

Father's birth Lives with his sister Harriet Gray

JAMES MASON, my father, was born in Scott Co., Va. May 4th, 1811 and grew up there working on farms for his parents and for an older sister, HARRIET [MASON GRAY], who had married ALECK [ALEXANDER] GRAY, who lost a leg at the Battle of New Orleans, Jan. 8, 1815. ALECK and HARRIET [MASON GRAY] were well to do - owning land and slaves - but were hard workers and drove themselves and their children about as hard as they did their slaves.

Father told me he had seen ALECK [GRAY] plow in the fields until blood would run down his wooden leg. Father would laugh and tell how HARRIET [MASON GRAY] would call her girls before daylight on Monday mornings and say, "Get up gals, it's already late. Today is Monday, tomorrow is Tuesday and the next day Wednesday - the week half gone and nothing done."

She was a widow for many years and many stories were current of her eccentricities and doings. She scorned the side saddle made for women and rode astride a man's saddle in the present style. Once she was thrown by a horse on a country road and landed astride the fork of a tree in such a way that she could not dislodge herself and so had to wait until a traveler came along and released her.

Once during the Civil War some soldiers came by her farm when she was absent and took several of her horses. As soon as she learned of it, she followed after and overtook them and made it so hot for their commander he gave back the horses.

She had a son, Colonel LOGAN GRAY, killed in battle while serving in the Confederate Army. She had other sons and daughters.

Goes to Baltimore Meets an Indian Delegation

When father was about 18 he went with a drover, W. M. NASH, with a drove of cattle

from South Western Virginia to Baltimore via the Shenandoah Valley and Harper's Ferry. He told me that up in the face of the cliff opposite Harper's Ferry there was a hole in which bees had settled and that a stream, almost as long as a man's body, of working bees going in and out were to be seen from below during daylight.

He was told that some men tried to get honey from the rock and let a man down the face of it on a rope but the scent from the bees was so strong he couldn't endure it and on signal he was pulled back to the top again.

Father came back from Baltimore alone on foot, stopping along the way at farm houses for lodging - two ladies urged him to stay and work for them but he declined.

One day in the Shenandoah Valley he met a party of Indians on their way to see the President in Washington. They were in their tribal dress - the biggest chief in front with the next in size close behind followed by the others in order of size with youths bringing up the rear and carrying their bows and arrows and other equipment.

Beginning with the second in size each one stepped in the tracks of the man ahead of him. And so silently did they travel that they were almost like ghosts passing before his eyes - their moccasined feet making little sound.

In the town of Winchester he saw marks high on the sides of the brick buildings made by the horns of stampeding cattle being driven to market. At that time most all cattle had long horns and as there were no railroads they had to be driven across country on foot.

Votes for Andrew Jackson

Marries and settles in Ky.

Father reached the age of 21 in 1832 and voted his first vote for Andrew Jackson for President that year and until he was about 80 it was his boast that he had always voted the Democratic ticket. About this time (1890-92) one of his nephews named FANNIN, who was a Republican, ran for the Kentucky State Legislature and he voted for him. After that I do not recall that I ever heard him mention that he always voted the Democratic ticket. With him blood relation was not to be ignored.

In the early 1830's JAMES MASON married SALLY [SARAH] ELAM (whether in Va. or Ky. is not known by me) and soon thereafter they settled on a piece of land near the head of the West Fork of Newcomb Creek [KY]. He told me that he carried apple seedlings and graft stock on horseback from Scott County, Virginia - about 150 to 175 miles to plant an orchard. On this land in what is now Elliott Co., Ky. and about 1910 I was there and saw the trees still bearing fruit although they were then at least 75 years old.

There was a tenanted house also but I do not know whether it was the one Father had built and lived in. Considering that this land was in woods and mostly rough and hilly I have often wondered why he came to settle there when at that time there was so much good smooth land to be had. I don't believe I heard him say or that I ever asked him.

His brother JEFF [THOMAS JEFFERSON] MASON owned the most of the upper part of the East Fork of Newcomb Creek. I don't know which settled there first. I suppose they wanted to be near each other. At that time there was good hunting and fishing in that section. This may have had some influence in their settling there.

Moves to Missouri

His wife dies and he remarries

Some time in the late 1850's (date lost) - probably '56 or '57 JAMES [MASON] and SALLY ELAM MASON emigrated from their home in Kentucky by ox drawn wagons to Missouri and finally settled on the waters of Chariton River not far from what is now called Macon, but formerly known as Macon City. I have a hazy remembrance of his telling of living in several places before he went to Chariton River. He told of being as far up the Missouri River as Nemaha and Omaha, Nebraska. These were small villages then and Nemaha the larger. He told me that he bought coffee in Louisville of a Mr. PORTER (born 1810; died 1859), who was known as the "Kentucky Giant." He ran a coffee store.

Previous to 1856 (as their first child, REBECCA [WILLIAMS] was born Sept. 29, 1856) sister SUSANNAH [MASON] had married ISAAC WILLIAMS of Magoffin County, Kentucky, so she did not go with the family on its 'trek' to Mo. Sister MARY [MASON] decided not to go and

later married JAMES M. GREEN and continued to live in Kentucky and raised a family there.

However, there were HARRIET, JANE, JEMIMA, JESSE, ELIZA and perhaps THOMAS in the [MASON] family. How the family prospered I do not know but father was not a man that desired to accumulate property but I have heard they had a good farm. About 1860 (as nearly as can be learned) SALLY [SARAH ELAM] MASON died and was buried on or near their farm.

HARRIET [MASON] had married in 1858 to ROBERT MOSS and JANE [MASON] married WILLIAM PERRY and ELIZA [MASON] married JAMES BUCKINGHAM, dates unknown. These were three Englishmen recently come to America.

Father married again, this time to a widow named [SAMANTHA J.] RICE, nee WRIGHT, about 1862 (date unknown) and one son, STONEWALL JACKSON MASON,

His second wife dies Returns to Va & marries my Mother

was born to them May 22, 1863. When he was two or three years old his mother, who was subject to fits, in stooping to dip water (so it was supposed) fell into a deep spring and was drowned. Again Father was a widower. Some of the children had died - THOMAS [MASON] when he was about 8. No records of the deaths of JEMIMA, MARGARET and FRANCES [MASON]. Father said NANCY [MASON] went somewhere west with a neighbor family and trace of her was lost. The country was in a turmoil during and after the Civil War and communication uncertain and difficult.

Leaving the surviving members of his and SALLY's [MASON] children, Father left Missouri with JACK [MASON] and went to sister MARY [MASON] GREEN's in Kentucky and later continued his journey to Scott Co., Va. where he was born. There he met my Mother, [CAROLINE BRICKEY] who was the widow of her cousin, DANIEL MORGAN BRICKEY, who, as a Confederate soldier had died a prisoner of war at Camp Douglas, Chicago, Ill. the 11th of March, 1865.

She had a family of seven - JAMES NELSON, SAMUEL [PARISH], BETTY [MARY

ELIZABETH], ROBERT [EMMETT], [DANIEL] MORGAN, MELISSA [CAROLINE] and one-SENA [VICTORIA BRICKEY] - dead. So when she and father got married, her six living children and his one, JACK [MASON], made a houseful. I do not have the date of the marriage. They lived on a farm left by her husband on Stony Creek [VA]. Here sister JANE [MASON] was born Nov. 26, 1868. About 1870 or 1871 this farm was sold and the family moved to Kentucky.

SAMUEL [PARISH BRICKEY] was at that time living with his uncle JAMES [DANIEL] BRICKEY, a brother to his father [DANIEL MORGAN BRICKEY] and did not go with the family. I have no record of whether JAMES NELSON [BRICKEY] went with the family but he may have preceded the others.

The Family moves to Ky. and I am born

The family traveled on horseback, the children 2 or 3 on one horse- a hard way to travel - specially on the roads of that time. They crossed the Cumberland Mountains and passed through Whitesburg, Ky., outside of which there were many skeletal remains of horses killed in a cavalry fight during the late War. They traveled down Jenny's Creek, named for a JENNY WILEY, who escaped when a prisoner of some Indians and had traveled up this creek on her way to her home in Virginia in an early day. It was said that the road crossed this creek 22 times from head to its mouth which prompted one traveler to say that he crossed it once by going into the creek at its head on one side and coming out at its mouth on the other side.

Much of the country roads were in the small creeks and were dangerous on account of quicksand. In addition to the riders, the horses were burdened with the family "plunder", as they called it - clothing, bedding & keepsakes of various kinds. I remember several things that had been brought along on that journey - one - a red cedar piggin - which she kept, I believe, till her death. It was originally a vessel about 15 inches high, 12 inches across the top and smaller at the bottom, round, and never lost that lovely cedar scent. She used it to work up butter in with a wooden paddle and many times I have seen her use it. How well I remember it!

One day on this journey sister MELISSA [BRICKEY] (who was about 7) fell off the horse and broke her arm. The arm was bound up and the travel continued and no permanent injury resulted. At last the long journey came to an end. They found a place to stay in a district near the mouth of Bruin Creek, called Horton Flats - bordering on the Little Sandy River in Elliott Co., Ky. Here my Father found work for a while running a grist mill for WILLIAM GREEN, whose wife, SALLY HUTCHINSON GREEN, was a daughter of father's sister BETTY [MASON HUTCHINSON]. Our family had little and lived in a hewed log house on Mr. GREEN's farm. Here on a cold winter night I was born, January 31st, 1872. Here the family lived two or three years.

I visit my birthplace in 1892 Father catches a fish in Mill wheel

When I was a young man (1892) brother JESSE MASON (who had come to Kentucky to visit his relatives) and I were in the neighborhood and stopped to talk to 'WAG' GREEN, son of WILLIAM GREEN, and we three went for a walk in the direction of the old mill and as we went 'WAG' [GREEN] pointed out an old log house, the roof about gone, the doors and windows open, and said that was the house in which I was born, but it had been moved from the original site. That is all I have to remember of my birthplace.

Sister MELISSA [BRICKEY] has told me that the night I was born she and BOB [BRICKEY], MORGAN [BRICKEY], JACK [MASON] and JANE [MASON] were sent to a neighbor's for the night. And that BOB [BRICKEY] was mad about it and didn't want to go and said he knew why they were having to go. "It is another damned baby, that's what it is." He was about 11 years old. I don't wonder that he viewed an addition to the already overcrowded family with some animosity and disgust!

I remember some years after we left the vicinity of the Mill that father was said to have been running the Mill one day when it slowed down and stopped. Supposing that a chunk of wood had lodged in the water wheel he went down and raised the cover and to his surprise, instead of a piece of wood, he found a big pike fish caught in the wheel. The family dined on

fish that day. *

We move to White's Creek

I see a fox

About 1874 (I have little except memory to go by) we moved to a hill farm on the upper reaches of Hilton Branch, often called White's Creek because NELSON WHITE owned the better part of it. This farm was owned by sister MARY [MASON] and her husband, JAMES M. GREEN. The house was built of hewn logs with a lean to kitchen of hand sawed lumber, I believe. There was a rough stone chimney and fireplace in the main room. There was a vegetable garden with split paling fence. Also an apple orchard and a log barn with pens for stock and for a corncrib.

The roof of split oak boards extended 8 or 10 feet on two sides and was supported by hewed logs laid on top of the pens. Space above the pens was filled with hay or fodder in winter. While on this farm I became aware of things in such a way that I still remember more or less distinctly many happenings which occurred there.

Father cleared a piece of land on a bench, above the house and apple orchard and one day on invitation by Father the neighbors had come, as was the custom, to help roll and pile the logs to be burned. Some time during the day hearing a loud cackling and squawking among the hens I ran out of the house in time to see a fox chasing a hen and just then, as she rose to fly, the fox sprang into the air and caught a mouthful of feathers only, while the hen flew safely away. The fox stood with his mouth full of feathers watching the hens as they ran and flew for a brief moment, then seeing the dogs coming, he ran away, his bushy tail waving in the air. This scene was indelibly impressed on my memory and is clear today after almost 80 years. That was my first view of a fox - also my first "working."

Log Rollings, House Raisings & other doings

It was the custom of that country of hew homes and farms for a man to call on his

neighbors to come in a group or body and help him a day in rolling logs, raising a house, splitting rails, shucking corn or, in emergencies, plowing ground and planting corn, and he in turn would help them in similar circumstances in return.

These gatherings were called “Workings” as by the name of the kind of work done, as a “Log Rolling,” “House Raising” and so on. I was familiar with them and attended and helped in many after I was old enough to help pile brush or run errands. The wives of the farmers often came with their husbands and helped in the preparation of the food for dinner and supper for the men. The main dish usually was chicken and dumplings cooked in a big iron kettle over an open fire, sometimes out in the open air, or in a large tin wash boiler on an old-fashion wood burning Pine Grove step stove.

There were dried apple and dried pumpkin pies, lots of gingerbread and big bowls of boiled rice. To make up the main dish at least five or six hens would be cooked at one time. The noonday dinner was the big meal, as often some of the men and their wives would leave before supper. Supper required little more cooking, as there was usually enough left of dinner to make the supper, with a few extras added.

The women usually had a quilt pieced and set up on the frames so they could use extra time from cooking and waiting on table, at quilting and catching up on the neighborhood news and gossip like the modern Ladies Aid Society.

Some times I was taken along before I was big enough to do anything except run errands or get in the way. We “Young-uns” managed to get our share of the eating.

One of our favorite workings was the “Hog Killing.” That was something! They didn’t last so long but we got more fun and good eating while they lasted. How we did enjoy the fresh meat. Oh Childhood and Youth! We had little except a keen appetite (which needed no fancy French sauce or dressing) and an ability to enjoy the food we got.

We invented our own ways of amusement. No electric trains or fancy gadgets for us. In summer we went barefooted and played Tag, Base, Hide-and-seeK, Marbles, Mumbly-peg and other games made up on the spur of the moment. In winter much of our efforts were spent in trying to keep warm & still have time to play. We skated (without skates), tracked rabbits,

threw snow balls and managed to have colds and running noses much of the time.

Money scarce

Father "bids-in" a pauper

In that back country in the 1870's money was very scarce. Just how scarce we people of this day can hardly realize. Most trade in the store was exchange of goods for farm produce - eggs, butter, poultry, hides, feathers, ginseng, yellow root, etc. In order to get some real money Father went to the County seat, Sandy Hook (then called Martinsburg) and bid in a pauper. The county had no poor farm those days and so the county officials let the paupers out to live at the homes of whoever of responsibility made the lowest bid for the pauper's keep. I do not remember the amount Father was to receive for keeping this pauper but it was pitifully small.

The pauper's name was STEVE HACKER. He was of fine physique, about 6 feet tall and muscular. He had a reputation of being a bully in the vicinity where he had lived but had had an accident which left him paralyzed from his waist down. Having no one or property to support him and not being able to work, he was adjudged a pauper.

Steve Hacker and our experiences with him

At the time he came to us he was maybe 30 years old and a handsome man - black hair and eyes and dark complexion.

Though for a time we got along very well with STEVE [HACKER], his having lived an active life up to his accident, the quiet of his confinement to his bed and chair palled on him, so naturally he wanted out and was restless and cross toward us children when he didn't get out. When helped to his feet he could stand and with a crutch and a cane - sometimes two crutches - he could walk a little by dragging his feet.

To get him outside took someone's time, which was not always convenient, and when out he seemed to try to get in some situation that would require help and then got angry if the

help was slow in coming. This did not help matters any.

One day because help was slower than he wanted it in coming he threw his heavy cane with an iron tip at brother JACK [MASON] but he was alert and dodged it. JANE [MASON] and I soon learned to keep out of his reach for he would strike our heads with his knuckles or cane when Father and Mother were not present.

One day the family left JANE [MASON] and me with STEVE [HACKER] and went to the cornfield to work - a very unsafe thing to do. We played around out of his reach until about the middle of the forenoon when in some way STEVE [HACKER] managed to get on his feet and reach his crutches and drag out to the yard gate and through it and on a few steps to the little creek that ran by and out to the deepest place and then deliberately fell backward in the water and called to us to call the folks to come and get him out. JANE [MASON] went and called them and JACK [MASON] and MORGAN [BRICKEY] came and lifted him up and helped him to the house and dressed him in dry clothes.

The next year one of our neighbors bid STEVE [HACKER] in and he remained in our neighborhood until his death several years later. He became a changed man and left a neighborhood of friends when he died. What a pity that men like that cannot, or could not then, have work that they could use their physical and mental energy.

Brother Sam Brickey comes from Va. Rose Peters sings

While we lived in this house (MARY & J. M. GREEN's) brother SAM [PARISH BRICKEY] came from his uncle JAMES [DANIEL] BRICKEY's in Scott Co., Virginia on foot most of the way with his few belongings in a pack on his back. He got a few rides along the way from kindhearted people he met but it was a tiresome journey. Several times he was misdirected (and traveled miles out of his way) by practical jokers or others ignorant of what they were doing.

He came to our house late at night and called outside and Father, who had not seen him for three or four years recognized his voice and answered, "SAM [BRICKEY], what in the

world are you adoin' here at this time o'night?" It was a matter of wonderment to SAM [BRICKEY] that Father, without knowledge that he was near, recognized his voice after the years and change of voice from boyhood to manhood. SAM [BRICKEY] commented to me several times about this many years afterward.

About this time a young woman named ROSE PETERS visited us a while. She was a distant cousin and JANE [MASON] and I loved her. She was having trouble with a love affair and spent much of the time with us, probably to distract her mind from herself. She pushed us in a big trough (made by hewing out a poplar log) which lay outside the yard fence and rocked us and sang several songs of the day.

Rose Peters sings for me and Jane Mother "weans" me

The one I remember best was about Gen. Humphrey Marshall who as a Confederate commander was censured by some of his men for his lack of success and was written up in a song. I hear the tune occasionally yet or an offspring of it, among the "Hillbilly" music.

Poor ROSE [PETERS]! She went away, I think back to Virginia where she came from, and we never saw her again. Only recently I got information from W. P. BRICKEY in Oregon which establishes our relationship, but no information about how or where she lived or when she died. She remains a sweet memory to me. I can still see her as we three sat in that trough.

Brother SAM [BRICKEY] got work on the farm of TRAVIS HORTON, near the mouth of Bruin Creek in Horton Flats and while there was taken sick - and Mother went the several miles distance from where we lived to see him. I was not yet weaned though more than three years old. I had continued to suckle, although I was embarrassed when the subject was raised in my presence - yet I held on - and when someone teased me I would hide my eyes with my hand - as I nursed.

I do not remember seeing Mother go but remember distinctly her return after several days. MORGAN [BRICKEY], JACK [MASON], MELISSA [BRICKEY], JANE [MASON] and I

were having fun rolling stones over a bluff on the opposite side of the creek from the house when I suddenly discovered Mother approaching on foot. With a loud cry, "I want my titty" I ran to meet her. She said, "I gave it to LIGE GREEN," He was 'WAG' GREEN's son and a little older than I. Instantly I was angry and jealous, too, and said, "I'll whup him the next time I see him."

That was enough for me for I would not touch her breast after that. And that was the way I was weaned. My threat was forgotten before I saw LIGE GREEN - at least it was never carried out. He was about 10 years old when I next saw him and we became friends and remained so for many years.

A fight over a loom

Up the stream a short distance HARVEY STAPLETON, his wife ROSE ANN [STAPLETON] and a son and daughter, almost grown, lived in a tenant house on this same farm. Mother owned a small and a large spinning wheel and a large wooden loom on which she spun and wove cloth for the family clothing and other purposes. She was expert at both spinning and weaving.

In some way, probably by borrowing, Mrs. STAPLETON got possession of either Mother's loom or of a sleigh belonging to the loom - sister MELISSA [BRICKEY] says it was a sleigh. Anyway, Mother wanted whatever it was and Mrs. STAPLETON had put off returning it under one excuse or another and had become insolent to Mother about it.

One morning Mother asked Father and JACK [MASON] and MORGAN [BRICKEY] to go with her to get the loom, or sleigh, and said she was going to have it if she had to take it by force. MELISSA [BRICKEY] says that Mother said she was "going to have it or have blood." I saw them go and remember I asked to go but Mother said no.

Whether they knew that Mr. STAPLETON was away from home that morning I do not know, but he was. When they knocked at the door, they were admitted. Mother told Mrs. STAPLETON she had come for her loom, or sleigh, and Mrs. STAPLETON said she couldn't

have it as she had a piece in the loom and couldn't give it up till it was finished.

Mother asked that the piece be taken out and Mrs. STAPLETON said no, so Mother called on the boys to help and began to clear the loom or warp and cloth. Mrs. STAPLETON resisted and struck Mother, so she then seized Mrs. STAPLETON by the hair which was long and thick and in the ensuing scuffle, she banged Mrs. STAPLETON's head against something which cut a place in her forehead. Getting loose, Mrs. STAPLETON picked up the family axe and with her hair down and blood running down into her eyes till she could scarcely see, she charged forward and ran against Father who had taken no part in the affair.

In a loud voice he called out, "Whur air you a-gwin' with that axe?" Mrs. STAPLETON whirled away from him and put down the axe and the matter soon subsided. The boys helped Mother cut the thread and so freed the loom, or sleigh - or both - and they brought it home. There was considerable discussion in our house over this affair - both then and until long afterward.

"Ain't it so, Rose Ann?"

The STAPLETON's had Father and Mother in the local Magistrate's Court but the case was soon settled and our families became friends again, after a fashion. There was an old lady (a Mrs. MARY HALL), some relation to the STAPLETONs - who visited them and at times came to our house with Mrs. STAPLETON.

This lady would tell many stories about people and things - some of them Mother considered as untruthful - but when she so indicated, the lady backed up her tall stories by turning to Mrs. STAPLETON and saying, "Ain't it so, Rose Ann?" and Mrs. STAPLETON would answer, "Yes," in a very weak squeaky voice. This became a saying over the years in our family when someone told a doubtful story, someone would say, "Ain't it so, Rose Ann?"

Mother and I visit Sister Betty & her baby, Polly

In June, 1875, sister BETTY [MARY ELIZABETH BRICKEY] LYON gave birth to a girl, MARY CAROLINE [LYON] (which was shortened to POLLY). When POLLY was about a week old Mother took me to see her. We went afoot and about 1/3 the distance was on a path through the woods. When we had got near the house Mother stopped to ask whether we were on the road, of two men who were working near the path. They said yes and pointed out the house which was almost hidden from view by the trees.

The two men were WILEY LYON, BETTY's husband, and his uncle JESSE LYON. I suppose I had seen WILEY [LYON] before, but this was the first time that I remember having seen either of them. They had a poplar log up on timbers and were sawing it into boards with what was called a whip saw. One man stood on the log above and the other man on the ground below and they pulled the saw up and down in turn. A slow and tiring task, but common in that country then, as the saw mill had not come as yet.

We went on to the house and found BETTY [BRICKEY LYON] in bed with the baby and I took a brief look at her but as her face was red and not attractive to me I was not much interested - besides I was a little bit jealous of all the attention given her. I was just over three years old.

BETTY [BRICKEY LYON], knowing we had walked three or more miles from our house, knew I was tired and hungry and so she told Mother to put butter and sugar on a slice of bread and give it to me which she did. Instead of sitting down and eating, as I should have done, I filled my mouth with the delectable butter, sugar and bread and out I went into the yard to look around. Almost as soon as I left the doorstep an old hen ran up to me and before I realized the danger she seized that piece of bread in her bill and snatched it from my timid grasp and trotted away with it holding it high to save it from the hungry mouths of the other hens of the flock.

A hen takes my bread

A sow kills a goose

I can see her yet after more than 75 years - as she picked her way, here and there, trying to get to a place where she could enjoy her stolen feast. I gave a loud wail which soon brought Mother to the door. After a tearful explanation another piece of bread with butter and sugar soon dried my tears. But I had learned a lesson and stayed indoors with it.

I have no further recollection of our visit but on our way home we came upon a large sow with a litter of pigs just as they attacked a small flock of geese. The geese fled into deep water and were followed by the sow until she caught a goose and swam to shore with it where she and the pigs proceeded to kill and devour the goose which made pitiful cries in vain. The sow was so large and fierce Mother was afraid to interfere to rescue the goose lest the sow should attack us and we had no means of defense. This took place on the main creek of Little Fork - about half way between our house and BETTY's [BRICKEY LYON]. We left that place as fast as we could travel. Once a hog learns to kill poultry there is no remedy except death or confinement away from feathered things.

Sister Mary's house burns

We move to A. J. Johnson Place

One night in the Fall of 1875 we saw a bright light glow on the horizon in the direction of Bruin Creek. Father & Mother agreed that it looked like the light from a burning house. It was JAMES & MARY [MASON] GREEN's house on Bruin a few miles away. I don't remember the particulars but as JAMES & MARY [GREEN] owned the house we lived in and their Bruin house where they lived was now burned they wanted our house to live in, so Father rented a farm and house and we moved to it.

About all I remember of the removal was the loading of the wagon and seeing it driven away followed by the family, some on foot and driving the old white cow, Lady. Whether I was

on foot or riding "Old Moll," the mare, I do not remember, but I do remember the procession winding down the road and my turning my face back to the old home until by a curve it suddenly was lost to my view. The old place was so ugly it was beautiful.

I don't remember our arrival at our new home nor much that happened in our family in the brief time we lived there. Mr. JACK JOHNSON, the owner, was away with his family running a general store for Dr. HUDGINS at or near Bell's Trace in Carter County leaving his home vacant.

One thing I recall is that Mr. [JACK] JOHNSON's little daughter, EDDIE [JOHNSON], had left a little hen at the place and the hen made a nest under the house and I crawled under to get the eggs. EDDIE [JOHNSON] was near my age and pretty and I claimed her as my first sweetheart. Poor EDDIE [JOHNSON]! She grew up a beautiful woman and married one of those rough backwoodsmen, SHERMAN CREECH, a good man by the standards of the country. She raised a family and died many years ago.

Hudgin's store burns

We move to the Baker Place

The Burton Family

Santa Claus

We had moved to this Johnson farm because of a burned house and soon we were asked to move from it because of a burned store. The Dr. Hudgins store burned and Mr. [JACK] JOHNSON then having no business at Bell's Trace he wanted to move back to his farm. So Father rented a farm on the Little Fork. Johnson's farm was on a little creek called Hurricane Fork. It joined WILEY [LYON] and JESSE LYON's farms. Before we got out of Johnson's house he and his family arrived to move in.

Below the house was a small bottom field devoted to the raising of grass for hay and the road was mainly in the bed of the little creek outside and alongside the fence. As the creek bed was so rocky and rough they opened the fence and drove the wagon through the bottom up to the house. Mr. JOHNSON's second son, BEN [JOHNSON] about 9 or 10 years old at the time was given the privilege of driving the wagon up to the house. How proudly he sat on

the high wagon seat with a nice new cap set at a rakish angle on his head. I've never forgotten how fine he looked nor how I envied him.

The farm we now moved to was called "The Baker Place." I do not know when we moved to this place but it was near my 4th birthday - Jan. 31, 1876 - maybe before; maybe after. Anyway we had moved twice in one winter season. Soon after moving here I got to know BENNETT BURTON and family who lived across the creek valley a short distance away. The older BURTON children were LYDDIA, FRANK and LAFAYETTE [BURTON]. FRANK [BURTON] was near my age and we soon became friends and remained so as long as we knew each other.

When a young man I moved to Carter County and he to Greenup County and we never met afterward. When I first met him he had a large glass marble with colored spirals inside it like striped stick candy. I asked him where he got it and he said, "It came down the chimney." I didn't understand what he meant until I was much older. My family had not taught me there was a Santa Claus.

A "Hanted" House

This Baker place was said to be haunted, or, in the local speech "Hanted." It was common talk in that neighborhood that a certain tin peddler had never been seen after he had gone to this house with his pack and it was thought by the neighbors that the BAKER family, who then lived here, had done away with the man for his pack and his money. Whether or not there was any truth in the story I never knew. I do know, however, that sister JANE [MASON] and I found tin cups, pans and pails of various sizes in weeds and shrubbery and in the edge of the woods nearby during the time we lived there. Where they came from or why they were there we never knew. We were well supplied with this new appearing tinware.

After we were settled in the Baker place, which, like most farm houses of that section was built of logs, and very crudely, too, Father and Mother, and perhaps some of the older children, began to hear noises of various kinds and which at times became very disturbing.

The sounds were heard almost entirely at night and generally late.

Sometimes it would sound like a steady drip of water. Again like a person walking the floor and again there were sounds hard to describe. Father and Mother searched the place over, again & again, but found no source or cause for the noises.

Of course, they told the neighbors and several times neighbors came to listen but nothing unusual was ever heard when the neighbors were there. Whether the noises were imaginary or were the work of a prankster, I do not know, but I doubt it was either of these. Unless the sounds were the result of the changes in temperature on the house timbers, I have no solution to offer. I am sure Father & Mother thought they were real.

I visit a neighbor and a school with poor success

One day Mother went to visit the REUBEN and MARY SPARKS family, and took me along. They lived in the first house on Hilton branch and about a mile from the Baker Place. I think, maybe, there was a working of some sort, as I believe the women were quilting. I recall but little of the visit except that Mrs. NANCY WHITE was there and she and Mother were not very friendly. Mrs. [NANCY] WHITE had a very sharp tongue, Mother thought, and sometimes used it too freely.

I played with the SPARKS' children, FRANK, GEORGE and BELDEN [SPARKS], who was near my age. Before we left for home our dog, Bounce and SPARKS' dog, Coley, fought and Coley bit Bounce on the throat and he bled, and that frightened and angered me, and in the excitement I climbed upon a work bench in the yard and when I got down I scraped my belly with a projecting nail. Child like I had picked that place to slide off the bench. I was both scared and hurt a little. Mother pulled down my clothes and there was a red line and a few drops of blood where the nail had scratched. I was soon well of it, however.

Once a year before this I had cut myself with a knife. Brother JACK [MASON] called to me to help him run the geese out of the yard. I was whittling with my new barlow knife and instead of shutting it and putting it in my pocket I ran with it open and in swinging my arms as I

ran I stabbed my upper lip through leaving a scar I have today. The blood ran from inside and outside and scared me worse than the hurt.

When the public school opened that summer the older children persuaded Mother to let me go the first day with them. The newness and excitement soon wore off and the day was long and hot so we were all glad to start for home after the day's confinement under the hawk-like eyes of JACK CONN, the teacher, who was one to be feared. On the way we passed a big hornets' nest hanging from a low beech limb by the roadside and someone proposed that one of the bunch should knock it down.

I lose a race with a hornet

I don't know now who was chosen to do the job but when he got ready to hit the nest we all stood as near as we dared to see it done. Whack went the club and out swarmed the hornets and every one of us got away from there at top speed. Being the least and also the slowest I was also hindmost in the retreat and the first and only one to get stung.

The hornet struck me about where my "galluses" (suspenders) crossed in back and I let out a yell that soon halted the race. There was a quick huddle to stop my wailing while MELISSA [BRICKEY], who was my champion, said, "I'll tell Mother and you'll catch it fer gittin' Bill stung." She soon got me quieted, though the stung place continued to hurt, and after we got home the story was soon told, but I do not recall that more than a scolding for the boys happened. This ended my schooling for that year. Several years later I went to school at this same place which was called the Union or Lyon school house.

Some time in the winter of 1876-77, while we still lived at the Baker Place, THOMAS WHITE*, son of NELSON and NANCY WHITE, married a daughter of a Mr. CREECH who lived down below us a few miles on the Little Fork. There was a lot of family talk about the wedding, as both the young people were known to all of us.

The wedding was at the CREECH home and the newlyweds spent the first night there, as was the custom, and, as was also the custom, they and their party went to spend the

second night at the groom's family home. Our house, the Baker Place, was perhaps 200 yards from the main road (known there as the "Big Road" to distinguish it from branch roads), but in plain view for at least a half mile of its course.

How well do I remember the sight of that wedding party as it went by on horseback, in pairs and singly, the men in their best homespun and hightop cowhide boots and hats of varied description. The women in their country best, riding the sidesaddles of that day and wearing the customary long black riding skirts which hung down almost to the ground.

Thomas White's "Infair"

There was much loud talk and laughter and some racing forth and back by the younger members and evidences of liquor drinking. In the customs of the time this was known as the "Infair" party and meant the bringing home of the bride.

At this time, Jan. 1954, I believe THOMAS WHITE is still alive at the age of 97 or 98. His bride lived only a few years after their marriage. Their son JOHN FRANKLIN WHITE, married REBECCA [SPARKS], a daughter of CALVIN & LIZZIE GREEN SPARKS, and they raised a large family and live near Stephens, Elliott Co., Ky. After his first wife's death THOMAS WHITE married a cousin to her, DORA CREECH, daughter of HENRY CREECH, a lovely woman, & raised a large family.

We move to the Bent Sparks Place

The Well

One day in early spring (1877) Father and two neighbors, REUBEN and BENTON SPARKS, moved or exchanged residences. The same wagon and team moved the three families and their furniture. First they brought a load of BENTON's [SPARKS] "plunder" to REUBEN's [SPARKS] house and unloaded it there, then loaded up with REUBEN's [SPARKS] furniture and brought it to the Baker Place where we lived, and from there they took a load of our stuff to the place BENTON [SPARKS] was moving from and so continued until all

three families were moved.

How the land was traded I don't know. Anyway, REUBEN [SPARKS] got the Baker Place and land adjoining on which he built a frame and siding house, near a spring, on the opposite side of the creek where he continued to live till his death many years afterward. BENTON [SPARKS] lived in what had been REUBEN's [SPARKS] home until his death, also, many years later.

We owned no land and the house we moved to was BENTON SPARKS' and we shared our crops with him for rent of the farm. The house was of hewed logs one and a half stories high and had a lean-to kitchen on the back. There was a smokehouse in back, also, and in the bottom below the house was a log stable with two pens for horses and a corncrib - all of unhewed logs. The house was on a rise and faced the Big Road which ran between the house and the creek.

There was a large water well in the front yard cut in large part through solid rock - and below the rock it appeared to be a large pool running back underneath the rock all 'round. I was afraid of that well and kept away from it except at rare occasions. There was a spring under the bluff below the road near the creek which never went dry. Water was drawn from the well by a long wooden sweep - a high forked post set in the ground and a long pole balanced on it in such a way that it lifted the water bucket from the well by a rope attached to the end of the sweep and thence to the bucket - when operated by hand. It was a tricky operation to get the bucket to sink when let down. Usually a horseshoe or some other weight was hung on one side to cause it to dip into the water.

Brother Jack's colt dies and sister Jane choked by a bean

Our move to the BENTON SPARKS place (commonly called Bent's Place) led to tragedy in our family. We had scarcely got settled when Bro. JACK's [MASON] 3 year old colt died with a distemper despite every effort made to save him. How sad it was for us to see him lying dead and stiff in his stall.

Then a few weeks later sister JANE [MASON], a favorite of all the family, lay dead, choked by a bean and suffocated after days of suffering.

The days were getting warm and father was plowing the barn lot below the house for a vegetable garden and Mother was sorting out seed beans for planting and JANE [MASON] was helping as usual, as she was very quick with her hands and was most always ready to help. As she worked she found an oddly colored bean which was larger than the rest and laid it aside and when through sorting she picked it up and kept it in her hand.

At this time I asked her to go with me to see the eggs in a bird's nest we had discovered a few days before. She agreed and we went by where Father was plowing and on across the road and over the creek on a fallen tree and as we started up the bluff to the nest I saw the bean still in her hand and said to her, "Throw it away."

How often I have wished I had not spoken! For almost instantly JANE [MASON] threw the bean with a side motion of her right arm and, instead of falling off to the side on the ground, it went into her mouth - whether by intent or accident I do not know. Almost at once she gasped to me that she was choking - and child-like I said, "Call Jim" - meaning my father. I had got in the habit of calling him "Jim" like the older children did. She whispered that she could not, so seizing her hand I urged her along as fast as we could go back to where father was plowing and acquainted him with her condition and he took charge of her and took her to the house where he and Mother did everything they knew to do to relieve her, with no success - her breathing becoming more difficult as time went on.

The operation a failure and sister Jane dies

They got three doctors, HUDGINS, PRITCHARD one whose name I can't now recall. They operated but did not remove the bean and JANE [MASON] slowly suffocated till death ended her suffering. I saw preparations for the operation and remember the blood and the gaping wound and the terrible sound of her breathing. The doctors efforts to relieve her - and Mother weeping and Father trying to support and comfort her. The smell of the medicine -

especially camphor - which was used when Mother was feeling faint - both that day and later at the burial. I do not remember seeing JANE [MASON] at home after she died, but I do remember the burial, and the open coffin and how like she was asleep she lay in it, and how Mother was so overcome. I remember little else.

At this time Mother was forty years old and in her prime. She was not tall and not large but plump. She weighed about 120 to 125 pounds while in good health. She, at that time was beautiful (as she always was to me). Her eyes were a clear blue and her complexion fair. Almost black hair which was long and abundant. When she combed out her hair it reached almost to her knees and not a gray one in it then.

Father was sixty six. He was slightly gray - and a little stooped - fair with blue eyes - medium height or less. He said he never weighed more than 150 pounds - was lean and muscular. He claimed that he was a good wrestler while in his younger days.

A short while after JANE's [MASON] death and burial (which were the first I can remember) the mare "Moll" got scared at something and tried to run away with the plow and harness and hurt Father by dragging him entangled in the lines and he was laid up for a while.

I get typhoid fever Go to the "Johnny Barker" school to A.J. Dickinson

During that summer I played in the warm creek a lot and I suppose I got the germ of Typhoid fever there and so for weeks I was in bed and became reduced almost to a skeleton. Mother carried me about the house in her arms like I had been a baby and I remember Dr. FRANK HUTCHINSON coming to see me and dosing out medicine on the point of his pocket knife from a big mouth bottle, while Mother held me on her lap. The knife had a long blade so he could reach far down in the bottle. No capsule for the sick those days. We got our medicines raw and the main prescription seemed to be calomel which often would salivate when not properly guarded against. Up to the time of this sickness I was reasonably plump but afterwards I remained thin.

After JANE's [MASON] death I was left to myself much of the time and I think that has

had an influence on me since, tending to make me inclined to lonely pursuits. I can see now that our family was never as close together after JANE [MASON] died. She was accepted and claimed by both sides of the family and loved by all, and after she was gone I felt alone and in a way like an outsider to both sides, as I was a half-brother to both, and this feeling never fully left me.

I went to school a few days this year to the Johnny Barker school near the mouth of Wallow Hole Creek. The building was of hewed logs with a rough stone chimney and a big fireplace in the rear end the front door facing the Big Road which ran between it and the creek (Little Fork). As was usual the school was unfenced. JACK DICKINSON was the teacher. My memory is very hazy about my attendance this year. I had not fully recovered from my sickness.

We raise beans

My first visit to a store

Our family was always short of money and we made out with the barest necessities - the things raised on the farm and the goods bought in exchange for farm produce. We raised a lot of navy beans which were picked and thrashed out in the fall, by hand, and taken on horseback to the nearest railroad town, Willard, and exchanged for boots and shoes and such clothing needed by the family, as was not woven at home, and some other winter necessities.

One year Father and Mother went with a load of beans and the Willard merchants would not buy and so they brought the load back on their tired horses over those weary miles. What was done with the beans and how we got our winter supplies I don't remember, but I know how distressed we all were - specially Mother - about the failure to sell the beans that day.

Mother exchanged eggs for coffee and a little sugar and sometime a few sticks of striped candy for me at the little store at the mouth of Hurricane. I well remember my first visit to this store which I believe was owned at that time by CHARLES SHEARS or SHEARER - an uncle of my future wife, ELIZA [JANE MCDAVID]. I think I was about 4 years old. My eyes fairly bulged when I looked at those brightly colored boxes, calicoes, etc. - and above all the

glass jars of striped stick candy - and then the sweet store smell - were unforgettable.

We make tree sugar

On the BENTON SPARKS farm there was a nice grove of Sugar Maples, or Sugar trees, we called them. In early Spring Father and the boys tapped these trees and the sap was caught in small wooden troughs and collected once or twice a day and put in a barrel and as soon as a sufficient quantity was on hand the big black cast iron kettle was set up on stones in a convenient place in the grove and a hot fire built under it and the sap poured into the kettle and the Spring "sugar making" was under way.

The boiling of the sap took several days. As soon as one lot was boiled down to sugar or until it "grained," Mother would gather up various dishes, cups and saucers, etc. and set them around in easy reach and then would dip up the "grainy" syrup and pour it into the various containers and when it cooled it was molded sugar. Some of this was sold and the rest wrapped up in clean cloth and put away for family use.

Always in the bottom of the kettle there was some syrup which did not grain and Mother would break a few eggs in that to make it "settle" (as coffee makers used to do their coffee) and after a time she would dip out the eggs, now cooked and covered with syrup, and usually gave them to me. My! But I can almost taste them yet. They were tops in taste for me.

This molding of the sugar and dipping out the residue of syrup was called a "stir off," as at the last there was much stirring of the syrup before it grained and was followed sometimes by an invitation to those present to dip in ("Hep yo'self") with spoons or wood paddles and eat of the syrup in the bottom of the kettle. Sometimes neighbors and friends were invited and would come and bring along other things and make a "party" of it. Those were the happy days!

My first fishing trip The creek cleared Fishing destroyed

One of the highlights of those days was a fishing trip I made with Brother BOB [BRICKEY], who was then living with WILEY and BETTY [BRICKEY] LYON. BOB [BRICKEY]

took me home with him on a Saturday and early Sunday morning we dug some worms and lit out down Hurricane Fork. We soon found a promising place and BOB [BRICKEY] rigged up a pole and set me to fishing while he was getting his pole ready.

Before he could get his hook in I got a bite and slung the fish up in the overhanging tree. BOB [BRICKEY] let out a few cuss words and showed me how to sling my fish to the side and not overhead and I did better. We fished at many places along Hurricane down to its mouth and then up the Little Fork toward Home. My biggest catch was a hard-shell turtle about six inches in diameter. It was the only turtle I ever saw that had teeth. We soon got rid of it.

We caught a nice string of fish including a catfish about a foot long. We were joined by a group of boys at the place we got the catfish and they got so noisy they broke up our day's fishing. In trying to quiet the boys BOB [BRICKEY] chased after them and slapped some of them with the string of fish. He slapped one boy FRANK SPARKS, on the bare leg and the spiny fin of the catfish penetrated the flesh and it bled a lot and FRANK [SPARKS] cried and threatened trouble but BOB [BRICKEY] got him pacified. Here we separated - BOB [BRICKEY] gave me the hook & line I was using and he took the fish. He went across the hill to WILEY's [LYON] and I went up the Little Fork to home - a hungry and tired but a happy boy.

The Little Fork was then swarming with fish but about 1879 timber men bought the choice yellow poplar timber along the creek and in order to float it out to market they cut out the logs and timbers in the drifts along the stream and soon there were few deep holes for refuge and the fish naturally drifted away and soon nothing was left to fish for but clubs and silverside minnows. Too bad man is so destructive. First destroy the timber and wildlife, then the land.

Lawlessness and the "Regulators"

About 1877 or 1878 there were outbreaks of lawlessness in Elliott County, and, as the authorities did not control the trouble, citizens banded together under the name of "Regulators" to stamp out the worst crimes and criminals.

One CARTER STEPHENS, of a nearby neighborhood, left his wife and small children without support while he ran around with another woman. His wife and children came to our place and Mother and Father took them in and cared for them several days, they being entirely without food. Word was sent to CARTER [STEPHENS] by a leader of the Regulators to look after his family or else they would deal with him. He was reported to have sent word back that they might hang him as high as Hamon, but he wouldn't beg or take orders from them.

That was enough. They searched him out and found him and the woman together and whipped them both with hickory switches. It was said he got 40 and she 20 strokes - laid on by strong men and that he was told to go back to his family and take care of them or they would hang him. Although he was said to have boasted beforehand, now he said, "Whatever you say to do, I'll do it." He looked after his family after that. I knew him well until I was grown.

A mob hanging

More school

One night we heard a noise as of horses going by up the creek and could see shadowy figures of men and horses in the darkness. Next morning I ran out to look for tracks in the road and found about 30 feet of rope dropped by someone. That day or the next word came that a body of men, supposed to have been Regulators, from all over the County, had taken two men from the County jail at Sandy Hook and hanged them dead. Their names were a Mr. KENDALL and a Mr. MCMILLIN. Both, until then, had been respected citizens.

A Negro, DICK WATSON, a respected man, had been robbed of his meat stored in his smokehouse and the robbers took his wheat sacks to carry it away in. In some way suspicion had been turned to KENDALL & MCMILLIN and when they were arrested and their homes searched the meat was found and WATSON knew both the meat and the sacks and claimed them.

It was said that the children at one of the homes cried when WATSON started away with his meat and that he cut off a generous piece and gave it to them. WATSON had been using his sacks to store some wheat and the beard of the wheat was still in the sacks and clung to

the meat and this was one of the identification marks. Anyway the men were hanged and several innocent orphans were left without fathers. I went to school with some of them in 1893 at Crackers Neck.

The Regulators degenerated and became a menace to the country. Men with ulterior motives - spite or envy or plain meanness - joined and used the organization to commit crimes - sometimes murder - until the authorities finally aroused, stamped it out.

One may wonder how I, as a child, could be aware of some of the things related here. I was quick to learn and had considerable curiosity. Country people passed information and neighborhood news around by word of mouth. We were not distracted by modern things. There were almost no newspapers in circulation there. But we gave attention to what was told and attention makes memory.

I got a little more school in 1878. Didn't learn to read but I listened to the others and learned some things I remember to this day. The capitals of the states were named orally and locations given - like the capital of Mississippi is Jackson on the Pearl River. The capital of Virginia is Richmond on the James River - or "Jeemes" River, as we used to call it. The capital of the Indian Territory is Talequah - the bigger the word the better we remembered it and the louder we spoke it. MELISSA [BRICKEY] read the Primer and First Reader to me page by page and I memorized them almost word for word. I could look at a picture and quote the story from memory - but couldn't read.

I speak a piece

McGuffey's "Blueback Speller"

It was a custom in the school that on Friday afternoons every pupil should do his part. If there was a spelling match he was in it and if it was "speaking pieces" he had to do his turn at that, too. Although I was not yet enrolled as a regular student one Friday I was there and took my place with the others and when my turn came I embarrassed MELISSA [BRICKEY] and made myself proud by rapidly going through the Primer and First Reader - almost from "kiver to kiver" - at least the salient parts - and closed with that classic story of the Fox and the Sour

Grapes. I got my cheers, but have never lived it down - MELISSA [BRICKEY] still calls it to mind.

The last year we lived at the Bent Sparks place (1879) I went to school more regularly. I was now 7 and went to school alone much of the time as MELISSA [BRICKEY] and MORGAN [BRICKEY] went only part time. I suppose they were at work with the beans & corn gathering. JACK [MASON] was now in another school. I learned to read and went through the Primer and First Reader, skipped the Second Reader and got about half through the Third Reader. Father had bought me a McGuffey Speller, the celebrated "Blue Back" and I did well in it and was ahead of some students much older and experienced than I, although I can't say that is much compliment when I consider how slow and backward some of them were.

We lived a long distance from the school for a little boy to go alone but in late Summer and Fall I loved it. The Winter was bad and I lost part of it. The school lasted five months and was out about Christmas or soon after.

I meet a squirrel & a bull

W. A. Hay & "Blab" school

There were two things I loved about going to and coming from school in summer and fall. I loved to see the running water in the creek and the trees with their changing dress and there was a squirrel that met me many mornings among some trees. I got so I looked forward to that - then one morning I got a smell of gun powder and instantly I thought of the squirrel - somebody has shot him. Sure enough I met a hunter loading his rifle at the familiar place and there lay my acquaintance of so many pleasant meetings - the squirrel. I never forgot the squirrel and he always came to my mind when I passed that spot as long as I traveled that road.

The thing I feared on that road was a big red Durham bull which often was seen along the way though not on the road itself usually. Occasionally I came near enough to meeting that I hid myself till he passed on. I don't suppose he was very dangerous but he was a very good incentive to me not to linger along the way when he was around. He surely had a loud voice.

WILLIAM A. HAY was the teacher this year and we became friends and remained friends as long as he lived. He allowed us to study aloud - "Blab school" it was called - and it was like the magnified hum of a beehive when 40 or 50 of us - from the beginner to grown and almost grown young men and women - got at our lessons in earnest. The Blab school went out soon after that but in my early teaching allowed my schools to study aloud sometimes just to let off steam and lower the pressure on a dull day. It was fun.

Hiram Fields & his Still

Before I got into school regularly I often visited the HIRAM FIELDS home. His family consisted of himself, his wife ANISE [FIELDS], the daughter NANCY [FIELDS], and two sons - JASON and HARVEY [FIELDS] NANCY [FIELDS] and JASON [FIELDS] were grown. HARVEY [FIELDS] was about two years older than I. He would stay a night or two with me and I would go and stay with him.

Uncle HIRAM's [FIELDS] speech was so broken with some kind of impediment that he could hardly be understood by anyone except his own family and close friends. It was incident to his family as his brother and sisters were as afflicted. His daughter, NANCY [FIELDS], who was very short and plump, married JIM SALYERS, who was tall and thin. They were married at the Fields home and I still recall how ill-matched they looked when they stood up to be married. This was the first wedding I remember to have seen, although I may have seen sister BETTY [BRICKEY] married, but if so, I do not now remember it.

Uncle HIRAM [FIELDS] owned one of the best farms in that district and perhaps the best apple orchard in the county. As there was almost no market for his apples, except as dried, and that was slow work with the old time kiln and sun drying, he thought to make a market for his fruit by distilling into brandy and selling that. So he bought and set up a still and made brandy until his supply of apples ran out and then whiskey from rye and corn.

This he did for years. He kept a small keg with a wooden faucet by the door and as you entered his house you were welcome to draw a drink of the contents - usually Apple Brandy - in

the tin cup that hung on the faucet. As young as HARVEY [FIELDS] and I were, we drank from that tin cup. HARVEY [FIELDS] would take a liberal quantity, as he was used to it, but a spoonful was enough for me. Poor old Uncle HIRAM [FIELDS]! His farm, distillery and, I suppose, all he had went through that faucet and tin cups and others had to bury him. Although I loved the taste, I decided liquor was not for me, with Uncle HIRAM's [FIELDS] tragic end before me.

Grandmother Sloan & Uncle John P. Brickey

Sometimes during the last summer we lived on the Benton Sparks place I went with Mother to Grandmother NANCY [PARISH BRICKEY] SLOAN's to stay a few days and care for the house and livestock while she and Uncle JOHN P. BRICKEY, who lived with her, went to a Church Association (Baptist), now called Church Convention. The Association was to be held on the Middle Fork, not far from where Aunt ADELINE [BRICKEY WRIGHT] and Uncle ANDY WRIGHT lived - and they were to stay at Uncle Andy's while attending the gathering.

Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] lived on a farm in a two story hewed log house with a two story porch the full length of the south side. A stairway to the upper story led up from the lower porch at the west end and was the only ingress & egress to the upper floor. A large log kitchen was separate and perhaps 10 or 12 feet away to the north of main building. The kitchen was now used for kitchen and dining room and a bed was kept in the back part and sometimes was used in emergencies.

This farm had once been owned by WILLIAM GREEN who now (1879) owned the mill on Little Sandy River. There was a story that during the Civil War a certain Captain DAMRON was killed in a fight between a body of Confederates and a company of Unionists commanded by this Captain DAMRON, and the Captain's body was left at this house with directions to Mr. [WILLIAM] GREEN to bury it, which he did.

Another "Hanted" house

In after years the house was reputed to be "Hanted," perhaps from the story of Captain DAMRON. The people were superstitious and various hairraising stories of sights seen and noises heard by the tenants and visitors were current and were known by Mother when we went there for our short stay.

Everything was quiet and we got along fine on Friday and Saturday. Sunday morning we began to hear noises coming from upstairs. Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] had left her dog with us. He was a huge animal with large drooping ears. He had a mean disposition to most everybody and specially toward children and once when Uncle ANDY [WRIGHT] & Aunt ADELINE [BRICKEY WRIGHT] were visiting grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] he seized their little girl, JANE [WRIGHT] and tore a place in her ear and face and Uncle ANDY [WRIGHT] hit the dog with an axe on the side of his head and after that he habitually shook his head and his ears made a slapping sound somewhat like a hand clap.

When the noises from upstairs began, the dog (old "Watch" we called him) raised his hackles, barked and growled and went 'round and 'round the house - and Mother and I were afraid - both of the noises and also of "Watch." We were always afraid of him but more so then because he was so excited we hardly dared to try to do anything.

As the day went on the noises got louder and more frequent and Mother decided to go home, leaving Watch in charge. The folks were to come home that day, anyway. So we shut and fastened up the house and left for home. About two years later my family moved to this house and lived there several months, and though we occasionally heard unusual noises we never saw anything ghostly or unnatural. Stories of headless men being seen on the stairs and upper porch were told by some persons - which likely was the work of some practical joker. We never saw anything that wasn't easily identified and explained.

The floor to the upper story had been laid down so tight that two of the boards heaved up like an inverted V and whether the swelling and shrinking with every change of temperature was the source of the noises, I can only guess. One thing about it I do know - I was afraid to go

upstairs alone and went only when necessary. And that's my ghost story. This farm had come into possession of the FULTON family of Portsmouth, Ohio, who were owners at this time.

Father & Bro Jack go to live with sister Mary Green

Brother BOB [BRICKEY] became dissatisfied with living at WILEY's and came to live with us. He was then about 18 or 19 years old. He was not very friendly with Father and their relations soon got worse. Back of the ill feelings was a claim by BOB [BRICKEY] and MORGAN [BRICKEY], and perhaps some others of Mother's children, that Father had not handled the sale of their land in Va. properly and that they had not received their full share - and there may have been other differences. It seems strange to me, now, that I never got Father's side of the story that I can recall, and never that I remember heard the full details from either side of that land deal.

What the land was sold for and whether the pay was received I do not know. That antedates my memory. Anyway, the question was re-opened one day and the talk became heated and before it ended blows were struck and rocks were thrown, but fortunately no one was injured seriously. My view of it is that BOB [BRICKEY] and MORGAN [BRICKEY] were the aggressors and that Father acted only in self defense. I do not recall that brother JACK [MASON] was present - I think he went to live with sister MARY GREEN when BOB [BRICKEY] came to live with us.

Father left home that day and went to live at sister MARY's also - so after that I saw him and JACK [MASON] only occasionally. Father was old and had little and so could contribute but little to my support and beyond a few books and a few small items I remember nothing. However, he was kind to me and never struck me, even when I know I deserved it. I do not know the date of the quarrel but it was in the winter of 1878-1879, I think. Not having any record I am uncertain of some dates - but we were living at the Bent Sparks place.

We moved to the lower part of the Fulton place in the spring of 1880 - I think it was. The house or log cabin was a double affair - a large room in front with a lean to bedroom in back - built of small round logs and all chinked with pieces of timber and daubed with clay mud. The fireplace was a rough stone and the chimney of wood sticks and all daubed with clay - like the walls. I believe there were one or two small windows in each part. The rooms were dark but fairly comfortable in winter but it took much wood to keep the fire going. The floors were puncheon and not jointed and thus other ventilation was not needed.

The hearth was made of flat stones and rats and mice dug out the clay daubing and nested there sometimes, I suppose on account of warmth from the fire. Crickets would come up out of the cracks and eat breadcrumbs dropped there. There was no stove for baking and Mother baked in a Dutch oven on the hearth. Sometimes we ate our supper of milk and bread, or mush, by the fire and that way dropped crumbs which the mice, rats and crickets got.

One night while sitting by the fire I saw something move in a crack at the edge of the hearth and put my fingers in to see what it was. Suddenly I felt my fingers caught and not thinking of the consequences I jerked back and thus my fingers were split by the claws of whatever held me. I suppose it was a cat watching for a mouse or rat.

I suddenly yelled out with the pain and Mother, not knowing what was the trouble, was greatly alarmed till I got quieted down enough to explain. I think there was considerable amusement in the family over this in which I didn't join. I learned here not to poke around that hearth with my fingers.

While we lived here Garfield was elected President. One day BOB [BRICKEY] came from the Post office down the Creek and told Mother that he had seen a paper with

a picture of the Democrat Rooster on his back with the Republican Eagle standing on his breast, and information that Garfield was elected. As BOB [BRICKEY] and MORGAN [BRICKEY] were Democrats they felt pretty bad about it. That's about all I recall of that election. Of course I remember the excitement over Garfield being shot and the trial and execution of his slayer - Guiteau.

Our nearest neighbor down the Creek, HENRY CREECH, was an Ex-Union soldier and a Republican. As BOB [BRICKEY] and MORGAN's [BRICKEY] father was a Confederate soldier and had died a prisoner of war in a Union prison they disliked anything or anybody Republican or "Yankee." Today we can hardly realize how high the feelings ran between those elements long after the war. To one the other was a "Rebel;" to the other, one was a "Damn Yankee" or "Damn Radical" or "Black Radical."

I was the cause of an outbreak one day which almost caused bloodshed. It was a hot day in summer and I was strolling along with the dog through the tall ironweeds growing thickly along the roadside when suddenly one of neighbor HENRY CREECH's young and lively cows sprang up from her shady bed and darted away. Thinking of nothing but a little excitement I hissed the dog after the cow, which was soon joined with others, and away they all went - the dog barking, cowbells ringing and I, shouting to the dog, following after.

It really seemed but a minute till I heard the sound of Mr. [HENRY] CREECH's angry voice followed by BOB's [BRICKEY], just as angry. Mr. [HENRY] CREECH must have been quite nearby when the commotion began, although he was working a mile away. I heard Mr. [HENRY] CREECH say, "My cows can't get away from the barn but I hear a hic-sick and a sick-hee everywhere they go."

BOB [BRICKEY] answered, "Why don't you keep your damned cows at home where they belong, then?" When Mr. [HENRY] CREECH answered, MORGAN [BRICKEY] threw in something and called Mr. CREECH a "Damned black Radical." After a time the quarrel died down and Mr. [HENRY] CREECH took his cows down the creek toward home. I found it convenient to keep quiet and concealed in the thick weeds till the storm blew over.

For many weeks we saw little of Mr. CREECH, or "Uncle HENRY" as he was called.

Then one day to my surprise I saw him and his wife, "Aunt CINDY" [CREECH], approaching our house and hurried in with the news. We all wondered what was up. They came in and were so friendly our curiosity and suspicions mounted by the minute until Uncle HENRY [CREECH] let the secret out. "BOB [BRICKEY]," he said, "I hear you have sold your mule and I have come over to see if I can borrow thirty dollars for a little while." BOB [BRICKEY] was caught without an alibi - it was so sudden and unexpected - and so let him have the money, and that ended the feud over my escapade.

Bro Sam marries

I earn my first money

In January 1881 brother SAM BRICKEY and his wife, MARY [EMILY BAKER BRICKEY] arrived from Scott Co., Va., where they had been married in December. I do not remember how many days they stayed. They had come by horseback and had been on the road several days. This was our first meeting with MARY [EMILY BAKER BRICKEY]. They left our place and went to Rosedale in Carter County where they set up housekeeping at Horton's Mill - SAM [BRICKEY] was a miller and ran this mill several years.

This spring I earned my first money - 15 cents in big pennies and two cent pieces and a five cent piece. Uncle JOHN P. BRICKEY hired me to drive a yoke of oxen for MARTIN SPARKS to plow a piece of bottom land near his house. I put in a day at it and when night came I was tired out and my neck was sore from looking sideways at the oxen. When Uncle JOHN [P. BRICKEY] gave me the money I protested that I didn't charge him for what I had done, but he gave it to me, anyhow, and I felt richer then than I ever have since. Had I kept that money until now those old time coins would be worth a nice sum - as old coins.

We move to the Fulton House

Lucinda Hay

The first year we lived on the Fulton farm JOHN H. HAY (son of my favorite teacher, WILLIAM A. HAY) and his wife NANCY BRICKEY HAY (daughter of Uncle PARISH BRICKEY)

lived at the Fulton farm house with Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] and Uncle JOHN P. BRICKEY. I have no record of when they moved out, but after they went we soon moved in with Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY] & Uncle JOHN [P. BRICKEY] but for some reason we soon moved back to the old log cabin. MELISSA [BRICKEY] says that Mr. FULTON objected to our living there- though I see no reason why, as we were working on the farm.

While JOHN [H. HAY] and NANCY [BRICKEY HAY] lived there his sister, LUCINDA [HAY] , visited them and I remember she came down to our cabin to borrow some household article and I went back with her. * We had to cross the creek on the log of a tree which had fallen across the creek and, although I believe she was older than I, I held her hand, as we crossed over, intent on saving her from falling.

How proud I felt. The water was deep enough that we might have drowned, but we made it. When I think back on the chances children were allowed to take those days I wonder that many were not drowned. Providence must have been on guard. LUCINDA [HAY] told me about her home and her most prized possession - a kitten - which she said was so fat that it was like a butter ball and that she could push her thumb into its soft flesh and not hurt it.

Note: In 1954 I sent a letter to her by HENRY PORTER and she told him she did not remember having known me. This was a shock to me. Her husband ALONZO WRIGHT died about 1953 in Ashland, Ky.

Scared by a Rattler

Lightning strikes my Shade Tree

We raised a field of corn on a small stream known as the “Becky” or Meadow Branch. Most of the field was on a hillside. There was an old abandoned log house at the bottom of the hill and one morning I was later than the others getting to work and when I came to near the old house I encountered a rattlesnake partly covered with dry weeds and grass. I was barefooted and I almost stepped on it - and it moved as if to coil and strike and gave me quite a scare. Then I learned that it had no head - Bro BOB [BRICKEY] had cut off its head with a

hoe and left the snake, probably to get some fun out of me. It continued to live perhaps till noon. BOB [BRICKEY] laid the head up on a stump and showed me its poison fangs. I saw the head at different times during the summer, as BOB [BRICKEY] had left it.

Around noon those of us, BOB [BRICKEY], MORGAN [BRICKEY], MELISSA [BRICKEY] and sometimes Mother, who were working in the corn, would go to the house for lunch. For a time they left me with the horse and brought me lunch as they returned. The house was about one fourth mile away. There was a nice patch of grass in a little bottom near the cornfield and the horse grazed while I sat or lay on the grass in the shade of a large willow.

The arrangement was not to my liking but I stuck to it from necessity - till one day I was allowed to go to lunch with the rest. When we went back to the field there here been one of those quick thunder showers and lightning had struck the willow tree and scattered it in long splinters all around the blasted remains left standing. If the horse and I had been in our usual places I can only guess what would have happened to us.

Helen Laney

George & Nelson Lane and their departure

Uncle JOHN P. BRICKEY was reputed to be the father of two daughters born out of wedlock to him and a woman named LANEY of Scott County, Va. One of these, a young woman, HELEN LANEY, she was called came to live with Grandmother [SLOAN] and Uncle JOHN [P. BRICKEY]. The date I do not know but I think it was about the Fall of 1880. HELEN [LANEY] was a large and healthy person and inclined to be indolent and stubborn in her ways. Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] was particular about her housekeeping and HELEN's [LANEY] ways soon brought about disharmony in the household, which eventually broke up the house the next year or two.

Two young men from Virginia, GEORGE and NELSON LANE, cousins, worked on the farm for Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] during the Spring and Summer of 1881. When the corn got big enough to hoe, they and we sometimes worked together - part of the time in Uncle JOHN's [BRICKEY] field and part in ours - according to which was needing hoeing the most.

“Swapping work” as it was called. Sister MELISSA [BRICKEY] and HELEN LANEY, both young women, helped in the corn hoeing, also, and we had a lively time together that summer and, as little as I liked to hoe, I was sorry when it was over.

Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] having no further work for the LANEs they put their limited possessions in two packs and started on foot for Scott County, Va. 160 or more miles away. NELSON [LANE] used a cheap suitcase for his things - with a stout stick run through its handle and across his shoulder. GEORGE [LANE] put his things in the legs of a pair of trousers, and with strings tied 'round the bottom of each leg and a belt 'round the top he set the trousers astride his shoulder and so burdened they set out on their journey, and walked out of our lives, as they never returned.

On the morning of the day before they left they came to our house and each of them counted the money he had saved from his summer's wages - a pitiful small sum. GEORGE [LANE] told what he was going to buy for his journey but NELSON [LANE] said, “I ain't agoin' to spend narree cent - I'm agoin' to take mine with me to Old Virginny.” They went down the Creek to a store and also to Uncle HIRAM FIELDS' distillery and got some brandy. The brandy loosed their purse strings and they bought several things they had not intended to buy - the drink having got the better of their resolutions.

By-play

They gave me about 2 pounds of stick candy and when they saw me gloat over it they laughed at me. It was the most I had ever had at one time and I was carried away with my riches. While I was enjoying the candy they were packing their remaining things preparatory to starting next morning. GEORGE [LANE], with the brandy, under his belt, was feeling a bit gay and amused himself teasing NELSON [LANE] by picking up their socks and other small items and saying, “This is not worth taking,” and with a movement as if to throw it in the fire, “let's just burn it.” NELSON [LANE] was stingy and he would grab GEORGE's [LANE] arm and say, “GEORGE [LANE], don't do that,” holding on and drawing out the words at great length. This

by-play was long remembered by all of us.

Amanda Susan's visit

A comet & a murder

In the summer of 1881 Bro. NELSON BRICKEY's wife, AMANDA SUSAN [BRICKEY] and children, IONA DAIL [BRICKEY], MARY FLORENCE [BRICKEY] and SAMUEL TILDEN [BRICKEY] the baby, came to see us. AMANDA [SUSAN BRICKEY] told us of her train ride part way from Grayson, Ky., her home. It was like a fairy story to me, as I had never seen a train. I don't remember much else about their visit except MARY [FLORENCE BRICKEY] (they called her MOLLIE [BRICKEY]) would tell of marvelous things she had dreamed-"grempt" she called it - most of it she made up as she talked. She had a good imagination.

There was a huge comet with a brilliant tail in the north-western sky some time that fall or early winter. People talked about it and wondered if the world was coming to an end. I have made inquiries but have not found data establishing the name of this comet or the date of its appearance. I feel sure that the date was 1881 but have no record for proof. I remember distinctly its appearance for several nights.

About the time of the comet there was a brutal murder of two girls and a boy in the town of Ashland, Ky. and the stories of this murder and the arrest of the murderers and their trials and executions were in the papers and widely discussed by the people everywhere in Eastern Kentucky. * In my recollection some people connected the coming of the comet and the murder, as being related, one to the other.

Of three men arrested, I believe GEORGE ELLIS was hanged by a mob, ELLIS CRAFT and WILLIAM NEAL were tried and found guilty and publicly hanged. WILLIAM NEAL's lawyer got his case transferred to Grayson in Carter County on account, he said, of prejudice in Boyd County, and the case tried in Grayson and he was convicted and hanged there publicly by the Carter County Sheriff. Many people attended this hanging, several from our section, and a few brought back pieces of the rope used as souvenirs.

I think brother BOB [BRICKEY] was there but bought back no souvenir.

Melissa marries We move to Jesse Lyon Place Grandmother's death

Dec. 17, 1881 MELISSA [BRICKEY] and RICHARD MENIFEE SPARKS were married. Beyond seeing them married I remember very little about it - don't know who the preacher was, even. I do remember [RICHARD] MENIFEE [SPARKS] had an iron gray horse.

According to my memory, in the spring of 1882 we moved from the Fulton farm on the Little Fork to a part of the Jesse Lyon farm on the Hurricane Fork (Harricane they called it). This farm was next below WILEY LYON's place.

About this time Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN], dissatisfied with home life with Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] and HELEN [LANEY] , and we, with Mother, having moved out of that neighborhood, went to live with Uncle ANDY [WRIGHT] and Aunt ADELINE [BRICKEY] WRIGHT on the Middle Fork or near the county seat, Sandy Hook, leaving Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] and HELEN [LANEY] at the old Fulton place.

After this Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] kept house no more, but lived in the homes of her children, ADELINE [BRICKEY WRIGHT], PARISH [BRICKEY] & Mother - moving as she wanted a change, from one to another with her own bed and other personal things. She was ahead of her time in that country where ignorance and superstition prevailed. She read much in her Bible and such books as were to be had and newspapers when available.

The historical stories she told or read to me gave me a love for such things which has remained to this day. How I wish I had written down and kept the many things she related to me of her early life and events in Bottetourt and Craig counties in Virginia and afterwards in Scott County.

She died at Mother's, March 13, 1894. I was then living in Carter County and through neglect I failed to reach Mother's till Grandmother [SLOAN] was buried. I disbelieved the report of the seriousness of her illness and was too late starting.

Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] and HELEN [LANEY] continued to live at the Fulton place a while longer. I went back once after we moved to borrow an auger to repair a sled and promised to bring it back by a certain time - then JOHN CREECH came to see BOB [BRICKEY] about something and offered to take the auger to Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] in my stead, and so saved me the trip. I do not remember that I saw Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] or HELEN [LANEY] after that.

HELEN [LANEY] married JOHN BENTLY and after a tempestuous life in Floyd County we heard that they moved to Greenup County, Ky. Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] wrote back to Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] and others but never came back, although he planned several times to do so and failed. He moved to Big Stone Gap, Va. And died there about 1907. He had been a semi-invalid since boyhood, so never served in the army, as his brothers did - and never was married.

When I knew him he was a tall, gaunt man - with long hair and beard - not talkative but friendly to his acquaintances and neighbors. He hired his farm work done and paid for most of it with bacon and corn of his own raising. He gave a bushel of corn or 5 pounds of bacon for a day's work. He rated work at .50 - corn .50, bacon .10. These seemed to be standard with him regardless of prices with others.

He spent much time in bed. Sometimes he would go out to see his hired hands at their work and lend a hand if needed and then back to bed. Once, it was told, that he found his men, two or three - trying to lift a log with handspikes up to the top of a pile. They would lift it up almost to the top and fall back. He took a spike in hand - lifted enough to get the feel and then with a quick lift the log went up in place. He laid down his spike and without comment went back to the house and to bed. He was subject to spells of abstraction or day dreaming where he would forget his surroundings and company for the time being.

Brother BOB [BRICKEY] went rabbit hunting with him once. Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] carrying their only gun. As they went along a rabbit suddenly sprang out of the grass almost from under their feet. Uncle JOHN [BRICKEY] thus aroused from his reveries straightened up to his full height and said, "Lord, have mercy!" and stood still with his gun on his shoulder till the rabbit was out of sight and then lowered his eyes and resumed his walk and, BOB [BRICKEY] supposed, his reverie as well. No thought of shooting the rabbit seemed ever to have entered his mind.

While we lived on the Fulton farm I continued to go to the Johnny Barker school and made reasonable progress. WILLIAM HAY was the teacher most of the time and that was a help to me. The last year I won a book as a prize in spelling and a liberal allowance of candy - in a spelling match at the close of school near Christmas. I lost my nerve when I had spelled down the school except one - CROCKETT HUTCHINSON - who was a young man. When all were done but us two - on somebody's suggestion we agreed to divide the prize candy instead of spelling till one of us lost. I have always regretted that I agreed to that. I think I could have beaten him easily. Just lost my nerve!

I had many ups and downs at this old school house. Some I have remembered with regret and others with pleasure. I was getting big enough to join in games of base, bull pen and other games played by the bigger boys and girls. We boys caught fish in the deep holes when the creek got low by muddying the water and dipping them out with our hands when they came up to breathe. In winter we stunned them in shallow water through the ice with a poll ax and lifted them out with our hands through holes cut with the ax before they revived. Those poor hogmollies and suckers were out of luck!

My first "Movie"

A school "Exhibition"

One winter night we had a one man show in the school house. Entrance about 10 cents, I believe. After some so called magician's tricks several "Magic Lantern" picture were

shown. The way the machine was manipulated the characters seemed almost life like. One picture showed two woodcutters pursued by a tiger through the wood till they came to a large hogshead and ran around it. After a few times around the hogshead the tiger attempted to jump over it and fell inside it and the men upended it and got on top with the tiger still inside.

After a brief time a tail protruded from a bung hole and it was seized by the men and after a tug of war - in and out - a knot was tied in the tail and the men jumped to the ground and fled pursued by the tiger dragging the hogshead. There were other pictures just as life like. How it was done I do not know but they were real Movies to us, although Movies had not been invented yet.

The last few week of my last term at the Johnny Barker school the weather was cold and mostly snowy. Mr. [WILLIAM] HAY promised that the children could have a "School Exhibition" the last day and so our regular routine was sidetracked and school discipline relaxed. Several young men and young women of the district came in to take part in the "Exhibition" in dialogues and other things.

When the day arrived the house was crowded and though the various parts were acted by untrained and unlearned players, what was lacking in skill was made up by earnest effort and the affair was a success. If I had a part I don't remember what it was - and that brought my schooling at this place to an end.

Back to the Lyon School

The Building & Furniture

When we moved to Hurricane Fork I was back in the Lyon or Union school district and when the school opened that summer I went back to where I had spent my first day in school. The school term lasted five months of twenty days each. School began in hot weather, July or August, so as to avoid the rain, mud and snow of winter, as much as possible.

I was now 10 years old and had been working in the fields since I was 7, as was the custom. As there was no law requiring children to attend school those days, boys and girls often were kept at home to help pick beans, pull corn fodder, strip cane, shuck corn, etc. and I

had to do my share, but I was different from most of the neighborhood children - I liked to go to school and did not stay out of it willingly.

This Union school house was the usual hewed log affair - probably 24 x 40 feet - ceiled overhead with rough hand sawed poplar boards and similar boards were nailed over the mud daubed spaces between the wall logs. The roof was steep and made of split oak clapboards, as were most all the roofs in that country at that time. There was a rough stone fireplace & chimney - a few seats were made of poplar lumber, with backs, but most of the seats were only small chestnut logs split open and smoothed of splinters a bit with a broadax and pegs for legs inserted in holes bored at the proper angle. These had no backs and there were no tables or desks. The kids sat on these backless seats and if their feet did not reach the floor their legs and feet would "go to sleep." No wonder the children grew round shouldered. I tried to get on one of the board seats & if not successful at that, I got on a log seat against the wall so I could lean back.

Primitive Preaching

That the kids survived such schools is proof of their stamina. Not only did we sit on those seats - flat logs at school, but once or more a month I, and others, sat on them on Saturday and Sunday at the Primitive or "Hardshell" Baptist Church services held in this school house.

The services began about 10 A.M. and closed about 1 P.M., usually. Quite often there were visiting preachers who were usually asked to say a few words. These few words rarely lasted less than half an hour. If more than one visiting preacher was present, and preached, which usually they did, the services would run on for hours. I have more than once been present when four preachers had their "few words" in addition to the pastor's sermon. This is not written in criticism but only as a record of fact. It was a custom of the country and the times.

Believe it or not, some of those long forgotten texts I heard back there in my childhood yet come to my mind, occasionally. Once I heard the pastor, Rev. LEWIS THORNBERRY, preach a sermon and repeat it word for word, as nearly as I could remember, the night following. I recall that he cried both times in recounting the cruel treatment of Joseph by his brothers and of the treatment of slaves before the Civil War. He had been a Union man and opposed to slavery.

Once at a Free Will Baptist meeting I listened to four men preach - or try - maybe I shouldn't have said that. At least they were doing better than I - the best they knew how. Some of the four could scarcely read the simplest words. One preached on the travels of the Israelites in the Wilderness and related that on one occasion, when they murmured because of the lack of flesh to eat, that "the Lord filled the air with whales" - and then gave a description of a whale - of course, he had misread whales for quail - and accepted it, so, "Whales filled the air."

At another place years afterward I heard this man preach one of the few sermons that I have thought were actually inspired. I must admit that it was totally unexpected by me and I think by the congregation that heard it. It was wonderful, coming as it did from an uneducated and uncouth man. His name was CLEM BOGGS.

Lum Fields and I miss the Jailhouse

At a "cottage" meeting I attended when a young man one of the four who preached that night almost caused me to go to jail. The little house was crowded and only a small space in front of the fireplace was left vacant for the preachers, as a pulpit, C. C. "LUM" FIELDS, one of my very closest friends, and I got a place to sit in the back part of the room on the edge of a bed. Like the rest of the people there we were quiet and respectful, as was our custom.

The preacher was cross eyed and that gave him an odd look and when in an animated portion of his sermon he moved quickly so once when he suddenly attempted to step backward his heel caught against a brother preacher's foot and in efforts to regain his balance he went through facial and body contortions which were so comical to LUM [FIELDS] and me

that we burst out laughing - then realizing where we were, we hid our faces the best we could, and smothered the sounds of our mirth. It wasn't much and was soon over and done - but it was enough.

At the next meeting of the County Grand Jury some one of the brother preachers went before the Jury and asked for an indictment for LUM [FIELDS] and me for "disturbing public worship." It happened that a Mr. REUBEN SPARKS was a member of that Jury from our district and he had known both LUM [FIELDS] and me since we were babies and knew we were quiet and well behaved, according to the standards, and had never been in trouble with the law, so he persuaded the other members to refuse to issue a bill of indictment against us.

This part of the story I did not learn for long afterward. I was in Carter County when the Jury set and was unaware of the effort to indict me. Several years later Mr. [REUBEN] SPARKS' friendly act was brought to my attention. I am sure that neither of us - LUM [FIELDS] or I - sufficiently appreciated what he had done for us.

My Teachers at the Lyon School House

At the Lyon or Union school I had for teachers: ROBERT PARSONS, "Hardshell" Baptist preacher; A. J. JOHNSON, "Freewill" Baptist preacher; E. F. WELLMAN; WILLIAM W. BOOTH, a man partly paralyzed and HENRY SPARKS, who was then a medical student, teaching to make money to put him through medical school, and was later a prominent physician and died in his prime. There may have been others that I do not now recall. All these were men of good intentions and I seldom had trouble with any of them and I think I had the friendship of each of them as long as they lived.

ROBERT PARSONS turned to drink in late life and when I unexpectedly met him shortly before his death in Boyd County he shocked me by his altered appearance and language. At

one time he was a leading preacher in his church and was a member of the Constitutional Convention to form a new Constitution for the State of Kentucky, 1890-91. He became a lawyer, quit preaching, and lost himself in drinking, so I was told. The smartest men may become the biggest fools when they deal with liquor. Poor man.

The teachers of that day were no better and probably no worse, on an average, than those of today - as compared by the standard of then and now. The teacher was under supervision of the Board of Trustees and was expected to function as master. Force, rather than love or persuasion, was the controlling factor and corporal punishment was only very slightly being replaced by less severe punishment. Most teachers used the switch but some were putting less emphasis on its use.

The classes were not graded and all ages were together in one room. Is it any wonder that some teachers broke some of the rules of conduct under such conditions?

School Supplies in County Schools

The furnishing of water and fuel to the country schools, when I was a boy, was mostly left to the teachers and pupils - or to chance. The Trustees would provide a box of chalk for the blackboard, a broom for sweeping the floor, a wooden bucket for water and one or two pint tin cups for all the school to drink from. Some schools had a well or spring for water but others looked to neighbor farmers' water supply. In hot weather this made it a problem, as the water had to be carried in the bucket from whatever source was available. The big boys usually brought the water and it was considered by the boys to be a privilege to be asked or allowed by the teacher to go for water.

The children would run and play and when called in afternoon intermission they would be thirsty and line up to drink, one after another, from the same cup, and often two or more buckets would have to be brought. Sometimes it was carried a quarter of a mile. Shades of Pasteur! No wonder diseases spread. We must have become immune after a time, else we all should have died.

Most schools in the country those days had open fireplaces for wood only - and that was usually supplied by the teacher and the big boys, from the nearby woods. In severe cold weather some of the boys were on the job of wood cutting and carrying almost continuously all day - taking turns of course so that each had a chance at his lessons, also. If a back log was needed it was cut off a big log and rolled into the school house and into the fireplace. Much suffering from the cold was endured by the children, as the best of fires could not warm the whole school room, as much of the heat was carried up the big open chimney.

These conditions existed almost all over that section until I was almost grown when wells began to be dug and pumps put in at the schools for water supplies and coal and wood began to be furnished to the schools by the trustees - but it took a long time. The fireplaces gave way to big pot-bellied stoves and they to more modern heating systems - eventually.

I attended the Lyon or Union school, after the custom of the times, not regularly, during the years, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885 & 1886. The district was then divided and frame school buildings erected in new locations and the old log building ceased to function as a school. I believe the church continued its use for several years longer.

Children and young people's Dress

The children those days that I knew dressed very plainly - both at school and at home. The girls wore calico, gingham and cottonade dresses in warm weather and, like the boys, went barefooted. The boys wore two garments - a calico or cotton cloth shirt and denim or thin cotton cloth pants - a five or ten cent split or straw hat completed the "ensemble." Some wore a ten cent pair of suspender (galluses we called them) but others used a string for a belt to hold up their "britches."

When frosts came the girls got long woolen stockings & a pair of heavy shoes, usually

split leather, and linsey or jeans dresses, mostly woven at home of home spun wool. The boys got heavy cowhide shoes or boots, home knit wool socks, a suit of woolen jeans cloth often home woven and hand sewn - no sewing machines yet. Some boys got caps of knit wool or heavy cloth with pull down to cover the ears from frost and snow.

I usually got a cheap wool hat. My shoes or boots had to last till it was warm enough to go barefooted again. Sometimes they almost didn't make it. After I was almost grown up many of the boys and girls wore what was called a "Nubia" - a fancy colored knitted piece with a knit cord (with a large tassel) at each end. The Nubia was long enough to wrap over the head, covering the ears, and tie under the chin with enough to hang down the back, always. Time was that the young folks felt almost undressed if they had no Nubia in winter.

Bandanas, Hoops and Bonnets

For Sunday wear, young folks added such touches to their costume as the fashion of the time demanded. For the girls bits of lace and ribbon. For young men bandana neckerchiefs of cotton or silk. All girls and women wore long and wide skirts - the showing of an ankle and a calf (except a four footed one) was forbidden - and the hussy was a bold one that did it. Hoops went out when I was young but corsets and lacing were in vogue and there was rivalry over who could show the slimmest waist.

Hair was worn long and usually combed straight back and gathered in a knot at the back or top of the wearer's head. Calico, gingham, dotted swiss and other light weight cloth was used for summer wear with home woven linsey or woolen cloth in cold weather. Not being expert at such matters I am not able to name some of the materials used. Older women used darker colors and many used black almost exclusively which added to their drab surroundings - already too gloomy.

While the girls and younger women often wore hats to Sunday meeting almost all women and girls wore bonnets - specially in summer - and prided themselves on their ability to cut out from the cloth and make their bonnets - from the common everyday slat bonnet to the

nicest quilted pattern for Sunday wear - and do them up, too - along with other items which had to be starched and ironed.

Made their own starch from potatoes and used about an eight pound iron which was heated on the open wood fire. Those old irons had iron handles which got hot, too, and a heavy cloth was used to prevent burning the user's hand - until a detachable handle was invented - that was something! The elderly women up near the pulpit - some with lace caps, others with bonnets of various patterns, their black dresses as neat as the proverbial pin - and all with such quiet and resigned expressions on their work wrinkled faces.

The men in their uncomfortable Sunday best - a stiff bosomed shirt, buttoned up the back, no collar or tie (on rare occasions I have seen a man with one of these collarless shirts on and with a tie around his bare neck) and sitting a little back of the women. In some of the meetings women sat on one side of the room and the men on the other. The young folks were not a part of the services, usually.

Hardshell Meetings

Father Baptized

Under the "Hardshell" Baptist faith you were either saved or lost and you had no say in the matter. If you were predestined to be saved, you would be saved; on the other hand if you were predestined to be lost, you would be lost. If a person signified that he or she wanted to join he would be asked whether he had been saved and to describe his experience; if the answers were satisfactory, he would be asked if he felt that that church would be a home for him and perhaps a few other questions. If all questions were answered to the satisfaction of the church, a time would be set and the candidate for membership would be baptized in a nearby stream by immersion.

These baptizings usually drew a crowd. I attended quite a few in my boyhood and youth. My father was baptized into this church. Grandmother was a member. As father was being led into the water, I stood nearby and DAN STEPHENS, an acquaintance, stood by me. Just then a long tailed green lizard with a bright red head came running along the sand and up

Mr. [DAN] STEPHEN's leg and into his left trousers pocket. I showed him its tail sticking out and he seized it and slung it into the deepest part, beyond father and the preacher, and it started swimming. A fish jerked it under and soon he was up swimming again; this was repeated several times before it got to shore. I think as many were watching the lizard as were the baptizing.

Young People & the Church

The Farmer's Wardrobe

As I said before the young people were not a part of the church services in that, although present, they were not invited to take part in any way. Of course, if one signified he or she, being present, desired to join, and passed the examination, that one was accepted and baptized, but no call was given in what we understand an evangelical way. As I see it now, nothing thought up could have had much more deadening effect and it is little wonder that that faith and practice has largely died out.

The young people came for various reasons: Because of parental wishes, curiosity, perhaps some real interest, and there was no other place to go - dancing and card parties were prohibited as works of the Devil. Movies had not been invented. So, they came to church - and set in the back - as far as they could get from the preacher. One girl would look at another and at a sign both, and maybe several, would arise and go out. Soon, one or more young men would follow. In a few minutes, maybe, they all came trooping back. This would be repeated, more or less in the same way, all during the services.

Sometimes the services would be greatly disturbed by these performances and on rare occasions indictments have followed on complaint of some member who was disturbed by it. I do not brag when I say I was not one to do these things. I often was vexed by the disturbance and, like many others, I would be sore about it, as perhaps I had a right to be, but the young people needed leaders to show them a better way.

I began this to describe, in a way, what I remember of how the people dressed in those far away days - but have wandered with a vengeance. Usually those country men wore few

clothes. In warm weather a cotton shirt and pants, a pair of brogan shoes and a 10 cent pair of socks and a cheap straw hat. In cold weather a woolen shirt and home woven trousers and coat, home knit socks, brogans or boots, a wool hat or pull down cap, heavy muslin drawers. Knit union suits had not yet been invented.

Hair-cuts & the Use of Tobacco

The Keitels

As there were no barbers the men cut hair for each other with the family shears. As a result the tendency to wear long hair and mustachios and beard was prevalent. Older men got their wives to trim the edges of their hair and beard which, as most men chewed tobacco, was usually stained by its juice (older women smoked clay or corncob pipes and their teeth and lips were nicotine stained - so it was six of one and half a dozen of the other).

In 1882 we became neighbors to two families of Germans lately from the old Country. Old Mr. HOHSTADT and wife, sons FRED [HOHSTADT] & JOHN [HOHSTADT] and a single daughter, RACHEL [HOHSTADT] or "RICKEY", and a daughter married to PHILIP KEITEL, and their children, FRITZ [KEITEL], near my age, WILHELM [KEITEL], younger and two or three smaller. The son FRED [HOHSTADT changed to RICE] was the first to come and for some personal reason had changed his name to RICE and continued to use that name. He and "RICKEY" soon married - he [FRED HOHSTADT changed to RICE] to SAMANTHA LYON and she [RACHEL "RICKEY" HOHSTADT] to "BUD" LYON, brother & sister to WILEY LYON.

These Germans were a source of curiosity to us and other neighbors. I suppose, as has been the case since civilization began, when differing nationalities have met, each saw cause for amusement. We laughed at them and they at us, no doubt. Of the two they had the better of it, I think, for we were the more primitive. I was interested in looking at their utensils brought from Germany. To me, who had seen few, except the very primitive household utensils, theirs were the ultimate. The men smoked beautiful long stemmed pipes of China or Delftware, or similar workmanship - the stems up to a yard in length. They surely drew a long look from us children.

They move to Illinois and leave the dog

The newness and rawness of the place bore heavily on the older HOHSTADTS, who became homesick for the old homeland and Mrs. HOHSTADT gradually lost her mind and so Mr. HOHSTADT and son JOHN [HOHSTADT], Mr. [PHILIP] KEITEL and his family emigrated to Mt. Vernon, Ill. about 1883 and we saw them no more. We heard that they had much fever and ague there at (*word unreadable*). FRED [HOHSTADT changed to RICE] and RICKEY [HOHSTADT LYON] raised families in Kentucky and died there.

This was my first contact with Germans and my memories of them are pleasant for they were fine people. I don't remember exactly but I believe they went in the Spring. I remember one cold day coming from school with FRITZ [KEITEL], WILHELM [KEITEL] and their young sister. As we followed the path through the woods we came to a steep descent and FRITZ [KEITEL] fell and rolled several yards and stopped against a small tree. He arose very angry and cursed and swore that he would not live in that damned country much longer - he was going to a level country. I suppose I saw these children several times after that but this is the last time I now recall.

When they left for Illinois they left a small "feist" dog for me. His name was "Beenet." He was short and stocky and weighed only about 10 pounds. Black above and reddish brown beneath and around his eyes. At first as he had been taught German, I had to teach him English. He was a good rabbit dog. Rabbits would run very little from him he was so slow, and so was good for hunting with a man with a gun. Our other dog, Ring, was a shepherd and ran fast, so he was not good to hunt with for shooting, as the rabbits ran to hole as soon as they found he was on their track.

Beenet is buried alive - rescued & bitten by a Rattler

Once we were working in a hillside field and the dogs were with us, as was their custom. Out in this field was a rock near the size of a small house which in time probably had broken from the main cliff near the top of the hill and rolled to its present location. Some time in the forenoon the dogs ran a rabbit into a hole under this rock and after finding he couldn't get at it the dog, Ring, left it to Beenet. When we went to lunch he was still digging for that rabbit and at the close of the day he was still in that hole. We called and waited but he would answer our calls with a bark but failed to come out so we left him. Next morning he answered as before from deep in the hole. We now concluded that he was caught in his own trap - by the dirt he had dug and pushed back behind him.

We measured as nearly as we could the distance and dug down in the soft earth on the upper side of the rock opposite the mouth of the hole, and soon struck the hole there and found Beenet and lifted him out unhurt, but hungry and tired, and he and all of us glad of his rescue. Perhaps an hour later some one of us thought to look for the rabbit and found it just far enough to be out of Beenet's reach, in the hole - still alive and active. We had rabbit for dinner. Cruel people! He should have gone free!

At another time we were hoeing corn and Beenet came to me panting from an unsuccessful chase of a rabbit and in looking for a shade to cool off in he poked his nose in a nook between the ends of two logs only a few feet from where I was hoeing. Instantly a large rattlesnake bit him on the top of his nose. He gave a scream and sprang back and began barking and the snake then began rattling. I stepped over to stop him from attacking it, as he now tried to do, and seeing the snake lying coiled ready to strike, I called brother BOB [BRICKEY] who was nearby.

He [BOB BRICKEY] came and drove Beenet away and then, placing a hoe handle on the snakes head, he reached and caught its tail; as it was uncoiling, and with a quick sling he threw the snake several feet away and then cut off its head with the hoe. He then picked up Beenet and took him home which was a half mile away. By the time he got there Beenet's nose had a large lump on it. Mother gathered some green cockle-burr leaves and boiled them

in fresh milk and gave it to him to drink and when we went in for lunch he was on his back with his feet in the air - and the swelling had moved to his throat and when we got him on his feet the swelling hung down like a big wattle. He was laid up a few days but recovered. He carried the scars on his nose as long as he lived - although Beenet afforded me many hours of pleasure and companionship. I regret to say I do not remember what was his end. He was a boy's dog - clean, nice to look at and lovable - loving and friendly. It is a shame to me that I have no record of his death.

On dogs

Old Bounce

As I remember, people I knew treated their dogs differently than they do here today. While they all seemed to love their dogs and would defend them from attack, they didn't fondle them or allow them the house privileges that dogs get today. Of course there were exceptions, but generally dogs were considered more as a necessary utility than as a pet only. They served both purposes.

One of the first dogs our family had in my time was a small brown and white cur named Bounce. He was a good watch dog and had to be restrained sometimes from biting our friends when they called. He had his friends and those whom he disliked, for reasons all his own. If one of the latter got past him at the door he would often try to come into the house and give their calves a nip and sometimes he succeeded. It was embarrassing and yet it was amusing or comical - specially to me.

He was very annoying to Mother. On account of his combativeness she didn't like for him to go with her when she went to the store or to a neighbor's house. He almost always had a fight with some other dog before he got back. He was so smart she almost never went away from home without him showing up. It seemed that he understood if anything was said about going and if Mother got her bonnet and shawl he would disappear at once so she couldn't shut him up. How often I have seen him appear in the road ahead of us after we had thought we had eluded him!

Echoes of the Civil War

As I have noted elsewhere my Mother's first husband, DANIEL M. BRICKEY, was a Confederate soldier and died a prisoner of war. She also had two brothers who died in the Confederate army and another brother, PARISH BRICKEY, who served in it along with numerous cousins and other relatives. She also had a brother, WILLIAM BRICKEY, who was a Union soldier.

In the Little Fork country where I grew up many of the men I knew were Veterans of the Civil War on one side or the other. Some families, like Mother's had members on both sides. Usually not much was said about it but numerous incidents showing that the partisan spirit was still alive came to my notice in various ways.

The Little Fork was not the scene of military action of much importance except to the local community. It was used in a small way as a sort of hunting ground for partisans of both sides of the struggle. Groups of men calling themselves "Home Guards" or some other name, pretending more or less to be looking after the interests of the United States and its citizens or of the Confederate States and its adherents, as the case may have been, marched here and there stealing and looting from the friends of the opposite party. Those trying to be neutral were robbed by both groups. This was the situation existing in that section of Kentucky particularly during the latter part of the War.

Mrs. LEWIS LYON (Aunt POLLY), wife of the man who owned the ground on which the Lyon or Union School stood, related to me the story of one partisan raid and its tragic results. As I remember it a party of Union men (so called) came from Cain's Creek in Lawrence County to capture such Confederate sympathizers as they could find, looking specially for JOHN BARKER, (whose wife was FANNY FIELDS [BARKER]), PRESTON FIELDS, FANNY [FIELDS] BARKER's and HIRAM FIELDS' brother; and AZZLE LYON, brother of LEWIS LYON. The raiding party included JAMES ROSS, BALL, SHELTON, BOGGS HUFF and

maybe one or two others.

The James Ross Raid

JAMES ROSS' wife was SALLY LYON [ROSS], sister to LEWIS, JESSE and AZZLE LYON. There was personal enmity between JAMES ROSS and AZZLE LYON which may have been a moving cause in bringing about this foray. As I recall it AZZLE LYON and PRESTON FIELDS were home on leave from the Confederate service at the time. Sympathizers for both sides acted as spies giving information on matters of interest and specially on men home from either army.

The raiders began at the home of JOHN BARKER who lived on Wallow Hole creek, so named from the many bear wallows in its clayey bed in the early days, a tributary of the Little Fork, at deep dusk. He was at home but luckily for him they had "confiscated" (stolen) a yoke of oxen along the way, and the sound of the yoke ring, as they approached, gave the alarm and he fled to the willows along the nearby creek and escaped.

Unfortunately AZZLE LYON and PRESTON FIELDS were not so lucky - both being captured at home. The prisoners were marched several miles and late at night were lodged in the second story of a farm house with [JAMES] ROSS as guard. It was said that [JAMES] ROSS had marched behind AZZLE LYON and punched his ears almost off with his bayonet along the way. No doubt that [AZZLE] LYON and [PRESTON] FIELDS were to have been shot or imprisoned - or both.

James Ross & Party captured and killed

PRESTON FIELDS' wife was MINERVA GREEN [FIELDS], daughter of WILLIAM and SALLY HUTCHINSON GREEN, and was well called "NERVA" - for she had nerve for the

occasion. As soon as the party left with her husband she saddled a horse and rode several miles to a Capt. MARCUM and helped him round up a few men who searched and found the raiders and their prisoners, surrounded and captured them before daylight without firing a shot. JAMES ROSS tried to break out through the roof - without success. They were disarmed and placed under guard of their former prisoners.

Capt. MARCUM had breakfast prepared for his men and the prisoners and when they (the prisoners) sat down at the table he said, "Eat hearty, men, for this will be the last meal you will ever eat." It was said that [JAMES] ROSS pushed back from the table and ate nothing. The prisoners' bodies were later found by their friends along a lonely road, over the line in Lawrence County, and buried - and that ended that raid. I had one of their graves pointed out to me near the road I used to travel going to SHINE GAMBILL's grist mill.

Naturally, there were bad feelings between JAMES ROSS' sons and their uncle AZZLE LYON and PRESTON FIELDS. Soon after the war [JAMES] ROSS' eldest son, DAVID [ROSS], went west and never returned, as far as I know. When I was a child I heard his mother, [SALLY LYON ROSS] say she had letters from him and his family from somewhere in Nebraska and it was winter and he was burning corn for heat because of the scarcity of other fuel and that the corn was worth 15 cents a bushel.

PRESTON FIELDS and AZZLE LYON and their families moved to Missouri, so I have heard, before my time, and so I never knew them, although I knew many of their relatives. Aunt SALLY LYON ROSS never married again and after her children: LEWIS, JOHN, & NELSON [ROSS] and her two daughters married. She lived on at the old place many years, one of the many whose home life was wrecked by the war.

Clay Shot

Blood on the Fence

The Chase & Fight

At another time there was a running fight up the Little Fork between a small body of Confederate soldiers and a larger body of Union soldiers from the direction of the Ohio River about 50 miles north. Where the action began I do not know but they came in contact near the

old Jason Fields farm near the junction of Hurricane Fork with the Little Fork and a man named CLAY, perhaps an officer, in the Confederate force, was mortally wounded and was left by his hard pressed comrades on or by the crossing in the rail fence which enclosed the old Lyon or Union school house.

His wound must have bled copiously for the dark stains were plainly visible on the fence rails when I crossed them on my way to and from school more than twenty years afterward - at least old residents said the dark stains were made by the soldier's blood. They were there as late as 1885 and perhaps long after that.

CLAY, the wounded man was taken to the Jason Fields' house, after the soldiers had gone and had Mr. [JASON] FIELDS or someone else to write his will that day, as he said he would die about sundown, which he did. Several years after the war his relatives came and exhumed his remains and took them away to be buried at his home in the Blue Grass section of Kentucky.

The Union men continued the chase on up the Little Fork - and on past what became the Fulton place later, then owned by WILLIAM GREEN, father of MINERVA [GREEN] FIELDS. As they went by Green's, Capt. DAMRON, commanding the Union force, was urging his men forward with oaths and curses - his horse so exhausted its tongue was protruding from its mouth. The Confederates retreated to the gap in the hill at the head of the creek and there they spread out Indian style in the woods above the road and when the Union men came they gave them all they had.

Capt. DAMRON was shot and fell or was lifted off his horse and placed on a natural seat - a large knot or growth at the base of a tree - till the fight was over. Whether any other men were killed I do not know but others were supposed to have been killed and several horses were left dead in the road. I have found no story of this encounter in history books and this is the tale as related to me by the local inhabitants, as I recall it.

Captain Damron buried

After the fight his men placed the body of Capt. DAMRON across a horse and went back over the same road down the Little Fork. At WILLIAM GREEN's they stopped and left the bloody and dirty remains of Capt. DAMRON with directions to Mr. [WILLIAM] GREEN to dispose of it - "Put him in a hole in the sand or a way to get rid of him."

Mr. [WILLIAM] GREEN was suspected by the Unionists to be a Southern Sympathizer and he knew it and so he suspected that these soldiers meant to trap him, so he was careful to bury the Captain decently in the presence of witnesses and it was well, for a short while later some of them came back to see what he had done with the body.

While I lived on that same farm I have played around the Captain's grave in daylight but avoided passing it at night. When I was a young man I passed by this battle ground and sat on the seat where Capt. DAMRON was said to have sat and died. I do not remember that there was a stone or marker of any kind on his grave.

Bro. Bob marries & we move to the Wellman Farm A Squirrel Invasion

In Feb. 1884 brother BOB [BRICKEY] married MARY ELLEN SPARKS, sister of [RICHARD] MENIFEE SPARKS, and in March we moved to a larger house on an adjoining farm where we had formerly lived a short while when it was owned by A. J. JOHNSON. Now, it was owned by his wife's brother, ELISHA F. WELLMAN. We lived here two years - 1884 and 1885. In 1884 we raised a field of corn near house - the back side running up to the top of the hill to the edge of the woods which lay between our house and WILEY's [LYON]. That year we had an influx of gray squirrels - the greatest I ever saw or ever heard of. It was claimed that there was an exodus of squirrels from Ohio and that they swam the Ohio River to Kentucky in great numbers. I do not vouch for this, but I know that it was the common talk in Elliott County that the farmers hunted them from their cornfields and some farmers hired other men to kill squirrels in the fields in order to save their corn.

As soon as our corn got in "milk" the squirrels began on it and Bro. BOB [BRICKEY] went hunting most every day for several weeks and many times I went along to assist and carry

the game. He had only an old time muzzle loading rifle which made shooting slow. Many times he had opportunity to shoot several squirrels had he had a repeating gun but in most cases could get only one or two before the game got away.

We had report of one hunter who set out to kill one hundred squirrels in one day and got 99 and had the hundredth one treed but it was so near night he couldn't see it to shoot it. It was also reported that many hunters cut off the tails to keep count of their kill and threw the squirrels away. They were tired of squirrel meat and had no refrigeration or other way to save the flesh in the hot weather of August and September. We got tired of the squirrel meat but we threw none away. The squirrels became less plentiful as cold weather approached and the corn crop - what was left - was gathered. Much of it was unsound if partly eaten by squirrels.

I pulled corn alone in that field while BOB [BRICKEY] and MORGAN [BRICKEY] went to the Presidential Election to vote for Grover Cleveland who was elected - Nov. 6, 1884.

Sorghum Making Experiences

Every year we raised sorghum cane enough to make sorghum molasses for table use, but in 1885 we raised more and I stayed home from school most all Fall - picking beans, pulling fodder and helping make molasses. It was slow hard work. I was what was called a "gin hand" and at most everyone's beck and call. I cut and topped cane - stripped it of leaves or blades, helped haul and carry to the mill; carried off the ground cane and helped keep wood in easy reach of the evaporator operator. We worked from about seven of the morning till 9 or 10 at night.

I was always thin and scrawny those days and got worn down till I would go to sleep on my feet. The operator of the evaporator always had a wide open hole in the ground just in easy reach to throw the thick green scum from the boiling juice with his long handled skimmer. - this always made a dirty sticky mess and everyone watched and was careful not to step in it.

One night I went to sleep at my work and walked into that "slop hole" bare footed. The step down into the hole pitched me forward and I struck the ground with force and I was soon

awake and shocked to find myself on the ground with my feet in the warm, sticky mess. I kept awake after that.

The operator of the evaporator allowed visitors to gather around and sample the product of his skill and most every night there were some who came. With small wood paddles they would dip into the boiling molasses or into the big kettle under the outlet, or the operator might dip out a lot of the foamy molasses into a shallow pan where everyone could dip until his sweet tooth was filled. It was considered to be great sport even if not very sanitary - a word that had not come into use yet, among us. The practical joker found ways to ply his trade and newcomers were often "taken in."

Anecdotes and Comments

Baked Opossum

One of his favorite tricks was to dig another "slop hole" in a place most likely to catch the unwary and put a goodly quantity of green skimming in it and then cover it over with cane fodder very lightly and then by artifice get an unsuspecting victim to walk into it. My brother-in-law, WILEY LYON was a "fall guy" on this old trick. He had arrayed himself in his Sunday best and a new pair of fancy high top boots and set out to call on sister BETTY [BRICKEY] (this was before they were married) and on the way he stopped to watch a crew making molasses.

The prankster (or Gilroy) had been there ahead of him and when WILEY [LYON] walked up unsuspecting and as he saluted the crew, "Good evening, gentlemen," he stepped i into the hole almost to his boot tops - giving emphasis to the 1st syllable of gentlemen as he went down, thus: gentleMEN . It was a long time before he heard the last of that. Many times I saw men, and even women and children, caught on this. Most of the victims accepted the situation with good grace. It was a custom of the country.

Oft times neighbors would come at night and bring food, and sometimes drink, and help us at our work and at quitting time we would eat and have a gab fest. Potatoes and sweet potatoes could be roasted in the heat of the evaporator fire and corn pone baked on a flat stone set up near the fire.

Once the dogs treed a big fat o'possum in the woods near by and one of the crew shook it out of the sapling and dressed it and [RICHARD] MENIFEE SPARKS roasted it on a large flat rock in front of his evaporator fire. This was about the only o'possum I ever enjoyed eating. Roasting in the open dispersed the animal odor I found objectionable in some. We had sweet potatoes, corn bread and other things brought from the house and we made a feast out there under the stars.

Sorghum making equipment

The molasses making outfit consisted of a mill or cane grinder and an evaporator, two or more large wooden tubs, a large cast iron kettle, several wood or tin buckets, a skimmer and paddle with long handles and perhaps a few other items of equipment. The mill consisted of a set of three large cast iron rollers, fitted upright in a cast iron frame with a cast iron cover and sides and bottom. This bottom was so shaped that it caught the cane juice and carried it to a spout at one side where it ran out and fell into one of the large tubs placed to receive it.

The rollers were in three sizes weighing about 100, 125 and 175 pounds and were about 8, 10 and 12 inches in diameter (These figures are estimates from my recollections of about 50 years) and had gears giving direction and power to the smaller rollers when the main roller was turned. The cane was fed between the rollers by hand, as they were turned by a horse, mule or ox, harnessed to the outer end of the lever.

There was a lead pole projecting at an angle from the lever to which the animal's bridle was attached and this led the horse in a circle 'round and 'round the mill. As the juice filled the tub it was transferred by a pipe or by hand to another tub set up above the evaporator and fed out as wanted through a spigot. The evaporator was a metal pan perhaps 4 1/2 to 5 ft wide and twice as long and 4 or 5 inches deep with cross bars set about 9 inches apart with openings for the flow of the juice at alternate sides.

The pan was set on a metal furnace or firebox extending its full length and with a smoke stack at rear end. The fire was from wood fed into the grate in the front and the heat was

diffused entirely under the pan with the greater heat toward the rear. The furnace was supported by a curved runner from end to end - one at each side. This curved shape I presume was to make the balancing of the pan easier. The pan had to be set so the flow of the contents would be uniform - not too fast - not too slow.

Method of operation

The operator faced the pan with the front to his left and fed the juice into the pan from the elevated tub through the spigot and stirred the liquid toward the smoke stack at rear. As the juice boiled he skimmed off the green scum as it rose to the top. At the rear end of the pan on the operator's side of it there was a two inch hole in the bottom, plugged with a wooden stopper. When the juice was boiled until he judged it was well cooked he would pull out the plug and with his paddle drawn toward him would force the molasses to that hole and through it to the kettle set underneath.

When the kettle was full one of the crew would dip up the hot molasses into a one or two gallon tin measure and pour into a 50 gallon home made oak barrel keeping account of the gallons by pencil marks on the barrel. The oak barrels were sometimes made by a local cooper - and the charge was .75 to \$1.00 in the early days but gradually increased to \$2.50 & \$3.00 later. In 1885 I think the price was \$1.25 to \$1.50 per barrel.

It took a lot of experience to make a good operator. I have watched how one would test the boiling syrup till he was satisfied it was properly cooked. Many times I have seen a paddle dipped in and held up while the molasses dripped off it, to see if it would spin out into what he called a "hair." If so, it was done. If not cooked done the product would sour and "foam" when warm weather came.

If not skimmed properly the product had a bad flavor. These had to be watched while the operator kept his fire going at the proper temperature, the juice coming in regularly and saw that the tub did not run dry or his kettle run over. It was no slight task to do this and do it well from 7 A.M to 9 to 10 P.M for weeks at a time. They surely earned the small sums they got

for it. I may be in error, but I knew men operators who got \$1.00 to \$1.50 per day at it or took 1/8th of what they produced which amounted to about the same. This was for running the machine only.

Ernestine born

My 1st "chaw o' T'backer"

Hard times

March 28, 1885, ERNESTINE [BRICKEY] was born to BOB & "POLLY" (MARY ELLEN) [BRICKEY] at home. They had no doctor and "Aunt" FANNY FIELDS BARKER, wife of JOHN BARKER was the mid-wife. Late that day I took her home on horseback. It was cold and windy - spitting snow. Part of her fee was paid in leaf tobacco. I resented having to go and as we rode along I decided to learn to "chaw t'backer" for spite - just whom it would spite I was not clear. Anyway, I took a liberal "chaw" and vigorously chewed until I began to feel the effects of the tobacco and I spit it out and continued "spitting cotton" till the peculiar taste left my mouth and my stomach returned to normal, and that was my last "chaw of t'backer."

The Spring of this year (1885) was a hard time with us. Foodstuff was high and our money almost nil. While we never had surplus supplies, yet this was one of the few times that we suffered for lack of variety. After warm weather came fresh meat was not to be had, as we had no way to keep it, and our pork and bacon were soon used up and for once we had little milk and butter and fresh vegetables.

We kept potatoes, apples, turnips and cabbage through the winter usually by "holing" them in the ground. Sweet potatoes were kept in boxes or barrels in a dry place. We dried apples, peaches, pumpkin, string beans (leather britches) and saved dried shelled beans.

Mother made apple and peach butter (every housewife either had or wanted a brass or copper kettle for apple butter making), sauerkraut, pickled beans, tomatoes & cucumbers.

But this spring we seemed to run out of everything but bread, molasses and appetites. How well I remember the first mess of green peas from our garden that Spring. Sure, we had picked wild greens from the fields and woods before this, but this we had planted and raised.

It was Saturday afternoon and I went fishing alone. I was about a mile down the creek when there came sudden clap of thunder - and one quick look at the angry sky told me I would have to hurry or get a wetting. Racing at top speed I got near home when the heavy rain struck. Knowing I would be drenched before I could reach the house I took shelter under the edge of a haystack inside the meadow.

I have experienced many storms but I believe none that exceeded that one in the half hour or so that it lasted in rainfall or violence of thunder and lightning. I humped up in my narrow refuge dreading each flash of lightning and roar of thunder and all the time fearing that a rattlesnake or copperhead would appear to dispute for possession of the shelter - it being a favorite habitat. When the rain slackened I "lit" for home much to Mother's relief. She had supper about ready and the main (and almost only) dish was salad peas cooked in the pod. I almost taste them yet!

In September WILEY [LYON] and BETTY's [MARY ELIZABETH BRICKEY LYON] little boy, NELSON [LYON] died of diphtheria. They called Dr. FULTON of the Fulton Farm. He was at least 75 years old, heavy and slow - and unused to horseback riding, having always lived in the city. He gave him medicine but it was too late. I still recall Dr. FULTON's appearance. He wore the old style white shirt and tie, high silk hat, well tailored clothes and shiny shoes. To us barefooted boys he was the ultimate, if we had known the word.

The death of NELSON [LYON] was a great blow to his parents. He was a handsome boy and almost four years old - but they soon were to receive another grievous shock. Their little girl, SALLY [LYON], who was almost two, while WILEY and BETTY [LYON] were out attending to feeding the stock and milking, got too near the open wood fire and her dress flamed up and she evidently inhaled the flames, as she died that night. Her outward burns were not considered serious. Poor BETTY [BRICKEY LYON] was almost distracted with grief. Poor little children! There were no screens for those wood fires (or any) those days and many children and even adults were fatally burned.

Uncle Landon visits Ky.

Deep snow & cold weather

In Dec. 1885, Mother's brother, LANDON BRICKEY and his wife MINERVA [BRICKEY], his two boys, WILLARD [BRICKEY] and "D" [BRICKEY], came from their home in Dassel, Minnesota to spend the winter in Kentucky away from the northern cold and to visit his and her relatives. After a visit with Uncle PARISH BRICKEY, and Uncle ANDY [WRIGHT] and Aunt ADELINE [BRICKEY] WRIGHT, and Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY] SLOAN who lived with them, Uncle LANDON [BRICKEY] brought his family to visit us.

There had been several snows already, but after they came to our place about the first of February, 1886, there began a series of snows almost everyday a snow fell and piled onto the previous ones until it was two feet on the level and much deeper in places - dry powdery snow on top - and the temperature fell to from 20 to 30 degrees below zero for several days.

How the people survived, I don't know. Uncle LANDON [BRICKEY] got word from his home and it was less cold in Minnesota than in Kentucky. We nor our neighbors were prepared for such weather. It was a struggle to keep enough heat to keep from freezing. When I think back on that winter I still wonder that we and many others did not die in our beds. All stream were frozen to the bottom. Water had to be drawn from wells to water live stock.

As soon as a thaw set in Uncle LANDON [BRICKEY] and family went on their way to Louisa where Aunt MINERVA's [BRICKEY] people lived and we never saw any of them again. I still see them, in memory, however, as they rode away, wrapped in heavy clothing, the boys, each astride a horse behind the saddle in which was one of the parents. After their return to Minnesota, Uncle LANDON [BRICKEY] sold out and moved to Skagit Co., Washington, and later to Downey, Los Angeles Co., Calif. Where he died and was buried in the old cemetery there, (Lot 47, Sec 2) Dec. 23, 1893. His son WILLARD [BRICKEY], a judge, now retired, lives in Mt. Vernon, Wn.

The other son, "D" [BRICKEY], died a young man after the family moved back to Washington and reports were that Aunt MINERVA [BRICKEY] married again before she died.

Uncle LANDON [BRICKEY] was medium height - thin - blue eyes, black or dark hair and beard which was worn long. Aunt MINERVA [BRICKEY] was short and plump - good looking. He was religious and was a good singer of religious songs by note. Where he learned his music I don't know, as his education was limited.

We move again Charles E. Brickey born Travis Horton

In March, 1886, we moved up the little creek to another house on the same farm which had become the property of ABEL PENNINGTON and he and his family moved to the old home place. Mr. [ABEL] PENNINGTON had four children - NANCY, SINA, WILLIAM and NARCISSUS [PENNINGTON] by a former marriage and two boys, JAMES and JOHN [PENNINGTON] by his second wife, DELILAH HOLBROOK [PENNINGTON], mother of DAN M. HOLBROOK, who was my teacher later at Crackers Neck - 1893. SINA [PENNINGTON] married JOHN KEGLEY and they went to Clark County, Ky., and NANCY [PENNINGTON] went to live with them and later WILLIAM [PENNINGTON] went there. NARCISSUS [PENNINGTON] married and moved to Greenup County - so I lost trace of all of them. I am ashamed that I never made effort to keep contact for they were among my best friends.

We raised one crop at this upper place and spent the winter there. I remember MENIFEE [SPARKS] came and hauled wood for us once when there was a big snow on. And in the Fall, about November 1st, TRAVIS HORTON came and took Mother away with him to stay awhile with brother SAM [BRICKEY] while MARY [BRICKEY] was in bed sick. They used to call me "Trav Horton" because I talked loud - that was one of his characteristics. I was glad to see him this first time, as I wanted to know what he was like. He was a good looking man.

In September BOB [BRICKEY] and "POLLY's" [BRICKEY] second child was born - and they named him CHARLES ESTILL [BRICKEY]. He grew up to be a good man and died of a heart attack while still in his prime leaving a widow, HULDAH [BRICKEY] and several children.

We move to Bob's place

I learn to split rails

In the spring of 1887 we moved to a place below and adjoining JESSE LYON which BOB [BRICKEY] had bought of L. L. "BUD" LYON. About 50 acres all hill land and almost all in woods, with some good timber and an unfinished two story hewed log house with one story lean-to kitchen & dining room. The price, as I recall it, was \$200.00 or \$225.00 - and BOB [BRICKEY] persuaded Mother to put in her young horse, Selim, at \$125.00. Really, I suppose, the place should have been Mother's but it was made out to BOB [BRICKEY]. If Mother ever got anything for Selim I never heard of it that I can recall. BOB [BRICKEY] had a "House Raising" and got the top logs and the chimney put up. The chimney was made of rough stone and clay mortar and smoked abominably.

BOB [BRICKEY], MORGAN [BRICKEY] and I worked hard cutting trees, splitting rails and building fences. Here I did my first rail-splitting. I was fifteen and of course couldn't do a man's work but I did what I could and learned how it was done. A first class workman could fell his trees, cut into ten foot lengths and split 200 to 250 rails in fair quality timber in a day - more in easy splitting timber like chestnut or poplar. I was very proud once when I split 240 rails in one afternoon from oak timber which was cut and quartered.

As we had no land cleared for a corn crop, BOB [BRICKEY] rented a field of REUBEN SPARKS - a part of the old Baker Place where we had once lived. This field was about two or two and a half miles away and meant that we would walk that distance before and after our day's work was done. This meant extra early rising or late to work - and a long drag after a tiring hot day and we were all tired and run down when the corn was "laid by."

An epidemic of flux

Dr. Trent comes

Late summer and early fall were dry this year (1887) - and many people in that section were sick with Typhoid fever or Bloody Flux (dysentery) caused, no doubt, from drinking contaminated waters, as many springs and wells had dried up and most of that left was bad.

Dysentery attacked five in our family about the same time in late August. I had not felt well for weeks but I went to bed Aug. 31st. While the suffering was severe in all cases only three of us - Mother, POLLY [BRICKEY] and I were kept in bed after a few days. There was only one doctor near - Dr. FRANK HUTCHINSON - and he was old and hardly able to get about. There were doctors several miles away but on account of the many sick people they were hard to get.

Uncle FRANK [HUTCHINSON], as Dr. HUTCHINSON was called, was of the old school - or perhaps I should say "no school" for I doubt that he ever attended a medical school a day - but he came and administered to us with the remedies commonly used in that day with very little affect. He virtually said he could do no more for me and indicated to the family that he had no hope that I would live more than a very few days.

Suddenly, one afternoon, a stranger rode up to the gate in front of the house, got off his horse, lifted his saddle bags from his saddle and hurried up to the front door. It so happened that I was lying where I could see the gate, as the door was open. Saluting the family he said, "I am Dr. SMITH TRENT and in traveling through the country I heard that you are all sick with flux and I have come to help you, if I may. I am not a regular physician but have studied how to cure certain diseases and Flux is one of them. It you will take what I offer to give you and follow my directions I believe I can save every one of you."

Dr. Trent takes charge

I crave water

Pointing to Mother he said, "I can have her on her feet in three days and," pointing to POLLY [BRICKEY], "I can have her on her feet in five days." Point to me he said, "I think I can save him, too, but it will take longer." This was his greeting, as I recall it, to BOB [BRICKEY] and Mother. He wanted to start treatment at once, but not knowing him nor anything about him, they hesitated. He wanted all of us to drink buttermilk. Now, it was the opinion of some doctors - and most everyone else that we knew or had heard express an opinion, that buttermilk was almost poison to a person with "Bloody Flux."

Seeing their doubt, Dr. [SMITH] TRENT pulled a big black book from his saddle bags and read from it, "Many cases of Bloody Flux have been cured by the use of buttermilk, alone." After that BOB [BRICKEY] brought me a glass of buttermilk but stood between me and Dr. [SMITH] TRENT and quietly told me to drink only part of it, which I did. He then watched me for results and seeing no sign of ill effects he gave me more. At this time I was so weak I could not turn over in bed.

As a medicine Dr. [SMITH] TRENT took out of his saddle bags what resembled a rhubarb root and called for a dutch oven to roast or bake it in. When it was done it was about the color of coffee. He then grated it on a coarse grater and gave to each of us a tablespoonful in a glass of water or buttermilk. That and the buttermilk was the medicine he gave us. How long or how often we took it, I don't remember.

Dr. [SMITH] TRENT stayed with us or nearby for many days. All our family except me were soon on foot. I was so reduced in flesh by the fever and thirst, suffering and lack of nourishment, I was little more than skin and bone. Mother said I was the poorest person (in flesh) she had ever seen. As they allowed me only a little food and almost no water - a few swallows at a time - for about five weeks, I was thirsty, day and night - so much so that I thought of water and dreamed of water almost continually. I knew a certain spring by the side of the road on the way to Uncle PARISH BRICKEY's which was so cold that my teeth hurt when I drank from it and it was in my thoughts many times. How I longed for its cooling water!

I had spells of terrible pains in my abdomen and when the pain ceased I would be limp as a rag, almost, for hours afterward. But soon as I got my thirst relieved I began to gain. My craving for water was replaced by hunger. They would give me no solid food to swallow. Father brought some dried lean mutton. It was hard like wood. I would hold a piece in my mouth until it softened and I would chew and swallow only the juice. For several years I had not eaten of mutton because I had had too much once, and so turned against it - but now my undernourished body wanted food - any kind of food - and that mutton was ambrosia and buttermilk was nectar.

I begin to recover & then have an almost fatal attack

As I seemed to be on the road to recovery, Dr. [SMITH] TRENT went out, as he had calls, to administer to others in the neighborhood who were sick with "Flux" - and there were many - and word of his success got around and he was soon kept busy.

One morning he went over on Wallow Hole to see NELSON ROSS who had a severe case and while he was away I had a terrible attack of abdominal pains - so bad it looked that I couldn't survive it. A neighbor who had happened along went in a hurry for Dr. [SMITH] TRENT and in something over an hour Dr. [SMITH] TRENT came dashing up to the gate and into the house.

Taking a quick look at me he poured out a dose of some dark substance and had me to drink it and in a few minutes the pain lessened and soon ceased and I got quiet. As the bed needed attention they moved me to another. Little was said but I came to realize that the family thought I was dying and they wanted me on a clean bed. I was carefully placed on the bed with my face turned toward the door and there I lay that long afternoon at peace with myself and all the world.

Little was said to me or in my presence but I saw the look on the faces of each of the family and friends as they quietly came and went by ones and twos taking a farewell look at me - alive. I was fully conscious but in a state of mind that seemed not to care whether I lived or died. The relief from pain, fever and thirst was so great I was left at the time without a care.

Occasionally the doctor would come and look at me and feel my pulse- maybe ask me how I felt. As night drew near I must have slept, as I remember nothing of it. Next day I was better and from then on I had only a few mild attacks of the abdominal pains and as I continued to eat and drink and gain strength I was able to endure them.

Dr. Trent goes on his way

A short while later Dr. [SMITH] TRENT went on his way. We had no money so BOB

[BRICKEY] gave him my heifer, then almost two years old, and maybe something else in settlement of our bill. It was not enough, whatever it was. I have regretted that I did not contact him after I got on my feet - but now I do not remember whether he left his home address which I believe was in Bath County.

I have always since felt that he was the instrument under the Providence of God that saved my life. Of course I was still in bed - and continued so for weeks and had nothing then to give him more. The heifer that I had so carefully nourished was my all - and he had her. She was born Nov., 16, 1885 - the day little SALLY [LYON] died. I do not recall that we ever heard of Dr. [SMITH] TRENT afterward.

I recover and go to the Hurricane Fork school

My disease gradually left me and my flesh came faster than my strength. I recall that the first time I got on my feet I was barely able to walk to the front door and look out. My head seemed to be floating around. How good it was to get back in bed! That was about the first of November - two months from the date I took to the bed. From almost a skeleton, I soon built up in flesh beyond my usual condition - but I had little strength - and for months I was slow and awkward in my movements - almost like having to learn to walk and run and do the common things of daily life over again.

I had attended the Union or Lyon school, not regularly - but after the custom of the times - during the years 1882-84-85 & 86. Then the district was divided and two frame buildings built - one on the Little Fork at the mouth of Hilton Branch and the other on Hurricane Fork a short distance from where we lived and the Union School ceased to function, as a school, but was used as a church for a time longer.

On account of my sickness I lost almost all that year's school. Had no money to buy books or clothes and so wore my outgrown and patched clothes alongside the better clothed boys on the closing day. However, I managed to be among the top few in my classes. Some of the boys made fun of my clothes and I of their ignorance. I am ashamed that I do not

remember the teacher's name nor anything about him. He surely left little impression with me.

The years 1882 to 1887, inclusive, that I lived on Hurricane were a formative and trying period in my life. Much of the time we were destitute of the luxuries and sometimes even the necessities of life in its basic sense. The human race has great adaptability, as has been demonstrated from time immemorial. If this were not so it would have gone the way of the mammoth, the sabre-tooth tiger and all the other ancient animals whose patched up remains fill our museums around the world.

Boyhood Escapades

During these years as I was growing up - I did a share of the usual farm work and household chores, careful of course not to do too much. When not otherwise occupied, I ranged over the country side with other boys, but often alone. WILEY's [LYON] older kids were growing up and we spent much time together - OSCAR LYON and WILLIAM PENNINGTON, neighbors, were my boon companions on many-a-day.

One day we yoked a pair of calves together and attempted to "break" them to pull a sled. They were untamed and ran away at the first opportunity and brought up one on one side of a log and the other one on the opposite side with the yoke hanging from their necks upside down. This was the first time that I ever had seen a yoke "turned" while on the steers' necks. We learned to tie their tails together thereafter.

We boys had had an acquaintance, in summer, with the fish, turtles and snakes in the deeper holes up and down the creek, and each of them seemed to know when to hide. The turtles would shuffle off a bank or log and splash into the water and soon was hid under a log or drift; the striped water snakes and dirty brown water moccasins would slide into the creek from a perch on log or drift and presently a head would pop up to see if we were still around.

A lot of them came to untimely ends by being clipped on the head by a stick or rock at the hands of one of us boys. How we boys escaped being bitten by rattlesnakes or copperheads is a mystery - for we went everywhere barefooted among rocks, weed and

bushes - the habitat of snakes. Once when looking for the cows I heard a rattler but couldn't see him because of the thick brush. I took his unfriendly warning and left him alone. How many others I narrowly missed I have no idea. There was a viper which would blow and hiss when disturbed. He would spread somewhat similar to a cobra and make a bold show of biting but when teased with a stick he would pretend to bite himself and then wriggle about as if in agony and turn on its back and lie still, as if dead. If left alone a short while he would slowly revive and crawl away. He was known as the "blowing" viper.

Trapping, Hunting and Ginseng Digging

In summer I dug ginseng (We called ginseng "Sang" and used a narrow hoe to dig it and called the tool a "Sang hoe."), yellow root, may apple, red puccoon and some other roots, washed and dried them and sold to the storekeepers for fancy calico and cottonade (to make me shirts and britches), suspenders ("galluses"), barlow knives and candy. One of my first trades was to buy red calico and MELISSA [BRICKEY] made a shirt of it for me and was I proud.

In winter I tracked down rabbits, o'possums and skunks - and sometimes minks, weasels and groundhogs. If I couldn't dig the animal out of the hole I set a steel trap in the hole and usually caught it. Of course I was at a disadvantage when I caught a skunk, but their fur was good and brought a higher price than some of the others - so I endured the evil smell, if necessary.

I got so I could tell by the tracks in the snow the name of most any animal in the woods. O'possums were rarely caught in day time, but once I tracked one to a small tree and caught him in daylight. Once the dogs "holed" some animal and I dug it out and it was a groundhog that was hibernating and was asleep in a big pile of leaves about two feet underground at the inner end of his den.

I skinned and dressed the furs by stretching on flat boards. Rabbit skins brought only a few cents (but we ate the meat), o'possums 5 cents to 75 cents, skunks 25 cents to \$1.50;

mink \$1.00 to \$4.00; weasels 25 cents to 75 cents. Groundhogs' skins were dressed and the hair removed by placing in lye or wood ashes till the hair "slipped" and then worked with the hands till it was dry then cut into thin strips for shoe strings, lacing leather, or "whangs" the strips were called. With furs I bought things for winter wear.

Fyffe's Sawmill

Kentucky Trees

I enjoyed roaming in the woods and learned to know most of the trees by name - also shrubs and wild plants. About 1883 MEREDITH FYFFE brought the first sawmill to Hurricane. It was a ten day wonder to us boys and we loved to watch in it operation - but I missed the beautiful yellow poplar trees from the woods afterwards. As I remember it, Mr. [MEREDITH] FYFFE paid JESSE LYON about 50 cents each for the trees standing. That seems very, very little to get for a tree, and I may be in error, but I doubt it - as farmers cut, rolled and burned much of their timber in clearing their land.

Big walnuts, oaks, maples, hickories, poplars - it was all the same - cut down - roll - burn - destroy - then wear out the land by raising one thing only, year after year - no rotation. Only the no. 1 lumber was shipped from Fyffe's saw mill - the rest was sold locally at low prices. People had so little money and desire for change that few would buy it - "What was good enough for Grandpappy was good enough for his grandson," etc.

It's more than fifty years since I had the great pleasure of wandering through the Kentucky woods but well I remember the trees and their names. Of small trees: Coffee, Cucumber, Dogwood, Black & Red Haw, Ironwood, Paw Paw, Redbud, Sassafras, Service, Sourwood, Wahoo & Willow. Larger trees: Ash, Beech, Birch (water & mountain), Buckeye, Butternut, Cedar, Chestnut, Elm, Gum, Hackberry, Linn, Black Locust and Honey Locust, Maple and Sugar Maple, Black Oak, Chestnut Oak, Red Oak, Water Oak, White Oak, Pine, Poplar, Walnut, Sycamore - and perhaps several others.

Among the shrubs the Ivy and Laurel were the most prominent. They grew usually among the rocky sections of the hills - on high land. The Ivy leaves are poison to sheep and somewhat

similar to Oleander.

The People

Shawls and Capes

In looking over what has been written about the people where I grew up I feel that readers, if any, might draw unjust conclusions about them. In a large sense they were not different from other people I have known in other places. The conditions then existing tended to make them think and act differently.

They were individualists and yet their situation forced them to act together and be more neighborly than is the custom of people in towns and cities. They might not like you personally but in case of sickness or accident they were ready to help to the limit of their ability without thought of return. I fear I have done little to deserve the many kind acts done to me by those old time friends and neighbors and even chance acquaintances, in so many unselfish ways.

In describing the clothing worn by the people (pages 48 to 51) there were two items worn by women, old and young, which was omitted by failure of memory. These were capes and shawls - how could I ever forget them! The capes were made of various kinds of colored cloth and lined with bright colored silk, satin or other cheaper material. They were round cut, close fitting around the neck and varying length down to the waist.

The shawls were generally of all wool and, like the capes, of a quality to fit the wearer's purse. They were usually square and large enough that they covered the wearer's outer garments - more or less - to the knees - when folded into a triangle and fastened at the throat with a large "shawl" pin. These capes and shawls were forerunners of the jackets and long coats of today and the wearer's financial importance was indicated by their quality, as are those of now.

My Dream and a Game of Marbles

In my boyhood and youth many of the people I knew believed in ghosts or "Hants,"

perhaps a few believed that there were witches, and other imaginary beings they called "Boogers" and many believed that dreams were sent to warn people or foretell future events. As I grew up and began to read and think for myself I became a skeptic on the things I thought were superstition and so I have remained. Two things I have tried to free myself from - superstition and prejudice. However, I admit that a few times I have had dreams that have left me more than a little puzzled. The following is one of them.

One summer night I dreamed that I was at school in the old Union or Lyon school house and at the noon intermission I went with boy friends to the shade of a poplar tree which stood at the roadside about 150 or 200 yards up the creek. I was familiar with this place but was not in the habit of going there, as it was off the school grounds. While there, in my dream, I walked across the road to a large split log which lay alongside and as I stepped by the upper end of it a large copperhead snake sprang out and bit me on the side of my right leg. I awoke and the dream was clear in my mind and I believe I related it at the breakfast table - and then, I suppose, it left my mind, for I went to school, as I had dreamed, and at noon I went with a group of boys to the poplar tree and four of us got ready to play marbles.

Just then BELDEN SPARKS, one of my closest friends, arrived and wanted to play. I told him he could play the next set. He became angry and threw sand in the marble ring and that brought on a fight between us - something which never had come between us before. I was no fighter and it was soon over- but before he quit he snatched a big rusty cut nail from his belt and struck at my face and it caught and cut and tore a gash about 3/4 inch in the inner corner of my right eye, destroying the tear ducts and leaving a bloody and gaping wound.

When the blow was struck we were at the exact spot where I had been in my dreams when the snake bit me - at the upper end of the log. Question: Did I receive a warning through my dream or was it only a coincidence? If it was a warning I did not heed it. Of course, I remembered the dream after the fight, but why not before? I guess I was a disbeliever.

Some of the boys went with me to Dr. FRANK HUTCHINSON about a half mile away and he looked at the wound and got a well chewed "chaw of t'backer" from some man standing by and placed it on the wound and bound it on with a strip of cloth and sent me home.

The wound soon healed but as it was not sewed up, it never closed properly and has bothered me ever since. In cold weather my eye overflows and tears run down my face.

Caught on my own Hook

A "Chaw O' T'backer"

At another time I went to Dr. [FRANK] HUTCHINSON for surgery. One Sunday while fishing near the old Union school house I gave chase to a ground squirrel but instead of catching it I caught the first joint of the middle finger of my right hand on my fish hook. OSCIE and OSHIA PENNINGTON were with me and I tried to get them to cut out the hook but my knife was dull and after a few tries their nerves failed and so we went to get Dr. [FRANK] HUTCHINSON to do it, as I couldn't do it with my left hand. I didn't want to go to the doctor because I felt it was a disgrace to be caught fishing on Sunday and I thought he would say it served me right.

Dr. [FRANK] HUTCHINSON had no surgical knives except a spring lancet operated by a trigger. Ten times he held my finger and pulled that trigger and each time I sprang up from the chair like a jack-in-the-box. As my finger was now about the consistency of cheese from so much slicing the hook came out - and he called a by-stander for the "chaw of T'backer" he had in his mouth and on receiving it he clapped it on the wound and bound it up and turned me loose. In a few weeks it was well. Next time I laid my fish pole down while chasing anything.

I go to live at Bro. Jack Mason's

For several months my relations with brother BOB [BRICKEY] had been unsatisfactory. Now, as I look back, I believe it was brought about by both of us. He was quick to get angry and say harsh things and then forget. I would be hurt and not forget. Each should have been more tolerant. As I saw it, no satisfactory solution to our disharmony was in sight and no chance of advancement financially or educationally - so after a heart to heart talk with Mother she agreed with me that a change was necessary. I visited Father [JAMES MASON] at Bro.

JACK MASON's and he asked me to come and live with them.

It was quite a wrench to leave Mother - and now I can better understand her feelings. Trouble and poverty had long been her lot. Left a widow with seven children to feed and clothe at the close of the Civil War and then her marriage to my Father brought little to brighten her life - the removal to a new country leaving all her old friends - and the loss of two children by death - the separation from my Father and now her separation from me - her youngest.

So, just before or shortly after my 16th birthday, Jan. 31, 1888, with my few possessions in a small bundle on my shoulder I went to stay with Father, Bro. JACK [MASON] & his family. Maybe it was to be just so. Maybe not. Now, I feel that I should have borrowed money and gone on to school. Maybe I couldn't have got it but I should have tried - and I think I could have got it.

It was fairly congenial at JACK's [MASON] but like the place I had left, it was crowded and I never felt really at home. Brother JACK's [MASON] wife was SENA BRICKEY [MASON] - one of Uncle PARISH BRICKEY's girls - and they were living in a log house on a part of Uncle PARISH's [BRICKEY] farm - the upper or last house on the Little Fork - and almost surrounded by woods and until spring crop time we cleared ground, as the weather allowed. When it rained or snow was on the ground we had little we could do except bring in wood and feed the fires.

I go to Mill & meet "Boss" Skaggs

Beech Grove School

For several years I had been "mill boy" as I was lighter than a man - so, with a bushel or more of shelled corn in a meal sack under me I rode a horse to Uncle BILLY MARSHALL's water mill on the Little Fork or to "SHINE" GAMBILL's steam grist mill over the hill on Cain's Creek. I remember I once made two trips to Marshall's mill in one day on WILEY LYON's little gray mare, Dolly, and there was a snow on and it was cold and froze the mare's tail full of ice (don't remember how she had got it wet) and when WILEY [LYON] saw the frozen tail he was

much displeased. He liked that mare a lot. She was almost like one of the family.

Here at JACK's [MASON] I went to Joe Fyffe's steam grist mill near the head of the left fork of Newcomb. Once I was there waiting for my "turn" of meal and a man came leading his horse with a sack of corn on its saddle. My eyes must have bulged out for I had never seen so unusual a sight. He was handsome and tall, light brown hair and beard, blue eyes and fair - and weighed at that time about 500 pounds. He was known as "BOSS" SKAGGS. He lived over the hill on Blaine Creek. After this he traveled over the country with a show and reports said he weighed over 600 pounds before he died. As I looked at him I calculated that I could crawl through either of his pants legs. He was wearing coat and pants of home spun and woven "butternut" jeans.

After the corn crop was "laid by" I went to school at the Beech Grove school on Newcomb to Mrs. FLORENCE HOLBROOK, who is still living, age 89, at Skaggs, Ky., and still my friend.

John "W." Brickey kicked by a Horse

On Saturdays Bro. JACK [MASON] and I sawed and split poplar wood for the molasses evaporator and in September CARTER STEPHENS of the Regulator episode (Page 26) came along with a mill and evaporator and one gray mare to make sorghum molasses. Bro. JACK [MASON] fed the cane to the mill, CARTER [STEPHENS] ran the evaporator, HASCUE [BRICKEY] and [JOHN WILLIS] "W" BRICKEY and I cut, stripped, topped and hauled the cane and attended to the other chores.

Everything was going along fine when "W" [JOHN WILLIS BRICKEY] took an armload of cane to the mill and as he walked away he came up behind CARTER's [STEPHENS] gray mare hitched to the mill lever and thinking to speed her up a bit he seized a piece of crushed cane and gave her rump a slap - the slap must have been unexpected for she instantly kicked back and her hoof caught "W" [JOHN WILLIS BRICKEY] just under his cheek bone and cut and tore a huge gash from near his nose back in a curve to near his ear - about four inches.

“W” [JOHN WILLIS BRICKEY] fell on his face in a heap and HASCUE [BRICKEY] rushed to him and raised him up till he saw the terrible wound. At sight of that HASCUE [BRICKEY] gave an anguished cry of “Oh God” and let “W” [JOHN WILLIS BRICKEY] drop back to the ground. In the following excitement, I think it was I who ran down to Uncle PARISH’s [BRICKEY] house and told him of the accident and he came up and they took “W” [JOHN WILLIS BRICKEY] home - I believe on a sled.

Aunt JANE [BRICKEY] bound up the wound with home remedies - I don’t think they got a doctor - and the place soon healed but, as the wound was not stitched, it left a big scar. “W” [JOHN WILLIS BRICKEY] never seemed to mind the scar but, as he has been a Baptist preacher many years it must have caused many inquiries and comments. He was about ten years old at the time - and he and I are all of that group left alive.

Hascue Brickey

The Elliott Homestead

HASCUE [BRICKEY] and I were much together on Sundays and we ran about to the country church and other meetings. He would come to JACK’s [MASON] or I would see him at Uncle PARISH’s [BRICKEY]. I fear we were not as well behaved as we should have been - although we never got in trouble with the law. Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] and Aunt JANE [BRICKEY] kept pretty close watch on their boys and girls and HASCUE [BRICKEY] knew it so we were very circumspect in our deviltry - if any.

Once we went to visit his sister ADELINE [BRICKEY KEGLEY] and her husband, GORDON KEGLEY at Leadingham P.O. about 15 miles north from where we lived. They were very strict Christians and were very kind to us. I have never forgotten their generous hospitality to us two roughnecks. We made the trip across country on horseback. Along the way we passed the old Elliott Place, the home of the family of that name. Elliott County was named for one of its members, Judge JOHN M. ELLIOTT, of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, and who was assassinated by a disgruntled client. His monument stands in the courthouse grounds at Catlettsburg, Ky.

WILLIAM ELLIOTT, a brother, was a captain in the Confederate Army and was killed by one of his own men in a disciplinary dispute. Another brother, EPHRAIN [ELLIOTT] was claimed by some persons who knew them well to be the brightest member of the family, went insane at times and when one of his "spells" was on he was said to have climbed on top of the old house and jumped from one section of the roof to another, ten or twelve feet apart, without falling. The house, as it appeared to me, was built of hewed logs in two sections, two stories high, with a one story section ten or twelve feet wide between, and it was over or above this one story section that he jumped.

It was a standing joke when I was a boy that once when EPHRAIM ELLIOTT had one of his spells of insanity the court ordered him sent to the State Asylum at Lexington, as had been done on former occasions. He went in charge of a Mr. WILLIAM MOBLEY and another deputy Sheriff. On their arrival, and before the officers could introduce themselves, he spoke to the officer in charge and said, "Here are another two damn fools I have brought down to the Asylum." Of course the officer was not taken in by "EPH's" [ELLIOTT] talk but the Sheriffs thought it was a good joke and so told it on their return.

William Mobley's Accident

County Road Law

This same WILLIAM MOBLEY had a nother experience which was not a joke, as I heard it. Once when on business at the Carter Co. Courthouse at Grayson he went to the outhouse standing on the rear of the lot and had the unhappy experience of falling through the toilet seat to the bottom of the pit underneath it. As bad as it was, it could have been worse. Although up to his neck in excrement he was able to attract attention and was rescued. Whether he was able to recover damages I do not know.

While I lived in Boyd County it was privately reported to me that an acquaintance of mine, WILLIAM MEAD, fell through the toilet seat in the back house at the County Courthouse in Catlettsburg, Ky. He was more fortunate than was Mr. [WILLIAM] MOBLEY and was rescued without delay. I was told that he was given a complete outfit of clothes - top to bottom

- but whether anything else I do not know. Kentucky had a law prohibiting a county from being sued for damages as I learned when I fell 20 ft. on a horse through a bridge. I suppose they now have plumbing and sewers, but not then.

As I remember it there was a law in rural Kentucky that all able bodied male citizens between the ages of 16 and 60 should do at least six days labor on the public roads yearly - more in case of emergency, or furnish an acceptable substitute. The Counties were divided into small districts with an overseer in each. My first experience with this law was when REUBEN SPARKS came to our house on Hurricane and gravely summoned me to come to work at a certain time and place and when I protested he said that his son GEORGE [SPARKS] who was my close friend had to work. I was mad and disturbed, too- I was only 11 or 12 years old.

Working on the Road

Robert Fulton's Adventure

Of course he was only teasing me and I fell for it - to his amusement. The summer of 1888 I was 16 and worked on the Little Fork Road alongside the other men, young and old. It was hard work digging and shoveling in the hot sun. The road was narrow, crooked and ungraded and had many ruts and holes, loose rocks and rough places. We filled the deepest ruts and holes, removed the biggest loose rocks and smoothed some of the worst rough spots. We cut saplings and cross laid mud holes with them and threw dirt onto cover up the worst. Maybe a big rain and one heavy wagon would undo it in a day. We were mostly a careless and carefree bunch, and if the overseer didn't watch us pretty close we did our work in a slip shod way.

As we worked down the creek we stopped for our cold lunch one day in front of the old Fulton Place and the owner. ROBERT FULTON, came out to talk to us. He and his wife and his father, Dr. FULTON, and his wife had come to the farm from Portsmouth, Ohio where ROBERT [FULTON] had been a banker. Their city ways were subjects of conversation and amusement to us country people and quite likely our ways were just as amusing to them.

ROBERT FULTON dearly loved to talk and our crew furnished him a good opportunity. It seemed that during the preceding night he had been awakened by the squawking of one of his hens. Now he and all the family made pets of their hens and gave each one a name - same as if they were members of the family. So, when he heard the noise he reached for his breech-loading shotgun and slipped a couple of shells into it and, as quietly as he could, stepped out onto the porch. The land surrounding the house was in corn - then coming into ear. Just then he heard a rustling of the corn and quickly fired one barrel in the direction indicated. This was followed by the sound of a hen fluttering on the ground and rapid footsteps toward the public road. Then he let go the other barrel and after that came the noise of a hasty exit over the fence and a man running down the road. ROBERT [FULTON] found the hen and carefully housed her and went back to bed. In the morning he found footprints and indications that he had hit somebody. He seemed less interested in whether he had hurt someone than he was in the danger to his hens. He took pride in his shooting ability and always kept one or more guns - I believe he was the first owner to have a breech-loader in our section. The common run of us had muzzle loaders - if any.

Buckshot Fever

I get "Nosey"

A few days after this event a certain well known, but not highly regarded, young man was reported as in bed and suffering from a bad fever - but after several weeks he was up and going about again. As this was not unusual, I gave little thought to it - and had, in a way, forgotten it, when a long time afterward, it was casually mentioned in the presence of one of my friends and he said, "Do you know what kind of fever that fellow had?" When I said no, he said, "He had a case of buckshot fever. The doctor told me that he picked dozens of shot out of his back." Then I knew where some of ROBERT FULTON's shot went - for that young man's family were all counted as chicken thieves.

About the time I got through my road work a boil inside my nose began to take the joy out of life for me. Dr. FRANK HUTCHINSON came by one day and gave me some medicine

to rub on it, but I got no relief. He should have used that old spring lance on it. My nose was so swollen that it turned up at its end like it was trying to look up my forehead. I was a sight.

Mother learned from Dr. [FRANK] HUTCHINSON of my trouble and came to see me. I was very glad to see her and we sat out on the front porch to talk. JACK's [MASON] oldest child, JANE [MASON], was not right mentally and had to be watched constantly to prevent her running away or disturbing the younger children, so I had her beside me and restrained her activities. This she resented and while mother and I were talking JANE [MASON] suddenly leaned over and seized my thigh with her teeth and bit almost hard enough to sever a piece from it. With a loud exclamation and a quick jerk I tore myself loose. I must have stretched my face for suddenly the boil was open and running and soon I had relief. Mother and I afterward had many laughs about this.

My first visit to Uncle Parish Brickey's

While living at Bro. JACK's [MASON] I often went down the creek and visited at Uncle PARISH BRICKEY's, perhaps a half mile away on the lower end of his farm. At that time of their children, HASCUE, CAROLINE, POLLY, JOHN W., SUSAN and MARTIN [BRICKEY] were at home - the older ones: MARINDA, JALEY, NANCY, ADELIN and SENA were married. Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] had married JANE GREEN in Scott Co., Va. and after the war they settled on this farm in the woods in what is now Elliott Co., Ky. Aunt JANE [GREEN BRICKEY] was a good home maker and Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] a good farmer according to the times.

Their original house was of hewed logs, two stories, with a log kitchen. He had a Mr. SHOEMAKER come with a saw mill and cut & saw several thousand feet of lumber - mostly yellow poplar - and out of it he had a carpenter, ALFRED TERRY, to build an addition to the house. As I remember Mr. [ALFRED] TERRY was there from about May till October dressing, ripping and sawing - all by hand. It would take him hours to plane and true up one board. I don't remember what his pay was but I think not over a dollar a day and his board. His day

began right after breakfast and with a little while off for lunch it lasted till early supper time. Aunt JANE [GREEN BRICKEY] would have breakfast right after daylight and the farm work was going by sunrise. Supper was over before dusk and the family in bed by dark.

He shoots a Bee Eater

His encounter with a Ram

My first visit there was when I was about 6 years old. Mother & I went there and stayed over night. After supper HASCUE [BRICKEY] and I played in front of the house 30 feet away sat an old fashioned beehive or “bee gum,” made of a section of a hollow gum log (with cross pieces inside for the bees to build honey comb on) and stood on end.

No artificial comb foundation those days. As I played I noticed a bird sitting by the entrance to the hive and catching and swallowing bees. Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] got up from his seat by the door and went in the house. Soon he was back with his long barreled muzzle-loading rifle and taking a bead on the bird fired. At the crack of the gun there was a fluff of feathers and little else was left of the bee eater.

Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] was a large and tall man and that gun was almost as long as he. On its stock was carved “P. B. 1863.” He told me once that he cut that with his knife while camping under a rock cliff in Scott Co., Va. He had come home on leave from the army and to avoid some raiding soldiers had hid out at night during part of his leave.

That night HASCUE [BRICKEY] and I slept together in a little room under the stairs on a feather bed and it was hot and we felt almost that we would melt. It wasn't yet dark when we went to bed and we were called out before light next morning. As soon as we ate breakfast we were out to play but Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] said, “Come on, LANDON, (his name was LANDON HASCUE [BRICKEY], it's time to go to work,” so HASCUE [BRICKEY] reluctantly shouldered his hoe and set out after his father and sisters to the cornfield. I still recall how wistfully he looked back - as he went, at Mother and me. We were ready and left for home immediately.

As Uncle [PARISH BRICKEY] got older he took on more flesh so he slowed down some

in his movements. About his place he was a stickler for having the work done his way, specially the feeding of his stock - and usually did that himself. One snowy day he went to feed his sheep and as he walked along with the feed in a barrel which he held in his hand followed by the ewes and young ones, the old ram waited in the background until he had space to run and then with head down he dashed forward after them.

Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] had been told by the children that the ram had butted and chased them but he had made light of their talk, and so was not expecting what happened. The ram hit him from the rear and sent him forward several feet - the impact knocking the breath out of him for a moment. Luckily he landed in a sitting position and when the ram, still thirsting for battle, made another pass at him he caught the ram by one horn and while he held on with one hand he beat him on the head with a board edgewise till his head was bloody and no fight was left in him. The family got amusement out of this - but on the quiet.

General George W. Morgan's Retreat

In September, 1862, Gen. George W. Morgan occupied Cumberland Gap on the line between Tennessee and Kentucky with a Union Army of more that 8000 men having seized the place in June previous. By a circuitous movement Gen. E. Kirby Smith, with a Confederate Army, swung from in front of Morgan around west and north and got on Morgan's line of supply intending thereby to starve Morgan and his men into surrendering- or if he attempted to retreat in the direction of Cincinnati, Oh., or Maysville, Ky., on the Ohio River, to capture them on the way. Gen. Morgan held a council on war and it was decided that his army must retreat, so he laid out on his map a line of retreat by Manchester, Booneville, West Liberty, Grayson to Greenup on the Ohio River - thus leaving the routes he was expected by the Confederates to travel. This was at the time that Gen. Bragg had invaded Kentucky and Gen. Humphrey Marshall with several thousand Confederates was operating south and east of Lexington, Kentucky, under orders to intercept Morgan's Union Army in its retreat.

Uncle PARISH BRICKEY told me that he was one of Marshall's men and that for several

days he marched back and forth on the Pike between Mt. Sterling and Winchester until he and his comrades were almost barefooted, starved and exhausted, because of confusion in reports of Gen. Morgan's whereabouts. A report would arrive that he was marching for Richmond, Ky., and Marshall's men would go west toward Lexington to intercept him there; then a report would come saying he was at West Liberty or on that line - so the men marched east. As a result the forces never met and Morgan escaped - Gen. Marshall was much criticized for his failure to prevent the escape of Morgan and his command. I know Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] was disgusted with this part of his war service.

Parish Brickey's War Service

He wins a contest

He never said much to me about it but am sure that he still was a Confederate at heart. The war cost him a lot of hard service, two brothers, two brother-in-laws and other relatives. I recall that he had a large lithograph picture entitled "Our Martyrs." In it were General Felix K. Zollicoffer, General "Stonewall" Jackson and I believe General Turner Ashby and one or two others.

He had not much to say, usually, but at times he would seem to enjoy a joke and friendly conversation. I greatly regret that I did not have him tell me more about himself and our family. He was very determined once he made up his mind or if opposed in anything.

There was a story that when he was a young man that he prided himself on his prowess as a "cradler" of wheat and that a contest was held to decide who was champion of the neighborhood - that it narrowed down to Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY] and a big Negro slave. Uncle [PARISH BRICKEY] let the Negro lead off and he lead the way - at first almost a round ahead - but by the middle of the afternoon Uncle had almost overtaken him and soon after that the Negro stepped aside and surrendered the lead and the contest.

More about Gen. G.W. Morgan's Retreat W.H. Nunley's Story

Coming back to Gen. George W. Morgan's retreat. When they reached West Liberty, Gen. John H. Morgan with a small force of Confederate Cavalry got in front of the Union forces and from there to Grayson in Carter County they cut trees, burnt bridges and blocked roads, destroyed food supplies & grist mills and skirmished with the retreating Federals endeavoring to hinder them until either Smith or Marshall should arrive, but with no success. Neither Smith nor Marshall came near and at Grayson, outnumbered and without help to do anything more, John H. Morgan marched on Lexington leaving George W. Morgan an open road to the Ohio at Greenup where he arrived Oct. 3^d, 1862, sixteen days from his (their) departure from Cumberland Gap - about 200 miles away.

When I lived in Carter County, 1889 -1900, I saw the remains of big oak trees cut by John H. Morgan's men to block the Little Sandy River road near Horton's Mill. These cost Horton's a lot of fence rails for the Union men carried the rails from their fence to fill in a ford so they could cross with their cannon and so left the trees lie - and went by another road.

W.H. NUNLEY of Cannonsburg, Ky., was a private in George W. Morgan's army and made the long march from Cumberland Gap to Grayson where he got a furlough to go home and visit his family. He said that the men were furnished with their guns and plenty of ammunition and an issue of about 4 pounds of pork or bacon, a few pounds of corn meal or flour and a little salt in their knapsacks, and their blanket roll, for this long march. They got more food along the way when they could - or went without.

The remaining supplies, guns, ammunition, clothing, shoes, food - were destroyed before they moved - except a few absolute necessities carried in wagons. Knowing the long march ahead of them every man was expected to be prepared to go through with the clothing and shoes they had on - so as their shoes gave out they limped along as best they could. If a man died his boots or shoes were taken by the first needy comrade that got at them. - and the dead man buried at the first halt. Barefooted men got rides on the wagons when possible.

A Mountain Woman sees an Army

A Strainer needed

The roads were rough and narrow and the men marched four abreast and marching men, cannons and horses and wagons stretched out several miles and made a spectacle that astonished the natives of that sparsely inhabited country. Mr. [W.H.] NUNLEY said that one day as they were marching along down a long ridge an old woman came out of a cabin by the roadside and walked by the side of the men in his company and exclaimed over and over, "Where in the world did so many men come from?" It is probable that she had never before seen more than a hundred people at one time and naturally she was astonished. The mental picture of that scene, as told by Mr. [W.H.] NUNLEY, has remained with me - the wild wooded and mountain country - the marching armed men and that old lady in her simple dress crying out her astonishment makes an unforgettable picture.

The retreat was made in dry weather and water was scarce, as many streams had dried up. There were shallow pools in some creeks and many of these were green from stagnation and excrement from flocks of geese frequenting them. The men had to drink what they found - whether good or bad. Mr. [W.H.] NUNLEY said he strained what he drank - with his teeth! Such was the fortune of war. The men foraged when they could but little except poultry and green corn in the fields along the way was available and the exigency of the march prohibited other activities.

Camp near Hortons

Christmas Day 1888 spent

The Union forces camped opposite the Horton farm and made fires of fence rails on that side. Next day they used Horton's rails to fill the river so they could move their wagons and cannon across and then marched on Grayson. Expecting to meet the army of Marshall there they prepared for battle and marched on to that town - and when no enemy was found they went on their way - arriving at Greenup Oct 3rd - sixteen days from their start - and soon

crossed to safety in Ohio.

I spent Christmas Day, 1888, with HASCUE BRICKEY and WILSON WRIGHT, two of my favorite cousins. WILSON's [WRIGHT] brother-in-law, ARCHIE ISON, had a general store at the Forks of Newcomb and he and his family lived nearby. His wife was NANCY BRICKEY [ISON], daughter of Aunt ADELINE WRIGHT by her first husband, ELIJAH BRICKEY, and so was a half-sister to WILSON [WRIGHT]. She and ARCHIE [ISON] had two daughters, MISSOURI & MARTHA [ISON], about grown at that time. The Forks was a sort of gathering place for men on Saturdays, Sundays and holidays - specially young men. As there was no peace officer there, drinking, carousing and sometimes fighting took place - so, in the language of the poet, "Joy was unconfined."

On this Christmas Day peace and harmony prevailed generally, only slight disturbances marred the lovely sunny day - just warm enough to be comfortable in the open air. The main event of the day, that I recall, was contests of the young men in lifting, running and jumping. As I was tall and thin I was not good in athletics, so I was "included out." There was a young man named "DIDRICK ISON" who excelled at such jumping contests. As I watched him, I admired (and envied) his superb physique and the ease and grace of his performance. As my old friend LAWRENCE used to say, "He was a handsome brute." Poor fellow! He didn't know what was ahead of him. Some months later he and his cousin, MANDER ISON, a young married man, went on a trip to Texas and, as was the custom of young men in that section, they carried pistols and in some way not known to me ran afoul of the law and when a sheriff attempted to arrest them, resisted and when the smoke blew away the sheriff was dead. For this, one got twenty and the other forty years in prison. Some mitigating circumstances saved them from hanging. Their Kentucky friends claimed that they were innocent of the crime charged by the sheriff in the beginning. Many years afterward I heard they had come back to Kentucky old and broken men. MANDER's [ISON] wife had divorced him and remarried long since.

With Hascue Brickey & Wilson Wright

Before we separated that afternoon HASCUE [BRICKEY], WILSON [WRIGHT] and I got together for a final talk across the creek from the crowd and while there SARAH LEWIS and ALICE FANNIN, two lovely local young women passed by. HASCUE [BRICKEY] made some very complimentary remark about the girls and WILSON [WRIGHT] agreed and added, "They are two choice pieces of flesh." The oddity of the remark impressed it on my memory - and their figures and faces and the whole scene is yet clear to me - and that was the last time that we five were ever to be together in this life.

HASCUE [BRICKEY] married SARAH LEWIS in June following and she was the mother of sixteen of his children and died in 1918. ALICE FANNIN married a man in Lawrence County and I heard some years later she had gone insane and died. WILSON [WRIGHT] married MARTHA HUTCHINSON, daughter of HARVEY L. HUTCHINSON and BETTY MASON HUTCHINSON, and raised a big family and died suddenly June 14, 1940. HASCUE [BRICKEY] remarried and fathered ten children by his second wife and died Dec. 24, 1941. ARCHIE ISON was thrown by a horse and killed many years ago.

Country Music & Dancing

The Big Sleet

Another young man at the Christmas party was JOE ISON. He was the leader at the country dances. How well I remember how he did the calling for the figures. He would dance and call till the sweat (city people perspired - we country people sweated) would run down his face and melt his collar. He carried a handkerchief over his shoulder to wipe his face with. He and WILSON WRIGHT were graceful and proficient dancers but HASCUE [BRICKEY] and I were no good at it. In the language of the day, "our left feet were in the Meeting House." I may add that some of those country girls could match present day so called professionals at heel and toe tap dancing to that "Hill Billy" music.

Now, in my old age I can hear many of those old time tunes over radio and television. The tunes of, "Old Joe Clark" and "Sourwood Mountains" I have known since I was small. I

believe "Old Joe Clark" was originated on the Little Fork near where I grew up in derision of JOE CLARK, a friend to my father, who lived a few miles down the creek below us. I knew him and it was said that the song was made up by some young men near his home. MARTIN GREEN, who was once in the Confederate Army told me that he had marched to the tune of "Sourwood Mountains" many a day - so I do not know the origin of it.

As I recall it there came a sudden rain and sleet in the early part of 1889. The rain froze as it fell and soon the roofs, the roads and the earth were covered with ice. Trees were bowed down with the weight until many were brought to the ground - the crackle of broken limbs and crash of falling timber went on for many hours and when warmer winds melted the sleet, the forest was almost impenetrable with wreckage - vast quantities of broken branches, great tree trunks split open or broken off. Much good timber was destroyed or damaged. As we lived in the edge of the woods we felt & saw the full effects.

I Chase a snake and get a Surprise

JACK [MASON] and I cleaned up some new land as the weather permitted after the sleet. About the last work we did together was clearing off the fallen limbs and trees from a piece of land he wanted to put in oats. One of the fallen trees had been trimmed of its limbs and the trunk cut up and used for firewood leaving a thick litter of branches like a pocket, where the trunk had been, with the opening at the upper end. We had had a few days of Spring-like weather and a few snakes were out from their winter sleep - and as I worked I saw a blue racer about three or four feet long wiggling along on the ground and gave chase.

It chose to run into that pocket and headed for the lower end, I hot after it. Suddenly it whirled and reared up two or three feet and near my face, as I was stooped down toward it. The movement was so sudden and my surprise so complete I sprang away from it so vigorously that I went sailing clear over the encircling brush and as I went I loudly exclaimed, "Hell fire!" As soon as I had done it I knew how absurdly I had acted, for the snake was not poisonous and I handled them often. JACK [MASON] had a good laugh at my expense and he never forgot it as long as he lived, as he wrote about it a short while before he died. I had to

remind him of an encounter he once had with the same kind of snake.

Jack & the Blue Racer Fight between a Blue Racer & a Rattlesnake

Years before when he was about 12 or 13 years old and we lived on the Baker Place, he, MORGAN [BRICKEY], MELISSA [BRICKEY] and maybe some of BURTON's children were in some woods near the home of Aunt SALLY ROSS digging ginseng and other roots when suddenly without warning JACK [MASON] gave such a terrified yell that it frightened all those with him and his cry was heard by a man some distance away and he came running and calling, "Is somebody killed?" All he found was a bunch of frightened children and a blue racer snake crawling away from the scene. On inquiry JACK [MASON] said all he knew was that he was walking uphill looking for ginseng with his sang hoe in his hand when suddenly the blue racer wrapped itself around his legs and started to squeeze and then he hollered - the next thing he knew he was at the bottom of the hill about 50 to 75 feet away and the snake was crawling away. The snake was soon disposed of and the children went home - no more digging roots that day. Of course everybody around had a laugh except JACK [MASON].

There was a common belief that the blue racer snake would squeeze a person to death like it was said to do to rabbits, chipmunks and other small animals it caught for food. It seemed to be of the constrictor species, but I do not know whether it actually squeezed a person - I never gave it a chance although I have caught it and the common black snake by the tail and played with them. They would make a big bluff of fighting and the black snake could change its color until it looked almost like a rattlesnake - big spots all over its back.

Father told me that once he watched a fight between a blue racer and a rattlesnake. When the racer approached the rattler coiled and struck and the racer drew back. This was repeated several times - the racer moving 'round and 'round the rattler. Wearied of the battle

the rattler started to go away and as soon as it uncoiled the racer sprang on it a quickly wrapped itself about the rattler from its tail to its neck and seized that in its mouth and bit and squeezed until the rattler was dead and then took himself away leaving the rattlesnake dead on the ground.

I acquire a Suit

Mother and I visit Bro. Sam

When I went to live at brother JACK's [MASON] I had great need of clothes, so SENA [MASON] cut out and made me a coat and pants of butternut jeans which supplied my need for the time. Later I acquired a heifer calf, I don't remember how, and traded it to JOHN H. HAY for a brown checked ready made suit - the first "store bought" suit I ever had. As he was shorter and heavier than I it had too much cloth in the shoulders and waist and too little in the leg and sleeve length - what you might call an "average" suit - what it lacked in length it made up in breadth. As I was then six feet or over and weighed only 130 pounds my appearance in that suit was a little odd, perhaps, to say the least.

Brother JACK [MASON] and I had a verbal agreement only when I went there to stay, but after a time we found it not very satisfactory, as some differences of opinion came between us on the wording, and I proposed to write up an article of agreement, but when I had done so we were still apart - so Father said he would write up one, but before he had done so, I went with Mother to visit Bro. SAM BRICKEY and family at Horton's Mill in Carter County.

Sam & I move to his House

The River and Dam

While on this visit I learned that SAM [BRICKEY] would make a place for me - pay me some money and I could go to a better school than the one near JACK's [MASON]. So Mother and I discussed it and decided I should move to SAM's [BRICKEY] - which I proceeded to do - arriving there April 15, 1889. I parted from Brother JACK [MASON] and family and Father under considerable stress of feeling - for I realized that it was unlikely that we should ever be

together as a family again. JACK's [MASON] children were JANE, MARY, LANDON & JESSE [MASON] at that time. Both JACK [MASON] and SAM [BRICKEY] were only half-brothers to me but no full brother would have treated me better or been more generous and kind than they each was to me.

Brother SAM [BRICKEY] lived on his farm on the east side of Little Sandy River and opposite the Horton farm and Mill. He was the miller and kept a flat bottomed 18' row boat tied near his house to cross to the mill in. He also ferried many foot passengers. This service was given gratis and rarely did he refuse to give it, day or night, although often he received not even thanks. It was a great imposition on him and he should have charged something. Often I have done this ferrying for him - in all kinds of weather and in high water when it was dangerous work - as I had seen him do - and made no charge.

SAM [BRICKEY] owned 60 or 70 acres of land and excepting a small bottom along the river was hill and mostly in woods. His house was of hewed logs mainly and not yet completed. He also had an unfinished barn. My job was to clean up a piece of partly cleared land and help him with a corn crop. I fear I was a poor helper but he was always kind and patient. His family at this time consisted of himself, his wife, MARY [BAKER BRICKEY] and children; DANIEL, EMMET, GROVER, NANCY and JIMMY [BRICKEY] who was then six months old - a lovely and good baby.

I had never lived near a stream as large as the Little Sandy, which was about 100 feet wide above the mill dam and I never tired of watching that beautiful water flowing over the dam and listening to the roar of it. Many a night I went to sleep lulled by its muffled sound. Coming right out of the woods where there was no fishing to a live stream with a reasonable supply of fish almost made my fingers itch to hold a fish pole and so I was trying my hand every chance I got but with very poor luck - and I say luck, for as yet I had little knowledge or skill.

We were in the middle of corn planting one Saturday in May and SAM [BRICKEY] was caught with a lot of grinding at the mill and couldn't help and he was so anxious to get the corn planted. Of all times then I felt that I had to go fishing, and to SAM's [BRICKEY] disgust, I quit planting and went.

I go to Deer Creek and Meet Dan McDavid

Before I could fish I had to get bait and, as bait was difficult to get out of the river, I went to Deer Creek for chub minnows with a small hook and a pail to carry them in. This was my first view of this little creek which was to play such an important part in my life. I hurried over the hill the mile or more and soon had enough live chubs and rushed back to the river to try my luck - not concerned over my future but in showing the world how I could catch the waiting fish.

I soon got a good live bait on and got ready to feel that electrifying tug on my line. The sunshine and the soft air and clear running water made the day perfect - all but one thing. I got no bites, except from mosquitoes. Tired of sitting I 'rose and walked back and forth along the apron to the dam and tried in my unskillful way to wheedle at least one nibble to no avail until tired out with my fruitless efforts and conscience stricken because of the wasted afternoon from my corn planing I gave up in deep disgust and set my pole in a knot hole in the apron, leaving my hook with a lively bait in deep water, and went to the house about five o'clock.

SAM [BRICKEY] was busy running the mill and could look down on me in my luckless efforts and expecting a good joshing from him at the end of the day added to my mind's discomfort. Very truly Mother used to say, "A guilty conscience needs no accuser." I was as low as the proverbial snake's hips.

I had hardly got settled at the house when I heard SAM [BRICKEY] calling and I hurried out to learn what he wanted. He said to go to my hook. It was not necessary to tell me twice. I fairly flew down to my hook on the dam. My fish pole was a long and limber sycamore bush trimmed of its branches and when I came in sight of it it was threshing around like a live thing. One minute the tip would be standing four or five feet above water and maybe the next it would be under water with side motions to and fro as the hooked fish raced here and there.

I catch my first Channel Cat

I had never caught a fish a foot long and at the sight of the antics of that pole I was so excited that I seized it and attempted to sling the fish up on the upper apron like I used to do the little fish in Hurricane Fork. Try as I would I couldn't lift that fish up to the surface. When I tried it would drive deeper and my pole would be bent almost double.

My frantic efforts were not lost on SAM [BRICKEY] and his customers in the mill. They thoroughly enjoyed the show. By luck I got the fish headed toward the surface and before it had recovered from its tactical error it was up on the upper apron and I was trying to hold it down with both hands and knees. I soon got it in hand and streaked for the house where I was received with loud acclaim by the children. It was a channel catfish two feet long. As SAM [BRICKEY] was a lover of fried catfish he seemed satisfied to drop the matter of corn planting and so was I. I was now a hero to the children and the corn was planted later and made a good crop.

As I recall it I met only one person on this first trip to Deer Creek - DAN MCDAVID * and near the old log school house. I asked him where I would find holes to fish for chubs and he told me. I gave him some fish hooks. He told me his name and where he lived and that he had been down to his Grandfather SAMUEL MCDAVID's on an errand. He was in his shirt sleeves, barefooted, with his pants rolled up half way to his knees. And this was my introduction to Deer Creek and the MCDAVID family. DAN [MCDAVID] was then almost nine years old. Soon after this I met his brother JIM [MCDAVID] at the river while fishing.

I go to School at Deer Creek & at Martha P.O.

Soon after corn was "laid by" school began - and I went to the old log school house on Deer Creek. This was a new experience as I met another group of students only a few of whom I had ever seen. The BLANKENBECKLERS, BALEYS, MCDAVIDS, WILSONS, DAVIDSONS, SAMMONS, VINCENTS, TACKETTS, HEABERLINS and others.

While Mother and I were at SAM's [BRICKEY] on Sunday morning April 7th, 1889, a beautiful day, he and I were in the front yard when a nicely dressed couple walked by. SAM

[BRICKEY] called to them and after joking with them about their recent marriage they told him that, "WILLIE's [MCDAVID] have a new girl, born last night, and they call her MARY [MCDAVID]." After they had gone on he told me that they were JOHN C. MCDAVID and wife CAPITOLA HUNT MCDAVID, that they had married only a few days before and that they were going to see her mother who kept the post office (Rosedale) in the next house up the road a piece, and that by "WILLIE's" they meant his brother WILLIE MCDAVID. That new girl "MARY" [MCDAVID] is now Mrs. ROLLIN J. CARPENTER.

Well, this CAPITOLA HUNT MCDAVID was teacher this five month term in the old log building which was only a few steps from her home - which was not yet complete - it was so new. She was a good teacher but, as she was pregnant, sometimes it was not very pleasant for us nor her. However, I believe I made good progress in my studies.

After the term was out, I think about Christmas, I went with sister MELISSA [BRICKEY SPARKS] to Lawrence County and attended school on the right fork of Blaine Creek near the store of LESTER, SPARKS and BAILEY at Martha P.O., for about two months, to my old friend and teacher WILLIAM HAY. I cleared a piece of ground after school to pay my board bill.

During the Spring and early summer 1890, I helped SAM [BRICKEY] on the farm and occasionally worked for DAVID BAILEY and W. C. HORTON on their farms. When school opened I went to Deer Creek another five months term. I am not sure whether to CAPITOLA [HUNT] MCDAVID or to WILLIAM E. ROBINSON - but I believe to Mr. [WILLIAM E.] ROBINSON.

After that JESSE W. CRAIG taught a two month subscription school and I went to that (1891) at the old log house on Deer Creek - also, to this last term. I remember that JASON FIELDS and his cousin, later Governor, W. J. FIELDS, J. L. MCDAVID, later County Judge, MONROE, JOHN F., JAMES A. & DAN MCDAVID, GEORGE & JOHN C. WILCOX and other young men attended - also ELIZA & REBECCA MCDAVID, BARBARA & MINNIE WILCOX and several others of the district.

As HORTON's had taken over the Mill SAM [BRICKEY] had no job so he went to his farm and, as his income was now so limited, it was better that I should find other employment. So I went to work for WILLIAM HEABERLIN for a few weeks making fence rails, cleaning up ground and plowing. I was taken sick with La Grippe, so called, and was laid up several days and Mr. [WILLIAM] HEABERLIN could not wait so got a man in my place. I did odd jobs as I found them for a while. Tried my hand at taking newspaper subscriptions but very few people ever knew anything about it.

Examined for a Certificate

Unexpected Events

It was my plan to get a certificate and teach. As I felt I had little chance to get a school in Carter County, I looked to Elliott County. Father was a member of the board of trustees in the Beech Grove school which I had attended in 1888 and I wrote to him as to my chance of getting that school. Under date of June 29, 1891 he wrote me that the other two trustees had agreed to hire me if I should get a certificate. So I went to Sandy Hook, the county seat of Elliott County, to an examination held in the County Courthouse Friday and Saturday, July 2 & 3, 1891, under the supervision of WINSTON LE MASTER, County Superintendent of Schools. To receive a Third Class Certificate good for one year required a general average grade of 65%. I had my doubts that I could make it as my qualifications were so limited in so many ways. A second class certificate required a general average of 75% and was good for two years; a first class required 85% and was good for four years.

Aside from the worry incident to the examination there was little to remember of note. I carefully observed the dress and manners of other applicants - sizing up how much more "back woodsy" some of us were than others. Up to then I suppose I had been too intent on what I was doing to take stock of my many shortcomings.

The examination questions were furnished by the State Superintendent of Public

Instruction to Superintendent [WINSTON] LE MASTER in a sealed envelope and as they were taken from the envelope they were, in the main part, written on a blackboard in view of all applicants and answers written and handed in by them. When all papers were handed in it seemed that a quiet hush fell on the room - except on those "Sooners" who, as in most gatherings, are ready to dart away ahead of the crowd.

Calling for order Superintendent [WINSTON] LE MASTER stated briefly that it had been reported to him that advance copies of the examination questions had been procured illegally and sold to some of the present applicants, therefore no certificate would be issued to any applicant unless he or she then and there took an oath that he or she had not had a copy of the questions or access thereto or had not received help in answering the questions. This was like the proverbial clap of thunder on a clear day - and when we were asked to stand to take the oath some arose and then sat down slowly. There were some red faces and also some very pale ones. Many of the better rated teachers only sat.

Complications

A Teacher's Contract

As a result few certificates were issued and many of the schools in the county had no teachers until another examination was held. Such a shaking up, or down, had never been seen in that county and some hitherto good reputations were almost ruined. As for myself, I think I fared better than I deserved - perhaps the examiners were lenient on us who took the oath. I got a general average of 76+% and thus a Second Class Certificate good for two years was issued to me.

As soon as my certificate reached me at Rosedale I went up to meet with the trustees at Beech Grove (Riddle P.O.). Meanwhile WINFIELD S. ADDINGTON - a distant cousin lately come from Virginia - had made application for the same school and had won over one of the trustees, cousin W. F. MASON, to his side. This complicated the situation on account of family kinship - WINFIELD [ADDINGTON] and I being about the same relation to both 'BILL' MASON and his wife. It has been said, "All's fair in love and war" and I found it about the same in

getting a school those days in Kentucky. While I do not believe we did anything to be ashamed of, I have felt that WINFIELD [ADDINGTON] was better qualified than I was and should have got the school. He was a fine young man.

However, on the 10th of July, 1891, my Father and ELI DIALS, the third trustee, met with me and signed a contract as follows: "It is agreed by and between W. F. MASON, Jr. Teacher, and the Trustees of School District No. 34 in Elliott County, that said Teacher shall, under the supervision and exclusive direction of said Trustees and their successors, but subject nevertheless to the visitation and lawful authority of the County Superintendent, teach in said District Schoolhouse for the term of five months for the draw, the said Trustees reserving the right of dismissing said Teacher at any time whatsoever for any of the causes specified in the Common School Laws."

"It is also agreed that the fire shall be regularly made and the floor regularly swept by said Teacher, the said Trustees providing the fuel and brooms therefor.

This the 10th day of July 1891."

"_____, Chairman JAMES MASON, Trustee
ELI R. DIALS, Trustee WILLIAM F. MASON, JR., Teacher"

The word "draw" in the contract meant the sum of money paid by the State of Kentucky for each pupil multiplied by the number of pupils living in the district when enumerated by census. School ages 6 to 20, inclusive. The total sum was paid by five equal monthly payments. I do not remember the number of pupils I drew pay for but probably fifty or sixty. As I recall, my pay was between thirty-five and thirty-six dollars per month. It was little but living costs were little - such as living was. Board and room \$1.25 to \$1.75 per week; shoes \$1.00 to \$2.00 per pair; nice shirts 50 to 60 cents; \$5.00 to \$10.00 for a suit or overcoat and other things in proportion.

Cousin "BILL" MASON did not sign my contract and I do not remember whether he was present when we signed. Two Trustees' signatures made the contract valid as to signatures, but I see that we did not state what state we were in so the contract could have been declared void if it had been contested. I guess it is too late for that, however.

School Begins

The School House & Grounds

My teaching (so called) began on Tuesday next after the first Monday in August - which under the law was election day in Kentucky. This year, 1891, John Young Brown was elected governor to succeed Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner. Strange to say I seem to recall very little of opening day. It was the custom for the trustees and some patrons to be present - and I suppose they were - to furnish the broom, water bucket and box of chalk and a piece of sheepskin for an eraser. The school house was the usual log type, ceiled overhead with poplar lumber - perhaps 20 x 40 feet - one room only - and fairly comfortable. The grounds were in their natural state, almost, with wild grass underfoot and trees overhead for shade - and sometimes cows would graze and lie in the shade during school hours.

Beech Grove Church

George Dials & Elliott Gilliam Die

Opposite the school house and a short distance below was a grove of large trees mostly beech - in which the school boys played "Round Town ball (similar to baseball) and other games. At the upper end of the grove stood a United, or Free Will Baptist church ("Beech Grove Church") known throughout that section - as was the school known as "Beech Grove School."

Considering my inexperience and lack of learning the school went along quite well and during favorable weather attendance was good. The main part of the pupils came from the following named families: JOE & POLLY FYFFE five - JOHN, ALONZO, LORENZO, ANNA MARGARET [FYFFE] and an older girl whose name I do not recall ; THOMAS MASON & wife, BERTHA MAE [MASON], a small girl; W. F. and ANN MASON four - LEOTA, MARY, JOHN FRANKLIN and ELIZABETH [MASON]; HOWARD GILLIAM and wife six - ELLIOTT, NOAH, ELLEN, AMOS, ALVIN and MARGARET [GILLIAM]; OWEN & JALEY GILLIAM three -

PARISH, JANE and NANCY [GILLIAM]; WILLIAM GILLIAM & wife two - ALBERT [GILLIAM] and a small sister ; ELI DIALS & wife five - GEORGE, AMERICA, FLOYD, FERIT and FARIS [DIALS]; WILLIAM & POLLY HAY one - CHARLES [HAY], JOHN H. & NANCY HAY two - MARY JANE & WILLIAM PARISH [HAY]; JACK & MARGARET DICKENSON two - NORA and MONROE [DICKENSON]. They were a nice bunch of children - some mischievous but none really bad - and after all the years I remember with pleasure the good times we had together and the friendliness they showed toward me.

Shortly after the term began GEORGE DIALS and ELLIOTT GILLIAM, cousins - both near my age - went to the little town of Willard, about 15 miles distant, on a Saturday, and returned Sunday. How they traveled I do not recall, but I think on foot. This was quite an event for them and they related to us at school the interesting features and events of the trip - to the "Town."

In a few days - I think a week - both GEORGE [DIALS] and ELLIOTT [GILLIAM] took to their beds with Typhoid fever and very soon both died. As they came of respected families and were both well liked generally it came as a great shock to the community. The disease soon spread; as there was little sanitation in their treatment of it those days, and several of the DIALS and GILLIAM families and other narrowly escaped death and were out of school for weeks afterward. It was supposed that while GEORGE [DIALS] and ELLIOTT [GILLIAM] were on their trip they had drank contaminated water and thus brought the fever to their neighborhood.

My Sickness

Cousin Bill Mason Cheers me up

While it was still warm weather I foolishly walked down to brother SAM's [BRICKEY] to get some of my things I had left there. It was about twenty miles and on the way back carrying a heavy valise on a hot day I became overheated and as a result I contracted a cold which spread to my throat and lungs and in a few days I was laid flat in bed. I was boarding at Bro. JACK's [MASON], two miles or more from school on the opposite side of the hill between

Newcomb & the Little Fork.

I was doped with home remedies but continued to get worse so they called Dr. NELSON T. RICE of the Forks of Blaine in Lawrence County - five or more miles distant from JACK's [MASON]. He came and looked me over and gave me stuff to take and told Father to get a quart of brandy from JOHN "JEEMES" SKAGGS' distillery on Blaine Creek and put honey & quinine in it and give to me several times a day - and to get more as needed until I was well. Leaving a bill of \$6.00 for his call, he rode away.

I was very low in my mind at the time, as I knew word had got out that I was very sick and that it was uncertain whether I would be able to finish my school soon or ever. As I was medicating, after Dr. [NELSON T.] RICE left on my situation, Cousin "BILL" [W. F.] MASON came along and stopped as he said, to see me. Said he had met Dr. [NELSON T.] RICE up the road and had asked him who was sick and he had told him that I was, and when he inquired what I was sick of he had said that I was in the 1st stages of Consumption (Tuberculosis) and could live only a short while.

So, he had stopped in to see me and to ask if there was anything he could do. Probably it never occurred to him that what he told might have a bad affect on me - I gave him the benefit of a doubt. As he had refused to sign my contract to teach I was suspicious of his belated friendliness, however. I knew I was sick and had a terrible cough but I didn't believe what Dr. [NELSON T.] RICE said about me having consumption.

Dealing with Enoch Lewis

Aunt Polly Hay to the Rescue

Of course the word got about, I suppose Cousin "BILL" [W. F. MASON], being alarmed about me (?) may have accidentally (?)dropped a remark somewhere, and soon I was visited by young ENOCH LEWIS who had failed to get a school. He proposed that I assign my contract to him. He, like myself, was tall and thin tho he was more of the Abraham Lincoln type, in looks I mean - black hair and beard - long neck and prominent Adam's apple. I believe he was really a nice young man, but I had taken an aversion to him from a previous acquaintance

with him. Anyway I didn't intend to let anyone have my contract yet and so I told him - much to his disappointment.

Learning of my condition and knowing that there was a plan by some interested people to have me assign my contract to some other teacher, Aunt POLLY HAY, wife of my old teacher, WILLIAM HAY, sent me word that I was welcome to come and stay at her house till I got strong enough to walk across that hill between brother JACK's [MASON] and the school. I gladly accepted the offer, as soon as I could walk a little, and so spent several weeks as a guest with her and her son CHARLES [HAY] and week ends Mr. [WILLIAM] HAY was there also. He was teaching at some other place.

I still have a lively remembrance of their kindness and generosity to me. Their house was not far from the school and over a comparatively level road. By this time cool weather was at hand and those who had been sick with Typhoid fever were about recovered and able to come back to school, but attendance never was so good after our sickness - but I believe was as good as most any other school of that size in the county.

School is out William Hay makes a Speech

There was no law then requiring attendance of school and parents often kept their children at home to help in the farm work so there was much irregularity. However most everyone made an effort to be there the first day and the last - then some came very few days between. It was customary for the pupils to prepare recitations and exercises for the last day - so perhaps some of the laggards would get back a week or two before closing day.

Another thing that contributed to the last day's attendance was the time honored custom that the teacher give a treat of candy or fruit to all and sundry, as a sort of compensatory offering for his failures or perhaps to show that there was no ill will. Some teachers even claimed that they did it for love of the children & some of us put our motives under suspicion that way.

I got off on the wrong foot by neglecting to order candy for our treat so when I sent for it

the local stores were not able to furnish enough stick candy so we “spliced” with other kind and plain sugar in sufficient quantity that everyone got enough - such as it was.

We had a full house and wound up with some speeches and a “school march.” My closing remarks were badly arranged and poorly delivered and to make up for my failure I called on my old friend WILLIAM HAY and he made a rousing speech, much of it big sounding words, as he was a great joker, and closing with the injunction, “Always be good and then you’ll be happy - maybe.”

And so my first school was out. Of those friendly people and my pupils there I have since met only a few and yet I still have my pleasant memories of their faces and voices.

Bro. Jesse Mason Comes to Ky

We go away together

After school was out I visited a while among the kin in Elliott County and then went back to Bro. SAM's [BRICKEY] in Carter County. I don't remember much about how I spent the time that Spring. Brother JESSE MASON and his wife KATIE [MASON] and baby daughter MABEL [MASON] * came to Kentucky to visit his relatives, I think about the 1st of June, 1892, and spent several weeks at J. M. GREEN's and CALVIN SPARKS. Sister MARY [MASON] GREEN was a full sister to JESSE [MASON].

I was there during their stay and with all the others enjoyed visiting with them. I had seen JESSE [MASON] when I was too young to remember but had never seen KATIE [MASON] and the baby [MABEL MASON] - who was about two years old and as lively as a cricket running about the place and the pet of everyone. Everyone loved KATIE [MASON] - she was so good and friendly - and that was true of JESSE [MASON], also.

He spent a lot of time playing checkers when he could find an opponent. CALVIN SPARKS took up the study, so as to play with JESSE [MASON], and then I got into it - I am sorry to say - and thus began a thing I have wasted a lot of time on.

My memory is hazy on a lot of time I spent somewhere both this and the previous year - but I remember that JESSE [MASON] decided to go to Glouster, Ohio, to work a while, as his

funds were getting low - and I went with him as far as Greenup, Ky. - where I stopped to visit brother NELSON BRICKEY and family for a few days. I think we must have traveled afoot to the railroad either to Willard or to Grayson. I recall we went by the way of Bruin and stopped and visited briefly with WAG GREEN and I think we stayed overnight at Bro. SAM's [BRICKEY] on our way - though I recall nothing of it.

Anyway I remember when we got on the train to go to Riverton or Greenup, I was wearing a pair of light boots, which were as much out of place in that hot summer as an overcoat in July, and I saw JESSE [MASON] eyeing my clothes and footwear very carefully - but said nothing. I still think he was embarrassed by my back woodsy appearance. I do not remember that I saw JESSE [MASON] after this, and although KATIE [MASON] stayed at Sister MARY's long afterward, and I was teaching in a nearby school, I don't remember when she went away or how.

The Hilton Branch School

A Distillery

When school time came in 1892 I contracted to teach the Hilton Branch school - District No. 46; W. H. SPARKS, A. J. SPARKS and J. F. WHITE, trustees, signed my contract July 1st, 1892. This was a larger school than at Beech Grove and paid better. I boarded about a mile and a half from the school at Sister MARY [MASON] GREEN's. This was an almost new frame and siding school house set in a little bottom devoid of trees or shrubs of any kind, so we got the full effect of sun and wind - heat and cold.

One prominent point in the local scenery was a small distillery which continued to make brandy or whiskey during the term of school. The distillery was little more than one hundred yards from the school house door on the opposite side of the Little Fork at its junction with Hilton Branch. The school was in the fork of the two streams. The distillery caused us some annoyance as men would get drunk there and get noisy and boisterous although the distiller had no license to sell liquor to be drunk there.

A Mr. JESSE GAMBILL got drunk there and came into the school and created a disturbance one day. Later I was called before the County Grand Jury to answer questions about this and on my evidence he was indicted and I heard he was fined \$25.00 for his misbehavior. I did not willingly testify against [JESSE] GAMBILL as he was connected with the REUBEN SPARKS family who were among my best friends - but could not legally avoid it. I did not see him again for almost 2- years - but while I lived at Cannonsburg he and some friends, OSHIA and OSCIE PENNINGTON, came there and stayed overnight with us. He hesitated about coming in but seeing I was friendly he joined in with the others and we had a pleasant visit.

One day my nephew, "JIM DAVE" GREEN and another boy, against my orders, slipped over to the distillery and got at some raw liquor and came back to school intoxicated. The other boy was quiet but "JIM DAVE" [GREEN] went 'round the room shaking hands with the other children, as if he had not seen them for a long time and telling them how glad he was to see them again. His smile was something to see. Of course I had to discipline these boys for disobedience but I surely wished I could avoid it. They were about 11 years old. Now, I wonder why that I or the parents of those boys did not try to indict that distiller. I don't believe any of us made any effort.

As in most country school of the time, there was a division in this district - one faction was against one and one for me - and those opposed made their feelings apparent through their children. I tried to steer a neutral course and not to show annoyance or to retaliate for any of the things coming to my notice. Friday afternoons were usually spent in spelling matches, readings, recitations etc. Shortly after the term began we had an afternoon of readings and recitations - and everyone was supposed to "speak a piece."

Everything went along fine until a young lady, BELLE SPARKS, who had shown she was unfriendly to me, arose and with emphasis recited: "O Lord above look down with love On us poor little scholars; For we hired a fool to teach our school, And paid him two hundred and

fifty dollars.” There was a short burst of laughter and then everybody suddenly got quiet - to see what I intended to do. I complimented her for her effort and called for the next piece, as if nothing had happened. My friends among the students thought I should punish her for her “piece” but I just let it pass and after that there was better harmony and cooperation. I am sure the young lady regretted the incident as much as anyone.

Boarding around

A “Hill Billy” Dance

There had been a custom that the teacher would “board around with the scholar” - that is each patron would board the teacher say a week - and another patron the next week and so on. This had now ceased to be the custom but it continued to be a custom that the teacher visit among the families of the district and stay overnight occasionally - usually by special invitation.

While in this school I went to stay overnight at the home of BRICE LANEY and thus witnessed my first sight of what I now hear called, “Hill Bill” dancing. Mr. [BRICE] LANEY had recently come from Scott County, Va. and settled in this district. After a good supper I gathered with the family by the open wood fire and some one brought out a banjo and played a few old time southern melodies. It was suggested to Mr. [BRICE] LANEY that he dance for the teacher. He was tall and awkward looking and had a patriarchal beard and long light brown hair which hung down over his collar. He hesitated a bit but soon proceeded to dance several steps common to the performers of that section to the music of the day.

He then removed his shoes and coat and danced in his stocking feet. My eyes fairly bulged for I had never seen anything like what followed. All his awkwardness disappeared and in its place was grace, rhythm and balance. I can still see him in my mind’s eye whirling and swaying - his hair and beard waving in the air.

Among my pupils at this school I had two boys about 14 or 15 years old named ROBERT WHITE and NOAH SPARKS, cousins, who studied tap dancing in their spare time. Their instructor was a man named HALE - JIM HALE - who seemed to have no settled home

and traveled from place to place as a barber, peddler of razors and patent medicines. He was a large man about 5 ft. 10 inches - and weighing over 200 pounds and about 60 years old at that time. He seemed to know many dance steps and came around about once a month and gave the boys a lesson and a new step to practice on. I have never ceased to wonder at the performances they put on - even without any form of music except the rhythmic patting of hands.

Jim Hale, Dancer

Winston LeMaster, School Supt.

They all should have been on the stage where they could have got payed, instead of in the backwoods. So far as I know none of them ever got anything except enjoyment out of their practicing of their talent. Once at a picnic in a grove I saw JIM HALE dance on a platform and as he danced he would spring up on to a table and dance- and then back to the platform - back and forth with such skill that it was barely perceptible (except to the eye) which he was on. I never saw this performance equaled except by light weight professionals.

Well, the school went along and came to a close without incident worthy of notice. In fact my memory is almost bland on the happenings toward the end of the term and the close. I recall that on Columbus Day the County Superintendent came and made a speech to the school. The reason I remember the date is that he brought a branch of a thorn bush with red berries on it and stated that according to the historical account it probably was that kind of bush that was picked up by a member of the crew of Columbus before land came in sight, as history says, "a bush with redberries was found floating in the ocean." This superintendent was WINSTON LE MASTER of the examination incident.

I bruise a Hand & Catch a Fish

Before continuing my story I will here relate some happenings of the early Spring of this

year, 1892, which I had failed to mention. After my return to brother SAM's [BRICKEY] from the Beech Grove School I helped to clear a piece of land and while chopping I bruised my right palm between the index and middle fingers and it soon became sore and swollen. I had to quit work and, as the pain gave me little rest, I went fishing to pass the time. With a small hook I caught a few live minnows for bait. I don't know what species they were but their flesh was so transparent you could see their bones and viscera as clearly as if their flesh was or had been glass. Armed with a short line and pole - and bait - I set out.

I chose a difficult place for a sore handed Izaak Walton to fish. Through a hole in the Mill floor a way led to a short ladder which led down to a landing on the heavy wood frame about five feet above the water wheel which was covered with heavy boards. Standing on the wheel cover I stood in a stooping posture and fished in the shallow water as it ran from the wheel.

It was a very uncomfortable place and the pain in my hand didn't help it - but it was a good place to catch redeyes and small bass which came there to feed and I had hopes of a good catch as the water was clearing from a spring freshet and the fish would be hungry.

Luck was not encouraging and as time went by I began to think of moving to a more comfortable place when my float was suddenly jerked under and then bobbed up and down. Supposing it was a redeye or other small fish, I waited for it to swallow the hook and bait and then gave a quick jerk calculated to lift the fish onto the wheel cover, which was the only landing place I had. However, instead of a little perch, I hooked a seven pound, thirty inch pike, which came up slinging its open mouth from side to side and splashing water with its tail.

As it rose from the water it swung between my knees and, as they clamped on it, my thin line broke near the fish and knowing better than to catch my hand in its mouth, seeing its savage teeth, I caught it in the gills. I soon found that wouldn't do for its gills were hard bony plates with serrated edges which cut my fingers till they were bloody. I don't know how I did it but I subdued the pike, climbed up the hard way into the mill, and proudly carried it to the nearby store and weighed and measured it. I was so pleased that for a time I forgot my throbbing hand.

W. E. McDavid Lances my Hand & Again I Catch a Pike

I continued to worry with my hand and it got worse every day until I got little sleep at night and just walked from place to place. As there was no local doctor I walked over to Deer Creek to WILLIE MCDAVID's because I had heard he had a horse lance. He looked at my hand and I thought rather doubtfully at me and said he would lance it if I could stand it. I dreaded it but told him to go ahead. He set the trigger on the spring lance and while I sat and looked into the far distance he held my hand tight in one of his and loosed the lance with the other.

Instantly I was on my feet gripping my injured member. There was some blood from the wound but unfortunately the blade failed to hit the pus pocket and I had another day of restless walking. Worn out when night came I went to bed and oblivion. Late next morning the unwrapped bandage revealed that the pocket had opened and blood and pus run out giving much needed relief. MARY [BRICKEY], SAM's [BRICKEY] wife, told me she had awakened in the night and, not hearing me, she came to investigate, and I was so quiet that she stooped and listened to my breathing to learn whether I was dead or alive. I still have my scar.

While nursing my hand I went fishing again ten days after I caught the 7 pound pike. This day a friend, WILLIAM DAVIDSON, and two or three of his small boys came over from Deer Creek with a lot of chub minnows and fished most of the day and caught almost nothing. I had only a little bait and also caught nothing except an eleven inch sucker which I kept alive in the milk house spring. Just before sundown DAVIDSONs gave up and gave me their surplus bait and left for home. Before they were out of sight I stowed the bait and baited a small hook and while moving over to the bank to set it, while I was getting another hook ready, the bait dragged in the water and a huge pike lunged at it. As the line was too light to hold it I jerked it away. Having no other hook ready - I ran over a few yards to a large hook and line DAN BRICKEY had set in the rocky bank that noon and seizing his pole I cast out the hook which had a six inch live bait on it.

I Catch a Pike - with Difficulty & a Short Line & Pole

Within a few seconds the fish seized it and with a quick sidewise movement clipped the line as if its jaws had been a pair of shears, leaving me feeling rather foolish with the pole in my hand and the line loosely dangling.

Just then Mrs. NOAH BLANKENBECKLER called for me to ferry her over the river. Imagine if you can how you would feel in the circumstances. Once before I had pulled up a pike over a yard long and it got away taking fifteen feet of line and here I was - in almost the same situation. Inwardly fuming, but outwardly calm and smiling, I ferried the lady over and then hurried to the house for more tackle.

I brought out a dry spruce pine pole and 15 feet of heavy line and sinker with a heavy wire (*unreadable*) and a large hook attached to the other end. Grabbing the live sucker from the spring I ran down to the dam and with anxiety and misgiving I threw in the hook baited with the sucker. As if he had been waiting right there, the pike rose almost at once and seizing the baited hook turned and swam toward the center of the river and as my line soon ran out I cast in the pole and it floated away.

On my side the water had a circular movement and after a very short while I was able to get out on the ends of the lower apron logs and catch the end of my pole as it floated around and as I gently pulled on the line the fish moved toward me. When I had enough purchase I gave a hard jerk and hooked it securely in the jaw and before it had time to make a run I brought it in to the apron and went down on my knees and dragged the fighting fish up on the lower apron which was almost under water and then, in attempting to lift the fish by the line, the line broke.

Seeing I was about to lose the fish REESE HORTON called from the mill, "Save it, Bill." That roused me from the hypnotic state I seemed to be in. I was standing watching it try to swim away from the almost submerged apron and I jumped at it and fell on it with a big splash and soon got my arms around it, got on my feet and, with water dripping from my clothes, I climbed the dam and hurried to the house.

A Slight Misunderstanding

MARY [BAKER BRICKEY] sent their little girl NANNY [BRICKEY] to the field to bring SAM [BRICKEY] to dress the fish, as my hand was yet very sore. He came in a few minutes and called for me to come out in the back yard and when I went there and asked what he wanted he picked up a chip and said, "NANNY [BRICKEY] said that Uncle BILL [MASON] has ketched a big fish and Mother said for you to come and clean him so I have come to clean you."

SAM [BRICKEY] had caught a 13 pound pike at the mill some years before and he would not concede that my fish was as large as his until he weighed it and found it weighed 14 pounds - and 38+ inches long - the largest ever caught at Horton's Mill.

According to the ethics of fishing men I suppose I should not have caught either the 7 or 14 pound pike but I fished for fish as well as fun. Sportsmanship had not yet entered into our fishing.

Crackers Neck School & Its Teachers

At the close of my school at Hilton Branch I made ready and went on horseback from JIM and MARY GREEN's to the village of Crackers Neck, Ky., (Newfoundland P.O.) and entered a so-called Normal School there. DANIEL M. HOLBROOK, principal, and WALLACE W. BROWN, associate. On the way I had stopped and stayed overnight at DAVID GREEN's - he was a brother to JIM [GREEN]. Two of his sons, BRASCUE and BEECHER [GREEN], went with me from there and entered the school, also, The weather was very cold and the ground frozen with ice and snow. My horse fell flat on the icy road but fortunately was unhurt.

"DAN" HOLBROOK, as he was called, had worked his way up from poverty to a prominent place in the educational field in Elliott County and I found him a very fine teacher and man. Mr. [WALLACE W.] BROWN was good, too, but not equal to Mr. [DANIEL] HOLBROOK.

I entered the school early in January, 1893, and was there till it closed about the last of

June. The students were a lively bunch and competition was keen. Many were teachers and some preparing for teaching. During the last several weeks Prof. J. B. LEACH from Ohio was with us. His specialties were English, Reading and Penmanship and I greatly enjoyed my studies with him.

I lived at J. N. KING's while in this school and I found Mr. [J. N.] KING and LINA, his wife, and their family: SARAH, JOHN, WILLIAM, JAMES and little "JODY" [KING] - all very pleasant to live with. Board was low - about \$1.50 a week - and the tuition - I don't remember but I know it was small.

At the close of school we bid each other farewell with promises of lifelong friendship, and of course we meant it, then - but of all of them only one, WILLIAM DURHAM - kept in touch with me down to the end.

Students and Others I Knew There

As I think back many forms and faces come to life and friendly voices greet me - voices long since silent - some forms and faces I still remember but the names I can not recall. There were the faces: BROWNS; MILLARD, WALES, TOM (my favorite) and another - name lost. The KENDALLS; LAURA, RUFUS, NANNIE and their cousins WILLIAM and a sister - now forgotten (MOLLIE?). DICK and SAM GRAY - SAM died soon after. BILLY and CHARLEY HOLLINS, CHARLES R. COX and nephew WILLIAM DURHAM.

GRANT BARNETT who counted himself as the champion speller of Elliott County. In our 1st spelling match in which the whole school joined, he, NANNIE KENDALL and I were the last left and then I spelled him down and by mutual consent it was called a draw between NANNIE [KENDALL] and me.

SHERMAN ROBERTS, LOUIS DILLON who had a dispute with Mr. . BOWLING over the use of a horse and knocked BOWLING down. BERTHA and MOLLIE HORTON, SARAH and WILL KING; JOHN W. and MYRTLE KITCHEN; BILLIE EVANS of Bruin, GUS MURRAY who had lost a leg - crushed by a tree; CHARLES C. FLANARY; WINFIELD ADDINGTON and

his sweetheart - later his wife - MARY HOWERTON and her brother PERRY HOWERTON, who died the next Fall while teaching in Carter County. SAM ROSE, son of Rev. ROBERT ROSE - ELL JOHNSON, son of Dr. JOHNSON - JACK HARPER - whom ELL JOHNSON killed a few years later. Many of these I never saw again after the close. I met GRANT BARNETT on the street in Ashland about 15 years later and while our recognition was mutual neither of us knew the other's name.

The night after school closed I stayed at the home of Widow GRAY (then Mrs. DAUGHERTY) near Crackers Neck. Her granddaughter, LAURA KENDALL, was my sweetheart, and was there, too, and gave me a tearful farewell next morning when with a group I left for Olive Hill in Carter County. I told her that she would be married when I next heard from her and she protested that she wouldn't - that I was the only one she loved. I think she was married within five or six weeks - to ROBERT STAMPER. How true sometimes it is, "Out of sight, out of mind."

A Trek to Olive Hill

Examined for a Certificate

While the school scattered - to various places - each pupil intent on his preparations for teaching, CHARLES R. COX, WILLIAM DURHAM, PERRY HOWERTON and I, and I think one or two others, made a trek across Elliott County to Olive Hill in Carter County - part time on horseback and mostly on foot in the heat, to take the teachers' examination for Certificates.

My memory is hazy about happenings on the way - about the only thing I recall is that we stopped for lunch at SAMUEL GREEN's store at Ibex P.O. and although I was worn down with walking and heat, I played a few games of checkers with Mr. [SAMUEL] GREEN. He was Judge later. He was a near relative of CALVIN SPARKS and much like him in looks and character - which I consider a high compliment. I don't remember who won at checkers.

At the examination I believe all but one of our group got First Class Certificates good for four years. My grade was 86 or 87%+ - which was satisfactory to me.

Now that I had a certificate the next thing was to get a school. No one who never had

the experience can know what the teachers went through to get schools in that country in those days. The dirty politics and skull-duggery. However, I was fortunate to have a friend in the right place at the right time and on his recommendation and help I got a contract to teach the Reedville School Nobleton P.O. near the mouth of Huff's Run and the E. K. R. R. on the Little Fork. This was a larger school than I had had before and paid more.

Boone Fields - A Friend indeed

The Reedville School

There were several large boys and young men here and some of these had bad reputations as to past conduct in school. That was one reason why I got the school. For several years the teachers had been women and seemed unable to control the rough element. E. M. FIELDS (nicknamed BOONE), my friendly trustee, quietly spread the word among the boys that I was hard to deal with and that I could spot a bad boy by the way he walked into the school room. He did not tell me of this until long afterward. Then I understood why some of the boys acted as they did at first - coming in on the balls of their feet like boxers and their eyes set on me as they sidled into their seats.

At this time there were no graded schools in that part of Ky. And I taught all sizes and ages from six to twenty and often to twenty-five though not required to take any beyond the age of twenty. So I had classes in the primer and on up to those preparing to teach. I never attended or taught a graded school.

Although the post office was Nobleton the rundown village of Reedville did not live up to the name. It consisted of a row of dilapidated houses on each side of the Eastern Kentucky Railroad. Apparently it had been a place of some importance but now it was only a flag station on a one horse railway. There was a loading platform for cross ties, tanbark and lumber and a chute for loading livestock - all in a drab state of decay.

The E. K. Rwy - began at Riverton, Ky., on the Ohio River and ran south up the Little Sandy River through several small places to Grayson, county seat of Carter County and thence to the crossing of the C. & O. Railroad called E. K. Junction, (now Hitchins) and from there up

the Little Fork to Willard, thence up the Day Fork to Webbville. When I was teaching at Reedville there was a train from Riverton to Webbville and return twice a day. I am told that the rails have been removed and the road is no longer in existence. It was practically dead when I knew it.

The people around the Reedville school were quite different from the people I knew elsewhere - especially in their social manners. Being a "hill billy" I found myself in deep water at times. However, most of those I met were friendly as so we got along after a fashion. The social leaders went to Grayson, Ashland, Lexington or Cincinnati for entertainment. And in a way looked down on the rest of us who didn't, but I was treated with respect by most everyone and my sojourn among them has remained a pleasant memory to this day.

Boarding Here & There

Nelms Womack, Fox Hunter

For a short while I boarded with the C. C. FIELDS family. The future governor, W. J. FIELDS, was of this family. He was not there at the time, so I believe he had recently married. The other children who were at home and were my pupils were ROBERT, AUSTIN, NANNIE and I believe EVA [FIELDS]. On account of sickness in the family my stay with them was short.

For a time I boarded with SAM [BRICKEY] and rode his horse to the school each day, about five miles each way, and then got board with the widow BELLOMY family a short distance from the school house across the Little Fork. Mrs. BELLOMY had two grown sons, GEORGE and WILLIAM [BELLOMY] and a grown daughter LAURA [BELLOMY] - also a son JACK [BELLOMY] and daughter JENNY [BELLOMY] about 12 and 14 respectively. LAURA, JENNY and JACK [BELLOMY] attended school. They were all fine people. Mrs. BELLOMY's sister, a widow POLHAMUS, and her grown daughter, LIZZIE [POLHAMUS], lived nearby in the old Womack home with a brother NELMS WOMACK, single, and their old Mother. These two families were lovely people to live with and I now regret that I did not continue contact with them.

NELMS WOMACK was in his early fifties, perhaps, and was a semi-invalid. His almost invariable answer to a question as to his health, was, "I'm feeling mighty tough today." Till I met him I had never heard the word "tough" given that meaning. For a few days I stayed in the old home with him, while Mrs. BELLOMY was sick, and he was in bed feeling "tougher" than usual. One morning when I came in for breakfast I met him coming out wrapped in a "Fish Brand" sou'wester, oilcloth hat and rubber boots on his way to his stable for a ride with his hounds on a fox hunt. When I expressed surprise that he would risk going out on a rainy day with a heavy fog everywhere he answered that he was not feeling so "tough" that morning and that it was a good day for the hounds as they could trail better in the damp. After that I gave less heed to his comments on his health. I suppose he was not well, as he was thin and sickly looking - but maybe he was one of those of whom it has been said, "They enjoy poor health."

Uncle Joel Sparks and his Hound Muse

NELMS WOMACK reminded me of JOEL SPARKS, Sr. and his boys, GEORGE and JOHN [SPARKS] - fox hunters from Georgia who lived on the Wallow Hole in Elliott County. "Uncle JOEL" [SPARKS], as his neighbors called him, always kept a pack of skinny hounds - said they ran better when in thin flesh, and he and the boys were ardent fox hunters. I knew no other hounds in our neighborhood and the farmers' wives were careful to keep their kitchen and smokehouse doors shut, as these hounds went searching for food after a hunt and would eat anything they found. Mother kept a close watch at our house.

Like the traditional hunters, Uncle JOEL [SPARKS], had his favorite hound and no hunt was complete until this hound had taken part in it. One day he had invited his neighbors to a "log rolling" in some new land he and his boys were clearing and while the men were at the noonday meal the well known sound of hounds in chase of a fox was heard. As the sounds came nearer Uncle JOEL [SPARKS] could sit at the table no longer and so went out in the yard and paced forth and back with his ear cocked to catch every note, which was music to

him - and as he walked he was eagerly talking about "Muse," his favorite.

In imagination I can see him - with his long hair cut square at the bottom in the old fashion way and blowing in the wind - as he repeated over and over, "By God, Muse is ahead, boys, listen to her talk to it." "She's the best damn hound in the world!"

While the excitement was mounting every minute suddenly Uncle JOEL's [SPARKS] pride and joy were brought low and dragged in the dust for his son JOHN [SPARKS] suddenly called out, "Pap, here's old Muse asleep under the bed," and proceeded to drag her out to view. Poor Uncle JOEL [SPARKS] was a long time living that down - and "Muse" was forever disgraced.

A dislocated Toe

Solomon Sparks Killed

I heard it related that once he followed his hounds barefooted and during the chase one of his big toes was dislocated and not knowing what to do about it he limped down to his brother WESLEY's [SPARKS] and walked in with tears running down his face but said nothing.

Surprised, WESLEY [SPARKS] said, "What's the matter, JOEL, [SPARKS] is somebody dead?" JOEL [SPARKS] still said nothing but looked down at his toe which was turned at an angle across his other toes. WESLEY [SPARKS] then saw the cause for the tears and proceeded to reduce the dislocation. It was then that JOEL [SPARKS] spoke and in a quavering voice said, "Go easy, WES [SPARKS], for my toe is broke."

Uncle JOEL [SPARKS] had an elder son named SOLOMON [SPARKS] who, when I was small, was killed in a cutting scrape along with one or two others. I remember I was at his burial on his Uncle WESLEY SPARKS' farm and saw and heard his brothers cry and swear vengeance against his killer - supposed to have been a man named PORTER. There was a lot of talk about this but nothing came of it that I know of. JOHN [SPARKS] was not yet grown then but though he held the PORTERs up as objects of his vengeance, after he became a man - and continued to threaten, it proved to be talk only. He used to have a big Navy pistol - muzzle loader I believe. It was partly held together with leather strips or "whangs" and

somebody nicknamed him "Whang Navy" JOHN SPARKS and he was known locally by that name thereafter.

Reedville School Experiences

A Pupil Lost

In the language of Irvin Cobb's Judge Priest I have "rambled" — The Reedville school house was an old frame and siding but had patent seats and desks in what was then New Style. We soon got the school under way. I think early in August - have no record. I made it my rule to play with the boys and in that way soon stopped the rough conduct and bad language almost completely. There were several young men living nearby who were accustomed to playing with the bigger school boys and until I showed them that rough play, fighting and vulgarity were taboo, we had some trouble - but we soon became friends and continued so as long as I was in the district and our games and association are now a party of my pleasant memories.

Under the law I was not required to teach Higher Arithmetic but two advanced students - LIZZIE RUCKER and LAURA BELLOMY - wanted to study it, so they said. I thought they were only trying me out to see whether they could "stall" me - that being considered a great credit to anyone who could "stall teacher." I had studied it only a little, but told them to sail in and if they got "stalled" I would help them out. They soon tired of it and gave it up. I had kept ahead by studying at night - so I got good out of it whether they did or not.

Soon after school began there came an outbreak of dysentery or bloody flux - the same disease that almost finished me in 1887, and one of my favorite pupils, a daughter of TOM BROWNING, a famous horse trader, died and several others were ill from drinking bad water from springs and shallow wells - it being a dry season and water scarce. This put down the attendance for a while. Considering the water situation as it was there then it is remarkable that the toll was not heavier. I suppose after a time people became immune to some things.

On the whole the attendance was good for the time and conditions. Anyway, at the close of the five month's term I was asked to teach a private subscription school for two months longer - January and February - which I did with fair success, I think.

Names of Pupils

Denton Teachers Institute

Among my pupils at Reedville, were LIZZIE and WADE RUCKER, children of Widow LYDA RUCKER; TOM, JIM WILL, ED and ANNA RUCKER, children of ROBERT RUCKER; GORDON, CLAYTON, COMMODORE, LIZZIE & HATTIE BOGGS, parents' name forgotten - lived in Reedville; WINSTON DEAL; LAURA, JENNY and JACK BELLOMY; WILL, CHARLES, JOHN, FRED and BERTHA FIELDS, children of IRVIN FIELDS; LOTTIE, WESLEY & MAY SAVAGE, children of RICHARD SAVAGE; WILLIS DEAL, son of WILLIS DEAL, and brother of WINSTON [DEAL], who was lame. CARLOS, JASPER and ROSA FIELDS, children of Captain FIELDS; ROBERT, AUSTIN, NANNIE and ETTA FIELDS, children of C. C. FIELDS; FLORENCE ESTHER and LOTTIE FIELDS, children of "BOONE" FIELDS; FRANCIS BOGGS; NORA and DAN ADAMS; TIG, LAURA and LIZZIE WOMACK; WILL, CHARLIE, ALPH, IDA and KATE RICE, JENNIE ADAMS and others lost to memory.

Most of the above I still have a clear mental likeness of but many have faded along with names and bring no picture before me. When I run over this list some of their fresh young faces seem so real to my eyes.

In late September, 1893, I attended the Carter County Teachers Institute at Denton, Ky. - a little mining and railroad town - for one or two weeks - my memory is not clear but I think only one week. Prof. J. H. M. ? MCCALL from Louisville was the instructor and I believe LUKE P. CLARK was County Superintendent of Schools. It was one of the best educational affairs I ever attended. I am sorry that my part in it was not more important but I enjoyed it even if my part was small. Studying the picture I have of that group of teachers I still can name a large part of them. Several I knew there became prominent later. A few died within a short time -

two of these - PERRY HOWERTON and SALLY KING - were my friends. The handsomest man in the group, a Mr. FLETCHER MARCUM, became blind.

A Joke on Me I visit Around Dad Rucker Loses A Turkey

While at the Institute at Denton a group of us teachers boarded at the home of a merchant named WEBB - a fine man. We occupied a large room which had about four beds - two of us to a bed. One night part of the group came in late and found the rest of us in bed asleep. In my sleep I became aware of smothered talk and laughter and a feeling that one of my big toes was being pulled. When I was fully awake I learned that those rascals had tied a long cord to my big toe, then to a chair in the middle of the room and from that to another man's toe in the bed on the opposite side of the room. When one of us pulled up his foot to relieve the pull on his toe the chair would slide over and put the pressure on the other man's toe - and until I awoke that was what we were doing - pulling the chair to and fro to the great delight of that bunch of onlookers. That is a sample of their practical jokes.

During my school term at Reedville I followed my custom of visiting the homes of the children when invited and in this way became better acquainted all 'round. I found these visits very pleasant. A Mr. WILLIS DEAL surprised me when I visited him by telling me that he had known my father when he was a boy when my father and his were old friends. This was verified when I saw father afterward.

Once I stayed overnight with WALTER FIELDS and his wife. I don't recall that they had any children but I had known WALTER [FIELDS] some time before. He was a brother to C. C. "LUM", JASON "Captain", "BOONE" [FIELDS] and all of them were mimics and enjoyed humorous stories. WALTER [FIELDS] told me several. I was particularly amused by his story of how one of his neighbors trapped and lost a wild turkey - of which there still were a few in those hills.

This neighbor of WALTER's [FIELDS] was a fat and very bashful man who was ruled by his red headed garrulous wife. They had two grown sons, after the pattern of the father, and a younger son and daughter. At the urging of "Aunt Cindy," the wife, the father and sons built a turkey trap of light poles fastened together, looking somewhat like a small house, on the ground with a trench leading under the front instead of a door. The idea was to put corn in the trench leading the turkey under the wall and then after it was inside and once raised its head it would not again see the trench but would look upward and try to get out through the cracks between the poles in the pen's sides and roof. That is good turkey psychology. The trap was built in a patch of rather open woods which faced both the house of its owner and WALTER FIELDS and thus was in view of both.

One day a man passed by and told Aunt Cindy that a turkey was in her trap - and Mr. [WALTER] FIELDS was made aware of it - and closely observed what happened. First she sent the hubby and the boys hurrying, as fast as fat men hurry, with an axe and a sack to put the turkey in - and then she stirred up the wood fire, sending up a big column of smoke, and put on a big kettle and filled it with water to heat to scald the turkey & remove its feathers.

Meanwhile the bold hunters were toiling and puffing, as they pushed their way up the steep hill. When they came in sight of the turkey it was flopping around trying to get out of the trap - and from there on they made greater efforts to reach their quarry - but all in vain! For just as they were almost touching the trap, the turkey made a terrific effort and burst out through the top and rose to wing and flew away.

...and Gets a Piece of Aunt Cindy's Mind

When "Uncle Willis," the husband and the boys reluctantly brought Aunt Cindy their dolorous report she gave them a liberal piece of her mind - telling them of her low opinion of their slovenly way of building the trap, their laziness in neglecting to look after it and so on and on till she wearied of the subject. The heavy smoke soon dissipated - the kettle of water was set aside and the fire died down - and the family ate their usual dinner of corn bread, pork and

beans.

Word Builders - Mr. Banfield and Eph Boggs

WALTER FIELDS' father-in-law was a Mr. BANFIELD who seems to have had very little education but loved to use big sounding words and would make up words if none he knew seemed to fit the occasion. One of the FIELDS brothers told me that Mr. BANFIELD was at a local gathering where dinner was served and when the serving woman asked him if he would have cream and sugar in his coffee he replied, "Yes, Ma'am, if you please, Ma'am." "The cream is the diabolical part, and the sugar gives it a sort of tyrang that makes it taste most abtute, Ma'am." This is a fair sample of his word building capacity.

Another occasion he remarked on the dry hot weather and said the, "heat has dried up the molecules of the air till Thunderstorm can't acknowledge his footsteps." What he meant was the dust was so deep in the road that it flowed into his horse's tracks, as he walked, so that they were unrecognizable. His horse's name was Thunderstorm.

"BOONE" FIELDS gave me another example of word building done by one of our mutual friends - Mr. EPH BOGGS. A short distance away Reedville the E. K. R. R. ran through a small cut in a hill - a slide had closed the road for a time when one day "BOONE" [FIELDS] and friend [EPH] BOGGS rode along together on horseback on the County road alongside the railroad but up on the hillside above it. As they came opposite the cut workmen were moving their tools out and the train was coming up to come through where the slide had been.

The riders stopped and looking down on the moving men and train EPH [BOGGS] burst out, "Well, it looks like the Old E. K. is going to resume operations, the way she's 'ornicating' herself." Friend EPH [BOGGS] never lacked for a word- and made them up as he talked. Like Mrs. BANFIELD was quoted as saying of her husband's language that he could "use more improper language than anybody" - only she unwittingly used "improper" for "proper."

In the Spring of 1894 after my Reedville school was out I went up to Mother's to see her and grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN], but I was too late. Grandmother was dead and buried. I had been negligent and I have always regretted it. After a few days I went back to SAM's [BRICKEY] which I had long considered home.

One day SAM [BRICKEY] told me that there was a school trustee to be elected in the Deer Creek School District and if one was elected that would agree with him to hire me, that I could have the school that year - as he was already a trustee and wanted me. He asked me to say whether I would accept the school. If so, he would see if he could get a man favorable to me elected. If not, he would let the matter drop, but he hoped I would agree to take it.

I hesitated because I had an invitation from the two held over trustees at Reedville to come back there to teach, again, and I felt obligated to do that - but after a time I gave in and told SAM [BRICKEY] I would teach our Deer Creek school if it was offered to me. Maybe, it was fate, but I have not been a believer in predestination to much extent. I have long felt that I should have gone back to Reedville. It is one of those questions which has no provable answer.

The MCDAVID family for many years had controlled the Deer Creek School, in a way, and had done a good job of it, too. They were the biggest taxpayers and supported it more than any others, and naturally were interested in its progress and success. However, as in most all schools or organizations, there was a part of the population who wanted a change - perhaps not for some specific reason but wanted a change, nevertheless. It was this faction (so called) that brother SAM [BRICKEY] appealed to and together they quietly selected LINZA BLANKENBECKLER as their candidate and planned how to elect him.

The regular organization, of which W. E. MCDAVID was the head, went along with their

plans to hire a Mr. J. W. RAISOR, a recent arrival in the district from Owenton, Ky., apparently unsuspecting of any opposition of serious notice. This Mr. [J. W.] RAISOR was much older and more experienced and better educated than I and well qualified to teach and I think he had Mr. [W.E.] MCDAVID's promise to sign his contract - but that could not be done legally till after July 1st. Having to rely on trustee's words till July signing time added another hazard to the teacher's uncertainty and many times they found out too late the falsity of a trustee's word.

I do not recall that, beyond agreeing to teach if the trustees offered me the school, that I did anything only to stay quiet. I was not sure that SAM's [BRICKEY] candidate would be elected - I was not enthusiastic about it, anyway. Just before the election SAM [BRICKEY] was out occasionally and once at night and then he gave out that he had been to see a man on business. I learned later that it was to perfect the plans for getting out the vote - and when the election was over it was seen that a good job had been done.

Several of the regular organization were absent on election day and so did not vote. Someone, seeing how the election was going - it was an open ballot - sent for Uncle SAM MCDAVID and he came hurriedly but the polls were closed and he was too late. I have never forgotten the look of disgust and defeat on his face. I don't think it was because of feelings toward me, however, but it was the idea of being defeated and the thought that he had contributed to it by being late.

There was much ill feeling, mostly on the part of the regular organization, and it mounted as the voting came to a close. Much of this ill feeling was directed at me for I seemed to get the credit for all the under cover politicking that had been done. I talked to Mr. [J.W.] RAISOR and when he blamed me for a certain man's failing to keep his promised word. I truthfully denied that I had seen the man. I never knew whether the man had promised him or not. However, I learned later who had interfered in my favor. I doubt that Mr. [J.W.] RAISOR ever believed me. He never became friendly even after he got the Reedville school on my information and recommendation.

A Talk with J.W. Raisor and W.E. McDavid

When I learned of some of the misinformation Mr. MCDAVID had received, I invited him out of the crowd a few steps away and went over the same stories I had with Mr. [J.W.] RAISOR with practically the same result. However, he became less belligerent, but I don't believe he fully believed my explanation. Not knowing how I was situated it was hard for either [J.W.] RAISOR or Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID to understand that I wasn't the mainspring to the movement. They believed that I wanted the school and that I had worked shenanigans to get it - using SAM [BRICKEY] and some of the others as a screen.

Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID when he was angry often whittled with his pocket knife and when he went out to talk to me with his knife in his hand some of my friends held themselves ready to come to my aid had he made any move to attack me. I knew he was very angry, but feeling that I was innocent of the things he had in mind, I felt he should hear my side of the story. I did not hesitate to talk to him because I believed he was an honest and upright man and would listen to reason. Anyway, the election was over and a new trustee soon was sworn in and in due course we signed a contract and never had reason to complain of lack of cooperation for I got it from the first from most everybody.

The Teacher's Institute was held in Grayson in 1894. For some unknown reason my memory is almost blank on this . I remember but little about it - don't recall who was instructor. I believe JASPER N. RAMEY was County Superintendent of Schools. JOHN WOODS, afterwards a lawyer in Ashland, was agent and sold the teachers each a copy of Smith's History of Kentucky. I believe it was made required reading for all teachers. I still have mine with the lesson assignments in pencil.

Teaching Details

A Photograph

According to my old record book my school term at Deer Creek began on Monday, July 30th, 1894 and closed December 24th, 1894- Dec. 25th would have been the last day but as it was Christmas and a holiday there was no school. The record shows that the first two months

average attendance was 77+ and the average for the term was 55+ per day. There was a decided drop beginning with October - some were sick, some were home helping on the farm and some little ones dropped out on account of bad weather. So the average attendance looks low but I believe it was high compared with the average attendance of all the schools in the county. There was no truancy laws to compel people to send their children to school, so the record at Deer Creek was good considering circumstances and conditions.

My students varied in age from five to about twenty-five years. The legal age, I believe, was six to twenty - inclusive - but I took all who came. Our day was divided into 24 periods including morning and afternoon recess of 15 minutes each and one hour at noon intermission. Recitations ran ten to twenty-five minutes each. Sometimes I got help from older pupils with the lessons of the little ones. This was a relief to me when recitations dragged, as they would sometimes do what I would, and it was a help in training would-be teachers.

Several of my older pupils were then studying to become teachers. Among these were MONROE and JOHN FRANK MCDAVID, GEORGE WILCOX and ROSIE RICE. Also, several little ones were under age. Looking back now I hardly see how we got along together all in one room but we did and with a minimum of confusion - and I believe most of us enjoyed every day of it - I know I did.

In the early part of the term RILEY PENNINGTON came and made a group picture of the school and I still have my copy and I sometimes take a sort of nostalgic pleasure in looking at it and picking out and naming the dear familiar faces and figures of long ago. By a check in 1953 I found that more than one third of those pictured there are deceased. In the course of a school I had a tendency to forget the more serious work and progress and remember only the lighter things which diverted us briefly along the way. And so it is, that here and there, little incidents come back as I write of those days when, in the language of the past, "Our hearts were young and gay."

Tracy Loses an Apple

Eliza

One day TRACY HEABERLIN, who was then about 7 or 8, burst out suddenly in a loud cry and when I inquired as to the cause he tearfully told me that somebody had stolen the apple he had in his desk while he was away from it a few minutes. While I was searching for both the apple and the culprit JOHN FRANK MCDAVID spoke up and said, "TOM WILLIAMS" ate it; he's now licking his mouth." Of course TOM [WILLIAMS] denied it and I don't recall how I pacified TRACY [HEABERLIN] but I learned later that JOHN FRANK's [MCDAVID] shot had hit the bull's eye and TOM [WILLIAMS] and one of his chums - I believe BOONE WALKER, had eaten the apple, sure enough.

Another day I got the scare of my life while playing ball with a group of the bigger boys near the front of the school house. In striking at a pitched ball I carelessly let the bat slip from my hands and as it went whirling through the air it struck EUGENE HEABERLIN across his stomach and knocked him out momentarily. Luckily it struck crosswise and not end wise. Fortunately he was only slightly hurt - and what a relief!

During the progress of the school at Deer Creek, I began to give increasing attention to ELIZA MCDAVID, daughter of W. E. MCDAVID and his wife AMANDA STURGILL MCDAVID, now deceased. I had always had a very friendly feeling for her since our school days together in the old log school house. She was young then but I had kept her in my thoughts over the intervening years. When she was fourteen her mother died and left her to care for a baby sister, BERTHA [MCDAVID], only a few weeks old, and as she was the oldest of the girls, the burden of the housekeeping for a motherless family, in great measure, fell on her. However, the baby lived only a few months, but long enough that ELIZA [MCDAVID] continued to feel a mother's grief for it all her life.

Death and Burial of Amanda McDavid

The day before Mrs. [AMANDA STURGILL] MCDAVID died was a beautiful and balmy February day and in the afternoon I had met [GEORGE] MONROE [MCDAVID] and JOHN FRANK [MCDAVID] and hunted with them in the woods between Bro. SAM's [BRICKEY] and

Mr. MCDAVID's and at the invitation had gone to stay overnight with them - not knowing that their mother was so seriously sick - and neither did they. I do not now remember that I went to bed that night. Anyway, becoming aware of the critical condition of Mrs. [AMANDA STURGILL] MCDAVID I was up most, if not all, night, and saw the poor little children wakened out of sleep and huddled about the fire after her death.

There was no undertaker in the country districts those days and no death certificates required before burial. WILLIAM WILCOX, a neighbor acted as undertaker and I helped him to "lay out" her body for preparation for burial - and he took measurements for making a coffin. This we did I believe just after daylight Feb. 21, 1891 - I think she had died perhaps a half hour before. Mr. [WILLIAM] WILCOX officiated at opening of the coffin at the burial, also,

Although there, I do not remember the date of the burial but presume it was the 22nd. It was a large burial service - many of their relatives and friends came and of course, as was the custom, almost every neighbor within easy distance around. The grave is upon a rather steep hill and as I went up I saw HERBERT [MCDAVID], then four, going alone having in some way become separated from the family, and carried him most of the way from there to the grave.

Mrs. [AMANDA STURGILL] MCDAVID was a lovely person and left her mark on her family and community and her influence was felt long after she was gone. I have felt honored that she was friendly to me from the first time I met her - and with my mother, have held her in reverence and high esteem.

A Boat Ride

A Cold Swim

October the 7th, 1894, was a beautiful Fall day and a ELIZA [MCDAVID] and her friend REBECCA BAILEY - JO we called her - went together and I took Bro. SAM's [BRICKEY] "Joe" boat and we all went for a ride on the mill pond which was about 100 feet wide and several miles long and in some places quite deep.

I think we went about two miles up river and back - we surely enjoyed the outing. The woods and cliff were so calm and peaceful looking. The trees dressed in their Fall coloring

were reflected in the limpid water which was as smooth as glass. Though we afterward had many boat rides and happy days together we always considered that the most perfect day of all and as long as ELIZA [MCDAVID] lived she remembered and spoke of it.

This mill pond was a favorite place of amusement and recreation for me. I have hunted in the woods along its shores, rode in boats on its surface, fished in its water. Once I went up the river two miles and stopped to look for paw paws, leaving a muzzle loading rifle in the stern of the boat and the boat not tied but only pulled up on the sandy beach. When I returned I found the boat floating out near the center of the river. In a flash I had to get that boat else both boat and gun be lost over the dam.

Without delay I shed my clothes and swam to it and brought it back. As it was October the water felt almost icy and pretty well chilled but had no ill effects from my forced swim. Seeking to learn what set the boat afloat I found Ring, the dog's tracks in the sand and I found he had run into the boat looking for me and so lifted the prow and as he ran out and jumped the boat was left to float away.

Boating Staves

Eliza and I get Married

One Fall I floated several hundred cull oak staves down from the woods, about two miles up the river, to SAM's [BRICKEY] and made stove wood of them. I would hurry home from school and paddle the boat to the loading place, climb the steep hillside and pitch the staves by hand, one at a time, down the bluff to the water's edge, pile in until about level with the gunwales and make for home.

It was hard work as the boat would be so deep in the water it rowed like a log. It was lonely but Ring followed along the shore or in the boat and did all he could to make it interesting. Near where I loaded staves there was an overhanging rock projecting thirty feet from shore. When I took a visitor for a boat ride I often went under that rock to give them a thrill. It was about 5 feet above low water and smooth like a ceiling.

ELIZA [MCDAVID] and I continued to keep company and so decided we should marry -

like others may have done - but I hope not many - for we had no home to go to and little money. I suppose we were very foolish - but we didn't think so. We were married on a cool but sunny afternoon the 6th of December, 1894, at her home, by the Rev. D. WOOD, then of Willard, Ky. There was an overflow crowd at the wedding but now I can name but a few: WILLIAM & BETTY HEABERLIN and children - EUGENE, TRACY, DWIGHT and maybe others; SAM & MOLLY MCDAVID and children - LESLIE and NORA and younger ones; ISAIAH and MARY (Aunt Sis) WILCOX and children - GEORGE, MINNIE, BARBARA, JOHN C. EVA and maybe more; JOHN D. and CAPITOLA MCDAVID and children, ARIZONA, WILLIE, MARTHA and maybe another. There were various other friends, neighbors and relatives. I (*unreadable*) supposed to remember all and I don't. Of my kin I believe Bro. SAM [BRICKEY] was all that was present.

The Charivari

School is out

After the wedding supper (dinner, if you wish) when all but a few guests had gone, and as it began to get dark, some intimation came to me that there would be charivari party along soon to serenade us and to try to kidnap me until I set up a treat according to their demands. I was advised to conceal myself until the party was over, but before I could act on the advice a great hullabaloo of noise broke loose - cow bells ringing, guns shooting and men yelling - until we could scarcely hear each other's voices. Round and round the house they went each in his way trying to make as much noise as he could. This lasted only a few minutes when the noise began to die down and in a short time had ceased until not a sound was heard. We waited thinking it a trick to catch me unawares should I go out of the house, but they were gone and did not come back - leaving all of us much puzzled by the sudden ending.

Some days later we learned that while the noise was on that one of the participants happened to pass near the stable and thought he heard a horse struggling and conceived the

thought that the horse had been shot accidentally by some of the party and so spread the word to the others. Nobody wanted to pay for a dead or crippled horse so, as they got the word, each, thinking that "discretion is the better part of valor," if he took time to think at all, made tracks leading away from there - and that broke the party - once and for all time.

According to my record the wedding was on a Thursday and there was no school next day. I think on Saturday ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I went over to SAM's [BRICKEY] and they made room for us during the remainder of the school and a while after that.

We continued on with the school and brought it to a close the day before Christmas. What kind of exercises we had I don't recall and have no record. I remember talking to those preparing to teach and the older ones among the others, giving them advice how to keep up their studies, but beyond a mental picture of a crowded school room - pupils and visitors - the rest seems to have faded out.

Family Genealogy

My Father, JAMES MASON, left me no record of his ancestors. He was born in Scott County, Virginia, May 4, 1811 and died in Kentucky Sept. 25, 1902. His mother was SALLY LEE TODD, a daughter of JAMES TODD of Va.

My Mother, CAROLINE BRICKEY MASON, was a daughter of NANCY PARISH (a daughter of COLIN PARISH and ELIZABETH (BETSY) LEE) and JARED BRICKEY and was born in Botetourt County, Virginia, April 20th, 1837 and died in Kentucky - Fielden, Elliott Co., January 1st, 1910 - of pneumonia.

My Grandfather, JARED BRICKEY, was born in Botetourt County, Va. April 30, 1799 and died near Fort Blackmore, Scott County, Va., Oct. 17, 1850. He was the son of PETER BRICKEY, an American Revolutionary Soldier, born April 10, 1761, perhaps in Bedford County, Va. - died in Botetourt County, Va. In 1836. He was a son of JARRET BRICKEY, born in Westmoreland County, Va., date unknown - died in Bedford County, Va., Will dated Oct. 25,

1790. He was a son of PETER BRICKEY who died in Westmoreland County, Va., leaving a Will dated Feb. 27, 1787. He is supposed to have been a son of a JOHN BRICKEY (JEAN BRIQUET who came to U. S. from Normandy, France, about 1682) who died in Westmoreland County, Va., about 1718.

Note: This list given below is taken from supposedly true records -

ELIZA JANE MCDAVID was born Feb. 1877, on Deer Creek, Carter County, Ky. and died at 1811 Pasadena Ave., Long Beach, Calif. January 6th, 1946 - in her sleep. She was a daughter of AMANDA RICE STURGILL [MCDAVID](a daughter of SOLOMON and REBECCA TOMPKINS STURGILL) born June 11, 1851 and died Feb. 21, 1891, and WILLIAM EDWARD MCDAVID, born Feb. 21, 1852 and died Nov. 15, 1913 of a cancer.

He was the son of SAMUEL MCDAVID (born in Va. 1822, died in Deer Creek, Carter County, Ky. in 1904) and ELIZABETH EASTHAM [MCDAVID]. SAMUEL MCDAVID was a son of GEORGE MCDAVID (born in Virginia in 1790- died in Carter County, Ky. in 1862) and MARY BLEVINS [MCDAVID]. GEORGE and MARY MCDAVID are buried on their old farm above Willard on the Little Fork under a monument to their memory. GEORGE MCDAVID's father was PATRICK MCDAVID, born in Donegal County, Ireland, 1752 - died in Va. - married MARTHA WILSON [MCDAVID] daughter of Col. SAMUEL WILSON of Staunton, Va. PATRICK MCDAVID was an American Revolution Soldier.

Babes in the Woods

Lexington Business College

After my term of school at Deer Creek was done I cast about for something to do. We were like the proverbial "Babes in the Woods" though ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] had had more practical training in home making than I had of making a living. Having had no business experience it was hard to get a place, as business was in doldrums. I neither knew where to find a job or how to make an approach to apply for one.

The Spring of 1894 I had answered an advertisement of a man in Portsmouth, Ohio, but, as the work required much soliciting I refused the offer. I have often wondered whether it

would not have made a great change in my future had I accepted it. He offered to train me but my timidity and negative outlook turned me away from what I needed greatly. At this time many young people - specially in small town and the country - were turning from farming and country pursuits and business colleges were advertising and working the situation hard - everywhere.

So, I left ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] at her father's and set out on a dark and freezing morning, the 24th of January, for Leon, the nearest railway station, on my way to Lexington. Snow covered the frozen ground and I was chilled till my teeth chattered, but I got safely aboard with my trunk and in due time was in the city and got a room and board with a Mr. DARNABY at 45 Constitution at \$3.50 per week and registered for a bookkeeping course at the Lexington Business College, on Main St., opposite and a little west of the Post Office. C. C. CALHOUN, a rising redhead, was principal and J. H. MCCALL was head teacher - the same Prof. [J.H.] MCCALL that was instructor at the Institute at Denton - 1893.

I soon got the run of things and, as the course was made for less advanced pupils than I, so I completed the work in about half the time allotted to it. In addition to bookkeeping I studied Commercial Law, English and penmanship - H. F. SPENCER taught penmanship. There were students from as far away as Mississippi, Georgia and Texas - and states between - and from different parts of Kentucky. I do not know that I ever met any of them after I left there - at times I saw some of their names in newspapers. The school was obligated to help us get places to work but nothing ever came of that for me. C. C. CALHOUN became a noted lawyer and got a big fee from the State of Kentucky for collecting a Civil War Claim against the U. S.

Boarding with the Fishbacks

My landlady having to move, I got board with the FISHBACK family at 54 W. Broadway. The quarters and food were not as good but the price the same. The family consisted of Mr. & Mrs. FISHBACK, MARY, JESSIE and SUSIE [FISHBACK]. Mr. FISHBACK was old and retired and spent most of his time working on puzzles or mathematical problems and took

great delight in “stumping” somebody on some catch problem. Mrs. FISHBACK was rather hefty and a great talker on whatever was the news topic of the day - dealing in personalities on occasion. MARY [FISHBACK] was in her middle twenties, perhaps, and ran the kitchen with the help of a colored girl about the cleaning. JESSIE [FISHBACK] was younger and was a glove clerk in a store on Main St., near the Courthouse. SUSIE [FISHBACK] was in school.

Mr. HUME, a hardware and stove salesman from Nashville, Tenn. clerked in a local store; E. J. LONG, TROY MILLS, Iowa; Mr. MALLONEE, New Canton, Tenn.; Mr. SOPER, Bergen, Ky., and I were all in business schools, and LESLIE SHROPSHIRE, a divinity student in Kentucky University - all these made up the household. We were a lively group. Mr. [E.J.] LONG and I were married and he had two or three children - but this was not known by the others.

While I was terribly lonely and homesick - especially for ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and the home folks, I had lots of work to do and that helped- of course we wrote often and kept in touch with the family news.

A Kentucky Sleet

Smallpox and Vaccination

One day in February there fell a heavy rain and with it there was a thunderstorm and flashing of lightning - which was unusual in Winter. This was followed by a light snow. This was in the forenoon and when we went out of the College at noon to go to lunch CLARENCE WHITINGTON, who was from Georgia, rushed out and onto the sidewalk ahead of me. No “sooner” ever got a bigger surprise, for when he stepped on the sidewalk his feet flew out and he sat down so hard that he lost his breath a moment and all desire to speed was jolted out of him.

Taking warning from him I stepped out slowly and then I saw a curious sight. All along Main Street were people, old and young, male and female, pitching and sliding, clutching and

falling. The sidewalk sloped toward the gutter and the street, then built with a crown in the center, sloped both ways toward the gutter, also, and so the gutter was the only place it was half-way safe to walk - & it had long rows of pedestrians.

Many of those wanting to cross a street got down on hands and knees on the frozen sleet and crept over. I crossed Main Street that way. A Mr. HUGHES, a fellow student, laughed at me for crawling and started over upright eating an orange but when he reached center and started down the slope his feet left him and with a loud cry he threw away his orange and slid into the gutter. I have a lively memory of that dignified and fashionable city under embarrassing circumstances - indeed. The rain and snow had frozen as they fell thus making the street into a solid glare of ice lasting several hours.

One day it became known that Lexington had Smallpox in its midst and that it would be likely to spread until the city would be put under quarantine. There was considerable excitement and some people left the city and others were preparing to go. We students were discussing the situation, but before many had decided what to do, the city sent a Doctor WITHERSPOON to vaccinate all students in our school that could not show a fresh scar from a previous vaccination - so we were caught - and as a result there were sore arms in every school in the city before it was over.

Smallpox and Vaccination

A Trip Home and Return

Mr. LONG was the first one of our bunch to commence to feel the effect of the inoculation - and seeing his badly swollen arm and hearing his groans and complaints of his aching head and bones and high fever, I decided to go back to Rosedale till I would be well of it. The evening before I left Mr. LONG spoke up in the presence of Mr. MALLONEE, and said "I wish I was at home with my wife and babies." MALLONEE answered, "Yes, I guess you do." LONG said, "Yes, I do." "I am married and have a wife and babies. Ask MASON, he is married, too." When MALLONEE turned on me I said, "Sure, I am married." We knew

MALLONEE was a gossip and that he would be delighted to give this tidbit to the household at the first chance - and it was OK with Mr. LONG and me but I thought, "There goes my hot cakes and biscuits," and so it was.

MARY FISHBACK was sweet on Mr. HUME and when she brought in food from the kitchen to the table she offered it to him first and then to the others. After a time I noticed that when JESSIE [FISHBACK] brought in food she offered it to me first. Now, I had no intention of having an affair with JESSIE [FISHBACK] but, as the food was never over plentiful - though I suppose enough - and sometimes not enough to satisfy my young appetite, I accepted what was offered with my thanks and kept quiet.

One morning as I went out on my way to school JESSIE [FISHBACK] met me at the hall door and we walked together down the street to where she worked which was on my route to school. I suppose I should have said something about being married but I didn't and I never was with her alone after that - now see what my silence brought me.

I went home about the 24th of Feb. and returned to Lexington and FISHBACK's about Mar. 6th. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] had gone back to Bro. SAM's [BRICKEY] and I went there. My arm was much swollen and I had much fever and my bones ached and I was miserable for about 10 days. Dr. HORTON said that it was really a light case of Smallpox. I guess it did good for I have had exposures to Smallpox without taking it. I felt the effects a long time.

I Lose My Hot Biscuits

We Boarders Scatter

Well, when I got back to FISHBACK's and opened the livingroom door Mrs. FISHBACK took a quick look and burst out, "Oh, Mr. MASON, we've caught up with you." Instantly I knew MALLONEE had gossiped but I pretended I didn't understand and asked her what she meant and that embarrassed her - but after hesitating she coyly told me what MALLONEE had told about me and Mr. [E. J.] LONG - and then asked me why I hadn't told that I was married.

I said that the subject had not come up. Nobody had asked me and I didn't say anything. "What should I do? Go around saying, 'I am married!' Maybe people wouldn't care to know whether I am married or not." Then I had to answer Mrs. FISHBACK's questions - how long had I been married - was my wife beautiful and other things I now have forgotten. After that JESSIE [FISHBACK] brought me the biscuits and hot cakes last.

Mr. MALLONEE finished his schooling and left Feb. 27th while I was away. Mr. SOPER went Mar. 9th and Mr. [E. J.] LONG the 14th. Then I had to move in with Mr. [LESLIE] SHROPSHIRE and my diary says, "I am as much annoyance, if possible, to him as he is to me." I have a Certificate of Scholarship granted me by the College Mar. 7th, 1896, and I got a diploma later, but I have no recollection of my last days in school or my departure.

An old letter dated Mar. 25 says, "Meet me at Leon tomorrow," - so I suppose that was the day I got home. The memory surely plays one tricks. My leaving the College and boarding house and separating from all my new friends and acquaintances should have left some memory but I can recall nothing, but some trivial incidents I remember clearly.

Goodloe & Swope

Henry Clay Home

John H. Flanary

While in Lexington I was often in the Post Office and saw in the floor the marker showing where Goodloe and Swope, two rival Republican politicians, killed each other about Dec. 1892. Swope shot Goodloe who cut Swope with a spring knife which had been given to Goodloe by his grandfather Gen. Cassius M. Clay.

One day as I came out of this P.O. a large and handsome man was standing on the steps talking to another man apparently not a Kentuckian. As he dilated on the many fine qualities of the state, he closed with this sentence, "I tell you that this is God's Country." I have often thought of this incident - the man - his appearance and his tribute to his state. Kentucky should be noted for its magnificent men as much so as for its beautiful women and fast horses.

I visited "Ashland" the old home of Henry Clay - at that time (1895) it was east of the city of Lexington. As I recall it is a two story brick house almost covered with ivy. I did not enter.

The property seemed to be well preserved and in good condition. The old stables and Negro cabins were on the grounds nearby. I suppose the property is now within the present city limits.

I also visited Henry Clay's monument in the cemetery - at the north side of the city. It is the most prominent object there - and stands 120 ft high with a 14 ft. Statue of Henry Clay on top. He and his wife are entombed within the base of it. In July 1903 the statue was decapitated by lightning but was restored later. The monument is visible from the surrounding country and is to me an inspiring sight.

JOHN W. FLANARY, former Supt. of Schools in Elliott County, called on me at FISHBACK's one Sunday and I went with him to see his fine office in the Internal Revenue Department where he was employed. To a "hill billy" like me the office was the height of luxury. This office was in connection with a Distillery and was a bad place for a drinker - and friend [JOHN W.] FLANARY was a drinker. I came near becoming a bookkeeper there but it fell through - maybe it was a good thing for me - but I did not drink.

Woman Triumphant

Cheapside

The Teacher and...

Mr. [JOHN W.] FLANARY went with me to the Courthouse and we admired together the beautiful marble statue called "Woman Triumphant" sculptured by Joel T. Hart of Kentucky in Italy. The attendant said the women of Lexington subscribed \$5,000.00 and brought it from Italy as a gift to the city of Lexington. The figure was life size representing a woman holding up a broken arrow while cupid with his bow and empty quiver stood at her feet.

There was a splendid equestrian statue of John C. Breckinridge standing in Cheapside on west side of the Courthouse and a marble bust of William T. Barry on the Main St. side. This John C. Breckinridge was the youngest man ever to be elected Vice President of the United States - 36 at the time. The Courthouse has since burned and the sculpture destroyed.

This short street, "Cheapside," was the scene of the sale of "King Solomon of Kentucky" in Dr. James Lane Allen's story, "Flute and Violin and Other Kentucky Tales." Also, of the fight

between the school master and the wildcat.

As I recall the story the first school house built in what is now the city of Lexington was on Cheapside. One morning the master was behind his desk preparing copy for his students, as was the custom in those days, when he heard a noise and looked to see a fierce wildcat standing in the door staring at him - and as he rose to his feet, it rushed forward and leaped upon his breast and seized him with its fangs and tore at his clothes and flesh with its long claws. Unable to defend himself he was rapidly being torn to pieces when he turned to his high table desk and bending over he bore down on the animal's body so as to shut off its breathing.

...and the Wildcat

A Visit to Insane Asylum

The cries of the wildcat and those of the master soon brought a neighbor woman running to the door and, as she looked on, she said, "Mr. McKinney, what in the world is the matter?" About then he stood up with the dead wildcat clinging to him and showed it to her. According to the story the services of a doctor were required to remove the wildcat's fangs, as they had caught between the master's ribs and had to be pried loose. This story was in the old school History of Kentucky. The schoolmaster's name I remember was John McKinney.

Before leaving Lexington CLARENCE WHITTINGTON and I went out to the State Asylum for the Insane. DAN WAGONER, husband of MARINDA [BRICKEY WAGONER], one of Uncle PARISH BRICKEY's daughters, was confined there, and I felt that I should try to see him while I was so near. The meeting was a shock to me - as he had wasted away to a remnant of the strong and robust man I had formerly known and his mind was gone and he showed no sign of recognition when he saw me and heard my name- and I thought, "It is better for one to be dead than to be in that condition." He lived only a short time after that.

After seeing [DAN] WAGONER, CLARENCE [WHITTINGTON] and I walked around the building. There was a small Negro man shoveling coal for the furnace and we were told he was an inmate but a mild case. His kinky hair was woven through and through with red wool

thread, giving him a comical look - and we had some good laughs about it. Years afterward I read that the superstitious Negroes in the South put red woolen thread in their hair to ward off evil spirits.

As we went on we got calls from inmates from the second story. Several times we were invited to come up to a party. They called us by names, of their choosing, and told us of their friends, naming them, and of what a good time we would have - but when they saw we were going away then swore at us and called us bad names. That part was awful.

Napoleon

Limestone Water

We Move

As we were leaving the Asylum's beautiful grounds, we met a dapper old gentleman near the outer gate with a magazine in hand and we entered into conversation with him. After a very pleasant talk we turned to go on when, without any warning, he suddenly said, "I am Napoleon!" and from that went into a wild harangue about what he was preparing to do and naming the people who he said were associated with him in his affairs. He was one of the inmates who was considered harmless and was allowed the run of the grounds. There had been a revival of Napoleonic literature that winter and perhaps he had been reading some of it.

The city of Lexington is underlaid with limestone and that imparts a peculiar taste to the water. As I came from a section where sandstone and soft water are predominant I never became accustomed to the limestone taste. About the last ramble I took before I left was out West Broadway to the country. It was a beautiful soft sunny day and I got hot and thirsty. In a railroad cut I found a beautiful spring running from a basin hewed in the rock - and I kneeled down and drank in the cold clear water - till I got the taste - that slimy sickening taste. Good night!

After I came from Lexington in March, 1895, I spent several weeks trying to get a place either as a bookkeeper or as a teacher in a business school. As usual being short of funds I depended on the mail and the result was that I got neither job. Meanwhile I helped SAM [BRICKEY] on the farm a few weeks and then, as we were a bit crowded, we got room and

board of a neighbor, DAVID BALEY, for the spring and summer. I worked on the farm and ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] helped with the housework. It was a good home for us, as the work was not hard and we had lots of room and BALEYs set a table fit for a king. "A fat kitchen makes a lean will," so said Poor Richard's Almanac and the BALEYs proved it - as they never accumulated much.

Aunt "Sis" Baley

I lose a Fish Trap

The family consisted of "Uncle" DAVE [BALEY] and "Aunt" MARY [BALEY] - or "Sis" as she was called. He was then about sixty, perhaps, and she over fifty - their daughter, REBECCA [BALEY], or "JO" as she was called, about twenty one; a son MATT [BALEY], by a former wife (who was a sister to the present wife) and MOLLIE BAYS, a relative, about twenty five and very fleshy. JIM BALEY, a nephew, and "COON" BAYS, MOLLIE's [BAYS] brother, were transient members.

The main part of the house was two stories with a one story all bedroom and kitchen-dining room. There were two wide porches with puncheon floors. The house walls were of hewed logs and the roof of split oak board. The BALEY's had many visitors and fed out their substance to friends and strangers in unselfish hospitality. I trust that their reward was as liberal.

ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I often went fishing on Saturdays down to Horton's Mill and Mrs. [MARY "AUNT SIS"] BALEY liked to go along. In a way she was the best fisherman I ever knew. She would fish all day and enjoy it and go home cheerful and smiling whether she caught a fish or not. We would get restless and move about if we got no bites, but not "Aunt Sis" [BALEY] - she fished for the fun of it.

ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON], JO [BALEY] and MOLLIE [BAYS] enjoyed being together and often worked up practical jokes on me and others. I started a fish trap in the woods near the house and one day it disappeared. I found what appeared to me to be boot tracks and when I reported my loss of the trap I emphasized my ideas on thievery and speculated on the

identity of the culprit who should be a wearer of high-heeled boot. After I had sweated over this a while they said they had hid my trap and that what I took for boot tracks were tracks made by MOLLIE's [BAYS] high-heeled shoes. I wouldn't believe till I went and found my trap where they had hid it up in a sapling. It was a long time before I heard the last of that.

Uncle Dave Baley helps out....

The Little Sandy River while not navigable to steamboats was a waterway to bring down timber from the upper country of Carter and Elliott Counties - mostly during the freshets of spring, but occasionally in the summer or Fall. Timber and staves were usually run loose - that is not bound together in rafts - and a medium rise was preferred to either a low or high tide as there was less loss from straying and sinking. Real high tides would leave much logs and staves lodged among the trees and bushes along the banks which were retrieved at much cost. A small summer freshet was least desired as the tide soon ran out and left timbers and staves stranded before they reached the Log Boom at Leon where they could be marketed.

One summer while I lived at SAM's [BRICKEY] there came a rainy spell and the river rose a few feet and upstream a "Drive" of poplar logs were rolled into the river and a "Drive" of oak staves were put in following after. As the rise was small and not kept up by prolonged rain, many logs were trapped above Horton's Mill dam and lay wedged together for some distance up river and when the staves came they were completely stopped and covered the surface of the mill pond a mile or more upstream.

The stove drivers wanted to go on with their staves, so they put their men to work opening a way through the log jam by pulling out logs and fastening them in such a way that a driveway was left for the staves which would then be guided through and on over the dam by men with spiked poles. Opening the way was tedious work, as boats had to be used, and they were hard to handle with oars or paddles - that was before the gas engine - and it was a hot summer day. "Uncle" DAVE BALEY came along and seeing the men working stopped to see what they were doing. He soon saw that the men were not doing as he thought they should, so

he volunteered advice. They invited him to come and show them how.

...and takes an Involuntary Dip

Now, I do not believe he was a professed Christian but he was very set against working on Sunday - and this was Sunday. However, the temptation was too much for him as he said, "All right, boys, I'll help you, but, by Gesh, I won't get wet. I have the rumatiz and it would kill me to get wet." They told him he didn't have to get wet but just show them how to do the work.

There might have been a sly plot back of this - in view of what soon happened. He went out on the floating logs which were practically stationary until some were pulled out making room for play. Then the log on which he was standing began to move and turn. Now, poplar logs float higher than other logs and are more mobile and quick to roll underfoot.

"Uncle" DAVE's [BALEY] mind was on the work, so when his log started to turn he just stepped onto another log, which, being loose, soon began turning, so he stepped back to his first log - and before he realized what was happening the two logs were turning inward toward each other and at the same time drifting apart sidewise and he was caught jumping from one to the other till the space between them was so wide that he missed and went down between them and, as he came up, he threw out an arm and caught over one and pulled himself up astride it and gave a loud, "Whoopee!"

I have not forgotten how comical he looked as he sat on that log. His straw hat had floated away and his bald head was glistening with water and his plump body revealed by his clothing stuck to his skin - his face lit up with a smile - "By Gesh, boys, I wouldn't have got wet for anything." We all had a good laugh and he went on helping and if the wetting did him any harm, I never heard of it. And that is a sample of "Uncle" DAVE BALEY - who, though he could not read or write, was a good citizen and our very good friend. As "Aunt SIS" [BALEY] could read he deferred to her on most everything and they lived in such harmony, as I have seldom witnessed in others.

One day in late summer, 1895, W. D. HORTON came to BALEY's and told me that I could have the Maddix School, if I wanted it, so I met with the trustees, of which Mr. HORTON and HENRY WALLACE, I believe, were two and the other I do not now recall, and signed up to teach the five months term. The Maddix school was about two miles N. W. from Horton's Mill and stood on a hill top. We got board & room at the home of Mrs. WILLIAMS, a widow, near the school. Besides Mrs. WILLIAMS there was her bachelor son, SEXTON [WILLIAMS], then in his fifties, perhaps, and her daughter SARAH [WILLIAMS] LESTER, a divorcee, and her daughter, MAY [LESTER], about thirteen. We made up a very harmonious family.

Maddix was a small school and paid less than Deer Creek, which I lost while trying for other employment. We had a very pleasant term, even if we didn't get much money. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] went along and took part in classes and helped with the teaching which was good for both of us. The pupils here were well behaved, generally, and gave me no serious trouble. I have no record of dates of opening or closing or daily attendance but I remember that it was good until bad weather set in - and progress was fair. I have about fifty of the children's names in my old record book. We found most of the parents friendly and cooperative and I still recall pleasant memories of our contacts there.

After the school closed we bid the WILLIAMS family goodbye and shortly thereafter ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I went up to Fielden in Elliott County and spent the winter visiting among my relatives - but spent most of the time at JAMES and MARY GREEN's and at CALVIN and LIZZIE SPARKS'. While there I sold enlarged family pictures - but money was too scarce to make much profit. - besides I was not a salesman. I made a trip to Ashland trying for a job with Henderson Hardware Co., without success. Business was poor and inexperienced help was not wanted.

This was in what Republicans called "Cleveland's Panic" and things were bad. This brings to mind that during the summer in 1894, while I was visiting at Cousin WILSON and

MARTHA WRIGHT's on the Little Sandy River in the edge of Grayson I saw stragglers from the famous Coxe's Army - the main body had gone on. They were a sorry looking lot - and I doubt that any of these reached Washington.

We Return to Rosedale & Set Up in the Raiser House

We enjoyed our stay at Fielden so much we did not leave for Rosedale till about April. I have wondered since how they put up with us so long, but they seemed to want us to stay even longer - and we were sorry to leave. When we got ready to go we found we had acquired several hundred pounds of "plunder" - furniture, bedding and groceries - some by purchase - some by gift.

I had gone back in the Wallow Hole hills and hired ANDY STEPHENS to make a set of chairs, including a rocker, with hickory bark bottoms - at a cost of about 40 to 80 cents each - I don't remember exactly. These we brought with the other things and used them till we came to Calif. in 1914 - should have brought them along. They were almost like new and would be worth something now - but I sold them for more than the first cost. I hired JESSE LYON with a pair of horses and a jolt wagon to haul our things from Fielden to Rosedale. Don't recall much of the trip or our arrival or his departure for his home - nor how much I paid him - seems odd how it all got away from me.

We set up housekeeping in a cottage on what was called the "Raiser Place," then owned by JAMES L. KITCHEN at the rent of thirty dollars a year, as I remember it, with a well for water and a garden patch - I remember I raised a row of tomatoes trained up on a frame 8 feet high and we had them for months and they were loaded with fruit when a freeze killed them. By my ineptness or something I failed to get a school so we made little money this year. I sold some books and campaign literature and pictures - this was the year of Bryan and Free Coinage of Silver at the ratio of 16 to 1 against William McKinley with High Tariff and the Gold Standard - in which McKinley won. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] sold books for children. The Presidential race was hot and much excitement was

generated. Many men were out of work and so crowds attended the political gathering. I never got worked up over Bryan and his theories. I still think he was a good man and some of his ideas were good - though ahead of the time. Still I voted for him and against the interests which opposed him - but I never thought well of the "Free Silver" plan.

Bryan and Free Silver

Fighting on the Gimlet Creek Front

While at one of the political gatherings on a little creek called Gimlet I was caught in an affair which demonstrated how a Kentucky feud could perform. The place was mostly in woods through which the little creek ran. I was standing with a roll of campaign pictures of William Jennings Bryan under my arm talking to a prospective purchaser when suddenly a young man rode up on a big mule and spoke to a man near me with his coat over his arm - it was a very hot day. The man answered and then the man on the mule struck the man with the coat over his arm, a Mr. HARPER, with a large hickory switch with all his power and at the same time using violent language directed at the man.

As the man with the coat , HARPER, moved to defend himself he was struck on the top of the head with a fist-sized sandstone by the man on the mule. The rock must have been soft for it burst and pieces scattered among us who were standing near. Just then a man rushed up by me and with the dry limb of a tree about five feet long reached over the shoulder of a man and whacked a man on the top of his head and, as the man dashed at him with a knife in his hand, he whirled and ran down a bank into a little amphitheater shaped bottom and tripping over his club fell on his face and, as the man with the knife reached him, he turned on his back and lay there while the man stuck his knife in his breast - how many times I don't know. I turned away, as I couldn't bear the sight, and when I looked again, the man arose and wiped his knife blade, shut it, put it in his pocket and walked a few steps and stopped and faced back toward his victim who was still lying on the ground. Just then a man to my right threw a rock across the little bottom at the man with the knife, who dodged, and the rock hit another man above an ear and he went staggering off across the creek.

Fighting on the Gimlet Creek Front

As I watched the man, as he staggered away, a pistol was fired twice near to my right and realizing that bullets have no eyes I made a bee line for a stone chimney standing a few steps away. Evidently others had the same idea for there was a line of men headed in that direction. We got behind it and the firing ceased and the crowd quieted down. I ventured to see what I could see.

About the first man I met was the man who had been struck by the switch across his back and by the sandstone on the top of his head, HARPER. I couldn't see the mark of the switch but blood from his wounded head had run down and caked in his hair and on his neck and shirt. He seemed unconscious of it, as he walked forth and back like a caged lion, as if he were looking for more fighting.

A little further I saw the man who had been stabbed in the breast. He had been carried a short distance and lay breathing what I thought would be his last few breaths - great bubbles gathered on his wounds and moved at every breath and blood covered his breast and clothes. A few feet away lay his brother, also seriously wounded by a knife. A little further on lay another man with two bullets in his thigh and across the creek they were trying to bring in the man struck by the rock above his ear.

Later, I learned the identity of most of the happenings were never cleared up. The most part of the fight was between three of the WHITT family and two of the HARRIS' - who were the ones who were cut with knives. One of the WHITTs was shot and another hit above his ear with a rock according to the story later, D. WHITT started the fight with HARPER and stabbed one of the HARRIS' when HARRIS interfered. (This HARPER was struck by the switch and also the sandstone). I have heard that they were all related. All of the participants recovered - which greatly surprised me.

Poor but Happy

Herbert Spills His Coffee

We lived about a half mile from the river and many times that summer we went fishing - sometimes at night. I kept a boat so we fished at various places. We were as poor as the proverbial Job's Turkey, but I think we were about as happy as we ever were anywhere. We took our neighbors, JOHN WARRICK and his wife, one night - and greatly enjoyed their quaint talk. They were from the headwaters of Big Sandy River, illiterate and superstitious. They didn't stay long with us as the darkness and the night noises seemed to make them nervous.

While we were getting in the boat, Mr. [JOHN] WARRICK discovered a bullfrog and he called it a "Torn down bloody thing" and we first thought it had blood on it and then learned that it was only his way of expressing himself - and for years afterwards we used the expression in a laughing way. After WARRICKs went home I caught a 20 inch catfish and it flopped into our fire up on the bank and we almost had live fried fish.

ELIZA's [MCDAVID MASON] brother HERBERT [MCDAVID] had been bitten by a rat and contracted a bad case of fever and after he got better he was brought over to stay a few days with us. He was lots of fun for us. One morning he was at breakfast and contrary to ELIZA's [MCDAVID MASON] wishes he was sitting in a rocker which was low - and he had to reach up to handle his food and drink. This time he had a cup of coffee hot from the pot and in moving it overturned it and it spilled (*unreadable*) on his trousers which were loose. He instantly sprang up with the cry, "Lord ha' Mercy, Liza, I'm ruint!" We went to his relief and soon found he was not seriously burned - but we got a hearty laugh out of it.

John Catches a Fish

An Awkward Fall

He wanted to go fishing and one day his brother JOHN FRANK [MCDAVID] came and we three went to the river at the mouth of Harper's Branch. The river was muddy so many small fishes had gathered at the Branch mouth in the clearer water - neither JOHN [FRANK MCDAVID] nor HERBERT [MCDAVID] had had fishing experience and while I got

HERBERT's [MCDAVID] hook baited and told him how to fish JOHN FRANK [MCDAVID] got his hook in and got a bite. With a hard jerk he slung the fish about 20 feet overhead and back through forks of a tree and on into the branch water above us. HERBERT [MCDAVID] and I had some good laughs over this but not in JOHN's [FRANK MCDAVID] presence. JOHN [FRANK MCDAVID] soon got the elements of fishing, however, and we soon got our fish.

We got a laugh at my expense, a little later, which might have been the last. I had bought a sulky (cart) of Sears-Roebuck & Co. a few years before, for about \$10.00, and enough harness to hitch it to a horse and in the spring of this year I bought a young horse of racing blood, called Dexter, for \$60.00, giving my note for most of it to Mrs. BALEY, who had raised him. Uncle DAVE [BALEY] had trained the horse to work most anyway and we rode or drove him most everywhere we went. One morning I started to the post office, which was about two miles away, and went by the boat landing to see if I had a fish on some hooks I had set.

Finding no fish I continued along the river in the direction of the P.O. but on a path among the trees. Suddenly the horse came to a dip of several feet in the path and before I realized the situation he went down into it, and as he did so an overhanging limb literally pushed me backward out of the saddle and I landed astride his heels he started to jump but before he made his spring I called, "Whoa" loudly and he stopped instantly and stood trembling while I talked to him and found my feet. I was soon in the saddle again and on my way - I hope some wiser and more cautious. Mr. [DAVE] BALEY taught all his horses to stop at the word, Whoa - otherwise, I hate to think what would have happened to me. I have always been thankful to God that I was saved from my carelessness - not only in this instance but many others.

Trav Horton Dies and I am Placed in the Store

About the first of Jan. 1897 TRAVIS D. HORTON, who was a brother to W. C. HORTON, and ran his store by the mill, took an overdose of Morphine, whether by intent or

otherwise is not known, and after lingering a few days, died. As he had had sole charge of the store and all its accounts it was rather difficult for W. C. [HORTON] to take over and so he called me in to help under his direction.

Accordingly we moved into a cottage alongside the store about the middle of January and lived there about four years. I owed Mr. KITCHEN \$10.00 on my rent and not having the money sold him my muzzle loading rifle - to pay it. Many times I have regretted this. The rifle was made by DAVID LESTER in Lawrence County for his own use and later sold to MENIFEE SPARKS and he sold it to me - I think \$10.00 was the price in each sale. Now, it would be worth many times that. It was a beautiful gun with a full length curly maple stock.

The salary I got was not sufficient to supply us with anything more than the necessities - I am ashamed to state the amount. In the circumstances I suppose I didn't earn much. Business was still in a bad way. Trade was mostly on account or for country produce and prices were so low much of it was not worth handling. I remember that eggs got down to five and six cents. Accounts were often hard to collect and as W. C. [HORTON] used to say, "They want to pay in chips and what (*unreadable*) picked up in the woodyard."

Neither W. C. [HORTON] nor I had had store experience so we didn't make a success and I have never taken much satisfaction from my work there. However, if we made but little we lost less, which was about average, I guess. A lot of other stores did not do as well. I now feel that we were not observant as we should have been and I did not apply myself to the job as I might have - not through laziness exactly, but through lack of vision. Mother used to say, "There's none as blind as he who will not see." Maybe that describes me - and I lacked business training.

We were as happy here as people in our very limited circumstances could be. We had visitors oftener than we could care for them. The cottage was a rather poor excuse for a house but we were not in a position to complain so we made the best of it. Perhaps, if we had not been so easy we might have done better, though.

Here ERNEST [MASON] was born Jan. 5, 1898 and ALLEN [MASON] Sept. 1, 1899. Note: DANIEL [BRICKEY] and perhaps EMMET BRICKEY were born in this house, also. As was the custom we had no medical doctor, but called in MARY HALE, a mid-wife who lived two or more miles away. She was a great talker and very superstitious - and I teased her by making up things to hear her comments. She was not lazy and so kept the housework up while ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] was in bed. Mid-wives usually came a few days before and stayed several days after a birth and did the housework while there - for this they got as high as five dollars, sometimes - maybe more. Is it any wonder that the mid-wives have died off?

Mrs. [MARY] HALE, about this time was having trouble with a neighbor - an old man named EITSON (pronounced It-son). He was trying to steal her girl then about sixteen. I don't know just what was done, but I believe she got him in jail once. I don't think he got the girl, but if not, he got another, for several years afterward he came to my store in Cannonsburg and told me he was living at Rush, Ky., and that he and his young wife had a houseful of children - I believe 10 or 11. He was wearing a patriarchal beard and though stooped slightly he looked strong and healthy - though perhaps near 80 - and his first set of children grandparents.

ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] had various girls to stay and help with the children and housework and would come in and help me in the store when needed. She was much help to me, specially in handling cloth and notions. I was left handed in both hands, at first, and could not fold up a decent bundle of dry goods or measure yardage without having the cloth all over the counter. REBECCA, EASCIE & EMMA [MCDAVID] would come over occasionally, one at a time, and stay a few days. They enjoyed being with ERNEST [MASON] and ALLEN [MASON]. We also had LAURA SMITH, CORA FISHER, NAZZIE STURGILL, ELIZA's cousin, and others. Cousin HAYDEN BRICKEY's daughter, ZELDENA [BRICKEY], was with us a while, I believe in the summer of 1898 and Aunt ADELIN [WRIGHT] came down from Sandy Hook to visit at Bro. SAM's [BRICKEY] and with us while ZELDENA [BRICKEY],

her granddaughter, was there. This, I believe was the last time we saw Aunt ADELINE WRIGHT.

Allen Choked on a Ring

The Masonic Lodge

We had little trouble with the children, usually. ERNEST [MASON] learned to crawl out the door and across the porch and up the store steps and on into the store and so had to be watched. He was pretty sick once and we had Dr. TABOR with him several days. ALLEN [MASON] was not sick much, but one day we left him in the living room quietly sitting and amusing himself with a large finger ring on the floor while we were in the kitchen - when ALICE SAMMONS, who was visiting ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] that day, stepped into the living room and saw ALLEN [MASON] flat on his back and black in the face. She grabbed him up and slapped him on the back and the ring popped out of this mouth. A little more time and he would have been choked to death.

While at Horton's store I joined Little Sandy Lodge No. 712, F. & A. M. which had recently been built near the mouth of Clifty, and was an active member and became lecturer before I left. I intended to dimit to Grayson but moved to Cannonsburg before my request had been acted upon, so I carried over to Cannonsburg - but not liking the reception I got there, I sent my papers back to the Little Sandy Lodge and made no other request to transfer to any other lodge. For non-payment of dues my name was dropped - and so it remains. BERNARD CRAIG and son, JAMES B. CRAIG, WILLIAM KNIPP, VASTINE -BLEDSOE and LUKE CARROLL were leading members. There were others whose names I do not recall.

I grow a Mustache

A gigging we would go

During these days I wore a mustache not heavy but long - in fact I could hook the curl over my ears. I had no frames made of it, for which I am sorry, for it would be something to

look at, now. I got tired of it dipping into everything I drank, so got a mustache cup for a while - then one day I shaved it off and put my face around the door post to let ERNEST [MASON] take a look - one startled glance was enough and he ran to his mother and wouldn't come to me for more than a day afterward. I raised another crop but it would not grow long again, so after we went to Cannonsburg I shaved it off and have done so ever since.

While we lived at Horton's store DAN and JIM MCDAVID came to see us often - and we went fishing together. One night in spring we three went gigging for fish. Fish seem to be blinded by a light at night, so we got green wood sticks five or six feet long and wrapped the small ends with burlap sacks to a good size bundle and wired it fast, filled a gallon jug with kerosene, picked up our long handled gig and set out for the long riffle a short distance down river.

Once there we poured kerosene on two bundles and set them afire - and waded in three abreast - JIM [MCDAVID] in the middle and DAN [MCDAVID] and I - one on each side with a torch. As we slowly waded upstream our eyes set on the riverbed we all got set on the same object and DAN [MCDAVID] and I held our breaths, as JIM [MCDAVID] brought the gig closer and closer to the fish which lay quite still on the gravelly bottom. Just as we were expecting to see the reward for all our preparation and labor JIM [MCDAVID] gave a little shove to the gig and like a flash the fish was gone - leaving us three standing there with open mouths - JIM [MCDAVID] surprised that it was a fish and us that he had not speared it, and all of us much disgusted with the whole thing. We never found another good fish that night and a few days afterward one of Bro. SAM's [BRICKEY] boys caught this same fish, I am sure, as it had the mark of the gig on its back. DAN [MCDAVID] and I fished together often but we never caught many fish. Something always seemed to go wrong.

Once when the river was low and muddy we set a trot line and got the biggest channel cat on it we ever saw but lost it as we tried to land it in the boat. We discovered after it was too late that in some way unknown to us our gaff hook had been dulled and so glanced off the slippery skin of the fish.

Dan and I Try Our Hands at Blasting Fish

At another time we decided, as our luck was so poor fishing and gigging, we would try another way. We got a gallon jug and filled it with powder - attached a long waterproof fuse - hid ourselves to a deep place near a big elm tree near the lower end of Mr. Horton's big bottom field, shed our clothes, carefully placed the jug of powder and brought the end of the fuse ashore, lit it and hid behind the big elm and waited while the cold wind blew and gooseflesh covered our bodies and limbs. Little wisps of smoke continued to rise slowly from the water while we shivered there picturing the big fish that would rise to be gathered in by us. At last there was a dull muffled sound followed by an upheaval of water a foot or two in height and perhaps five feet across - a few waterlogged leaves and sticks - a little muddy water - a few little waves circling away to the farther shore - then silence and absolutely no fish.

It may be doubted that we even dared to look at each other while we dressed and shamefacedly made our way home. It was unlawful to kill fish by explosives, but we were not afraid - we had not killed any. We felt pretty bad about this till we heard what happened to our friends HENRY MCDAVID and GEORGE ADAMS. They tried the same plan - but they had to travel about five miles with their jug and after selecting what was considered one of the best holes in the river (The Sammons Hole) they put down their jug, lighted their fuse and hid - and waited - and waited - with never a sign of explosion - let alone fish - then they dragged themselves home to their waiting families. It may not be exactly Christian but we bore our bad luck with better grace after we heard of theirs.

A Fish Trap is found

A Homing Pig

At another time they built a trap and put in the Horton Mill pond about two miles up river from the dam. One day soon afterward they came by and showed me several large catfish

which they let me know had come from their trap. Then came a sudden summer rise and washed their trap downstream and as it had no float to mark its location they couldn't find it. The water soon got low again and on a Sunday morning LIGH and DEE HORTON while playing along the river found a fishtrap working alive with catfish. They reported to Mr. HORTON, their father, and he sent them to Mr. [N. E.] PENNINGTON, the postmaster, to ask him if he owned the trap. I don't know that he exactly said it was his, but he took over and gave the boys a liberal amount of fish and took the rest himself. JOHN ARMSTRONG, a deputy sheriff, was at PENNINGTON's - they were related - and helped eat the unexpected feast of fish and told me later about the wonderful lot of big catfish Mr. [N. E.] PENNINGTON had caught while he was visiting him. After a time it was learned that the trap the boys found was the lost trap of HENRY MCDAVID and GEORGE ADAMS. They felt pretty badly about the loss of the trap and fish - specially the fish - but as trapping fish was unlawful they could do nothing about it. Again DAN [MCDAVID] and I were able to bear up under their bad luck with good grace.

One day Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID sent DAN [MCDAVID] with a pig in a sack to deliver to ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON]. He brought it over the hill between Deer Creek and Little Sandy River through the gap we called "Old Mossy" and woods down to the Sandy Road and thence up to the bridge and across and down to our place - probably two miles or more. He turned it in a pen below the house and ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] put in some food and we watched it a while and went to the store. Before DAN [MCDAVID] left for home we went back to the pen to see how the pig was liking his new home and the pen was empty.

We soon found pig tracks in the old road which ran down on our side of the river and followed them down to a turn in the road and there the tracks left the road in a direct line over the steep bank and into the river which at this place was wide and shallow, but swift, and probably two feet deep in the middle. We looked and could see what looked like wet tracks leading out of the water on the other side and up over the steep slanting rocks into the woods where the tracks vanished - in the direction of "Old Mossy."

DAN [MCDAVID] hurried on home and reported later that the pig was found at home

with the rest of the brood, sucking the old sow. That this pig found its way home has always been a mystery to me - as it was carried in a closed sack it could not have seen the road - besides it did not go back over the same road, at first, but took the most direct way - and swam the river, when by going back over the road it came by, it could have crossed on the bridge. The homing instinct must have kept it on its course like it does the migratory birds in their flight and homing pigeons on theirs.

Well, DAN [MCDAVID] brought back that pig, or one of the same litter, and this time the pen held it. After it had grown up to over a hundred pounds weight Bro. SAM [BRICKEY] advised or persuaded me to let him spay her & I did and after a few days she seemed to pick up and was thriving nicely, when one day I went out to feed her and found her stretched out dead. We cut her open and discovered that the wound had healed externally but not internally and the internal infection had killed her.

Dressed Hogs 4 Cents a Pound

Shelled Corn 25 cents a Bushel

Mr. MCDAVID brought over two dressed hogs on a sled and sold them to us at four cents a pound. Compared to the present price (1954) of hogs on foot of 25 to 30 cents a pound it looks like we got a bargain. I should have stated that the pig episode was in the summer and the purchase of the dressed hogs was in the winter. This winter we bought shelled corn for 25 cents a bushel and in the spring following there came a drought and corn brought a dollar and twenty-five cents at Fall gathering.

Jim & I Land a Catfish

Jim goes to the Philippines

While JIM MCDAVID was considering going into the Army he visited us and once stayed overnight. Before we turned in we set two hooks in the river below the dam and tied my boat under the bluff in front of the cottage and took the paddle to the house, as was our custom - we never risked losing our paddles. The next morning we got up late and when I went down

to see if a fish was on, the sun was up - perhaps an hour. I crossed over the dam, as the mill race was out leaving the dam dry. The first hook was empty and I went on toward the other one, abusing myself for being so late.

As I got nearer I saw my line was wet almost to my pole which stood about six feet above water, and up about half way the line was dripping wet showing that it had but a moment before been in the water. Then, supposing that the fish was off I really did feel bad, so with disgust I seized the pole and attempted to pull the hook and line from the water - but it seemed to be hung on something springy. I would pull up a bit and it would spring back - while I was working with it casually, it suddenly came to life and almost pulled me into the river.

With a yell for JIM [MCDAVID] I struggled with it, losing ground as I did so. A second yell brought JIM [MCDAVID] running down to the boat without the paddles, but he grabbed a pole and brought the boat and I got in and the fish towed us out to deep water where the pole wouldn't reach bottom, so JIM [MCDAVID] had a hard pull to get back to shallower water. But we soon made it out on a gravel bar and JIM [MCDAVID] got out and waded and pulled the fish out.

It was a mud-cattfish as we called it - and weighed 18 3/4 pounds - the biggest one ever caught at Horton's Mill. I foolishly sold most of it to FULTON FRALEY - for a dollar - about 1/2 of its worth - but we had a lot left. Soon after this JIM [MCDAVID] went into the Army and to the Philippines where he served in Co. E, 37th Volunteer Infantry. He came to see us before he left and stayed overnight and left next morning without saying a word or giving a hint of his intentions.

I go to a Convention at Grayson and

While I have always been a Democrat I have never taken part in party affairs except in a small way. I began reading political news when I was about twelve years old and have kept it up until now. In the spring of 1899 there was considerable political activity in Kentucky as a governor and other state offices were to be elected that year. William Goebel, at that time was

a rising Democrat of much force and aggressiveness and a leading contender for the nomination for governor and had a strong following, as he had allied himself with the cause of the common people and against monopoly and the bosses - of which Kentucky had her share. Goebel had offended some of the "Old Guard" by his activity in the State Legislature and had shot and killed John Sanford, a fellow Democrat politician - he claimed in self defense - others & Sanford's friends claimed otherwise - and this tended to make more enemies for him.

The nominations were to be made at a State Convention composed of delegates selected by mass conventions to be held in the various counties in the state - I believe in the month of August. There was so much talk I decided to go to the Convention at Grayson, the County seat of Carter County. I borrowed a sorrel saddle horse of W. C. HORTON (my employer) and went. There were, perhaps, three hundred men in or around the Courthouse at the opening of the Convention.

The County Chairman of the Democrats, FRANK POWERS, called the gathering to order - and after considerable bickering, in which insults and epithets werethrown around, as the leaders - or representatives of leaders - jockeyed for advantages we, the common herd, were told to follow our preferred leaders and line up to be counted. This we proceeded to do and when the counts were made the proper officials certified the results - Goebel having the biggest vote got the most delegates and I was one of those selected to go to the State Convention and vote for Goebel, as long as he should be a candidate before the Convention.

.....Fall Through a Bridge "Are You All Killed?"

As I rode away from Grayson I joined with EPH SAULSBERRY, a fellow Democrat and also a delegate, and we rode along together. After a few miles we came to what was known as the Burns Bridge across Little Sandy River. This bridge was of steel with heavy plank floor in the center span of about 100 feet - with an approach of heavy wood frame construction and plank floor at each end perhaps fifty feet long - a total length of about 200 feet - over all. There was a law that travelers should slow to a walk while crossing any county bridge but scarcely

anyone observed the law, and we rode onto the approach at a lively pace, as our horses were both gaited, and we never gave the law a thought perhaps. Anyway, just as we were coming to the center span, the heavy wood sill on our left gave way pitching our horses and us that way - twenty or twenty-two feet to the sandy ground below - accompanied and followed by heavy timbers and planks in a jumbled mass. EPH [SAULSBERRY] & horse were on my left and both horses swerved and faced down stream to the left and were pinned down with lumber. EPH [SAULSBERRY] stuck to his saddle and his leg was caught between a plank and his saddle and fractured above the ankle. I lit standing up in my saddle and sprained an ankle - the landing caused me to almost fall forward and as I raised up a plank caught me across my back and bruised and almost broke several ribs and pitched me forward the second time.

As I recovered myself I saw EPH [SAULSBERRY] get loose from his saddle and roll and tumble away to a drift log below us and seize his hurt leg in his hands and as he sat there groaning and rubbing his hurts I saw his horse struggling to get up. At first I was so excited I tried to get the horse up by pulling on his bridle, then I saw he was held by the timbers and started to move them - then I saw one of his hind legs was almost severed above the fetlock and saw that I could do nothing for him and, though he neighed pitifully, I turned to my horse and soon had the timbers off him and he got on his feet - about this time a young Negro woman came to the top of the bank above us and called out to me, "Are you all killed?" For once, poor thing, she was almost white. That was almost 55 years ago and I can yet see that girl standing on that river bank looking down at us - so piteously and scared. Her mother was housekeeper at the Burns farmhouse nearby - and was white.

In some way - telephone or passer-by - we used both - EPH's [SAULSBERRY] brother-in-law, JAMES H. KITCHEN, of Leon, about two miles away, got word and came and took EPH [SAULSBERRY] on home, leaving me to do as best I could. EPH's [SAULSBERRY] horse died in a few minutes after our fall. My horse had a gash in his belly about two inches long clear through to his intestines, and at first his hind legs seemed stiff and sore. I led him to Leon and then, as he appeared much better, I got on him and rode the rest of the way home.

Word of our accident had preceded me and someone came meeting me, I think about the head of Wolf Creek. For several days I continued to find fresh bruises and sore places but the horse and I soon got well of them. EPH [SAULSBERRY] was laid up several weeks with his fractured leg.

We Get Damages - But No Money

Goebel Defeated

I called on THOMAS D. THEOBALD to sue the County for damages but he assured me that under the Kentucky laws he could not sue the County. Whether that was true I do not know, but I accepted it as so, as he was reputed to be one of the best lawyers to be found. I heard that EPH [SAULSBERRY] tried to sue and failed, but managed to get a small sum for his dead horse which had been worth \$125.00.

Contests the Election & is Shot

Taylor Flees

Neither EPH [SAULSBERRY] nor I went to the State Convention, and after I learned of how things were done there, I was glad I hadn't gone. Between Goebel and his opponents the battle was hot and bloodshed was narrowly averted - pistols being in evidence on all sides. Goebel was nominated, however, and the campaign which followed was truly one of the hardest fought in the state's record. Some of the Democrats went over to Taylor, the Republican candidate, some put out a Third Ticket and when the votes were counted the Election Commission announced that Taylor had won and in due time he was inaugurated, the second or third Republican Governor Kentucky had had since the Civil War, I believe. As soon as the legislators met in January, Goebel, contested Taylor's election and great excitement and partisan feeling were manifested throughout the state - especially in the mountain sections and many men from there and other parts went to Frankfort and lined up on

one side or the other until it was almost like an armed camp - and threats were made that if the contest was decided against one of the other contestant that civil war would break out.

Just before the legislature made its decision Goebel, while walking across the grounds of the Governor's mansion, was shot from a window above and mortally wounded on Jan. 30, 1900, and died Feb. 2nd. Meantime the legislature had decided in favor of Goebel and he was sworn in before he died and after his death J.C. W. Beckham, Lieutenant Governor, was sworn in as Governor in Goebel's stead. Taylor refused to let the mansion be searched for the man who shot Goebel and refused to give up his office to Beckham so proceedings were instituted by the Democrats to oust him and though he held on for a while he finally slipped out and crossed over the Ohio into Indiana and settled in Indianapolis to live the remainder of his life. Before he left he issued pardons to members of his official family (and I believe several others). Theodore Roosevelt, then governor of New York, earned the hatred of many Democrats by offering an asylum to Taylor if he would come to that state.

The Caleb Powers Pardon and W. E. McDavid

Caleb Powers, of London, Ky., was one of the men who had received a pardon at the hands of Taylor, and when he saw the Republicans were losing their contest to hold office he left Frankfort on a train for his home. When the train reached Lexington he was arrested and when his captors attempted to put him in jail he produced the pardon from Taylor, but the officers refused to honor it and locked him up. The news of the arrest of Powers and his producing a pardon from Taylor was like pouring oil on a hot fire and almost brought on Civil War. I had voted for Goebel but after the election was decided in favor of Taylor. I was satisfied to leave it so, and so tried to keep out of arguments and discussions about the situation for I had become convinced that neither side was striving for the right - that it was as I expressed it then, "A case of Dog eat Dog." The office and power were what each was after and meant to have by any means available.

My sympathy was with Taylor, for I thought he was elected, but after he refused to obey

the law and tried to hold office by force and sheltered a man who shot Goebel and issued pardons to men before they were indicted, then I had no use or sympathy for him. I have always felt that if he had restrained his adherents in Frankfort and had stepped out when he lost the decision he would have been overwhelmingly elected four years later.

The next day after Caleb Powers had been arrested we got a copy of the Lexington Herald giving the news including that of the pardon. While DAN MCDAVID and I were sitting on a counter reading and talking about the unusual news, Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID came and sat down by the stove and pulled out his knife and began whittling. There were two or three other men sitting by the stove - all quietly listening as DAN [MCDAVID] and I talked and read from the paper without thought of anything more than a little amusement at the peculiar situation.

Suddenly, Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID spoke and said it was a lie about Taylor issuing Powers a pardon. When we said it was in the paper, he said we had got it out of "that lying old Enquirer." We both assured him it was in the Lexington Herald, a Republican paper. That didn't satisfy him and still said it was a lie and continued on for a time using unusually harsh language (for him) about the democrats and the case of the governorship in general. No one ventured a reply and after a few minutes he became more calm, bought a few items he had come for and went on his way.

Reaction	Bro. Sam Moves to Ashland
Turkey at 6 cents a Pound	My Poor Judgment

I have always felt that if I or any of the men present had entered into the conversation in opposition to Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID, our lives would have been in danger for he was terribly wrought up. Later I heard that he had come from a meeting of his neighbor Republicans where the situation had been discussed and money had been raised to help pay to carry on the fight at Frankfort. I do not know that his was true, but I believe it was, and that that was the reason for his outburst. It was like waving a red flag at a bull.

Of course at the meeting mentioned the news about Powers had not been received by

the Republicans present - so that came as an extra shock to him - and he was in no condition to talk politics dispassionately. The subject was never raised between us again. I believe Powers was sent to the pen for complicity in the murder of Goebel - I think for life - but later pardoned - and ran for Congress and was elected. Several men were indicted but I am not sure the real man behind the gun was ever caught though several were sent to prison. It was a sorry mess.

I have been glad over the years I had no part in it beyond voting. The irony of the situation with the Republicans was that in Johnson County, which was Republican, they overstepped themselves by printing the ballots on thin paper, so they could see how men, whose votes they bought, voted. When the ballots were brought in at the contest they were all thrown out as "illegal" because of thinness of the paper.

I find no record but according to my recollection Bro. SAM BRICKEY sold his farm opposite Horton's Mill late in 1899 or early in 1900 and bought a part of the old Miller farm on the road leading south from 13th St. in Ashland near Mulligan Spring. I recall that he got a cold on his lungs and he was laid up with a cough and Mother and I went to see him. As we went by train we heard two men arguing on the business conditions under McKinley's administration, one for - the other against. One wound up by saying, "When Cleveland was president I could eat turkey sometimes. Then I could buy turkey for six cents a pound; now we have to pay fifteen or twenty cents a pound and I can't afford to eat turkey." The other man, whom I got to know as AL SAVAGE, and a prominent man in Ashland, fairly snorted back, "At six cents a pound who couldn't eat t-u-r-r-k-e-y?" He had a halt in his speech as he repeated this expression and we were amused and I still remember the way he said it.

We found SAM [BRICKEY] in bed and in a bad way and when we left we doubted that he could get well but he told me later that one day he coughed up a hard stony object and from that day he began recovering and soon was well. I looked over his land and was discouraged by what I saw. It looked almost worthless for farmland, to me, but it was better than I thought, and Ashland soon grew out and enveloped it and he later sold it for many times what he paid for it.

Before he sold out there to come to California in 1920 (I believe) he had lost of his children, CECIL & MADGE [BRICKEY] - small children; NANNY [BRICKEY ELAM] - who left a husband, CHARLES ELAM and two sons, and his wife MARY [BRICKEY]. I believe these were all buried on the farm.

MONROE [MCDAVID] and DORA MCDAVID bought SAM's [BRICKEY] farm opposite Horton's Mill and moved to it and later built a store and sold goods there several years. He also got the Post Office from N. E. PENNINGTON, who had run it several years. I do not have the dates but I believe he got the P.O. and built the store late in 1901.

The last years of our stay at Horton's store I did most all of my fishing with a wire trap I had made. It was small and I kept a float attached and when we wanted fish I raised my trap and almost always had at least one - sometimes a dozen small channel catfish. Once a rise washed my trap away and I thought it was gone permanently.

My Last Fishing in Sandy

We Get a Scare

One Sunday Uncle ISIAH and Aunt "SIS" WILCOX brought their smaller children to spend the day with us and I took the kids for a boat ride and as we rode along EOG [WILCOX] - one of the children - said, "Look at the fish!" and I was astonished to see my trap with a lot of fish in it in shallow water - left by the freshet. As long as we lived there and afterward Uncle ISIAH & Aunt "SIS" [WILCOX] praised the mess of fish we got from that trap. A later rise in the river buried my trap in the sandy bottom and that ended my fishing days in Little Sandy River.

Before we took over the store I had often thought over the question of whether a person should fight back if he were being robbed and had decided, I thought, that I wouldn't. After I took over there I soon changed my mind. The store had been robbed once and no one was caught for it but we had arrived at a conclusion as to the robbers. Eventually the grapevine news was that ROBERT PARSONS - a lame youth - and one or two of his brothers had done it and had disposed of the stolen goods over in Ohio.

A neighbor of the PARSONS, JOHN STEWART, was way-layed and shot with a shot gun and died instantly and suspicion pointed at ROBERT PARSONS but witnesses were afraid to testify against him. It was said that [JOHN] STEWART was killed to shut his mouth as he had learned of [ROBERT] PARSONS robbing the store and disposing of the goods. Well, we became suspicious that the store was to be robbed again, so I got a six inch Smith and Wesson .32 cal revolver and kept it ready at all times - if we were unusually disturbed.

One night in very cold weather ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] & I prepared a bed in the ware room and both slept there. About one o'clock we were roused by a sound like someone was trying to open a rear window and continued until I was just ready to shoot and suddenly stopped. As we lay nervously listening there were sounds of footsteps in the frozen snow and then a terrific blow was struck against the wall by the window - followed by receding sounds of footsteps.

While we waited for other sounds we heard eggs in the store begin to crack as they froze and I got up and built up a fire and nursed the eggs the balance of the night. We had two or three hundred dozen on hand. I heard no more of my supposed robbers, but soon after daylight I was out to learn more. Our robber turned out to be a cow which had rubbed herself against the wall and then in turning around had hit her rump against the wall and walked away. We had a good laugh at ourselves but it was a good thing - we saved our eggs.

Luke Carroll

William Colley, Sr.

We got to know most everybody in that section and left a number of friends there when we went away. One of the leading farmers was LUKE CARROLL who could not read or write. He hired men to work his farm and often paid them through the store. He would have the man to write an order for a sum and he would make his mark and I would accept it and charge it to him. Maybe there would be a dozen or more such orders - and when LUKE [CARROLL] came in to settle he would start in and tell over the list or orders, the bearers and amounts. I never had any trouble on accounts with him - and yet he couldn't read.

We had another customer - WILLIAM COLLEY, SR., a Virginian. He was the only man I ever knew who served in the Confederate Army and also the Union Army and drew a Union pension. He told me that he served under Stonewall Jackson from the first of the war till Jackson was killed at Chancellorsville and under other officers until his capture while a front line skirmisher at the Wilderness. He became convinced, he said, that he was going to die in the Federal prison or be killed by his fellow prisoners, so when he was offered service in the Union Army against the Western Indians he took it and was later granted a pension for it - notwithstanding his Confederate service.

A Custom of the Country

Dr. Tabor at Rosedale

Every year the Sheriff, or a deputy, would come on an advertised date and stay one or more days at Horton's Store, as a convenience to the local citizens to collect the County tax. JOHN ARMSTRONG, a deputy, usually came. He would put up with us or some farmer nearby - for which he paid nothing - it was a custom of the times - besides he was related to several families of the neighborhood and a charge for food and lodging to kinsfolk was not to be thought of.

One year, I believe 1899, he brought a newly graduated doctor with him. The man, as I recall it, was HIRAM G. TABOR. I had had a slight acquaintance with him while we were teachers. He was a lean, scrawny man with a slight limp - one leg was short. He got board and room with N. E. PENNINGTON, the post master. He had a varied experience around there, specially on nearby Clifty Creek - and while I doubt that he got much money, yet he got much material for funny stores which he told to me at the store between patients.

I remember one day while business was particularly poor he said to me, "MASON, let me sell you some of my accounts." When I indicated that I was not interested he urged and

closed by saying, "I will give you a beautiful discount." Knowing who owed most of his I was not interested, as many of them owed Mr. HORTON, as our books showed. His patients did him somewhat as they did us in the store. If they wanted goods on time we got the trade - if for cash the stores at Willard or Grayson got it. In his case it was the town doctors that usually got the cash.

Experiences with Doctors

Adventure with.....

One day he got a call to come to a man named BRYANT who had accidentally shot himself in the stomach or belly with a revolver. When he came back he told me that he had told his family that he could do little for him - that the only remedy was to get him to a hospital and have him operated on - and maybe that would save him - but he was sure to die if not operated on - and so he had left him. At the time we didn't seem to think much about it and nobody did anything, so the man lived a few days and died. Nowadays, people would be horrified at the idea of a man, most any man, lying without medical care with a bullet in his belly - just because he had no money. Now, we would do something. I am ashamed we didn't then. Now that I think of it, there must have come changes in the laws - as a doctor now who would leave a patient in a case like BRYANT's would be prosecuted, I am sure. But people were more tolerant those days.

During the Spring of 1900 I had an attack of some abdominal ailment, of which I had had attacks before, but this was more severe, and we got Dr. [HIRAM G.] TABOR and he sat at my bedside for days giving medicines and watching me throw them up. I think I kept no solid food and little liquids on my stomach for 14 days. Next year at Cannonsburg I got another attack and was scared that I would about kick out, but we called Dr. JOHN D. STURGILL and he waited only long enough to diagnose my case and gave me a shot in the arm - of morphine I suppose and my terrible pains died out and I was on my feet next day - and I never had another attack. Why Dr. [HIRAM G.] TABOR didn't give me a shot I never knew. The last I saw of Dr. [HIRAM G.] TABOR was at Hitchens, Ky. in 1913 as he was taking W. E. MCDAVID to

Louisville, Ky. for a cancer operation. I heard that he got T B and died a few years later. Personally I like Dr. [HIRAM G.] TABOR as a man, but I did not understand him as a doctor.

Once while I was living with Bro. SAM [BRICKEY] I had an adventure with him on the river. While he ran the mill he used his boat every day to cross to and from the mill and to ferry people over. When trees and bushes were in reach he tied his boat to them, but when not, he tied to a stake driven in the sandy bank. When the river rose we had to keep close watch and move the boat closer in, so as to have it always in reach. Late one day and the night following much rain fell and the river rose so fast that when SAM [BRICKEY] went out about daybreak his boat was out of reach. It was tied to a stake and looked secure enough, but after breakfast when he looked again it was gone. Note what the lack of a minute's work before breakfast would have saved us! We prepared food to take along, as it would be a long hard day, and with a heavy boat paddle apiece we set out over the rough and muddy road for the nearest log boom at Leon about four miles by road and much further by river, I suppose. If no one had caught the boat we expected to find it lodged against the logs at the boom. We had left home about 8 o'clock and I guess it was 10 when we got to Leon, tired with our muddy walk.

....A Lost Boat and George Lyon, Finder

Perhaps a mile upstream we saw a man headed our way so we stopped on a small landing and he soon arrived, also. We had both recognized the boat and, as soon as the boat touched, the man picked up his muzzle loading rifle and his oar and stepped out. I picked up the boat chain and SAM [BRICKEY] stepped into the boat.

As he did so he exchanged greetings with the man and said, "I see you have caught my boat, and I thank you; how much do I owe you, GEORGE?" (His name was GEORGE LYON and his house was only a few steps away.) "Seventy-five cents," Mr. [GEORGE] LYON replied. That seemed to anger SAM [BRICKEY] and he expressed his opinion that it was too much. Mr. [GEORGE] LYON told how much trouble and danger it was to catch it and said he thought seventy-five cents was fair, or words to that effect. With that SAM [BRICKEY] said,

“GEORGE [LYON], when your house burned down and you needed help, I gave you a bushel of corn worth a dollar and a quarter, when I needed it myself, and I ground your grain all summer toll free, and now you charge me seventy-five cents for a few minutes’ work catching my boat, when I paid only fifty cents for the boat in the first place. Now, here is twenty-five cents, which is enough, and all I am going to pay you,” and he threw a quarter at Mr. [GEORGE] LYON’s feet in the sand, and we pulled out up river leaving him standing leaning on his long barreled rifle with a very displeased (not to say mean) look on his face. We had about 250 yards or more to go with our backs turned to [GEORGE] LYON before we turned a bend shutting us out of his sight, and I, for one, was very glad to make that turn, and I believe SAM [BRICKEY] was, too, but do not recall that he said so. The river was out of its banks most of the way and we went as much as we could in the quieter waters - a lot of the time in fields, patches of woods and thickets, through which we had to pick our way. When we had to cross over, as we did many times,

we had stiff struggles and sometimes would be fifteen minutes getting through the swift current. But we made it before night. However, my arms and legs were sore for days afterward from the hard pull and my head had bumps from the hard knocks from overhanging limbs and trees along the way. My hands were scratched and red from contacts with briars and brush. After this we kept a closer watch and saw the boat was in reach. This was an unusual rise, as it reached its height much more quickly than the ordinary one. The speed of the rise increased the speed of the current, also, which made our task harder. I am not sure but I believe the rise was forty feet.

Carter County and Rail Road Bonds

In the days following the Civil War there was agitation for a railroad to be built East and West across Carter County, terminals to be somewhere in the East and at Lexington or some other point in Kentucky. Plans for the road were made and bonds to finance the project were voted by the people. I have no data on this election - the date - the amount nor the time the

bonds were due, however, while I lived in the county - 1889 to 1901 - the bonds must have come due, as the question of payment arose - and was constantly in the news for several years. According to common report the wealthy SINTON family of Cincinnati bought the bonds and was holding them for collection. I think suit was brought against the county and judgment granted, but have no record of that.

I know that it was common report that collectors for SINTON's were at Grayson, and occasionally at other places in Carter County, trying to collect in whatever way they could. I do not know what law they were operating under but failing to get money from the County they would levy on a citizen's horse or mule and sell it for his share of the bonded debt. Men coming from their farms to attend Court or other business in Grayson might find their horses under attachment and have to pay a sum for their release before they could return home. I never actually saw a case of this kind, but it was a common occurrence as per reports. Many people feared to go to Grayson or on the public highway, even, lest their animals be seized by a collector.

As the Railroad was never built the older citizens, the few who were left of those to that voted the bonds, did not feel that they should pay, and those younger ones and newcomers said they never voted for the bonds and they were not going to pay. According to the available information the Bonds had been sold and the proceeds spent in preliminary work - so nothing was left for road building. The Collectors met with so much opposition that they would resign and others would take over. A few were of the local citizenry but their fellow citizens made it as hot for them that they soon quit.

Finally the opposition to the collection of the bonded money became so sharp that it crystalized into action. Arrangements for a mass meeting at Grayson were made, secretly, with the thought that a definite plan be perfected to handle the situation. Whether any plans to do the collector or collectors bodily harm were included, I do not know, but at the time a Mr. PECK was collector and had made himself very obnoxious, so he may have been in their plans. I do not remember the date but believe it was in August or early September 1895 or 1896.

Eliza & I Witness "Democracy in Action"

ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I started on horseback to go to Grayson on an errand and soon met HAM and GEORGE MADDIX at a fork of our road. We rode along together and soon others joined us. We thought this only coincidence - but our party continued to grow and we became aware that something unusual was on foot. One of our friends in the party gave us a hint, so we were not much surprised when we reached Grayson to see crowds of men on foot and horseback, all moving in the same direction - south on Main St. in the direction of the collector's residence.

Word soon met them that the collector had seen the leaders coming and fled out the back door for the woods some distance away and outrun them and escaped. I do not remember what plans for future action were agreed upon by the gathering, if any - nor do I remember that the collector, Mr. PECK, was seen there afterward. I do not know the final outcome of the matter, but if there was more collecting while I was in that county I do not now recall it.

For several months I had been casting about for a change in my situation and early in January, 1901, I got a call to see WILLIAM COOKSEY in Grayson which I did, and agreed to work for him - the exact salary I do not remember positively - either \$60.00 or \$75.00 per mo - I believe \$75.00. Accordingly I notified Mr. HORTON and made preparations to move to Grayson. I do not recall exactly how I moved ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and the boys, ERNEST and ALLEN [MASON] - but believe Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID took them and I believe EASCIE [MCDAVID], in his buggy - am not sure of this. It may have been someone else.

We Move to Grayson

George Heaberlin

We moved Jan. 15, 1901 - GEORGE HEABERLIN with two mules and a farm wagon took our plunder and I went with him as roustabout. The day was nice but the roads were deep

with mud and the wagon dragged so heavy we walked a lot of the way and it was late noon or after when we got to the little house we had rented of GEORGE ARMSTRONG. I don't remember the street or number but it was in what was then the South East part of Grayson -I believe a little north west of the R. R. Station. I know I was very tired as we drove into town and I had on rough shoes and clothes and was muddy, and, as I got off the wagon when we came to Main, I met the wife of the Chairman of the County Committee of the Democrat Party, Mrs. FRANK POWERS and she recognized me and greeted me so warmly I was much embarrassed.

This was a hard day, but I have long since forgotten the weariness in the recollection of the pleasant time GEORGE [HEABERLIN] and I had telling stories along the way. GEORGE [HEABERLIN] and I were kindred spirits and friends and this turned out to be our last day together. He liked the game of checkers and one morning in winter he had come early to the store and said, "I'll play you a game of checkers before I go." We went at it and just at sundown he quit and left for home. We played all day and ate no lunch. He would wait while I waited on the few customers I got - it was a cold rainy day - and then we would continue. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] tried to get us to lunch but he wouldn't go -and he never won a game all day!

And Stories on the Way

"Anudder Bad Fault"

He told me a story along the way to Grayson which is fresh in my mind yet. Back in the days of slavery a horse trader met a Negro riding a fine looking horse and said to him, "Whose horse is that?" The man replied, "Massa Huntah's" "Would he trade him?" "Yas, suh, he would trade 'im." "Well, would he let you trade him?" "Yas, suh, I tends to Massa Huntah's hosses and he lets me trade 'em, sometimes." "Well, does that horse have any bad faults?"

"Yas, suh, dis hoss has free (three) berry bad faults." Well, what are they?" "Well, suh,

dis hoss is a gray hoss, and when Massa Huntah rides 'im he gits gray hair all ober his cloze, and dat's a mighty bad fault." "And what other fault does he have?" "Well, suh, when dis hoss goes to drink he dis rams his head into de watah clar up to his eyes, and Massa Huntah's afeared dat some day he'll ram his head in so fur he'll git downded." "Well, what is the other fault you spoke of?" The Negro scratched his head, as if trying to bring something to mind, and said, "Well, suh, I knows dis hoss has anudder bad fault, but I disremember right now what it is, but it is a berry bad fault."

The two faults the Negro told of were of so little importance that the horse trader assumed that the other one was similarly unimportant, and, as the horse had a fine appearance and was sleek fat the trader was cager and soon made an exchange & being proud of his acumen in getting such a good trade of the seeming ignorant Negro, as soon as their saddles were placed on their new mounts, the trader sprang to saddle and went dashing off - taking no chances of losing his bargain.

He had gone only a short distance, however, when his horse struck a front foot against something and fell flat in the road. Jumping to his feet he rushed to the horse's head and giving his eyes a belated look saw that he was blind. Hurrying back to the Negro he shouted, "Why this horse is blind!" "Dah, dah, dat's it - I knowed dat hoss had anudder bad fault. Dat's it. Dat's it."

William Cooksey

"A Ratty Place"

I went to work for WILLIAM COOKSEY in his general store on Main Street in Grayson about the 16th of January, 1901. The store was in an old frame building of two parts. The rear seemed to have been an old residence moved back, perhaps to make room for the newer part built for a store. The whole building was close to the ground and was infested with more rats than I ever saw in any other building. Mr. [WILLIAM] COOKSEY had a man trapping for them

and one morning he brought in his wire cage trap with not less than twenty-five, and I believe near fifty rats in it. They were so matted together we could not count them until they were drowned and taken out.

WALTER SCOTT, one of Grayson's leading merchants and cashier of the bank, came along the street the morning of the big rat catch and stopped to see the sight, and as he turned to go he remarked that it was "a ratty place." This, we thought, had a double meaning, as Mr. [WALTER] SCOTT and other merchants of the town were envious of Mr. [WILLIAM] COOKSEY's success. [WILLIAM] COOKSEY passed it up with his usual pleasant smile - which I learned might or might not mean anything.

In many ways a fine man but did not hesitate to stretch the truth in a trade with a most convincing air and with a smile that would deceive any but the most skeptical. Grayson had been a little sleepy town when [WILLIAM] COOKSEY came and he soon woke it up - and the way that people swarmed into his store made the other storekeepers green with envy.

His store was a hodge-podge of job lots of all sorts of goods - good, bad and indifferent - but he also kept staples which he sold almost at cost - and made his profit on such things that brought less competition - and he would buy most anything a farmer had to sell - and this brought many customers he would have lost otherwise.

This reminds me of the story of JIM KITCHEN and his goose quills.

James L. Kitchen Sells Some Goose Quills

JAMES L. KITCHEN was a prominent citizen living near Horton's Mill and one day he took a drove of cattle to Grayson to load for shipment to market. As he was leaving home his little boy handed him a bundle of two or more dozen goose quills (feathers) he had gathered from where his mother's geese had shed them, and said for his dad to take them to Mr.

COOKSEY and bring back candy for them. Mr. [JAMES L.] KITCHEN went along with his hired hands helping drive the cattle down Main Street by Cooksey's store, and after they were loaded, came back and stepped in and handed COOKSEY the goose quills and told him what he wanted. COOKSEY, with that inimitable smile, took the quills, told Mr. [JAMES L.] KITCHEN the amount he would give, and wrapped up a package of candy and handed it over the counter. Mr. [JAMES L.] KITCHEN took the candy and went on his way.

Mr. COOKSEY went to the door and, as [JAMES L.] KITCHEN walked up the street, stood watching him. An acquaintance, coming by, COOKSEY said to him, "Do you see that man with the old straw hat on going there? He was in my store and traded me some goose quills for candy. What do you think of that?" His friend said, "Don't you know who that is?" COOKSEY said, "No." "Well, you should know. That is JIM KITCHEN, one of the biggest farmers, landowners and cattle raisers in Carter County, and a brother to CHARLES KITCHEN, said to be the richest man in our county."

COOKSEY was very much surprised - and said so - according to my informant. His was an excusable mistake for JIM KITCHEN was one of the least pretentious of men - and it is quite probable that five dollars would have bought everything he had on that day. Mr. [JAMES L.] KITCHEN, without knowing what had been said by COOKSEY, told me about selling the quills to him and added that COOKSEY short-weighted him on the candy. This was before I went to work there.

One of the staple articles we sold was Arbuckle's package Coffee. This came as pound packages in a pine box, costing from \$10.00 to \$12.00 a box. We sold at $\frac{1}{2}$ cent to 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents profit per pound. Often in opening the boxes, packages would be broken and we emptied the broken ones in a box and sold the loose coffee at 25 cents a pound. There were always a few customers who wanted loose coffee. I was not sympathetic to this way of selling, but I just worked there - and under orders.

Capt. Leedy Buys Some Coffee

Cooksey "Suits" a Customer

One customer was Supt. ROBERT LEEDY of the Eastern Kentucky Railway who lived in Grayson and traded with COOKSEY. He was a large and important looking man, weighing over two hundred pounds and wore a large and heavy mustache and a large like gold watch chain across his front. Although a little opinionated we all liked him, for he was a fine man. One night he came in and, as trade was slow, he stayed and talked to Mr. COOKSEY - Mr. COOKSEY was a good listener.

As Frank (my helper) and I were getting ready for closing, Mr. [ROBERT] LEEDY asked Mr. COOKSEY to get him some coffee. COOKSEY asked what kind and [ROBERT] LEEDY said, "I always buy the loose coffee - I think it is the best. Some people buy the Arbuckle's Coffee, but I never do." COOKSEY blandly filled up a sack with the loose Arbuckle's coffee and, as he handed it over, agreed with [ROBERT] LEEDY that the loose coffee was the best, glancing at me as he did, showing his appreciation of the transaction - and the extra profit.

COOKSEY acquired the reputation of being a "skinner" with some people, and while that lost him trade with some customers it seemed to be a sort of challenge with some others. He related to me an instance: A man who lived several miles away in the town of Willard, came in one day, seemingly slightly intoxicated, and when COOKSEY asked what he wanted, said he wanted to get his three boys a suit of clothes apiece and added that he had heard "that you are a skinner and I'll give you to understand that you are welcome to all you can get off of me."

In his mild way COOKSEY asked what sizes and when told laid out three suits for inspection. After a brief look the man said, "How much?" COOKSEY said, "Thirty dollars." He came back with, "I'll give you twenty-five." COOKSEY told him he couldn't do that, but, after haggling a bit, agreed to take twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents. The man handed over thirty dollars and COOKSEY wrapped up the clothes and handed over two-fifty - and then turned back and took five dollars from the cash drawer and said, "Here, take this. I have made enough at twenty-two-fifty." The man took the money and thanked COOKSEY, in a dazed sort of way - and later became a regular customer and never asked COOKSEY to cut a price again. Incidentally the 3 suits had cost COOKSEY \$3.50 each or \$10.50 - 10%.

M T Egg Cases

The Drayman

While I was at COOKSEY's I was in charge of the Produce department and handled large amounts of eggs and poultry, butter, hides and some furs. We sold some eggs, butter & chicken locally, but shipped most everything by rail to Cincinnati commission house. Thomas Duncan & Son, Samuel Wells, and others were well know throughout Eastern Kentucky - Cincinnati was a great market - may be yet - and our consignees sold our Produce and remitted the receipts less a small commission. They sent us almost daily market reports keeping us advised of prices and also sent us empty egg cases and poultry coops - without charge, except the freight, and sometimes paid that. The cases and coops were not considered of much value by the R. R. Station Agents and oft items freight haulers, when short of a load would inveigle the agent out of cases & coops sent to another merchant. It was a case of "catch as catch can" at freight depots.

Mr. COOKSEY had a huge Negro drayman to handle his produce and as we shipped almost daily he was able to hold our cases & coops against all comers. I suppose there are few , if any of the old time draymen left. This man weighed about 250 pounds, perhaps, and had a horse and two wheel dray to match - and seemed to have a monopoly on draying in Grayson at that time. Rain or shine he was on the job - a good citizen.

Whatever COOKSEY paid him he took without complaint. He seemed not to have a regular charge and I suspected that he was underpaid, but of that I had no positive proof. Those days were different. Now goods are delivered in high priced trucks and collected for pronto.

Doctors, Lawyers & Others

The Town Loafer

Grayson was a small place. It comes to me that it boasted of 300 inhabitants then - but

it must have been more. However, there was little to bring people there except the County Courthouse and the courts. There were more lawyers and doctors in proportion to other lines of endeavor, perhaps. Of the lawyers I knew "BUCK" and EPH WILHOIT, J. N. RAMEY, FRANK PRATER, T. D. THEOBALD, G. W. E. WOLFORD, FRANK POWERS, JAMES JONES, JOHN M. WAUGH and others I don't now recall. Of doctors: J. W. STROTHER, BOONE WILCOX, W. A. HORTON, DR. STOVAL and several others. As I think back, men come in my mind's eye, but their names fail me.

Some are active about their affairs, like JIM POTTS, the Sheriff - or a certain loafer who would come along Main Street and stop and lean against a post or store front. I wondered why, till I was told he was waiting for someone to come along and give him a swig from a bottle. He wore a thin rubberized overcoat and on some cold days he would be blue in the face. He got to be a nuisance until some man gave him a drink with a powerful purgative in it and he was not seen on Main Street for a while. It was reported that he was going to sue the man but it was hushed up, somehow.

Saturdays were the big days and brought wagon loads of stuff from the country - sometimes enough for two shipments of produce - and as an extra we usually got one or more dressed fat hogs to cut up and salt down. COOKSEY hired a man named ADKINS, from Elliott County, to smoke some hams and they were not cured enough yet, but he smoked them anyway. He must have used a blazing fire for some were scorched black. We sold them as they were, anyhow.

Eat, Drink & be Merry

James Jones & Bull Run Battle

One Saturday while I was unloading some stuff for a man and we were talking he used the expression, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow ye die," and he couldn't find it in the Bible. He answered that he could. I told him to find it and bring me the book, page, chapter and verse. He said he would. When he came again I asked about it. He admitted that he hadn't found it, but had looked everywhere he knew to look. Said that after he went home he

go out his Bible and was going through it when a neighbor woman came and seeing him with his Bible asked him what he was doing, and when he told her, she said, "Give me that Bible. I can find it for you in five minutes." He gave it over to her and she searched till it got dusk and she had to go home to get supper, without finding it, & as she left she said she would find it in her Bible and bring it to him - and at last word she was still looking. He never brought it to me. The local Methodist minister gave me a list of similar quotations - but that was not one of them.

My old employer, W. C. HORTON, had a brother-in-law, JAMES JONES, a lawyer, who told me that he was at the First Battle of Bull Run as a newspaper correspondent and when the Union Army retreated he was up near the front. He managed to get a horse and took a cousin up behind him and started away from there, when along came a cannon shot and took off his cousin's head, spattering [JAMES] JONES with his brains. "There I was," he said, "in as much danger as the soldiers and what did I get for it? A few dollars a week for a few months - might as well been a soldier, and now I could be drawing a pension." He was unsuccessful, financially, as a lawyer in Grayson. He had gone from Bull Run to Washington and then to Louisville, Ky., where he said he saw General Jefferson C. Davis shoot and kill General William Nelson in the Galt House. Davis never was tried for this murder.

At Grayson, EASCIE helped ELIZA [JANE MCDAVID MASON] with the housework and children a short while and EMMA [MCDAVID] and DAN [MCDAVID] were there, also. LUCY CRISWELL boarded with us some and went to school, I think, to Dr. I. H. BOOTH, who was running the school in Grayson.

I believe JIM MCDAVID came back from his Army service in the Philippines in February and was sick and was brought to our house for a night or two. When I came from work he was chilling and they put him in the tub - with water as hot as he could bear it. Chills and fever dogged him for many months afterward. I think he never recovered from his Army service.

I Buy an Interest in a Store at Cannonsburg

One day JOHN B. KING, son of JOE and LINA KING of Crackers Neck, Ky., came to COOKSEY's selling groceries for Kitchen, Whitt & Co., of Ashland, and while there told me that he and WADE H. CLAY had a store at Cannonsburg and that [WADE C.] CLAY was withdrawing and leaving a stock of goods with no one to sell it, and suggested that I go and look at it with the thought of buying an interest in it and running the store. I liked the suggestion, as my work with Mr. COOKSEY was proving less satisfactory than I had hoped. I soon got over to see the store and made a deal for a one half interest. I had only a small sum to put in and borrowed \$125.00 more of MARION KITCHEN, giving MONROE MCDAVID as surety.

I soon closed up my affairs at Grayson, hired two teams of GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG, who was my landlord (at Grayson) to move our few things to Cannonsburg. Before I moved I had some affairs to see to at Rosedale and so, while I was closing the deal and invoicing the store, I decided to go from Cannonsburg to Ashland and from there to Leon by train and from Leon of foot up to MONROE MCDAVID's, which I proceeded to do.

I think it was late in April - and still cool weather - and I believe it rained on me as I walked from Leon. I stayed at MONROE's [MCDAVID] and was miserable next day with a headache and fever. I went to Horton's store and went over some (*unreadable*) with LIGH [HORTON] and casually met a few old friends there and may have gone some other places which I don't recall. I know that at lunch DOT SAMMONS, DORA's [SAMMONS] sister, sat opposite me at table. I went to bed early and next morning I was feeling so bad I dreaded to get up. MONROE [MCDAVID] came in and asked how I was feeling. When I told him he raised the window blind and pulled back the cover and looking at me said, "Why, Will, you have the measles." That surely was a great shock to me, for MONROE's [MCDAVID] wife, DORA [MCDAVID], had not had it and she had been exposed now two days and was sure to take it - and then she was several months pregnant - and it was common belief that a pregnant woman would not recover from an attack of measles. I felt terribly over the situation and entirely helpless.

What I had done had been done innocently, yet I felt I was responsible for the fix I was caught in. I racked my brains for a clue to the source of the measles but found none and never have learned how I got it. Well, I was not able to move and no place to go. ERNEST [MASON] and ALLEN [MASON] had not had it, and as the damage seemed already done, I stayed on several days. I don't recall how many - and, before I was really able, went home. Fortunately, DORA [MCDAVID] did not take measles from me, at all. However, her sister, DOT [SAMMONS] did, and so did several others who hardly had a chance - got bad cases - but I am glad to say none of them died of it. It seemed that those who had the best exposure failed to contract the disease, and they who had the least exposure got it bad. My going home and moving before I was sufficiently recovered left its effects with me for a long time.

DAN MCDAVID was with us and was great help while we were moving. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] was about 7 months pregnant and, of course, not her usual active self and I felt as weak as the proverbial cat. Mr. ARMSTRONG sent the PORTER twins to drive and DAN [MCDAVID] went with them so our things got through OK. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON], ERNEST [MASON], ALLEN [MASON] and I went by train from Grayson to E. K. Junction (now Hitchins) thence by C&O to Ashland and back to Meads Station by A.C. & I. train. Walked from Meads about two miles to Cannonsburg. The walk was very tiring, particularly for ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and ALLEN [MASON]. I had some luggage, but I carried ALLEN [MASON] part of the way. He and ERNEST [MASON] were yet in dresses and his hair had never been cut and hung down in long brown ringlets around his neck.

The Village of Cannonsburg

So, on the 17th of May, 1901 (or thereabouts), a beautiful sunny day, we arrived in Cannonsburg - the little place with the big name - and moved our plunder into the west side of

“Uncle“ MIKE O’BRIEN’s house and set up to operate a general store in the two story and basement Brick, built about 1850 - the upper story used by the Masons and Odd Fellows as a lodge hall. At this time there was an empty store house across the road, the Catlettsburg Pike, south of the Brick and a blacksmith shop east of it in the s. w. corner and east of the shop, across the Ashland Pike, in the s. e. corner, E. E. EASTHAM had a stock of goods in a frame store building and west of the Brick store was another blacksmith shop. Two stores and two blacksmith shops - and not enough trade for one of each.

Across the road, in front of the brick store, Uncle MIKE O’BRIEN lived in a two story log house with his family - JOHN, BRIDGIE, MAGGIE, MIKE, KATE [O’BRIEN] - MAYME and DAN [O’BRIEN] all grown. Their barn was west of their house on their triangular piece of land of about five acres. EASTHAM’s lived in the n. e. corner of the Pike Crossing in front of their store. WILLIAM H. NUNLEY & wife east of EASTHAM’s on the opposite side of Marsh Run. J. M. “BABE” ROSS east of NUNLEY’s on opposite side of the creek and Catlettsburg Pike and his barn across the road north of his house. West of the Brick was CLARENCE HANDLEY’s blacksmith shop & his residence, with W. H. NUNLEY’s steam grist mill, north and west, on the bank of the creek; Mrs. AMANDA BROWN’s residence; WILLIAM HANDLEY’s residence and ALBERT JORDAN’s under a big maple tree.

G. W. CALVIN, who owned the land north and west lived about a mile west near the East Fork Bridge on the south side of the Pike and his barn on a knoll east of his house on the opposite side of the Catlettsburg Pike. HENRY NUNLEY lived a short distance south east of EASTHAM’s store on the hillside up a little branch beyond a vacant log house. About a quarter of a mile south on the Ashland Pike on a hillside east of the Pike stood the Public School and a Methodist Church.

Calvin Born

Edith Born

Calvin’s Accidents

Here in this little village of about 50 people we spent almost thirteen years - much of this, as I now see it, was wasted time - maybe not. Maybe I had to learn something and that

was the place I had to learn it. At first we occupied part of O'BRIEN's house and here CALVIN [MASON] was born July 17, 1901 - with Dr. J. D. STURGILL in attendance. He soon grew large enough to roll around and crawl on the floor - and get under a bed or chair and go to sleep - and required little attention. How long we lived at O'BRIEN's I have no record, but EASTHAM's had acquired the brick store and extra lot alongside it and built a cottage on that and we moved into it and lived there several years.

EDITH [MASON] was born there, November 30th, 1903 - Dr. J. D. STURGILL in attendance. It was a cold day - MARTIN PRINCE went over to Princess for the mail, as the regular mail didn't go that day. I believe it was Sunday, and brought me a ten dollar check I had won from the Louisville Courier - Journal in a guessing contest. I was suddenly made rich - a million dollar daughter and a ten dollar check. Mr. & Mrs. PABST had moved to a new cottage north near the Pike at the foot of the hill and I got her to come over for a little while and gave her a pair of overshoes - in honor of the occasion.

While we lived here CALVIN [MASON] fell backward and his thigh struck on a small tin can and fractured the bone and we called in Dr. STURGILL to set it. He was small and blamed me because the doctor hurt his thigh and would look at me and say, "Dog, Papa! Dog, Papa!" After he got well, he got in the habit of slipping his hand in my pocket and taking my knife - and one day while I was sitting by the stove warming my feet he took my knife and was whittling and TAD ROBINET came in with a whip in his hand and commenced striking at CALVIN's [MASON] feet in fun and CALVIN [MASON] stumbled and fell on his face and the knife went in his right eye.

I lifted him up and the knife came out followed by blood. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] was standing by and she almost fainted, as she thought the eyeball was gone. As I carried him out the back way he wiped his eye with his hand and I saw the eye was still there. He was very sick for a short while and then went to sleep. After that he was very pale and lifeless for several days. We later found that the optic nerve in that eye was injured. I have always blamed myself for allowing him to take the knife as I knew the danger. A short while before this I had broken off the point of the blade opening a bottle and was angry at the

time - but was glad after the accident, as it might have penetrated his brain and killed him had the blade been whole. The place seemed to be unlucky for CALVIN [MASON] - for another time he fell down the cellar steps and hurt his breast bone. If Providence didn't look after us, would any of us be alive today?

Edith Meets Julia Kilgore

We Buy a Home

EDITH [MASON] ran like a partridge almost from the first. The boys called her, "Tommy" and she wanted to go wherever they went. I employed SAM KILGORE, an ex-slave, to drive and haul my produce to market and bring back goods from town. One morning when he started to Ashland he told EDITH [MASON] he was bringing his little girl JULIA [KILGORE] home with him. He was a widower and his older girls were married and lived in Ironton, Ohio, and JULIA [KILGORE] lived with one of them. She was about 10 years old.

When he got back and settled up with me he went to the front gate and called for EDITH [MASON]. She was out back but came running when she heard the call - and ran right up to JULIA [KILGORE] before she realized it was she - and then with a sort of gasp she said, "Oh! She's black!" and turned aside. JULIA [KILGORE] didn't seem to mind and SAM [KILGORE] acted as if it was a good joke. SAM [KILGORE] had often talked to her about JULIA [KILGORE] and she was eager to see her until she discovered she was black. After that she showed no further interest.

I bought a cottage and about two acres of ground of W. H. NUNLEY about 1905 and he moved into the house vacated by CLARENCE HANDLEY. For a time - one or two years - I rented our house to a Mr. MAY and his family and had him to build a small barn and help raise the foundation of the house about two feet. After that I got Dr. DAN BRICKEY to add a story to the main part of the house. He was not yet practicing medicine.

Dan Born

Edith Tries to Feed Him

Eliza Sick

We moved from EASTHAM's cottage to our house about 1907 - and lived there till we left for California - forty years ago today - April 14, 1914. DAN [MASON] was born there April 7, 1909 and PAUL [MASON], June 9, 1911 - Dr. STURGILL in attendance.

EDITH [MASON] was nearly five and a half years old when DAN [MASON] was born and naturally took great interest in her new baby brother. At first ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] gave little milk for him and he fretted because of hunger. EDITH [MASON] overheard her mother say to him that he was starving and that something had to be done about it, so one day she was found trying to feed him bread and a slice of ham. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] explained that he was too little to eat bread and meat but had to have milk. EDITH [MASON] was much embarrassed and we had a quiet laugh.

One Spring - I believe in 1907 - ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] went to visit her Father and relatives and old friends on Deer Creek and at Rosedale. As she had the children, ERNEST, ALLEN, CALVIN & EDITH [MASON] with her she was very tired when she came home and soon came down with typhoid fever - contracted we supposed, from bad water she had drunk while on her visit.

Dr. JOHN D. STURGILL was called and attended her almost daily until she was out of danger. There being no nurses in the country and not trusting any I might have gotten from town, whether it was better or not, I got someone, HERBERT MCDAVID, I believe, to run the store and waited on and nursed ELIZA [MASON] myself. Her fever was very severe for more than two weeks and when it broke her temperature was sub-normal several days and she required stimulants to raise it. In typhoid fever this is one of the most critical stages and requires careful attention.

For 21 days I never undressed and went to bed. A small couch was brought and I lay on that in reach of her bed and gave her the prescribed medicine and missed only once giving it on time and that was after the worst had passed. I had believed that I could not do without my regular sleep but learned that if interested enough I could stay awake as much as was necessary.

MARY MCDAVID came and ran the house and neighbor women came in on occasion

and helped. Mrs. JULIA ANN EASTHAM came in once and looked after ELIZA [MASON] one afternoon while I slept a little. After ELIZA's [MASON] temperature returned to normal her appetite became voracious and remained so for a time. She was so thin and weak she required almost constant attention and as she was allowed very little food at any one time she was always hungry.

Edith again to the Rescue

W.L. Geiger

Marsh Run

One day I found a cache of crackers in the bed clothes and I learned that she had induced EDITH [MASON] to smuggle the package to her. Fortunately she had had no chance to eat them so no damage was done. Those days sanitation had not reached its present efficiency & we were fortunate not to have others of the family contract the disease, but we carefully carried out the doctor's instructions, so with that and a favoring Providence we escaped.

Marsh Run is a small stream that runs west through Cannonsburg and empties into the East Fork of Little Sandy River about a mile away. For so small a stream it has a rather wide valley and several branches. In 1901 GEORGE W. CALVIN owned or controlled the land adjoining Cannonsburg on the west and north in Marsh Run Valley, as I have stated before. Over the hill north of Cannonsburg he also controlled the old Geiger farm and home where WILLIAM L. GEIGER, Sr., founder of the family in Boyd County, had once lived in a more splendid style than his neighbors and ran the old brick store I now had, for many years following the Civil War until a change in times and fortune left him almost, if not quite, bankrupt.

East of Cannonsburg on the Catlettsburg Pike, J. M. "BABE" ROSS lived on the old Becker farm which stretched east about a mile on both sides of the Pike and adjoined the lands of JAMES COLLINS and MIKE O'BRIEN. On the Pike were the lands of JOHN BROWN, Mrs. HALLEY, WILLIAM SPARKMAN and on the hill, WADE KIRK.

According to local tradition Cannonsburg was named for a Mr. CANNON and at first consisted of the crossing of two roads - which later were known as Catlettsburg Pike, running east & west, and Ashland Pike, running north and south - then the old brick store was built - near the intersection. Mr. CANNON's house had stood about 3/4 of a mile north east of the store on top of a hill along side the old (now abandoned) - road to Ashland. Nothing was left of it in 1901 but the foundation and chimney stones.

An old apple orchard covered the surrounding acres but the worn out soil produced little fruit. As for the man CANNON, he seemed to have been forgotten or unknown to but few. Such is life! He had been gone perhaps fifty years. We lived there 13 years and at 40 years absence few remember us or that we ever lived there. Perhaps I didn't do anything to or for the place that I should be remembered. I remember that I once paid 40 cents for a peck of green apples from Cannon's Orchard.

At one time a local barber named DICK CLEVENGER kept his barber chair in my store and on Saturdays would shave and cut hair for the local trade at 5 and 10 cents a shave and haircut. Late one Saturday BERT GEIGER, grandson of W. L. GEIGER, SR. came hurrying in & said, "Where's Dick?" I said, "Gone home." "My God!" he said, "I want a shave. I'd give you half a dollar to have this hair off my face." "Sit down, I'll take it off for you," I said. So he sat in the chair and I lathered and shaved him and he stood up and handed me two quarters. I dropped them in my pocket as casually as if it was my regular routine, put my equipment away, and turned to my other work.

BERT [GEIGER] hesitated, as if to see whether he would get his money back but seeing no sign of that, went on his way. Occasionally after that he would drop a remark indication his low opinion of a man who would do a friend like that. I never budged, but got a lot of fun out of it; told him that he himself had set the price and I only accepted it. I meant to give it back, later.

One day several months later BERT [GEIGER] came along with several bushels of little green apples from the old Cannon orchard - apples we ordinarily wouldn't have had as a gift. To my inquiry of, "How much a bushel?" he answered, "\$2.00." "All right, BERT [GEIGER], give me a peck," I replied, and he measured up a peck and I handed over 50 cents - and took the apples and ELIZA [MASON] cooked them for pies and sauce. Afterward he boasted that he got even with me for charging him 50 cents for a shave - and that's how I came to buy Cannon orchard apples.

For a year or two after I took over the store at Cannonsburg there was considerable trade with the teamsters hauling logs to E. W. STRACK's saw mill at Princess, about 2 miles west on the railroad - where the Princess coal mines were located. Most of the logs came from what was known as the "Church Land" owned by people in New Bedford, Mass. I became agent for this land later. J. R. LARK had bought all the Church timber but, as much of it could be got at or out except by passing over other lands which shut it in, - Mr. [J. R.] LARK cut in on his profits to DAN O'BRIEN and maybe some others, to get through and over their lands to the main roads - a smart move on [J. R.] LARK's part.

The timber was sawed by Mr. [E. W.] STRACK into furniture frames, chair rockers, etc. His mill ran there several years. It had the loudest and harshest whistle I ever heard and was heard miles away. The teamsters often stopped for lunch and other meals at my store. They ate canned beef, sardines, oysters, salmon, peaches, bologna and Vienna sausage, crackers, cookies and other things. The prices I got for those things was low, then, and seem ridiculous, now - and were used by me as inducement to get customers in to the store more than as items of profit.

Most all the teamsters, and farmers used tobacco in some form & I sold lots of plug and fine cut both for chewing and smoking. Star and Horseshoe were leading brands of plug and Mailpouch and Redhorse of cut tobacco. Prince Albert led in smoking. We sold a few cigars and Pittsburg Stogies - almost no cigarettes. With smoking tobacco in bags some used the papers to "roll their own" as they said - but after I was fined \$10.00 for giving out a pack of papers, I quit handling them and gradually quit selling tobacco in any form, as I had become disgusted at the sight of little boys chewing tobacco and spitting boastfully like men. I was caught on the cigarette papers, as I did not till then know it was forbidden by law to dispense them.

Whether I could have built a trade sufficient to have made real money at Cannonsburg- had I had more experience or had been of different temperament and disposition is questionable, but I feel that I should have done better than I did. At first I had competition from EASTHAMS which was hard to meet. They knew most everybody in our territory and had a better knowledge of whom to trust.

Our capital was very limited and so we could not safely carry many people on our books. That we carried some that we shouldn't have is testified to by my old account books. EASTHAMS carried too many for too much and, as a result, went broke. During this time we had made little profit, but for about two years following we did a fair business and I was getting out of debt, when GEORGE W. CALVIN decided to move his store from Cats Fork in Lawrence County to Cannonsburg.

At that time I was still in the old brick store and was paying EASTHAMS, or rather Mrs. EASTHAM (who claimed all their property - the Brick & cottage by it - the frame store and the cottage where they lived with some additional land - was her separate property) - extra rent under a contract that she would not rent her empty frame store to anyone to compete with me.

Mr. [GEORGE W.] CALVIN applied to Mrs. EASTHAM for the rental of her frame store building and Mrs. EASTHAM, seeing extra rent in the deal, came to us to release her from her contract so she could rent to Mr. [GEORGE W.] CALVIN - and we, ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I, refused. We had bought JOHN KING's $\frac{1}{2}$ interest some time previously and were paying

him in monthly installments. Mrs. EASTHAM was very much displeased with our decision but had to accept it - which she did with these words, "All right, just as you say, not that I care." This was a hollow victory for us.

New Competition & a Deal in Eggs

Of course we could do no other way and hold to our store - but we should have made a deal with both [GEORGE W.] CALVIN & EASTHAMS and got out of business there and moved out. I don't know that we could have done it, but I believe so, anyway. The outcome was that Mr. CALVIN rented "Uncle" MIKE O'BRIEN's old store building across the street from the Brick and soon moved his goods in and opened for business about Jan. 1907. Trade was so divided that I believe neither store made enough to warrant keeping open. I felt forced by the competition to trust more people and of course lost more than we were able to lose - but thus we continued for a time.

JOE MILLER, a nice young man, was CALVIN's clerk and we got along in a friendly sort of way usually - but we had our moments. One day in April or May I got word that eggs had advanced 1 cent a dozen and so I changed my price on a blackboard I kept out front by the door from 12 to 13 cents - supposing that JOE [MILLER] would raise his price likewise on his board - as we had been paying the same price. A little later looking across to his board I saw he had put the price on it up to 14 cents - 1 cent over my price. About this time PERRY CALDWELL, mail carrier, arrived with the mail and I had to attend to it, as I was acting as Postmaster. After attending to the mail Mr. [PERRY] CALDWELL went on to Princess where he exchanged the outgoing mail for the incoming and in about two hours was back with it and stopped for me to check it for our local mail.

While he had been gone egg prices had risen. After I attended to the outgoing mail and Mr. [PERRY] CALDWELL had left for Princess, just for a lark I went out and raised my price from 13 cents to 15 cents - 1 cent above JOE's [MILLER]. Pretty soon he was out and raised his price to 16 cents and not to be a welcher I raised mine to 17 cents. Up to this time neither

of us had bought an egg all morning. Then a customer brought me about 5 dozen. Still the price continued upward one cent at a time until my price had reached 27 cents and JOE's [MILLER] was 28 cents.

Then two of farmer MCNAMEE's girls brought JOE [MILLER] 15 dozen. I saw them looking at our prices before they went in. About this time Mr. [PERRY] CALDWELL had got back from Princess with the mail and while I was busy with it he walked out and looked at my sign and across at JOE's [MILLER] and came back in asking me, "What's the matter? When I left for Princess the price of eggs was 13 and 14 cents; now it is 27 & 28 cents." I told him how it was and he laughed and went on.

Soon CHARLIE NUNLEY came and after we had had a laugh about the egg prices I said, "Charlie, would you do me a favor?" "Sure," he said. "All right, you take this basket of eggs over to JOE MILLER and bring back the price of them in Arbuckle's Coffee." We counted the eggs I had in the store - about 15 dozen I think, - and CHARLIE [NUNLEY], not to give it away to JOE [MILLER], went out at my back door - his idea - and went into CALVIN's store, as if he had come from home. Pretty soon he came back with the basket full of pound packages of coffee and packages stacked up on one arm as high as his head - laughing so he could hardly carry his load at the trick we had played on JOE [MILLER]. I hurried out and brought in my price sign and that ended the price war on eggs at Cannonsburg.

We Buy a Blacksmith Shop & Convert it into a Store

Sometime later, I have no record of the date, my contract with EASTHAM's ran out and they would not renew, so I bought an old shop building just west of the brick store and rebuilt it into a store and moved my stock into it and [GEORGE W.] CALVIN moved his stock in Mrs. EASTHAM's frame store at the S. E. corner of the pike crossing. I had bought poplar lumber of 'BABE' ROSS for \$15.50 per thousand feet and sent it to the Ashland Planing Mill and had it dressed and Dr. DAN BRICKEY made shelving of it and did other remodeling. During a drought I had a well put down in the rear of the building and later put a

new room over the well and added a hand pump. Later I bought a one room building of GEORGE W. CALVIN for \$20.00 or \$25.00 and got DAVY DAVIS and his teams to hall it in place.

George W. Calvin Becomes Bankrupt

During 1908 business got worse and Mr. [GEORGE W.] CALVIN became so involved in his cattle buying that he was forced into bankruptcy. His method of buying cattle at set prices for future delivery was his undoing, as the prices got lower and still lower until he was paying far more for cattle at the farms than they sold for at the city stock yards. In his efforts to save himself he had borrowed from W. R. MUSICK, "BABE" ROSS and others of his friends and so they were caught in the crash and lost heavily.

The Referee in Bankruptcy took over and proceeded to sell lands, live stock, farm implements, machinery etc. and gave W. R. MUSICK charge of the store at Cannonsburg to dispose of it at the highest price obtainable for the stock. From the first MIKE (M. J.) O'BRIEN suggested that I bid on it, but I was still in debt and did not feel that I should try to buy it, however, as bidders were few, and as Mr. [W. R.] MUSICK had agreed that I could get 40 % discount from the invoice, I agreed to buy it. MIKE [O'BRIEN] proposed that he would borrow money on a note to LINZA FANNIN, secured by a mortgage on his farm, & with part of the money he would buy some young cattle to feed through the winter and pasture them and sell on the next Fall market. With the rest of the money he would pay for the CALVIN store and transfer it to me for a small payment down and my note for the balance.

Mike O'Brien & I Buy the Calvin Stock

Saved by Gas Line

I have ever afterward been sorry that I went into this deal. I came out of it financially whole and even made a little money, but it was the beginning of trouble for MIKE [O'BRIEN], for he began spending the money I paid him, his cattle deals made him but little, as the price was

low and one or two steers got lump jaw and were a loss.

Before I left Cannonsburg I settled and paid MIKE [O'BRIEN] in full but I heard later that when his note came due he could not meet it and so continued on the downhill road until his farm and all he had were lost. It may have been that something else would have brought this about, and it is quite probable, but I regret that it was for me that the beginning was made.

We made another error. Our agreement with Mr. MUSICK was verbal only, as we, at the time it was made, had no money to make the large down payment required. So after MIKE [O'BRIEN] had signed up the note to [LINZA] FANNIN and got the money, MUSICK, through the Referee's office managed to raise the price so that instead of allowing 40 % discount he would allow only 30 %.

We discussed whether we should drop the purchase, but decided to go through with it. Luckily for us a 22 inch gas line was laid down from somewhere in West Virginia to Cincinnati and ran nearby north of Cannonsburg. During that winter, 1908-1909, there were rains, snows and mud and as the laborers worked through all kinds of weather we were able to sell our large stock of rubber boots, overshoes, felt boots, caps, mackinaw coats to those workers - else I doubt we ever could have sold them.

The contractors had brought in Greeks, Italians, Slovenes and others and kept an interpreter, a nice little fellow named JAIME, on the job and to help buy merchandise at the stores. I had never dealt with many foreigners and this was a very interesting experience.

In our own Store

Become Agent for the Church Land

ERNEST [MASON] was now old enough to be a lot of help in the store and he enjoyed helping wait on these people and hearing them talk. We continued with the CALVIN store in EASTHAM's frame building alongside the Brick which remained vacant, I believe, while we remained in Cannonsburg. It was bought by the Odd Fellows Lodge and July 1911, I believe, for about \$850.00.

We were unable to entirely dispose of the bankrupt stock and when we came to

California in April, 1914, that and some other goods, about \$300.00 worth, were left in the building, for which I received almost nothing. The store was rented for a few years to LEWIS THOMPSON for a small sum and finally sold back to W. H. NUNLEY for \$325.00.

About Jan. 1910 I became local agent for the Church Land, which lay about 2 miles S.E. of Cannonsburg. This land had been acquired by the Church Family of New Bedford, Mass. about 1864 and owned by them since. Various persons had been in charge of it down to SAM HENSLEY from whom I took over. I think now I would feel better satisfied had I not taken it at all.

Just how the land was situated in regard to the surrounding farms at the time of purchase I could not learn, but from examination of the old Plat it appeared to have extended down to the public roads in some places but when I took over I found that it ran about a mile along a ridge and part way down the hill sides and hollows and had only two outlets, being hemmed in from all other outlets down the little streams.

In order to clarify the situation I got JOHN MCDYER, a surveyor, and a crew of men to survey it (March 1911). We ran into opposition from most of adjoining land owners because they or former owners, had moved their fences outward and took in Church Land and destroyed the landmarks.

A Knotty Problem

Dealing with W. C. Musick

Not wanting to get into a lawsuit with all those people at once, I had a survey made of the remaining land and found of the original 880 acres 481 acres were left to the Church Family. The other acreage was and had been fenced in and in possession of the adjoining owners for years. I had no way of learning how long. Under the Kentucky law, undisputed possession of land for five years gave title to the possessor - so it was said - as I was faced with the problem of whether to accept the situation or go to law and as I had no orders to go to law, or money furnished me to pay for counsel, we put the new survey on record and did

nothing else about that. I had some land cleared and crops raised during my tenancy - and that brought in a little revenue to help pay expenses.

When I decided to go to California I looked about for a reliable man to look after the land - and after a time recommended a Mr. CLEVINGER who owned land which adjoined at the East corner and he was accepted and took over from me. As soon as it became known that I was leaving I had an application from Mr. MUSICK for the agency. As he had more of the Church Land in his possession than any other man and had refused to let us go inside his fields, even to get a corrected bearing for the surveyor, and had fenced up a road to the Church Land after having been used publicly for many years, I gave him no help or promise, as I was determined not to recommend him to Mr. CHURCH, because of the above mentioned, and further, because his land joined in two places easy to move fences, so as to take more of the Church Land.

So, whether it was right or wrong, I temporized with him. He wanted our house and kept other prospects away, I believe, by saying he was buying MASON's house. He kept us waiting for months before we got down to closing the deal - and then I had to sacrifice several hundred dollars of the cost. He was a curious mixture of generosity and stinginess. He would skin a friend in a trade and enjoy it, and then donate generously to someone in distress. He had grown up in poverty in the backwoods of Russell County, Va., and by industry and thrift had acquired considerable property.

He had a large well muscled frame, fair to reddish complexion and penetrating blue eyes. We used to say he could see a dollar through an inch board. He walked with a slight limp from having the toes on one foot burned off when a baby by rolling over and his foot falling in an open wood fire.

The day before I started to California I went to Catlettsburg about some little business and met him on the street and at once he put at me to recommend him to Church as agent for the land. I gave him an indirect answer and made a date to meet him at another place later that day, but I was either early or late, and so never saw him again. I think he knew that I knew that he was not the proper person for the place and so bore me no ill will, for he wrote to us at

Long Beach and was very friendly and never mentioned the Church Land- however I think now that I should have been more frank and not put him off - like he did me about the house trade.

How not to Sell Before you Move Away

We made a serious error when we decided definitely to go to California by letting it become known publicly. Most every prospective buyer of what we had to dispose of seemed to think that by waiting they would get our plunder at a lower or give-away prices. It was a disturbing and distressing revelation to see our supposedly best friends and neighbors stand by and see things that they really wanted, and meant to buy, sold to strangers who recognized the bargains we were giving - and bought our stuff.

NATHAN ROW and wife and a few others did not do this, but bought what they wanted and left for us to use till we moved, maybe, we expected more than we should have and thus have been too critical. Mother used to say, "Self is a great rascal," and our friends and neighbors were only human, same as we.

"A Lesson to Me"

Sam Hensley & the Chairs

Reminds me of the story of the young colored man who, when he was asked on the gallows before he was hanged whether he had anything to say, is said to have replied, "This will be a lesson to me."

While disposing of our meager furniture we were hard put to sell some items. One day while at the store SAM HENSLEY asked me how much I was asking for our chairs and I said I hadn't yet set a price on them and while we were discussing the matter he said that he wanted the chairs - and that he didn't know what they were worth - but if it was agreeable with me he was willing to let MIKE O'BRIEN, who was present, go over to the house and look at the chairs and set a price on them and he would pay it.

I asked MIKE [O'BRIEN] if he was willing and he was, so he went and in a short while

was back and gave what he said was a fair price which I do not now recall. When MIKE [O'BRIEN] quoted his price, SAM's [HENSLEY] countenance fell and after some hesitation he said the price was too high and he wouldn't pay it - and so he went home angry at both of us and I do not recall that he ever was friendly with me again. Of course we had no secret agreement - but the price was higher than he expected and that was his way of backing out of it.

I was sorry to have him take that attitude. He was a good man according to his lights, but illiterate - many times he came to me to have me read the Bible. If he heard scripture quoted he didn't know how to find it and would appeal to me for help. He was a member of a Baptist church on Chadwick's Creek, I believe it was, and Rev. JIMMY KIRK was his pastor. Uncle JIMMY [KIRK] had a good Christian reputation.

Uncle Jimmy Kirk Preaches a Funeral

In the neighborhood where he lived and was pastor, also lived an old man named BARTRAM whose reputation in several ways was bad. However, when BARTRAM died, his family called on Rev. [JIMMY] KIRK to preach his funeral. As the weather was bad when he died, the funeral was put off till the following summer, so as to give all the relatives and friends of the deceased a chance to be present, and so, when the day arrived, a big congregation gathered in a grove near the church, expecting, of course, to hear Uncle JIMMY [KIRK] eulogize their departed ancestor.

SAM HENSLEY reported the event to me. He said that when time came for Rev. [JIMMY] KIRK to begin his sermon, he stepped out on the little platform pulpit, cleared his throat, adjusted his spectacles, and looking out over the gathered throng said slowly and distinctly, "The man is dead, and as a tree falleth, so shall it lie."

Then he opened his Bible and read a text and proceeded with his sermon and made no other reference to the departed patriarch in any way. SAM [HENSLEY] came to me to find where the quotation about the fallen tree was and said that the family and relatives were much

put out at Uncle JIMMY [KIRK] because he had said so little about their dead kinsman.

When we bought in the store at Cannonsburg we had not asked about the frequency of church services there and were surprised to learn after we moved that preaching was done only once a month by the Methodist Circuit Rider. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] had been a member of a little Baptist church at Deer Creek. Doc WOODS, a prominent minister of that time and section, lived at Willard and was pastor of the Missionary Baptist Church there and came over to Deer Creek, occasionally, and preached in the school house, there being no church there, and when he ceased his work on Deer Creek the members, ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] being one, were transferred to the Willard Church and so remained a member there, I believe, until we came to Long Beach and we transferred to the Burnett Baptist Church - now Bethany.

Methodists and the Holiness Sect

The little Methodist church at Cannonsburg was perched on a hillside about 1/4 mile south of "the burg" itself - on land adjoining the school land and near to the school house. The grounds afforded a scattered grove of scrubby trees. The congregation was a mixture of Methodists, Baptists, an occasional Catholic and many non-church members of which I was one.

he preacher usually came on Saturday and held an evening service and lodged with some nearby family and held morning services on Sunday and went home Sunday afternoon, though sometimes he held Sunday evening service and stayed over another night. Quite often the preacher stayed overnight with us - specially after they learned that ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] set a good table. How very many times she slaved in a hot kitchen to prepare food for the guest preacher and others without appreciation or thanks even.

The Methodist church continued along in its quiet way till about late Spring of 1911 when WILLIAM DUNCAN of the Holiness Church (Holy Rollers, some people called them) came and began preaching services in the church. This was something new and soon crowds

were attending the meetings and several other would be preachers joined in. Although they were using the Methodist property they became very antagonistic to the Methodist Faith and system of worship and ridiculed and spoke against them until the Methodist Church building was closed against the Holiness meetings - and they then resorted to the grove and the school house.

While many people spoke derisively of the "Holy Rollers" some of the best people in the vicinity sided with them and gave them support and several joined them. We had various ones of the preachers as guests and we attended many of their services. Halley's Comet was visible that year and I remember viewing it as we went to the meetings. *

The most prominent preacher that took part in the Holiness meetings at Cannonsburg was a Mr. ERICSON who was a remarkable speaker and while I did not agree with all his doctrine I did like to hear him preach. We never saw him afterward but heard him over radio from L.A. long afterwards when he was an old man. It was reported that he was killed by an automobile on a L. A. street later. The Holiness movement gradually died out and I am not sure that it was in existence there when we left.

School & Teachers

I Become a School Trustee

For several years we gave very little attention to the school at Cannonsburg but when ERNEST & ALLEN [MASON] got old enough to attend we took more interest. Beginning with CYNTHIA RICE, who was the first teacher I now remember, we had Prof. TALBERT, a graduate of Emory & Henry College of Virginia; LINDSAY FRENCH; CHARLES ROWSE; HENRY C. PORTER and FRANK WHITE - and maybe one or two others.

I became school trustee for our district I think about 1909- under the new system of one trustee, instead of three, to each school. The county was now laid out in several districts, each composed of several schools - say 5 or 8. The operating boards of these districts for hiring teachers etc. were made up of the trustees of the various schools in the district. They had a

chairman and secretary.

The several district boards acting together elected the members of the County Board and the County Supt. of schools was chairman. By good fortune I was sent to become a member of the County Board, about 1910, and was selected to be Secretary of that board, I think in Jan. 1912 - I have no record - and served as such until I resigned to come to Calif. in 1914. The Supt. was W. L. JAYNE, a fine man and a good executive. My service with him was very pleasant throughout - personally, I mean, - and though we were not of the same political party and had to make political decisions sometimes, I do not believe there ever was an unfriendly thought between us.

When I first became a member of our district board we were under the administration of Mr. JAYNE's predecessor, Supt. O.K. CAMPBELL and soon an election was coming up - between the two. I knew CAMPBELL and his family who lived on Deer Creek a few miles from Cannonsburg, and was a partisan of his, however, my first official business transaction with him did not tend to make me vote for him.

He and our district board met at the old Buena Vista Furnace below Princess on Williams Creek to inspect a new school house. The building was a distance off the road and in the shadow of the old furnace which had not operated since shortly after the Civil War - the little valley and surrounding hills. Fair size young trees had grown up around it and covered the little valley and surrounding hills. Being a new member I hesitated about expressing my opinion on the question of accepting the building, but I was far from satisfied with it.

Cracks, Knot Holes and Cinders

Although there was nice level land adjoining the site free from stones and cinders the house was built on a small plot covered over with hard cinders - smoothed down a bit with a drag roller - leaving many sharp edges for the poor little barefoot kids to hobble over, as best they could. The lumber used was cheap and construction faulty - many cracks and knot holes and in places the ground could be seen through the floor. The heating plant was good - the

only first class thing in it.

The builder had bid too low and had skimmed to save himself. Our Superintendent, being a candidate, seemed anxious to get the matter over with - and almost before we had got settled to discuss whether to accept or reject, a move was made that we accept and everybody, but me, voted "aye" and the Supt. said, "The Ayes have it." I have since been ashamed that I didn't express my disapproval, but I guess it would have done no good - as I learned that that was not an isolated case.

The Titanic Sinks

The Poor Farm

Another School

Mr. CAMPBELL was defeated at the election and the next new school house - and I believe the last one - I inspected was with Supt. JAYNE. On the morning after the sinking of the Titanic, April 15th, 1912 - Mr. JAYNE came by Cannonsburg and I went with him to Bolts Fork, I believe it was, to see a new school house there. The school trustee, a Mr. ROSS, was also keeper of the 'County Poor Farm,' so we called there to get him to go with us to the new building.

While waiting for him I had an opportunity to see the 'farm' in operation. Everything I saw, including the inmates, seemed clean and orderly - and although cheaply dressed, the inmates in the main seemed cheerful and as happy as could be expected in an institution of that kind.

We found the new school house well built and furnished - as per standards of that day. So there was no question of acceptance of it, but there it was perched on steep sloping ground above the county road on a small triangle with very little room - even for the necessary building - and nowhere except the county road for the children to play. The ground had been purchased or donated and accepted previously - so that was that. Although there were many acres of good building sites nearby, the people accepted this one to save a few dollars - and we were blind enough to let them.

Surely, I take no credit for my part in it - but we were only going along with the custom of

the times. Mr. JAYNE gave us the story of the Titanic disaster as far as he knew it. We had heard nothing, not having TV, radio or even a telephone- nor automobile. We made our trip in a buggy.

Baseball and a Cracked Head

In summer the young men around Cannonsburg made up a sort of ball club and played neighboring village clubs on Saturday & Sunday afternoons. While the quality of game played was not very high the effort and enthusiasm were terrific and rooters and players were fiercely loyal to the home teams. One afternoon, about 1903 or 1904 - late Aug. or early Sept., Cannonsburg played a team from Normal, a small place on the Ohio River below Catlettsburg.

The grounds were in an old pasture- a part of the Geiger Farm in a nicely shaded spot. The local boys got the idea that the Normal team looked down on them as "Country Jakes" and so feelings were not good to start with. Right soon after play one SCOTT, in running the bases, collided with ALBERT JORDAN of the local team and knocked him off third base and continued on to home plate. [ALBERT] JORDAN followed and made the charge that the collision was intentional and SCOTT claimed it was accidental. After a short wrangle, the game was resumed and played out without further dispute of notice.

As the crowd dispersed a boy handed a bat to [ALBERT] JORDAN and, as he walked away with it, he became aware that someone was walking by his side and, glancing to see who it was, saw that it was SCOTT - who answered his look with a scowl. The look so angered [ALBERT] JORDAN that he suddenly swung the bat and struck SCOTT across his right eye and diagonally upward to the hairline above the left eye - leaving a dent in the flesh and bone.

SCOTT dropped instantly. I was only a few feet away and saw his friends gather him up and place him in a buggy. He looked like a dying man to me. Mr. [ALBERT] JORDAN went home and, expecting to be arrested, he kept out of sight. As he was our friend, ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I decided to help get him out of the County till matters became more

settled. So after a talk with him we left in our buggy at night and drove up into Elliott County and made arrangements for him to stay at my nephew's - (CALVIN SPARKS) - but he couldn't make himself stay - just too far in the country - so when I went home he went also. He soon went to his mother at Milton, W. Va., and from there to Wickersham, Washington - and lived there and in that section till his death in 1948. He was honest & truthful and a true friend, but had a very high temper.

We Visit W.A. Jordan, 1935

A Hailstorm & Flood

In 1935 ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I were at his place in Skagit County, Wash. for about 2 hours while passing through the country and in 1938 he and his 4th & last wife stayed overnight with us here. The man SCOTT was shot and killed in a brawl several years after we came west. Lucky for me [ALBERT] JORDAN was not arrested, as I had violated the law by trying to hide him from the officers.

One hot June afternoon (June 10, 1909) while in the store I became aware that a storm was brewing. The wind arose and the sky soon was overcast by dark clouds, in the west and northwest, which soon took on an orange hue and were lit up quite often by bright flashes of lightning which were followed by crashes of loud thunder. This was one time it was lucky not to have a customer - so I hastily shut up shop and raced over to our house. At once a great downpour of rain and hail began. On inquiry ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] said all the children were home except ALLEN [MASON] who had gone to the pasture to bring the cows.

I put on an overcoat and also a heavy pad of burlap sacking over my head to protect me from the huge hailstones and raced back to the store in hope that ALLEN [MASON] had reached it. As I passed by the cottage where we had formerly lived, now occupied by SAM KILGORE, he called to me that ALLEN [MASON] was with him and I went back home and gathered up such things as I could about the yard that were afloat.

Happening to look up the Marsh Run valley from our front porch I was horrified to see a wall of water several feet high and from hill to hill coming toward us - gathering up rail fences

and loose material on its way. Thinking we had not enough time to get to high ground before it struck the house we elected to stay and gathered on the second floor and waited.

Soon our whole lot was under the rushing muddy flood which fortunately for us had had time to spread and thus reached only to the kitchen floor leaving the rest of the house dry. Our forethought in having the house raised about 2 feet some time before saved our furniture. While our fences and garden were damaged and some chickens and our pigs and the pen were washed away we had many reasons for being thankful our loss was so small. The pigs and most of the chickens found their way back home.

Bill gets a Swim

Effects of the Hail

A Resolution

The horses, Bill & Charley, made considerable fuss, as the water was knee deep in the barn, so as soon as the storm abated I got out and bridled Charley and carried the children and ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] out to the bridge and from there they went to the store. Then I went back to get Bill out. He was considered by his former owners as one of the smartest horses alive - had been trained to pull a tram car at a saw mill without a driver from the mill to the lumber yard and return forth and back - hour after hour - and would work most any place he was tried - however, when I opened his stall door he wouldn't come out till he was bridled and led out and then while I was struggling with the large yard gate which opened against the current, Bill got loose and walked straight into the main current of the creek and went under all but his head and swam to the other side then turned and swam back and dashed back into his stall. I gave up and rode Charley back to the bridge and called for a volunteer from the crowd of onlookers and young SAM KILGORE got on Charley behind me and went along and rode Bill out - and I took both horses to BABE ROSS' barn - and Bill tried most all the way there to get loose and go back to his stall.

Mr. & Mrs. [BABE] ROSS invited us to spend the night with them and we very gratefully accepted. The next day was spent cleaning up about our place and replacing board walks and things drifted away. A few days dried up the mud. Our well had to be completely emptied of

the muddy water and washed out. Fortunately none of us got sick from bad water.

We were not in the center of the storm which was about a mile north of us. There the hail beat down garden vegetables, flowers, shrubbery and bushes, killed the tops of trees - large and small - leaving a swath about 1/4 mile wide which soon turned brown and dead. Men & stock suffered from it - some cattle dying from the effects. The hail marks were plainly visible on fences and building on the Geiger farm for several years afterward - as were the dead trees.

I resolved never to buy or live in a house on low ground again and I shall never forget the helpless and terrified feelings I had when I saw that wall of water bearing down on us, as long as I have my memory.

A Visit to Magoffin County

A 12 ½cent Meal

My oldest sister, SUSANNAH (MASON), who was 38 years older than I, married ISAAC WILLIAMS and they raised their family, lived and died on a farm on Rockhouse Creek, Magoffin Co., Ky. Having never been at their house or met any of their family I decided to visit them. So, in the summer of 1909 or 1910 (I have no record) I set out from Cannonsburg on Nig, a horse I had bought of Mrs. MARY ELLIS. He was not "gaited" but was a good walker and covered the ground fairly fast. I spent the first nights with RILEY and REBECCA GREEN near Willard and the second day got up among my kin in Elliott County.

Don't remember whom I visited along the way but soon arrived at Bro. JACK MASON's near the fork of Newcomb Creek and with JACK [MASON] to accompany me then proceeded on toward Magoffin County. The weather was hot & dry. We crossed the steep dividing ridge between the forks of Newcomb & passed through the old farm Father had owned when he was young and where most of his first family of children were born. The old apple trees Father said he had brought from Virginia on horseback and set out and nurtured were still alive and bearing.

From there we went out at the head of the right fork of Newcomb and proceeded almost

due South over hills and up and down creeks, turning to most all points of the compass, across Morgan County into Magoffin. As we went down a long creek about noon I proposed that we stop at the next house and see if we could get lunch. JACK [MASON], being reserved about meeting strangers, demurred but I stopped anyway. Fortunately for us the family and house guests were about to sit down to dinner and made room for us. They had string beans & bacon, Kentucky style, corn on the cob, tomatoes, cucumbers, potatoes, sweet potatoes, fried chicken, apple and berry pie, coffee, sweet and buttermilk and butter. We stuffed ourselves and when I asked, "How much do we owe you?" the man said, "A quarter, I guess," and when I said it was worth more he said, "No, that's enough."

A Sunday Jaunt & What we Found

We arrived at WILLIAMS' about sundown very tired and hungry. SUSANNAH [MASON WILLIAMS] and ISAAC [WILLIAMS] were old and their son, WILLIAM, Jr. [WILLIAMS], and wife and children lived with them. They seemed very glad to see us and did all they could to make us welcome and comfortable. Answering our inquiries about their family we were told that most of them were attending a Church Association about 15 miles distant on the bank of the Licking River and if we would go there next day we could meet them, thereby saving time and travel, so early next morning we set out for the Association grounds as rapidly as saddle-sore horses and men well could.

The word Association in the sense used here meant a convention of the Church delegates from the various churches of the same faith and practice of a district made up of one or more counties in the church jurisdiction. In this instance it was a Baptist Association and, like similar meetings in warm weather, was held in a grove in open air - and as was the custom - the leading ministers in the district were to speak, on occasion, during the session.

The day was hot, the road crooked and rough - up and down hill. Bloomington post office was a landmark we were directed to go by and we kept a sharp look out for it. Time wore on until we had about concluded we were lost when suddenly we came upon an old log

house by the roadside with "Bloomington Post Office" painted on its side. We expected at least a village but this was it. From here it was supposed to have been 3 miles to our destination - and it was then past noon. We put on extra speed and soon came to a ford in the Licking River which was about 150 feet wide and muddy. Seeing horse tracks leading into the water we ventured in and soon were over, as it was only belly deep to our horses. Hurrying on we found only a few stragglers on the Association grounds - the main body having dispersed - to our great disappointment. A man directed us how to find LAFAYETTE WHEELER's place & we went there.

Our Brief Stay and Swift Return

LAFAYETTE WHEELER had married our niece, MARY WILLIAMS, and owned about 250 acres of good land and lived well and had a nice farm house and barn. They took us in and cared for our horses and fed us on the fat of the land - milk and honey, fried chicken, hot biscuits, apple pie & all the vegetables of the season. We had a very pleasant stay. They had other visitors and some of us men pitched horseshoes and told stories in the afternoon shade. MARY [WILLIAMS WHEELER] was large & fleshy - but was a noble cook. I have never tasted better fried chicken than she made. She and LAFAYETTE [WHEELER] were the salt of the earth. They had only one son, HARKLESS [WHEELER], then a young man & single. *

Next morning JACK [MASON] said he was going home and nothing we could say changed him - so I had to decide whether to go with him or not. I compromised by getting him to go with me to visit our nieces, REBECCA [PHIPPS] who had married GREEN PHIPPS, and ANNE [MURRAY] who had married ALBERT MURRAY. This we did by going only a few miles out of our way - and we greatly enjoyed our short visits with them. We ate lunch with REBECCA [PHIPPS]. We stopped briefly with ISAAC and SUSANNAH [MASON WILLIAMS], W. J.[WILLIAMS] & family and they plead with us to stay at least overnight but to no avail - JACK [MASON] wouldn't stay.

We bade them a last farewell and went on our way - never to see any of them again.

REBECCA [PHIPPS] and husband died when they lived at Licksburg, Ky. LAFAYETTE & MARY [WILLIAMS WHEELER] sold out and moved to a farm near Lucasville, Oh., and died there. ANNE & ALBERT MURRAY moved to Waverly, Oh., and died there. Their son, RANEY MURRAY still lives there. HARKLESS WHEELER raised a big family near Lucasville, Oh. and still lives there.

On account of stopping to visit with the folks we were late getting back to JACK's [MASON]. Coming through the woods it was very dark in one place and I begged JACK [MASON] to stop and lay down & sleep till the moon was up or daylight came- but he wouldn't, so we let the horses pick their way through the darkness. The family was not expecting us - JACK [MASON] was just homesick. We soon got to bed and asleep- and next day I went on toward home. I have no recollection of this part of my trip.

A New Well

We Go Politicking

Eliza Hurt

I found water scarce at Cannonsburg and tried and failed to get enough by digging holes in the bed of Marsh Run, so I hired men to dig a well at the south end of the kitchen porch. When they got down more than 20 feet the earth was soft & spongy and they were afraid it would cave in, so I went down and spaded out a few feet of soft earth and found a good stream of good water coming up through course hard sand. I cleaned up the mud and the men lowered a 24 inch clay tile & I set it on the bottom and on that we set other tile to about 3 ft above the ground and on top set an aerating hand pump, so that we could stand under shelter on the porch and pump water easily - no more lifting & carrying from the old well.

Sometimes, ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I went to political gatherings. Once we went to Catlettsburg to a rally for something- I don't remember what. The speaking was in the Courthouse and when it was done all were invited to the lawn to partake of the refreshments - which was mainly "Burgoo," made in true Kentucky style. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] had one of the children - DAN [MASON], I think, who was a baby, in her arms, and so did not go outside but remained in the Courthouse. I went out and got in line and had just got my tin cup filled with

steaming hot “Burgoo” when I was called to the Courthouse where I found ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] had accidentally sprained her ankle, or broken it, and was in great pain. (She stepped off the edge of the Jury platform not realizing she had reached it and was pitched onto the floor.) Fortunately a good doctor, Dr. J. W. MORTON, was at hand and he bound up her ankle and we went back home. Her ankle was sore a long time and always afterward seemed weak and easily hurt - I never then or afterward tasted “Burgoo.”

Ollie James Speaks a Piece

A Preacher Carries a Sample

At another time, I believe in 1912, we went to Ironton, Ohio, to hear Senator Ollie James of Kentucky speak in the interest of Woodrow Wilson. At this time Theodore Roosevelt was a candidate for President on the “Bull Moose” ticket and was making vigorous speeches, in one of which he compared the campaign to the “Battle of Armageddon.” Sen. James seized on that in his inimitable way. He said that “after all these years Teddy has recently discovered a Bible and in his energetic way he has started in to read through it and has got over to the story of the ‘Battle of Armageddon’ and has hit upon the idea that his fight against Taft and Wilson is it.”

Further on he said that Teddy’s fiery language reminded him of the story of the Methodist Circuit Rider and the traveling salesman. The salesman rushed into a restaurant and took a seat alongside a man who was quietly eating his dinner. When the waiter brought the traveling salesman’s food he reached for the salt and pepper but before he could use the pepper the man beside him said, “Here, use this. The sawdust and rotten wood you get these days for pepper are not fit to put on food, so I have my wife to prepare some real pepper and I take it with me when I eat out.” (This was before Dr. Wiley of Pure Food Law fame had got in his good work.)

The traveling salesman took the proffered pepper stand with thanks and as he started shaking the pepper on to his food he turned to the Circuit Rider and said, “What is your line?” and the reply was, “I’m a Methodist Circuit Rider.” The traveling salesman then said, “You

believe in hellfire and brimstone, do you?" and was answered by, "Yes, Sir, I do." The traveling salesman handed back the pepper stand and dove into his food. Suddenly, as he bent forward, tears gushed from his eyes, and with smothered coughs he went for his napkin. After a few moments he wiped his eyes and cleared his throat and turned to the Circuit Rider and said, "I have met many preachers in my work who believed in hellfire, but you are the first one I ever saw who carried a sample with him."

While telling this story, Sen. James, in an aside, said, "I am a Methodist on my wife's side." He was a huge man with a brilliant mind but did not live long after this (Died Aug. 28, 1918, aged 47.) Too much hard livin' maybe.

Uncle William Visits his Kentucky Kin

Uncle WILLIAM BRICKEY, while a youth, left his home in Scott Co., Va. And went to Ohio near Ironton to work about the iron furnaces among the hills in that section. When the Civil War came he was persuaded to join a company being made up then for service in the Union Army - and after his army service was over he and his brother LANDON [BRICKEY] who had joined him, went to Minnesota where they lived many years. Uncle LANDON [BRICKEY] finally went to the Pacific Coast and after a few years died and was buried Dec. 1893 at Downey, Calif. Uncle WILLIAM [BRICKEY] and wife, LOUELLA CASEY, who he had married at or near Ironton, Oh., were the parents of (15) fifteen children & being tired of the Minnesota cold emigrated with several of their younger children to Graysville, Rhea Co., Tenn. in Mar. 1902 and his wife died there in 1904.

As 3 of Uncle WILLIAM's [BRICKEY] brothers and many others of his near kin had served in the Confederate Army, and his brothers COMPTON [BRICKEY] and PATERSON [BRICKEY] had died in it, no doubt he hesitated about coming home after the war was over - and so went to Minnesota instead. I clearly recall seeing letters he had written to Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY] way back in the early 1880's. Poor Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY] never saw him or his youngest brother JAMES DANIEL [BRICKEY] who

also left home in youth, after they went away.

However, after Uncle WILLIAM [BRICKEY] was left a widower he decided to go visit his kin in Kentucky so in the winter of 1905 -1906 he came up and visited with most all of the family relation in Eastern Ky. Too late to see Grandmother, [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY] though as she had died in 1894. I did not go around with him, as I was busy in the store and it was cold weather. I am sorry I did not see him meet Uncle PARISH [BRICKEY]. They were not on very friendly terms when he left home before the war and had served on opposite sides so it must have been a dramatic moment in their lives.

Uncle WILLIAM [BRICKEY] went to Ironton, looking up some of his wife's relatives and old comrades and while there tried to collect some money, owed him since the War, without success.

It was a family tradition that while he was in the Army he went to church one Sunday without leave and was punished for it by having his thumbs tied with a cord which was hung over a hook and drawn up so tight he was forced to stand on tiptoe for two hours. Being a private he had to take it, but after being mustered out he was said to have met his former commander on the street in Ironton and knocked him down in revenge. When he visited us he wore a patriarchal beard and was a very strict member of the Seventh Day Adventist Church - a fine Christian man. After he went home he sent us some canned peaches from his orchard near Graysville, [TN]. A few years later he went to Kaniah, Idaho, and married WINNIE CATE and died there in 1919.

My Trip to Fayetteville, Arkansas

As EASTHAMS were making arrangements to open their store again ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] discussed our situation and decided we should move to some other place. At this time, 1911, the Ozark Country of Missouri and Arkansas was being advertised heavily, so it was decided that I should go and see part of it with a view of settling there. I spent the night of Feb. 20th at Bro. SAM's [BRICKEY] and next morning left for St. Louis where

I arrived at 9:30 p.m. same day. Here I changed cars for Fayetteville, Ark. and arrived there about 3:30 p.m. next day - so says a note in diary of the trip. The railroad ran down the summit of the Ozarks and snow was on the ground and in the wind which blew from the west with considerable force.

I had thought I could get some sleep in my car seat, but the porter kept the stove so hot the coach was so uncomfortable I slept very little. When I ventured out on the platform for a fresh breath I was soon chilled and forced to go to my seat. Then we were delayed by the train striking something (said to have been a mule) on the track. It was almost pitch dark which made time more tedious. The first town I remember seeing in daylight was Monette, Mo. After the cold night and the uncomfortable coach it was a great relief to get out in the beautiful springlike sunshine at Fayetteville, which was a quiet old fashioned place - no street cars, cabs or busses. The houses, with columns in front, stand far back from the streets on large lots - flowers and shrubs in front and vegetable gardens in back.

On a high hill in the N.E. part of town stood the Arkansas State Building brought down from St. Louis Fair by a native who had made good and wanted to show his appreciation to his birthplace. It was painted white and could be seen miles away from all directions. I have forgotten the man's name but remember I was told he had not lived long to enjoy his good fortune and the sight of his building.

W.J. Lighton - J.R.Axsom

White River

G.R.Gill

I fell in with a man from Brownsville, Texas, and we went around together and visited the University of Arkansas grounds and inspected their cattle, hogs and poultry - looked at several farms and orchards - strawberry farms - saw one 5 acre strawberry field so thickly laid with flint rock that I believe I could have walked all over it without stepping on dirt - saw beautiful running streams of clear water and much watercress along the edges - went out east of town and saw a sawed log house owned by W. J. LIGHTON and written up in the Sat. Eve. Post by him. He had had it built - suppose it was nice inside but it looks more like a fort outside. It was set

down in a cove in what looked like wasteland grown up in briars and underbrush. I thought it a poor advertisement for Arkansas.

My acquaintance from Brownsville mentioned the name of his neighbor at Brownsville, a Mr. J.R. AXSOM, several times, so I asked him to describe him - which he did. Then I said that the last time I had heard of this man he had left his family in Carter Co., Ky., took another woman and went to parts unknown. Said he, "That explains something I had wondered about. I knew that he and the woman posing as his wife have young people visit them who claimed him as their father, but not her as mother. Now, I understand." I had known J. R. AXSOM as a teacher and lawyer and a candidate for County Attorney of Carter County - about 15 years before - and think it odd that I should learn of his whereabouts in the peculiar way I did.

Oak Woods - Buggy Tops

A Kentuckian in Ark.

I saw nothing at or near Fayetteville that I wanted that I could pay for so made no effort to contract for anything. Before I left I took a train ride about fifty miles up the beautiful White River to a big saw mill in the oak woods at a place called Combs. The man in charge, Mr. G. R. GILL, was very courteous and showed me the mill and products and invited me to stay overnight with him. - which I should have done - as the mill was shut down and he and his wife were the total population, I guess he was lonely.

They sawed several kinds of lumber but at that time most of their product was material for bows for buggy tops - and great stacks of it were on hand. As buggies soon were to become obsolete I have wondered whether he ever disposed of his supply. The oak trees there were not the same as the Kentucky white oak - the wood seemed to be coarser and more porous, but they were beautiful to look at - in the natural. There was little undergrowth and the great gray boles stood spaced in row like order as far as the eye could see.

While I was looking over the mill yard a big, raw-boned, red headed man drove in from the woods with a pair of mules hitched to a heavy wagon loaded with heavy 8 foot oak staves. While he was unloading I asked him his name and what part of the country he was from and he

said Kentucky and when I asked what part he said the Eastern part - and when I said I was from there, too, he showed no further interest and while my attention was on something else a few moments, he finished unloading and when I again turned to him he was rapidly putting distance between us - whipping his mules to increase their speed. I was both surprised and puzzled by the man's actions, but after I got home and was telling Mr. PABST about my trip and mentioned this incident he gave me some light on it. When I gave Mr. PABST the name that the man had given me he said that the man, I have forgotten his name, had lived at Cannonsburg only a few years before and had got into trouble and left the country ahead of the Sheriff. No doubt the man thought I was an officer come to take him back to Cannonsburg - and wasn't it strange that we should meet in the backwoods of Boston Mountains of Arkansas?

Last Visit to Uncle Dan Brickey

Notes on Cannonsburg

When I bought my ticket in St. Louis I supposedly paid for a trip to Fayetteville, Ark. and return via Springfield, Mo. and Poplar Bluff to St. Louis but when I stopped at Springfield to change for Poplar Bluff the autocrat behind the agent's desk refused to honor my ticket - my pleadings and arguments availing me nothing. So I went out and saw some of Springfield during a snow fall. At 10:05 that night I left for St. Louis, arriving there at 8 a.m. Mar. 1, 1911 - and from there went to Uncle DAN BRICKEY's Piano & Music Store at Neidringhaus & E. St. In Granite City, Ill. I stayed with Uncle DAN [BRICKEY] and his family three nights - Wed., Thurs., & Fri. Saturday evening we all went to supper in St. Louis and after that his daughter, MELLIE [BRICKEY], and a friend and I went to a late show and I left for home at 12:05 a.m. Sunday arriving at 5 p.m. This was the second time I had visited Uncle DAN [BRICKEY] & family - also the last time.

When a sixteen year old boy he left Grandmother's [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] home on the Fulton Place in Elliott County with old JIMMY GREEN, the fiddler. Uncle DAN [BRICKEY] was a fiddler, too - and after a trip on a steamboat down the Ohio and

Mississippi he landed somewhere in Mississippi and after a spell of fever, from which he almost died, he drifted up through Arkansas into Missouri in the vicinity of Sticklesville where he married LOUISA ANGELINE CLONTS, Dec. 7, 1881. They had six children - EURA, LANDON, MELZENA, HAIL, IRL and GRACE [BRICKEY]. EURA [BRICKEY] was married and gone but all the others were with him when I was there in 1911. His wife had died in 1897 and he was a widower when I visited him. Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY] always blamed Uncle JIMMY GREEN for Uncle DAN's [BRICKEY] leaving home - and for not bringing him back when Uncle JIMMY [GREEN] came back - but suppose Uncle DAN [BRICKEY] settled that and did as he pleased. I have heard that he didn't like his stepfather, IRA SLOAN. The last time Grandmother [NANCY PARISH BRICKEY SLOAN] got a letter from him was about 1880 and then silence.

By one of Uncle WILLIAM's [BRICKEY] girls working in a hospital a trace of him was found and Uncle WILLIAM [BRICKEY] wrote and got return letters from him in Granite City, Ill., and while I was attending the Odd Fellow Grand Lodge at Mayfield, Ky., as delegate from the lodge at Cannonsburg, New Hope Lodge, No. 109, I.O.O.F., I went up from there and got acquainted with him and his family in 1909.

During 1911 I made notes of some happenings in Cannonsburg and vicinity as follows: Feb. 6, ELIJAH HOWARD, Singer Sewing Machine Agent, died at 1 p.m. and Uncle MIKE O'BRIEN died at 8 p.m. same day. Feb. 21 - Left on trip to Arkansas - returned home Mar. 5th, 5 p.m. Mar. 11 - MELVIN C. SPENCER and two daughters ate lunch with us. Mar. 19 - Mrs. W. R. MUSICK died. Mar. 27th - W. L. MCDYER began survey of Church Land - but did only part and his father, JOHN MCDYER finished it in December following. April 17 - EASTHAMS bought back from Referee in Bankruptcy - their frame store - and May 2 - EASTHAMS opened for business - W. R. MUSICK buying and hauling the goods for them - June 9th - PAUL [MASON] born. July 24th - School began. WILLIAM DUNCAN began preaching so called "Holy Roller" doctrine. Aug 2 - Began a series of meetings by Evangelist ERICKSON. Sept. 4 - ERICKSON began more meetings. Sept. 10th - Took the family to Ashland Park - ERICKSON and others preached - rained. Sept. 13 - MELISSA [BRICKEY] & MENIFEE

[SPARKS] with us till the 17th when I took them to SAM's [BRICKEY]. Sept. 23 - SEXTON WILLIAMS and LEONARD LESTER ate lunch with us. Sept. 24- ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] at a Camp meeting at Ashland and stayed at W.R. HEABERLIN's till the 27th.

Sept. 28. - W. G. PHIPPS, husband of niece REBECCA WILLIAMS PHIPPS of Lickburg, Ky., stayed overnight - Many whippoorwills or Bull Bats in the air - I shot at them with a shot gun but killed none. Oct. 29 - Mr. E. E. EASTHAM, Mrs. J. M. ROSS & RILA MCSORLEY baptized. Nov. 2 - Brother-in-law J. M. GREEN with us till Nov. 4th. Nov. 8- Dr. J. M. PRICHARD of Ashland removed EDITH's [MASON] tonsils and she and ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] stayed at W. R. HEABERLIN's till the 11th and Aunt BETTY, DORA and FAY came home with them and stayed two nights. Dec. 23- ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] went to Ashland and brought EMMA [MCDAVID] home with her. Jan 13, 1912 - Uncle JAMES M. FIELDS died - no other notes on 1912 - This year HENRY C. PORTER says he taught the Cannonsburg school and we were busy trying to make a living.

Diary Continued

Serving as a Juror

In the Spring of 1913- March and April - I was a juror in the Circuit Court at Catlettsburg in the Federal Building, as the old Courthouse had been condemned and was to be replaced with a new one. There had been much snowfall in the mountains of Pennsylvania and W. Virginia around the sources of the Ohio and its tributaries followed by widespread rains and word began coming from Pittsburgh and other places that a great flood was on its way and to prepare for it - as it indicated that it would surpass the flood of 1884 - the greatest on record.

The 1913 Ohio River Flood

Cong. W. J. FIELDS

People in Catlettsburg went about their businesses seemingly unconcerned - as if they didn't believe it, or had all spring to prepare for it. One afternoon after Court adjourned I

walked down to Front St. near Center and looked at the rising tide. Here the Big Sandy, now at flood, empties into the Ohio. I made a calculation that at that time it was twenty feet from the sidewalk to the water. I got my horse from the livery stable and went home. Next morning as I rode along on Main St., the Big Sandy was over its banks and belly deep to my horse in the low places and when I got to the Court the judge recessed the term until the flood had gone. He lived at Vanceburg on the Ohio river and wanted to get home before the C & O Railway was under water. When we jurors went out we found the Federal Building surrounded by water and planks were laid for us to cross on.

People were moving out some things and placing others out of reach of the flood, so they thought. We jurors soon got out of town. By next day the flood had taken over - most every town and city from above Pittsburgh down river was partly under water. Catlettsburg bakeries were drowned out and bread was shipped from Lexington. Uncle W. J. FIELDS, then in Congress from that District, came from Washington to see after affording some Government relief to the flood victims.

After many days the flood receded leaving mud and wreckage. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and I went to Catlettsburg and saw merchants and others busy cleaning up the leavings. It was a pitiful sight. Clothing merchant EVANS' store at Center St. faced squarely up Main St. - not believing that the water would get high enough to reach the top of his counters he had piled them high with clothes. The flood forced the doors and windows in front, turned the counters over and left a thick coat of mud over everything.

Many others experienced a similar loss. PEM MARCUM, a friend of mine, had a house washed away and it lodged on a farm about a hundred miles down the Ohio. The 1884 flood mark was about 4 feet above the lawn at the Sheriff's office. The 1913 mark was about 5 feet higher.

Life Insurance

Ernest Breaks an Arm

Mother Sick

Soon after moving to Cannonsburg I applied for Life Insurance of SAM WILCOX of

Grayson and went to a doctor in Ashland for medical examination. I had driven a team to Ashland and sold my produce and loaded the wagon before seeing the doctor, so I suppose my pulse was too rapid or irregular, so the doctor thought I was a bad risk and on his report the policy applied for was refused and I declined the one offered me.

About Dec. 1909 I tried again. This time the agent, WADE H. CLAY, brought Dr. JAMES A. SPARKS with him and gave me examination in the store and I passed & a \$1000.00 policy was granted by the Equitable Company. While Dr. [JAMES A.] SPARKS was making up his papers ERNEST [MASON] came from school with a broken forearm and he set it and bound it up and would accept no pay for it. We had gone to school together when boys back in Lawrence County at Martha P.O. on Blaine Creek - and this was his way of remembering our former friendship. It was a very generous deed. I do not recall that I ever saw either WADE CLAY or Dr. [JAMES A.] SPARKS again and both have been dead several years, as have SAM WILCOX and the other doctor - according to reports I have had.

Near the last of Dec. 1909 word came that Mother [CAROLINE BRICKEY MASON] was very sick and SAM [BRICKEY] and I went to be with her. The weather was cold and several inches of snow on the ground. I have almost no remembrance of where we got together or how - we traveled but assume that we went by train to Willard or Webbville and walked the 8 or 10 miles from there on. We found Mother suffering with an advanced case of pneumonia. I was told that she had got warm putting out a wash, and had walked down to Bro. BOB's [BRICKEY] - about a quarter mile - without sufficient wraps and became chilled on the way home and from that the pneumonia had developed. She recognized us two & asked me about DAN [MASON] whom she had never seen and who was then near 8 months old. After that she said very little that I heard. Only a word or two at a time. A doctor had been to see her and left medicine.

After SAM [BRICKEY] & I saw her condition we thought to recall him or get another but learned that the nearest doctor was about 10 miles away, that one or more was sick and one was too old to venture out on the terrible roads in the snow and cold and that on account of the great number sick the other doctors were going day and night with little rest - no way to travel

except horseback or on foot. So we undertook to help administer the medicine and nurse her the best we could.

The Family Gather

Cold Weather

Mother's Death

Bro. BOB [BRICKEY] and wife, POLLY [BRICKEY], and family and Sister BETTY [BRICKEY LYON] were in close attendance and Bro. NELSE [BRICKEY] soon arrived. BETTY's husband, WILEY LYON, was there to help keep the fire going and prepare wood. MENIFEE SPARKS came, and seeing more clearly than the rest of us were willing to admit, went home to bring MELISSA [BRICKEY SPARKS]. I seem to have kept no record and so do not know - how many days we were there. On the last day in December Mother [CAROLINE BRICKEY MASON] seemed improved - but after midnight she became weaker and on the doctor's written directions we gave her a whiskey toddy, which she did not like but swallowed it without protest, that I can remember, but after taking it she said, "Dog gone that old toddy," & that was the last words I understood her to say.

I suppose if it were possible for a similar situation to confront me I would do as the doctor directed, but I have felt at times that the toddy may have been too stimulating & thus hastened the end - anyway it did not have the strengthening effect we desired and she grew weaker and weaker until just about dawn, as BETTY [BRICKEY LYON] & I stood anxiously watching, she quietly breathed her last without a struggle - only a slight movement of her lips and she was gone. Only those persons who have enjoyed the love and kindness of a wonderful mother, as I did, can fully understand my feelings and thoughts as I looked down on that calm sweet face which showed so little of the effects of the great trials of poverty, hard work, grief and heartbreak that had been her lot. Here, I realized as never before the little I had done to deserve such a mother.

Mother's Burial

We Separate for the Last Time

MELISSA and MENIFEE [SPARKS] came early and we all got together and made arrangements for her burial. Bro. BOB [BRICKEY] platted the grave and neighbors and friends went to digging it upon a high point above her little house. I believe BOB [BRICKEY] had coffin lumber and attended to having a coffin made. There were no undertakers in that country then. I went to LAFE PENNINGTON's store at the mouth of Hurricane Fork and bought lining and trimming for the coffin and a few other things needed and late that day she was dressed and placed in the coffin and lovingly carried down to Bro. BOB's [BRICKEY] and placed in the living room where most of us sat up the long night through - and talked over matters. Brother MORGAN [BRICKEY] being unable to care for himself, now that she was gone, would move down to BOB's [BRICKEY].

I stated that all I wanted of her things was such family papers as she had - in order to make up a family record - and that was agreed to. I think I slept some before day. As no certificate of death was required we proceeded with the burial near the middle of the day, Jan. 2, 1902. The sun came out and the day was warmer and many of her neighbors and friends were there to pay their respects. I bid the friends and relatives goodbye at the grave side with the understanding that I would return in a few weeks or months and look through the papers. How little I thought that that would be the last time I would ever be at that place and that I would never see any of the people there again, but excepting sister MELISSA [BRICKEY SPARKS], I believe it is true. I left the grave with Sister BETTY and WILEY [LYON] and at the top of the hill we separated to meet no more in this world.

From there I went through the woods to OSSIE PENNINGTON's place - the Old JESSE LYONS farm - and he loaned me a horse and went with me to the railroad to bring the horse back. One of Bro. BOB's [BRICKEY] boys and SAM [BRICKEY] went with us. The roads were in terrible condition but we got through without accident. Bro. NELSE [BRICKEY], thinking that Mother was better, or at least no worse, had gone home on Dec. 31st - to be sworn in as Justice of the Peace in Greenup County Court on Jan. 1st. He had been elected in November - and so was not at the burial, but perhaps meant to come back in a few days. We were all sorry that he was not there with us.

Early in 1913 we got word that ELIZA's [MCDAVID MASON] father had a growth on his right jaw & it grew and became painful as time passed. We decided at last that I should go to see him so I went by train to Hitchins and hired a horse and set out for Deer Creek - and near the head of Wolf Creek I met him with Dr. TABOR, and some others, on horseback on their way to Hitchins to entrain for Louisville where he was to enter a hospital for an operation to remove the growth which by this time had become about the size of a goose egg and was a dark red color. It was at and under the angle of his jaw.

I returned to Hitchins with Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID and Dr. TABOR and saw them board the train going West and soon I got one on for Ashland. The ticket agent at Hitchins that day was WILLIAM MCMAHON whom I knew in Ashland - a brother to JOHN MCMAHON. When I asked for a ticket for Princess he told me to get my ticket of the train conductor. I asked if the conductor would sell me a ticket and [WILLIAM] MCMAHON assured me that he would. I felt that there was a trick in this, so I resolved to play it as the cards fell.

The Ashland Coal & Iron Railway (A.C. & I.) owned a road from its iron furnaces in Ashland through Summit, Meads, Princess, Coalton, Kilgore, Rush, & Denton to Mt. Savage - a short distance above Hitchins - and leased the use of it to the C. & O. Railway - to pass over, reserving to itself the right to haul all freight and passengers picked up or put off along its line - and according to the restriction, I would have had to ride on the C. & O. up to Mt. Savage or Denton, got off and waited for the next A. D. & I. train and rode it to Princess.

[WILLIAM] MCMAHON should have told me this and I would have complied without any further thought, but acting as agent he told me to get my ticket of the Conductor and so when he came around I told him what I wanted and was told, rather sharply I thought, that I would have to pay fare to Ashland. I didn't relish that and said so, and repeated what [WILLIAM] MCMAHON had said. We argued the matter back and forth till we left Kilgore, then he said if I didn't pay for a ticket to Ashland he would put me off and I said I didn't want to go to Ashland

and wouldn't pay it, so he stopped the train and I got off, unhurriedly, while he stood by fuming. I suppose [WILLIAM] MCMAHON had an object in what he told me but I never knew what.

Maybe he didn't like the conductor WILLARD CARR, and wanted to cause him trouble. Anyway, we all acted foolishly and I walked home from Kilgore about 6 or 7 miles - but paid no fare from Hitchins to that point. I was like the Irish domestic who, after a quarrel with her mistress, said, "And then I left, and she a pointin' to the door." I could see that Mr. [WILLARD] CARR wanted to kick me off the car steps but fear of the consequences restrained him. Three things beside my own badness made me be stubborn in this. First, the agent lied to me, Second, the Conductor's harsh attitude and Third, it was common knowledge that he had put off others, some of whom I knew, at Princess and other places along the line.

W. E. McDavid at our House

Returns Home & Dies

Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID's operation removed the growth but the wound did not heal and soon began to grow. I went to see him and later had our family doctor, JOHN D. STURGILL, to see him. Dr. [JOHN D.] STURGILL had procured a formula for treating cancer and said he believed he could cure the wound, so Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID was brought to our house at Cannonsburg & Dr. [JOHN D.] STURGILL treated him almost daily from early Aug. until in Oct. to no avail. The medicine literally cooked the wound and surrounding flesh and it was removed to the jaw bone making a terrible place - but the disease was too deeply seated and thus infected the glands and blood vessels in his neck.

His suffering was very severe and hard for all of us to endure the sight of, and agony for him. At last Dr. [JOHN D.] STURGILL gave up that he could not cure him and EMMA [MCDAVID], who had been nursing him from the first, took him home. He lived about 6 weeks longer, when his throat became so infected that he could not swallow, so he died of thirst, starvation and disease.

He died Nov. 13, 1913 and was buried by the side of his first wife, AMANDA [STURGILL], in the farm burying ground. ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] attended the burial. I

believe that was her last visit to the old home. I was told that EMMA [MCDAVID] was left a small sum for her labor nursing her father, but if he had left all his money to her it couldn't have paid for the loving care she gave him - but all the family helped, too.

Dan McDavid Comes to Ky - Return to N. Dak., Taking Herbert

DAN MCDAVID left Kentucky about 1901 or 1902 and went to Wisconsin with his brothers, JOHN & JIM [MCDAVID]. I believe JIM [MCDAVID] came back that Fall but JOHN & DAN [MCDAVID] went to Duluth, Minn. And after a year or two as streetcar conductor DAN [MCDAVID] bought 160 acres of the Devil's Lake Indian Reservation at four dollars per acre and went out to it and settled near the Lake at a little place - Oberon, N. Dak. Later he married and his wife (and newly born child) died within a year. His home broken up he came back to visit with his family in the Spring of 1906, or thereabouts.

He spent most of his time with us and while he was there we went on a fishing trip to the Little Sandy River at Argillite Mill. The party consisted of DAN [MCDAVID], MIKE J. O'BRIEN, MABEL PABST, ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] & I and I believe CALVIN & EDITH [MASON] - not sure of the children - nor what arrangements we had made about the older children & the store - seems like there were one or two others along.

We got living room in a farm house nearby the mill where we could cook, eat & sleep. The weather was fine and the river clear and the fall of the water over the dam was beautiful. Lack of bait prevented our taking more than a few fish - but we had a jolly good time. DAN [MCDAVID] and MIKE [O'BRIEN] volunteered to go and catch minnows for bait in a little creek about ½ mile distant. Shedding their shoes and socks and armed with tackle and a minnow bucket they started out. After a long anxious wait they came limping back with bleeding feet (from the sharp gravel) and a very few minnows and a tale of woe.

Their first mistake was in leaving their shoes, as their feet were tender and wading the creek made them more so. Their second mistake came after they had caught a good lot of minnows - and then attempted to changed the water in the bucket - instead of draining off the

used water on land they tried to drain it off while standing out in the water - result a slip and the minnows spilled back into the creek - all but a few of the poorest. Of course, we had a good laugh at their expense - and ours too. When DAN [MCDAVID] went back to N. Dak. HERBERT [MCDAVID] went with him and the following winter they went to Long Beach, Calif. where they had cousins -children of their Uncle JOHN STURGILL who had married LULU WALTERS in Ky. and came west many years before.

Dan McDavid Comes to see His Father We Leave Cannonsburg

When DAN [MCDAVID] got word of the serious illness of his father he brought his wife, RENA [MCDAVID], whom he had married in Long Beach, and their son, DERRY [MCDAVID], then about three, and FLORENCE, HERBERT's [MCDAVID] wife, and her two children, HORTON [MCDAVID], two, and HILDRETH [MCDAVID], about six months old - to see Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID and the rest of the kin. During their visit FLORENCE [MCDAVID] got a case of fever and DAN [MCDAVID] rented a room in Uncle MIKE O'BRIEN's house and she stayed there until she was strong enough to travel. DAN & RENA [MCDAVID] persuaded us to let ERNEST [MASON] go with RENA and DERRY [MCDAVID] to California and they left in September 1913 - DERRY [MCDAVID] had cut his foot and had to have extra attention.

They stopped at Grand Junction, Colorado to see RENA's [MCDAVID] Uncle & Aunt, Mr. & Mrs. ROBERT DERRY, for a few days. When FLORENCE [MCDAVID] got able to go, she, the children, DAN [MCDAVID] and ROLLIN, MARY and EDWARD [CARPENTER] left for California together. Mr. W. E. MCDAVID charged DAN [MCDAVID] to look after MARY [MCDAVID CARPENTER] & he promised that he would. It was a hard parting, as all must have realized that it was final with Mr. [W. E.] MCDAVID.

Final Arrangements Goodbye Kentucky Events &

As I have written before we soon proceeded to get ready to emigrate to California and at last we got everything arranged, as nearly as we could, to make the start. I sent the family

over to Bro. SAM BRICKEY's while I made some final adjustments and attended to last errands. When I closed my store building and gave the key for safe keeping to Uncle BILL (W. H.) NUNLEY there were perhaps twenty-five friends and neighbors standing by. Somehow I felt unable to shake hands and say goodbye to them - stooped slowly and picked up my little leather grip Mr. MUSICK had given me and walked away - too full, I thought, to say a word.

As I turned toward the bridge I took a last look at the gathering and the places. Before I started up the hill I looked at what had been our home and across the way at BABE and MAUDE ROSS' home. She was standing looking at me and so was the last one I saw. The picture is clear yet. The next day I bought our tickets and attended to some other things and visited Catlettsburg. Next morning, April 14, 1914, Dr. DAN BRICKEY took us in his car to the C. & O. station in Ashland - a great treat, as we had never had a ride in a car - automobile, I mean. We arrived before six a.m. We bid Dr. DAN BRICKEY (he died in 1925), NATHAN and DOVEY ROW and MABLE PABST goodbye - and went aboard and soon we were on our way. When I told Mr. IRVINE, the ticket agent at Ashland, I was going to California he inquired how many children and their ages and I told him five - ALLEN, 14; CALVIN, 12; EDITH, 10; DAN, 5 and PAUL [MASON], almost 3. As I remember it the Colonist Fare was about \$42.50 and I expected to have to buy four full tickets and one half fare (for Edith).

Mr. IRVINE said to buy three full fare and two half-fares and if no more was asked along the way to say nothing - just show my tickets. This we did. All day we traveled - stopped at Cincinnati very briefly and headed for Chicago where we arrived at night and transferred across the city to another R.R. Depot in a horse drawn bus. The driver seemingly wanted to haul everyone at one load, as he kept crowding people in until I protested - but he finally got us safely to our destination in a large waiting room along with our trunks and boxes - and many others similarly situated - where we waited for the ticket inspectors to check us out.

As I remember it part of us sat on our baggage - in true immigrant style of the story books. Suddenly along came the inspectors checking over lists of passengers and as they seemed to argue among themselves they stopped and ran over our list. There seemed to be some doubt in their mind, so they asked me, "Where's the girl?" I pointed to EDITH [MASON],

who was small for her age. With smothered swear words they went on, grumbling about somebody's mistake. It is likely that it was CALVIN [MASON] they were looking for but someone had erred in description. We were not questioned about our tickets after that. I have always since been grateful for that error and to Mr. IRVINE, the Agent.

We were put aboard a Colonist Train billed through to Los Angeles and when daylight came were sweeping across Iowa in a section which looked some like the rolling blue grass country of Kentucky. That day we crossed the Missouri River at Omaha and went up the Platte River valley in the sunny afternoon reaching North Platte at sundown.

Next morning we were awakened by loud pounding on our coach and when I dressed and went out I was told that a draw-head had failed and another was being installed. Our train had put us on a siding and gone on. We had frugally prepared for our journey with ham and other good keeping foods, ready prepared, and bought milk, bread and other items along the way. We were stranded that morning at Rawlins, Wyo. which is at 6748 feet elevation and when I got out to buy bread and other items there was snow and a wind that soon chilled me.

.....Scenes Along the Way

Salt Lake City

Soon the coach was ready and another train came along and pulled us over the Continental Divide and down to Rock Springs where we were left again on a siding to admire the scenery, which was mostly high overhanging cliffs covered with snow. I think about noon we were on our way again and crossed the beautiful Green River at or near the town Greenriver - and on up Black's Fork and Muddy Creek - which surely got the right name for it was "too thick to drink and too thin to plow" - then over a divide into the water of Bear River - with an oil derrick on a steep slope to the North in the divide - and cabins and signs,"Trout Fishing" just beyond. Both of these were new to us.

For a time we were in beautiful grassy country and then went through a pass with high cliffs into the Weber River valley which was very narrow in places and in one of these was the Devil's Slide - consisting of a steep mountainside with tremendous rock slides on its face.

In the vicinity of Ogden there were almost perpendicular high mountains covered with snow. To me this was the most fascinating sight on the whole trip. From Ogden we went to Salt lake City where we waited a while and changed cars or trains - I don't remember which. ALLEN and CALVIN [MASON] and I went over and went through the R. R. Station and admired the huge pictures on the walls - "The Arrival of the Mormons at Salt Lake on one end and the "Driving of the Golden Spike' at the other. We drank of the spring water at a fountain and found it too cold for comfortable drinking.

When the boys and I got to the train ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] and EDITH [MASON] thought we were going to be left, as the train was ready to leave. We left about 7:30 P.M. and next morning when we awoke we were out on the desert and the hot sun was beating down. Occasionally we saw a flock of sheep and once we stopped at a new station and well, but most of the way there was sage brush, rocks, sand and heat. In the after noon we stopped at Las Vegas and some of us got out and walked a bit to remove the cramps from our legs.

"Haint no Faliforny"

We See the Pacific Ocean

All of us were tired but little complaining was done. PAUL [MASON] was youngest and was getting fretful. There was a young lady in our coach and she helped ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] with the children and when PAUL [MASON] was giving way to his feelings a little more than usual she tried to quiet him by telling him we would soon be in California. He answered right back, 'There ain't no Faliforny.'

As I now recall it there was not much city at Las Vegas. I remember that it looked very dry but the air was pleasant and the sunshine brilliant - but not so hot as it had been in the forenoon. Just about sundown we passed a sign saying, "California - Nevada Line" - and we soon were in bed and after a night of sleep, broken now and then by some stop or an unusual noise, I awoke as we came thundering down into San Bernardino. There was enough light to discover the bulk of buildings there and at Riverside the sun was shining and the sun, air and landscape gave us a feeling that we had been transported to another country or planet, maybe.

About 10 A.M. we arrived at Los Angeles and changed cars for Long Beach. The R. R. Station near the L. A. River among old dilapidated buildings looked unimpressive and we were glad to be on our way again. There had been a serious flood in March and we saw lots of driftwood and wreckage along the almost dry riverbed. When we reached Bixby Station north of Signal Hill we began to get glimpses of Long Beach and soon the Ocean came in view. For one I was disappointed in that I seemed to see so little of it. It has never looked the same to me - so rounded up and high - and although I had never seen so much water before my view seemed unusually limited.

We Land at Long Beach

No Work for Me

A nice little man aboard the train from L. A. took charge of our luggage and a Mr. GODFREY MARTI, who had traveled with us from Nebraska and who now lived on Hill St. east of Walnut Ave., (now - 1954 - in Signal Hill), went with us from the Depot to DAN MCDAVID's Real Estate Office on Pine Ave., north of Broadway on West side, and he put us in his 1913 model Ford Touring Car and took us to his home, 1819 Pasadena Ave.

It was April 18th, 1914 - a beautiful day. Perhaps the change in climate made it appear specially beautiful to us. While everybody seemed glad we were here, at last, I guess ERNEST [MASON] was more so than the rest and he and the others of the children were soon absorbed in accounting to each other the various happenings of interest since he had left Kentucky.

After a few days visit, in which we were joined in part by HERBERT & FLORENCE [MCDAVID], who then lived at El Segundo, we found a house at 2248 Myrtle Ave., rented it at, I believe, \$13.00 per month, got a little furniture together, moved in and started ALLEN, CALVIN and EDITH [MASON] to Burnett School where ERNEST [MASON] was already attending. I had been lead to believe that jobs were plentiful and easy to find but I did not find it so. I set out looking and walked up and down through the business part of town to no avail. I soon found that a job that would support us was not to be had by me. The same story met me most

everywhere I went - "We are laying off help."

Prospects vanished like the morning mist and I was much discouraged. Some of my Kentucky friends had said that I would be back in a few months, or a year at most. I was homesick enough to have gone had there been anything to have gone back to, but there wasn't, so I didn't consider going back. I knew we had to stay. We didn't dare spend the few hundred dollars we had in traveling. I proffered to DAN MCDAVID that we rent an office and go in the real estate business together, but if DAN [MCDAVID] had been willing, which I doubt, RENA [MCDAVID] wasn't and said so in no uncertain language.

I Buy a Car and Become a "Jitney" Driver Rena Born

However, it was at her suggestion that I bought a 1914 model Ford Touring Car - a "demonstrator" - at \$550.00 and set about learning to drive it. FRANK A. DARLING, salesman for Freeman A. McKenzie, 212 Locust Ave., sold it to me. After a few days I got so that I could "herd" it along after a fashion and applied for and received a chauffeur's license and about the 1st of June, 1914, I drove over to Atlantic Ave. & Hill St. and got in line with the other cars to try my hand at hauling people at 5 cents each to and from Pine Ave., at Ocean Ave., and Atlantic & Hill St.

This service had been begun about Feb. or March, 1914, by JAMES H. KUYKENDALL, who, it was said had tried it a short while in Phoenix, Ariz. And then moved to Long Beach, as a better field. Here he began on 4th St., and others, seeing a prospect for a living while jobs were so scarce, began on Ocean Ave., East 7th St., 10th St., American and Atlantic Ave. HARRY (SHORTY) DRAKE; Mr. RICHARDS; LEON JOHNSON, FRANK MCREYNOLDS (Died 1932) & a few others were already working Atlantic Ave., and I got some dark looks and unfriendly greetings, but I kept my place and, as I heard cousin WILSON WRIGHT say at a country dance, "I give no insults and take none" - I got along and soon became proficient in acquiring passengers.

At first the City required no license but soon the authorities saw a chance to get more

taxes and a license for our buses was made a requirement. Still many of the licensees drove on any street they wished to but eventually each license set forth the street or streets it was for. However, the drivers were an unruly lot and if one of them was offered extra pay to take a passenger to L. A. or some other town he would snatch off his street sign and away he would go. After a year or more buses were required to carry heavy insurance. We were also watched carefully by the Police for any infraction of traffic laws and overloading. I was allowed to carry 6 passengers. We drivers thought that much of our trouble with the police was brought about by the P. E. Railroad, as we had taken most of the local trade from it.

About Jan. 1st, 1915, we moved to 2023 Atlantic Ave., where RENA [MASON] was born Mar. 31st, (1915), Dr. R. A. TERRY, officiating, a Miss NEVILL was nurse.

We Buy a House

“Jehus” & the L. B. Transportation Co.

The rent was \$15.00, I believe, but as rents went down it was lowered to \$12.00 in 1916. At the beginning of 1918 rents were higher and our landlady, Mr. IDA DELANCY, raised ours to \$18.00, so I went shopping for a house and bought an old one at 2172 Elm Ave., of LAFAYETTE SAUNDERS for \$1200.00 - or \$1250.00 and moved to it Feb. 22, 1918. In Sept. 1919 we sold it for \$2700.00 - and bought 1811 Pasadena Ave. of DAN & RENA MCDAVID, partly furnished for \$4750.00.

The war had created a demand for property to own and to rent. In 1916 I rode down Atlantic Ave. with a friend and from 25th to 4th St. we counted 27 vacant houses - people had left town seeking places where they could make a living. By 1919 there were very few vacancies and even garages were rented for living quarters.

I had continued to run my car and cleared about \$150.00 per month. As prices for most of the essentials for living were low, and ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] was a good manager of my finances, we got along. We wore no costly clothes but we never went hungry.

The slang term for the word nickel was ‘Jitney Drivers’ or in derision, “Jehus,” from the words in the Bible - II Kings, 9:20 - “and the driving is like the driving of Jehu ...for he driveth

furiously.” As there was so much confusion among the jitneys, with no organization, several owners got together and got a 10 year Franchise from the City for \$6500.00 (November 1916) - and organized what became the Long Beach Transportation Co. to give scheduled service on Atlantic Ave., & E. 4th St.

As the original guarantees were about to fail, R. C. LANTERMAN and C. H. BEAN & Associates took over and I sold my license to them and worked for them, first as a bus driver and then as Traffic Manager for the last year and a half - from early in 1917 to Aug. 31, 1919. I was worn down by night work - every night to midnight - and did very little for a month. About the 20th of October 1919 we moved to 1811 Pasadena Ave., where we have made our family home since. *

Various Events

Eliza's Death

During the years 1919 - 20 & 21 I had an office at 117 E. 4th St. and sold some real estate - first with FRANK MULLINS and later with W. O. METTLER - after that I sold from home and in the office of WILLIAM M. GALBRAITH near Broadway & Locust. In Feb. 1922 I took a Civil Service examination for Deputy City Assessor but was not called until March, 1923. I did seasonal work for the City Assessor until 1926 when I went on full time work and continued with that until I retired Aug. 1st, 1950.

Meanwhile the children had grown up and married. ERNEST [MASON] went overseas after the Armistice and served as Army Field Clerk in cleaning up the Army affairs in France. Came home about 1st of the year 1920 and finished his High School at Poly and got married to LENNEA JOHNSON, Nov. 11, 1920 - Armistice Day - here at home. ALLEN & MINNIE BELLE FRIES were married at her home, 1934 Lime Ave., Long Beach April 7, 1922. EDITH and LELAND M. SHERMAN were married at Rev. WILLIAM PERRY's on Orange Ave., Long Beach, Dec. 15, 1926. PAUL and BEULAH VERNE OLSEN were married at Riverside Oct. 9, 1931. RENA and HIGH A. MCKEE were married here by Rev. JOHNSTON CALHOUN, April 10th, 1933. DAN and CORDELL AMELIA MOORE were married at Santa Ana, Aug.

18th, 1934. CALVIN and ZEREITA GOLDEN BAIRD were married at Bethany Baptist Church, with a reception at 2020 Linden Ave., Sept. 14, 1935.

From 1918 ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] had had heart trouble and as time went on the difficulty increased. I had arthritis in my knees which made it difficult for me to do some things which would have lightened and made things easier for her - yet we had hoped to have her with us for many years - but on Sunday morning, Jan. 6, 1946, I found her dead in bed, having died in the night. Only those who have had a similar experience can fully understand how it feels to lose a loving life-time companion. We had been married exactly 51 years and 1 month. We had raised our 7 children without the loss of one. Most of this was due to her loving and untiring care & supervision.

Remarriage

Conclusion

The children took charge and attended to all funeral arrangements and she was laid to rest in the Sunnyside Cemetery of Long Beach. RENA & BILLY [MCKEE], having no other home, stayed with me until I married again, Jan. 9, 1951, to ALICE K. DREIS, widow of JOSEPH A. DREIS. That our lives are pleasant is known to all who know us. Truly I have been blessed beyond my deserts.

My second wife, ALICE KINNEY DREIS, was born in Newport, Minnesota July 12, 1883 to FRANKLIN W. and FLORENCE (BIGELOW) KINNEY - married JOSEPH A. DREIS in St. Paul, Minn. on July 12, 1900 - moved to Washington, D.C. in 1901 where Mr. [JOSEPH] DREIS worked in the Government Printing Office until 1938 when he retired and they moved to Long Beach, Calif. where he died Oct. 19, 1942. They had one son, LESLIE M. DREIS, born in Washington, D.C. Aug. 15, 1905.

In coming to the end of my little story I am made to realize that it has many imperfections. The pronoun I is far too prominent - not that it deserves to be, but because my defective style has made it so. Being written mostly from memory, which at best is fallible, some errors must be expected. Available data have been checked to insure accuracy of

dates and in everything the truth, as I have seen it, has been my guide. My main desire in writing this book is to leave a sort of description or sketch of the time and environment of my youth - other things followed. If the reader should gain a glimpse of that time and people - (most of which have vanished exception the memories of a few) - and retains that glimpse, I shall not have made this feeble effort in vain.

I can never be thankful enough to God for the privilege I have had to write this - for the health and strength that have made it possible. I pray that His blessings may rest on everyone who reads it.

(Signed) WILLIAM F. MASON - 1954 - copied from notes written mainly in 1932 & 1933 and enlarged upon.

Footnote, Page 6

I have heard that once, the river flooded and washed a millstone from its place; and later, not finding it, Mr. GREEN assumed it was in deep water, just below the mill; so naked, he tied a big iron kettle over his head, bottom up, running a rope through the kettle's ears and between his legs, and waded in, holding to the kettle with one hand. As he reached deep water, the air in the kettle floated him and in trying to swim with one hand, he went around in a circle.

So, to get deeper, he tilted the kettle a bit and suddenly it tipped over and sank to the bottom with him standing on his head in the kettle. His helpers standing by saw him go but were helpless to reach him and as they cast about for a way and when they had about decided that he was drowned, his head popped up near shore and then, as he was a very strong man, came up out of the water dragging the kettle after him with the remark, "The damned thing nearly drowned me." The millstone was later found a mile or so downstream.....

Although I lived four or five miles downstream from the W. M. Green mill at Horton's mill during 1889 to 1901, I do not recall that I visited the mill after 1880.

Footnote, Page 18

After DORA's [CREECH WHITE] death THOMAS [WHITE] lived around with his children and died at the home of a daughter, Mr. REBECCA [WHITE] SLOANE at Sciotoville, Oh., Oct. 31, 1958 - age 101, 1 month & 11 days. Born Sept. 20, 1857.

Footnote, Page 36

LUCINDA HAY WRIGHT died at the home of a daughter, Mrs. LINK FYFFE, Paintsville, Ky. Aged 86 - Born Sept. 28, 1872 so death notice says. Died in Nov. 1958.

Footnote, Page 39

Under date of July 18, 1955, I got a note from Ashland Daily Independent, signed SHIRLEY FISHER, stating, "The triple murder, called the 'Ashland Horror' occurred on Dec. 24, 1881. The shooting (of citizens & troops on a boat carrying the prisoners) in Feb. 1883."

Footnote, Page 97

DAN MCDAVID died of cancer May 26, 1961 at Harriman Jones Clinic, Long Beach, Calif.

Footnote, Page 105

MABEL MASON OWEN wrote me Nov. 25, 1934 that CALVIN SPARKS once wrote to her that she was two years old the day that she and her parents arrived in Kentucky.

Footnote, Page 198

Since writing from memory of the coming of the Holiness preachers to Cannonsburg I have found a partial diary I kept for the year 1911 in which is related the beginning of their services as July 24, 1911. This indicated that the services I attended while viewing Halley's Comet must have been protracted meetings of the Methodist congregation.

Footnote, Page 206

I find a record that HARKLESS' [WHEELER] eldest child was born Feb. 10, 1910. He was single when I was at WHEELER's 1909.

Footnote, Page 229

A Mr. SCHROEDER & his wife took ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] & me to Paso Robles, Calif. on a trade, their property in Paso Robles for this. After a very uncomfortable night in a Paso Robles hotel we looked at their property and came south to Orcutt, Calif., where ELIZA [MCDAVID MASON] & I spent the night in a hotel. Sat., Sept. 10, 1923 the Pt. Arguello disaster happened - 7 destroyers were wrecked and 23 men died when the ships struck the rocks. Next day on our way we witnessed the total eclipse of the sun while stopped at the roadside (W. F. MASON - 10/16/60)