

Jackson County, Kentucky. They never lived any other place. My mother taught at the Bethel School in 1902-03.

My mother told a story to us about when she met my father. He came to the school, carrying his big geography book, and requested to be enrolled. Being one year older than the teacher, he was enrolled. It must have been love at first sight. They later married and had nine children: Bart J., married Maggie Morris and Bell Judd; Cora Bell, married E. Chrisman and Robert Isaacs; China, married Roscoe Slone; Odis, married Mabel Holland and Geneva Isaacs; Raleigh, married Eula Rose; Josie, married Vernon Chrisman; Edwin P., married Ella Hensley; Evelyn, married Carl Sinclair; and Delbert H., married Dorothy Boggs and Joann Hughes.

My mother was the postmaster, at Laam, Kentucky, on Horse Lick Creek, for 33 years. She was also the community leader. At practically every death and birth, her services were requested. She had the Bethel Baptist Church organized and established. After World War II, 95 percent of the people left the community, because of no roads and no employment. The greatest loss of the community was the saw mill. The men of the community did their own logging. The church closed down in 1950.

In 1995, Merrill Lakes, the son of Bart Lakes, had the old Bethel church house restored. The original church was built in 1934. Free labor was used. I would estimate the restoration cost at \$5,000. This was done as a memorial to my brother, Bart, who was a deacon and song leader; he was a very dedicated Christian. Each year the homecoming is held at the church. We have old-time gospel music, a pig roast, and dinner on the ground.

We had at least 15 boys from our community to serve in World War II. Their mothers would meet every day and have a special prayer session for them. I can testify that my life was spared on several occasions, because of those special prayers. On the one occasion my zipper was shot into on my field jacket, and the other, I was asked to give up my fox hole for the placing of a machine gun, and in ten minutes the hole was hit and the two boys were killed. I guess I could just sense my mother's prayers. Bethel is to me, like Mt. Sinai is to Moses. It is a Holy ground. Out of the 15 boys from Bethel who



Dorothy Lanham, 3401 Deer Trl., Owensboro, KY 42301, shares this photo, taken in Indiana, of her parents, Everett Greenwalt and Virginia Ling Greenwalt, who at the age of 21 eloped in 1909, while Virginia's father was milking a cow.

were in the war, 14 returned. I was wounded in Italy in 1944. I had another brother wounded in France, and one in Belgium.

Our parents were not wealthy, but we received more from them than material wealth. They gave us love and taught us respect for our fellow man. They also gave us the knowledge of the true God. This is what we try to teach our children. I hope that this is said of me after I am deceased, and it be true.

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### Grandma's Coal Stove

My childhood memories of my grandma's kitchen center on her coal stove. I remember watching my grandma build the fire in the stove. First, she removed the stove caps. After that she placed crumpled newspaper in the stove. Next, she added kindling, stick by stick. Then, she poured in coal from the bucket we filled each evening. I watched as she struck a long match on the surface of the stove. The match was tossed into the stove, and the paper began to burn.

Grandma always knew when to move the cast iron skillets of frying

meats, and the pots of vegetables from the caps. I remember watching sparks fly after she lifted the caps and "poked" the fire. Adding more coal at just the right moment was a science my grandmother mastered quickly.

In the summer the heat poured from the stove in relentless waves. Beads of perspiration trickled down my face as the delicious scents of cornbread, biscuits, cobblers, and gingerbread filled the kitchen. The heat was momentarily forgotten when the family sat down in the dining room to a noon-time meal of fried chicken, potatoes, beans, and golden crisp cornbread.

In the fall, a rack was placed above the stove to dry beans. Family members who no longer used a coal stove brought their strings of beans to dry in my grandma's kitchen.

In the winter I'd warm myself by the stove on cold frosty mornings. It was easy to linger close to the stove and drink a second cup of coffee. As "soup beans" simmered, the kitchen windows steamed. My grandma and I were wrapped in a warm cocoon, as we talked of the past, the present, and the future.

I don't know how many coal stoves my grandma used, but I can remember two very clearly. When her last coal stove was removed from the kitchen, it was placed in the barn. From that point on my grandma cooked with gas and electricity.

Several years later, memories of my grandma's last coal stove were preserved by my brother, Glenn Zuem, and my cousin, Barbara Tackeff Parks. My brother removed the stove caps and scraped and scoured them. When they were smooth and clean, my cousin painted mountain scenes on them. The caps are cherished mementos of a loving grandma, a lifestyle that has passed, and a family bound together by the "cast iron heart" of a country kitchen.

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### Growing Up In Kentucky

I was born in Carter County, Kentucky, on Clifty Creek, March 29, 1926 about 4 a. m., on a windy Monday morning. My parents were both 42 years old when I was born. My only siblings were a sister, 18, and a brother, 15 years old.

My parents, both born in 1883, were

married in January 1906. Both were school teachers at the time. In February 1906, they bought a 75-acre hillside farm on Route 986, about halfway between Grayson and Olive Hill; and about 35 miles southwest of the Ohio River.

Growing up during the Great Depression didn't mean much to me at the time. We always had plenty to eat, and my mother was an artist with a pair of scissors and a sewing machine. Therefore, even our made-over, second-hand clothes drew compliments from our friends.

There wasn't much money, yet, they managed to send our order to Sears and Roebuck or Montgomery Wards every spring, for each of us new shoes and a new outfit. Every fall an order was sent for new winter shoes and clothes.

There would be at least two calves to sell each year, and turkeys were raised for a cash crop each fall.

Spring and summer were the busiest seasons. The ground was made free from sprouts and bushes, manually with a mattock and grubbing hoe, both of which Daddy had made in my great-uncle's shop. Plowing was done with the family mare and mule, "Old Bird" and "Barney." Planting was done with an old-fashion corn planter.

There was always a big garden every year, and about ten acres of corn. Each year about one-half of an acre was planted in corn and beans. The beans vined up the stalk of corn, thus, a "patch" of cornfield beans. When these were planted, I would walk beside an adult and drop two to four beans in the planters with each hill of corn; a few times they mashed my fingers by shutting the planter too quickly. Ouch!

We were always busy. Weeds were chopped out of the crops manually with a hoe, after plowing between the rows.

We had several peach trees and an apple orchard. Late summer and early fall were canning time. All sorts of garden vegetables, apples, peaches, and wild berries were canned. Also, jelly was made from apples and berries; also, apple and peach butter, and several kinds of pickles. Potatoes, apples, and cabbage were stored in mounds of earth, to be taken out a few at time in winter.

I can almost taste Mother's berry cobbles, yet. We had kraut and pickled beans always. Daddy always kept at least two cows and one or two hogs for meat. Mother always kept at least 25 to



This is Robert and Elizabeth Riggs Knipp doing chores on their farm in Carter County, in the early 1900s. They are the parents of Cora Mae Knipp Bailey. See "I Remember" below.

30 hens, and raised baby chicks in summer.

We had eggs to eat and sell. The country grocery store exchanged groceries and all kinds of farm and household items for eggs. We ate lots of fried chicken in summer, and baked hens in winter. Our Christmas dinner meat was usually a big baked hen. There was always something to keep us busy, but I never felt like the work was a task. I loved to go berry picking with a neighbor. One fun spring job was watching two turkey hens go to their nests. They always made a nest in a wooded area several yards from the house, and often hid it well. We had to stay several paces behind them, till they sat down on the nest to lay an egg. Late each evening we went after the egg, and placed it in a box of brand on its end, to be turned every day and wait for the turkey hen to stop laying and begin to set. After that she was caught and fastened up in the yard with a wing clipped, so she would sit on a nest in a box called a coupe. In four weeks the baby turkeys hatched. After hatching, the mother hen was tied by the leg to an old plow point, near a coupe placed near the garden fence, so the young turkeys could pick the bugs off the beans and potatoes in the garden. In about five weeks a tiny bell was placed around the turkey hen's neck,

and she was turned loose to roam the fields and woods with the young turkeys. Often in the evening they had to be hunted and driven in for the night. The bell made finding them much easier.

The turkeys were sold in November just before Thanksgiving. Often some of the turkey money paid the land taxes, bought clothes, and other winter supplies.

When chicken hens were setting, the eggs were very carefully chosen and marked. Sometimes another hen would lay a fresh egg in the same nest, and the marks showed us which eggs to leave when gathering eggs in the evening.

When the chicks hatched the mother hen was also tied by a coupe in the shade of a tree. I loved to feed the baby chicks, and often carried them around. I also enjoyed feeding the baby turkeys rolled oats. Sometimes we had baby ducks, which I liked most of all. I also got to carry them. We trimmed their tails, so if they fell on their back they could turn over better.

I always found lots of entertainment. In winter we sat around the fire, popped popcorn, roasted chestnuts, and put apples on a string. Both Irish potatoes and sweet potatoes were baked in the wood ashes. We made popcorn balls, pulled molasses taffy, played checkers, various card games, and read books. My daddy often read stories and books aloud in the evening, by the coal oil lamp.

Butchering was usually done in late November or early December. There were sausage and souse to make, lard to render, and soap to make.

Wash day was about the hardest. Water had to be drawn from the well, or carried from a spring up on the hill, and heated in a big kettle either outside or in the fireplace. Clothes and linens were washed on a board. The white ones were boiled in the big kettle with lye soap. Everything was hung outside on a wire clothes line to dry.

One Friday night each month we shelled two bushels of white corn. This was taken by horse-back the next day, about four miles up the creek to a grist mill, and ground into meal.

My mother's brother owned a flour mill and feed mill in Greenup County, Kentucky. That was where we got flour, so we always had both biscuits and cornbread.

Money was scarce. We did not have running water or electricity, and heat



came from an open fireplace from wood gotten by manual labor. Also, cooking was done on a wood-burning cook stove.

Neither friend or stranger was turned away from our house, cold or hungry. We had cakes or pies or both every weekend, and often between. Two dishes I especially liked were cold bread pie made from cold biscuits and apples, and cold bread custard made from cold biscuits, eggs, and milk.

My aunt and uncle, who lived nearby, bought a new A-Model Ford car about 1929 or 1930. This was the first car anyone on our creek owned. They often took at least five of their six children, my mother and me, and we would visit my grandfather, who lived in Greenup County, near the Ohio River.

Route 986 was just a dirt road then, and often times a neighbor had to pull the car through a muddy section with a pair of farm mules.

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## Recalling Brush Creek School

I remember walking to school with my brothers and sisters, through the sunshine, rain, sleet, and snow. Sometimes when the snow was really deep my brother, who wore high top shoes, made deep tracks in the snow; and I followed in his tracks to keep the snow out of my shoes.

It was a one-room school house with oil on the floor to keep down the dust in summer, and a big pot-bellied stove to keep us warm in the winter time. We carried our lunch to school in a four-pound lard bucket. Sometimes we had ham or sausage biscuits, and sometimes just jelly biscuits, but what we had always tasted real good.

The teacher always put the students together according to the class we were in. I was in the fifth grade when I started there. They taught fifth and seventh grades one year, and sixth and eighth grades the next year. I always loved school, especially the spelling bees and contests. I had to miss at least one day each week to help Mother with the wash. There were so many to wash for, and I was the oldest girl, so I knew it was part of my growing up and learning about the hardships of life.

I can remember the teacher taking us on picnics. We climbed to the top of a hill where we could see the beautiful



This is a group of children at the Clover Fork, Kentucky School, in Harlan, Kentucky, taken in 1927. Bottom row, l-r: Paul Kennedy; Lorene Kennedy; Hobart Short; Gordon Bush; Roy Bush; David Bush; Jr. Bush; Cammie Bush; Harold Short; Grace Bush; Belvie Bush; Helen Flanary; ?; and Willie Clark. Row two, l-r; Lydia Bush; Harold Kennedy; Lura Bush; Vilder Bush; Arvilla Bush; Artie Flanary; Lois Flanary; Bessie Flanary; Sally Blair; Ruth Griffith; ?; Clyde Short; Elmer Bush; Everret Kennedy; Ray Griffith; Clarence Bush; Ray Bush; and Alfonso Blair. Row 1, l-r: Ancil Bush, Arkie Flanary; Ettrice Bush; Curtis Bush; Elsie Flanary; Talmage Flanary; ?; Lela Flanary; Estill Flanary; Goldie Flanary; Mae Bush; Eura Bush; and Charlie Flanary, teacher. Photo submitted by Florence Cohelea, 197 Philpot Ln., Evarts, KY 40828. The Shorts and Kennedys are her first cousins, and the teacher is her uncle.

Greenup County countryside. We didn't realize how wonderful this was until we grew up and went away.

I remember we carried water to drink, from Mr. Huff's well across the dirt road. I remember Geneva Huff being my best friend. I spent many Saturday nights at her home. Sometimes I drive up the road, which is now paved, and see the old house standing, apparently empty; but I am sure it holds many precious memories.

I had many friends at that old school, and we enjoyed playing games, like "Ring Around the Rosie," "Drop the Handkerchief," "Hopscotch," and many others.

I graduated from the eighth grade in February 1938. That same year I left Brush Creek to start a new life with a handsome young man, and we had a wonderful life together for 52 years; and then he was called to Heaven. We raised four handsome boys and two beautiful girls. They all received a good education, and have good jobs; and never did anything to bring disgrace to the

family name. Three years ago the oldest, Johnny, was called to be with his dad, and we all miss him so; but we have so many happy memories. One son, Bobby, lives in Lexington, Kentucky; Baxter, Jr., lives in Richmond, Kentucky; and Steve lives in Lewisville, Texas, near Dallas. Sharon, our baby, lives in Chillicothe; and Marti lives next door to me.

I have been living alone for almost eight years, but I have so many happy memories, and so many good friends, who cheer me on the way. I get so excited at the thought of seeing so many friends and classmates that I left behind so many years ago. I thank God for each of them, and I thank Him for blessing me to be a part of our great reunion. I hope God will bless each one who comes from far and near. I have enjoyed the meetings in my home to make preparations for this. I hope we can carry on a class reunion for many years to come.

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