened at Uncle Hiram's which I will never forget. My cousin Roy Pope and I went up to Uncle Hiram's one day. Harry Pope, one of Uncle Hiram's boys had come home from out west. It was in the summer time and the river was up so Harry put on a bathing suit and Roy and I stripped and we all went in swimming. Only the trouble was I could not swim very well. I played around in the edge of the river until a log came along. Harry swam out and pushed the log into the bank and I got on top of it and Harry then pushed it out in the stream. The current was swifter than we thought it was, so when the log got out in the middle of the river it started to roll and I lost all hold and fell off. Harry came to my rescue just as I was going down for the third time and he had quite a time getting me to the shore. I remember a couple of swords Harry had sent home. They were supposed to be Mexican War swords. They had a few rusty places on them and they would tell us that the rusty places were made by blood from people who had been killed by them.

Just back of the house about a quarter mile was the Pope cemetery and nearly all the Popes are buried there including my grandmother. The Billy Pope house has disappeared but the old Hiram Pope place is still occupied by Watt Pope and his son Frank. Watt married his cousin and lived there with Uncle Hiram. He had several children, Eva and Grace being about my age and I used to go up and play with them and also went to school with them at Four Mile.

Just across the hill from Uncle Hiram's and up the holler from Uncle Bill's lived the third brother, Uncle Jim. He had a family of I think four boys and four girls. Lon and Jewel being about my age. I used to go with grandmother to spend the day or stay all night and we would have a big time playing with Lon and Jewel. We always went early so I could play. Then we would stay all night and early the next morning we would come over the hill and stop at the Whittens.

The Whittens were related to the Popes and we would spend the day with them. Aunt Ermine Whitten, Mr. Whitten's mother was a Pope. She had lost her eyesight as well as her husband and she lived with her son, so grandmother would stop to visit her. The Whittens had two boys and two girls. Arthur and Sally were my age and I would play with them until grandmother would get her visit over. Aunt Ermine Whitten would come to our house to spend the day and the thing that causes me to remember her so well was the fact that she smoked a pipe and she would let me light it with a coal or hot ember out of the fire.

About one half mile up the holler lived the family of Buckskin Walker. He was a real old man. When I first remember him he had one daughter. Livy who lived with him. In back of the house, up a holler with steep hills on each side he had about fifty acres cleared up. About half of this he farmed and the other half was pasture for his cow. He farmed this little patch raising corn on the hill year in and year out until the

ground was so poor that it would not raise anything at all. This land belonged to my grandfather and Buckskin was supposed to farm it on shares. Even when I was a boy sometimes they would get only one wagon load of corn for grandfather's half. But Buckskin had lived there so long, no one wanted him to move. He lived to be way up in the 90's and in his later years claimed to own the farm by right of possession.

Livy washed and ironed for my family for years and years which brings me to another incident that happened to me. I had a pony so they put me on it with a big sack of clothes to take up to Livy to wash. About halfway up the road my pony got scared by some hogs along the road and threw me as well as the bag of clothes. I caught the pony, but the clothing was too heavy for me to get back on, so I did not know what to do. I was afraid to leave the clothes and so I waited there and after hours they got to worrying about me and Dad sent someone to see about me and I was sure tickled when they came.

Just across the river from the Walkers was the Counts' Farm. In order to get to it, you had to cross the river in a boat. We would walk up the railroad and yell across the river and someone would come and get you over in a boat. Mr. Counts was a real old man and his wife died even before I can remember. He had one daughter who lived with him. Her husband had died and she had four daughters, Sarah, Genie, Julie and Hattie. They had a man named Freeman Pippin who lived with them and did most of the farming. Mrs. Counts sewed for everyone in the neighborhood and had a loom and made carpets and quilts. They had quite a time making ends meet, since there were only girls in the family.

On our way to school we would stop and wait for the Counts girls to cross the river in the boat. All four of them were going to school. Julie and Hattie were about my age. I was always picking on them and many times we would get into fights. I was a great rock thrower and since the ballast along the railroad track made fine throwing material I was always rocking someone or getting rocked myself.

At the mouth of Four Mile was the home of Uncle Wesley Maddox. He owned quite a farm and had a big blacksmith shop and did most of the blacksmith work for the surrounding country. Uncle Wes was a large man and awful strong. I used to go around the shop and watch him work. The most fascinating thing to me was to watch him put a set of iron tires on wagon wheels or shoe a horse. I use to wonder why it did not hurt when they trimmed the horse's hooves. Uncle Wes also had a grist mill on Four Mile and I have made many trips to the mill with a sack of corn to be ground into meal. They would put me on a horse with the sack of corn across the saddle and I would ride to the mill. Uncle Wes or someone else would take the sack off of the horse and I would have to wait my turn if someone was ahead of me. I would go in and watch the big stone wheels grind the corn. They would put the corn you would bring in a hopper and when it was ground they would take out their part for grinding it. Then someone would put the sack on the horse and I would ride home. Mill day was more or less a holiday for the farmers and they never minded waiting their turn for they would gather from all over the countryside and stand in groups and talk about their crops, politics, religion and have a general get together. They enjoyed it very much.

Uncle Wes raised a large family, but the only two I remember real well were Abe and Jim. After Uncle Wes died and the farm was sold they left that part of the country but every few years they come back to see grandmother. I remember when Jim came back from Panama. He looked so dressed up you would hardly know him and the tales he would tell about running a steam shovel when they were building the Panama Canal or the Big Ditch as he called it. The Maddox farm was sold later to the Perry family. They also had a large family, but the only one I remember well was Curtis Perry. They all went to school at Four Mile and Curtis married Eva Pope and lives in Ashland today.

Uncle Joe King often came to our house. He ran a store at Newfoundland, Kentucky and he would stop on his way to Ashland or Grayson. Dad was very fond of him for he had boarded with Uncle Joe when he was small and attended school at Newfoundland. Uncle Joe was always smiling and jovial and was one of the kindest men I ever knew. We were always glad to see him and he would always take dinner with us. I remember one time especially. He came the day after Thanksgiving. We had about a 25 pound turkey, so much of it was left over. Uncle Joe was very fond of chicken or turkey gizzard, now the turkey gizzard was left over from the day before so mother served it to Uncle Joe and I don't think I ever saw such a large gizzard. It looked like it weighed a pound. When Uncle Joe got through his dinner he laughed and said it was the only time in his life he ever had as much gizzard as he could eat. Every time he would come to our house after that he would laugh and say something about it.

Uncle Joe was the father of Jim and Will King who married father's sisters Lula and Effie. He was also one of the original founders and stock holders in Kitchen Whitt & Co. Uncle Joe's farm and store was located in Newfoundland in Elliot County. Grandfather Kitchen and Uncle Joe were first partners in the store and later grandfather sold out to Uncle Joe and he ran the store until he passed away. Dad ran the store and post office, had a large tobacco barn and bought and sold tobacco, tan bark and cross ties. After grandfather moved to Ashland, Dad also looked after the farm.

Along about 1900, in partnership with Mr. Carpenter of Olive Hill and Mr. Leffingwell of Ashland they formed the Leon Stave Co. for the purpose of manufacturing nail keg staves and heading. They had a millwright from Albany, NY to come and erect the plant. I believe his name was Freeman. All of the wood work for the frame was put together with wooden pins and it was quite a plant. All of the machinery was very dangerous to operate, there being many knives to cut the staves and join them and saws of all kind and description. There was no safety devices in those days so someone was always losing a finger. The plant was run by steam and they had large boilers and engines. They also had large steam boxes made out of stone where the oak wood was steamed before it was cut into staves. This steaming made the oak cut easy.

The keg wood was brought up the Little Sandy and floated down to the boom which they had across the river. They also had eight mule teams that hauled keg wood from all of the surrounding country. They had an elevator built to bring the keg wood up the hill from the river. One of the first jobs I ever had was to use a counting

machine, made like a watch with a little stem on top to press down and each time you pressed it, it registered like an adding machine. My job was to count each piece of keg wood as it came up the elevator. They paid me fifty cents per day and when I got my first pay envelope. I went home and counted it. I thought they had short changed me, so I went running off to the store and Dad showed me a five dollar gold piece I had been counting as a penny. I had never seen a gold piece before. They operated this mill until 1907 and then moved it to Morehead and operated it a few more years.

Grandmother Rhetta or Lauretta King Kitchen and family

The writer was nine years old when grandmother Kitchen died and I remember quite a few incidents in regard to her which I feel should be recorded in the history of the family. I can see her yet in her black dress and apron and white collar. She had a gold pin, made in the shape of a door key which she always wore in her collar. She was a very small lady with lots of energy and was a hard worker. She was very religious and belonged to what was then called the Shouting Methodists. I remember one incident as if it were yesterday. We were in a revival meeting when I was a lad of about six or seven years old. My grandmother got so worked up she started down the aisle shouting. She was wearing a fascinator or shawl which dropped from her shoulders. I darted out and picked it up and held it until she returned to her seat. She said look at that little fellow taking care of his grandmother's shawl.

Grandmother raised a family of nine, little Willie, the tenth child died in infancy. Grandmother did all of the managing of the big establishment. In addition to taking care of her own family, the latch string was always out to anyone passing through the country. All the drummers stayed with grandmother and Mr. Taft who was in the lumber business with my grandfather also made his home there for several years. Grandmother set a wonderful table and most of it was produced on the large farm of my grandfather's. Grandmother always had help in the kitchen and a man named John Bolton looked after the horses and cows of which they always had three or four.

I can still see the wonderful garden that John Bolton raised under the direction of my grandmother. This garden was approximately one or one and half acres of bottom land along the Little Sandy River. It was a sandy soil that had been well fertilized with the out fall of the cow and horse barns for many years. They raised potatoes, sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, onions, lettuce, radishes, corn, two or three varieties of beans, peas, tomatoes, turnips, peppers both red and green, pop corn and the first celery I ever saw. The crops were rotated so that all during the summer there was some vegetable ready to be plucked. Along the river bank on one side of the garden was a row of late apple trees. I don't know what they were called, but they bore a green apple striped with red and they were a real late apple. Many times after the first frost or snow I would dig down under the leaves and found apples which were solid, juicy and just as cold as they could be and naturally after all the other fruit was gone they certainly tasted good. On the other side of the garden

in the yard of the house was a row of early June apples. They were a large apple and when they would get real ripe and yellow they would fall off the tree and most of the time they would burst open. They were one of finest eating apples I have ever tasted.

From the back of the house to one of the outhouses on either side of the path was a large gooseberry bush, and many times I have picked the berries for a pie. In the center of the garden was a row of sage bushes. Between the house and the barn was a field, probably of about one acre. Now this field was a hollow through which ran quite a branch. So to reach the barn, grandfather had constructed a foot bridge. It was approximately twenty feet high, about one hundred fifty feet long and four feet wide. Each side had a railing all along and this was a favorite place to play. At the far end of the bridge there was a tobacco barn erected by my father and grandfather. For several years my father bought and sold all of the tobacco raised in that part of the state. This was one of the first tobacco markets in Carter County. I well remember one experience of mine. I worked in the tobacco barn or played around it when they were stripping tobacco or when they were packing it in the big hogsheads to be shipped. One warm day I got tired and lazy, so I climbed up on a large bulk of tobacco and went to sleep. The tobacco being cured, when I had inhaled the fumes and I was so sick I could hardly get home. The sickness lasted for several days.

Just back of the tobacco barn was a large stock barn with a large loft for hay and about six stalls for horses or cows. Next to this was the ice house, which was a building about twenty by twenty, full of sawdust. In the winter when the Little Sandy would freeze over twelve to twenty inches thick, they would take ice saws and cut big squares of ice and haul them up the hill on sled. All of the sawdust would be taken out of the house and a big square of ice would be made with the blocks from the river. Then they would put four feet of sawdust around the sides and about 6 feet on top. This way we would have ice all summer. One of my tasks would be to go and dig down in the sawdust and dig out ice. During the summer I always hated this for the sawdust would get in your shoes and being hot would stick to you all over. J

Just back of the ice house was another building which was the black smith shop. I have spent many hours playing around the shop, watching the smith hammer the sizzling white iron on the anvil. He would very carefully bury his iron in the coals and work the bellows until the iron reached just the right heat. I would often work the bellows for the blacksmith for quite a while, particularly if I wanted him to make some little thing for me.

On the other end of the bridge, next to the house, built into the bank was a large cellar about twenty feet square and walled up with huge stones. To get to the cellar, you went down steps on the outside and around back, where the door opened. Since this was built into the bank the top was level with the yard and so over the cellar was constructed the smoke house. It had a door leading in right from the yard and about thirty feet from the kitchen door. On one side of the smokehouse was a bench on which the meat was placed and salted down until time for smoking.

Just back of the smoke house was another house about twenty feet square, in which were placed the garden tools and it was a catch all for everything not in use

at the present time. It was in this house that grandfather kept a fifty gallon barrel of cider for vinegar. Across the hill from Leon was a large orchard grandfather had planted when he first purchased the farm. Each year they made cider and put a barrel in the old shed. I had a brass tube about fifteen inches long I had found around the mill and which I kept hid in the shed. I would slip in and take the tube out and I would sip cider from the barrel. I would do this until finally one day I would take a big swig and it would almost cut my throat for it would finally be vinegar.

Grandmother had almost an acre in the yard around the house fenced with white railings. A brick walk led to the front porch, to the front gate, a distance of about two hundred feet. About halfway down on either side of the walk, were rose bushes, flowers, lilies and two huge cactus bushes. I remember these well, for when you touched them or happened to run into them the small needles would stick into you and how they stung.

Effie, Lula and Lottie were all at home when I was small. Since they were all of courting age, their fellows would come in on train or drive over from the county seat of Grayson. They would get me upstairs when they would see one of the fellows coming up the walk and one of them would give me a nickel to hang out of the window and yell hello Uncle Harry or Sam or what ever or whatever their name happened to be. Aunt Effie taught school on Wolf Creek one term and for some reason I did not like my teacher at Four Mile, so I rode my pony and went to school to Aunt Effie. I remember one trip I made with Aunt Effie and Aunt Lula up to see great grandmother Winifred. I rode my pony and they were both riding horses with side saddles. As we were going up Wolf Creek, we met one of the Counts boys and Aunt Effie asked him to tighten the girth on her saddle which had slipped loose for some reason. When he tightened the girth, he slyly felt Aunt Effie's leg and I can still hear her and Aunt Lula giggling all the rest of the trip.

Great grandmother Winnie was crippled having fallen and broken her hip. She sat in a chair and had to be carried where ever she went. She wanted to see my pony and not being able to walk outside, I rode the pony up on the porch, along the back of the house and into the room where great grandmother was sitting.

The first land my grandfather bought was on Deer Creek and the old house, in which my father was born, still stands. This farm was purchased from his grandfather in 1871. The store there in which my grandfather conducted a general merchandise business has long since disappeared. The nearest post office and shipping point was Greennupsburg on the Ohio River. A short time later Deer Creek became a post office and so did Debard which is now Leon on the C&O railroad. Much of the time goods for the store were hauled by wagon and team from Denton which was the end of the old AC&T railroad at the time. I have often heard my father tell of hauling goods and driving a team from Denton and how mad the station attendant would get when he would have to help unload the wagon, my father being so small he could not load large barrels or boxes. Grandfather later bought the Debard store and farm at Leon and moved to the location in 1888. This is the home and grounds described earlier in this narration.

Another incident I wish to record was the marriage of my Aunt Myrtle to E. L. Saulsberry, which took place in the year 1900. The most fascinating thing to me was

the huge dining table set with all of the good things to eat and on all four corners were dishes full of Bon Bon candy. I remember Aunt Myrtle and Uncle E. L. standing in the corner of the parlor for the ceremony and I remember most of all the light tan shoes which uncle E. L. was wearing, for they had large brass eyelets and I thought they were elegant.

Uncle John Kitchen was away from home most of the time when I was small working for the Vansant Kitchen Lumber Co. but he would come home every two or three months for a day or two. This was always a treat for me for he always brought presents for myself, Ray Pope and Charlie Wright. We were all cousins and about the same age. One time he bought me a pleated shirt and a bow tie and another time he bought me two suits. They were blue with a little dickie. One dickie was red and the lapels on the suit were red as were the cuffs. The other was the same in green. It seemed as if I always had a cold and I can see the suits now, where I wiped my nose on the sleeve of each. There was a large sycamore tree in the front yard with a rope swing where Uncle Jim would play with me. When I would chase him he would run, grab a big limb of the sycamore tree and pull himself up out of my reach. I thought this a great feat.

Uncle Charlie went to school at Four Mile when I first started to school. We had to walk about one mile but Uncle always rode his horse and once in a while he would let me ride home behind him. This was a great treat for he would only do it on a few occasions and when he was in a good humor. Shortly after I started to school, Uncle Charlie went away to school at Kentucky Military Institute, but he would always come home for about two weeks around Christmas. He was a great hunter and grandfather would not allow anyone to hunt on certain parts of the farm until Uncle Charlie came home for the holidays. I was too small to be allowed to carry a gun, but I would follow Charlie and John Bolton for hours. Quail and rabbit were so thick, I have often seen Charlie and John both shoot until their guns were so hot they would have to stop. With all of their shooting they would only kill about four or five birds. I used to beg them to let me use their guns, for I figured I could do better. Uncle Charlie would laugh and tell John Bolton I don't doubt that he would kill more birds than we have so I don't guess we had better let him have the guns.

Uncle Charlie always owned good bird dogs and I well remember one pointer I think was the finest bird dog I have ever hunted with. Uncle Charlie and I lost this dog one day and we were three hours finding him, and when we located the dog, he was in a field of brown sage. The dog had been on the point so long he had given out and was lying down with the birds only a few feet from him. I also remember how the same dog met his end. In the country all of the dogs were allowed to run loose. This particular dog had gone up in the field and started to chase rabbits and must have chased one in a hole and had dug trying to get the rabbit out. The dog forced his head in the hole and got his collar caught on a root and could not extract himself and of course with his head in the hole, he could not bark and call anyone to his aid. It was several days before we found him dead.

Talking about bird dogs brings to mind another very sad story about Old Duke, a fine pointer owned by my father. Dad bought Old Duke in Texas and when we first received him he had been trained on chickens and since we had about

three hundred chickens running all over the place, Old Duke almost went crazy the first week until he got used to them. Every time you looked out of the house, Old Duke would be on a point or would be stealthily stalking a chicken. Duke was one of the largest pointers I ever saw, weighing about 85 pounds and unlike most bird dogs, he was very vicious. He ran around all over the place all day, but was locked up in the store at night to serve as a night watchman and he would really raise an awful bark if anyone got around the store during the night. He was a fine bird dog, who could cover lots of ground and hunt all day. He would stand on point four hours. He was one of the few bird dogs I have known who would run rabbits on scent, like a hound dog, but when he was doing this he would never flush a bird.

Now for the end of Old Duke. Uncle John was home on a visit and decided to go hunting. He borrowed my gun and together with Old Duke and Arch Lewis, who worked in the store for Dad and grandfather, went hunting. I went along just for the sport for I had no gun. They started down through the bottom which was swampy and had grown up in brown sage briars and elder bushes so thick you could hardly get through. Arch Lewis jumped what he thought was a rabbit which took off through the weeds, so Arch upped and fired and thinking he had killed a rabbit went to pick it up, but when he stooped over to get the said rabbit he noticed it had a long tail. So calling to Uncle John and I to come over to see what he had killed, we found it to be a big house cat. Uncle John and Arch debated about going on for they were sure this would be bad luck and finally decided to go on hunting.

They headed on down through the bottom and around back of the old Hiram Hall place. They started to cross the road when Old Duke crossing just ahead of them came to a point in a thick briar patch past the road and a small branch. I stayed behind as Uncle John and Arch approached Old Duke who was on one of the prettiest points one could wish for. The birds started to rise and Uncle John started to raise his gun when it accidentally discharged. The full load struck Old Duke in the shoulder. He never let out a whimper but came back and rested against me. We took him up in the hollow and I laid him down on a bed of leaves. He was bleeding bad and we knew he could not possibly get well so we started on to leave him, me with big tears running down my face and Uncle John heartbroken. We stopped and after some argument between Uncle John and Arch they decided one of them should go back and shoot him so he would not suffer so much. Neither one of them wanted to do the job, but after much argument Arch agreed to go back and finish off Old Duke. Uncle John and I stood on the hill while Arch went back. In a few minutes we heard the gun fire and Arch came over the hill and said he finished off Old Duke. Uncle John turned his gun over to me and that was the last time he ever hunted. I felt so sorry for Uncle John, that I had forgot Old Duke. He was heart broken and said that if it had been a horse or cow, he could have paid for it and forgotten all about it, but a dog could never be replaced.

I got up early the next morning and with my gun went over the hill to take my last look at Old Duke. He was dead but I could not see where Arch had shot him. I covered him up with leaves and brush so nothing would bother him and trudged back home. I went down to the store and told Arch I did not see where he had shot

Duke, so Arch admitted that he did not have the heart to shoot and that when he went back to him that he turned his head and fired his gun and never looked back.

I remember well the last night my grandmother Kitchen lived. I went over to see her with mother. Brother Charlie was a baby so mother had fixed up a package of diapers and I was carrying them when I walked into grandmother's room. She was propped up in the bed and when she spied me she said look at that little fellow he has come to spend the night with his grandmother, for she thought I had my nightclothes under my arm. Grandmother passed away the next morning and I don't remember too such about the funeral. I do remember the huge crowd that attended for everyone in the whole countryside attended and they ran a special train from Ashland. I also remember Hiram Hall with the wagon and mules. Grandmother's casket was placed on the wagon and hauled to the top of the hill over looking Leon which was the family cemetery at the time. The huge tombstone still stands, but grandmother was moved to the mausoleum in Ashland after my grandfather died.