

Early Home

From Page 22

platform which supported the logs from which boards were cut, and the other below it, the two sawing out as many as a dozen planks at one time. Both types of floorboards were nailed or pegged across the joists.

A doorway was sawed out of the front wall early during construction, allowing the builders to move freely in and out; the remaining doors, windows, and chimney opening were fashioned after the house's shell had essentially been completed. Doors were made of split or sawed boards pegged to horizontal braces facing into the room, which made the door impossible to break apart from the outside. Window openings were originally covered with batten shutters or permanently fixed pieces of glass since sash windows were rare in the county.

The chimney was the last step in constructing a house. Space for the lower chimney was cut out of an end wall, with the flue built up the outside the house rather than inside. Since these fireplaces burned wood instead of coal 100 years ago, the firebox was about four feet wide and two and one-half to three

feet deep, big enough to handle the large logs necessary to heat a house. Stones for the chimney were generally taken from creekbeds where thin-layered rock could be found. Once the rock had been hauled to the site in a corn sled, the foundation was laid either below the frost line, or on embedded rocks large enough to hold the proposed stack upright. Because the fireplace and chimney stones fit so well together, they were carefully laid course by course without mortar.

The chimney finished, a family had a sturdy and functional home. The log walls were good insulators and, should the house ever need to be moved, its logs could be disassembled, numbered, and restacked on a new site.

As families grew, builders often found that they needed to expand their homes. There were two basic designs used in Knott County which allowed for more than one room. In the dogtrof style, an additional log room was built about ten feet away from the first one, and since the roof of the new room was extended over the opening between both, this "dogtrof" was used to store tools and served as a



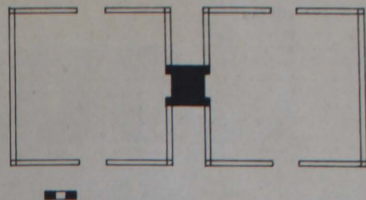
Knott County slab chimney, circa 1890.

cool porch for the family during warmer weather. Frequently, new doors were cut out of the walls opening onto the dogtrof and the old doors sealed off. This prevented rainwater from blowing into the house.

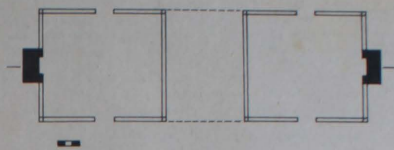
In the second style, the new room buttressed the old one along the chimney wall and was heated by a new firebox opened in the rear of the original chimney. This type of house, called a "saddlebag," would then have only one chimney stack with two fireplaces. Fewer saddlebags were built because the chimney heat would remain in the house instead of escaping to the outside.

One hundred years ago Knott Countians lived in a region considerably more isolated than it is now. Using the materials nature had provided and the builders' knowledge passed down through time, both orally and through imitation, they were able to create comfortable shelters for themselves—adequate in size, warm in winter and cool in summer. Their costs were minimal and the fellowship gained through their cooperative efforts always meant families were not alone; there would be neighbors and friends to help them when they needed help. Today the relationship between family and builders is strictly financial and often anonymous; most of us do not know who builds our mobile home or cuts the studs for our walls. One hundred years ago, the family knew whose hands had built their home, and in ap-

preciation, at day's end they provided an outdoor chicken dinner large enough to feed the men helping as well as their wives and children—a touching image of Knott County's past.



Saddlebag plan



Dog-trof plan



Whipsawing boards, circa 1885.



Younster playing with cat in log cabin around 1910.

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School superintendent

Beckham Combs' career spanned critical period

Editor's Note: Beckham Combs served as superintendent of Knott County schools during four decades. During these crucial years, the school system had its most dramatic changes and underwent many improvements.

By MILDRED DAVIDSON CRIGHTON

Beckham Combs was born on Ball Creek 81 years ago, one of the 11 children of John S. and Clarinda Gayheart Combs. He went through the eighth grade twice because the Hindman Settlement School was so crowded he could not gain admission there. His teacher, Mr. Bud Hays, advised him to go to Richmond where he could go to high school and to college. As the old saying goes, "No sooner said than done!"

Without making application or any other sort of arrangement, he set out in the middle of January, in the company of Adam Hays and John B. Sutton, to go to school. They rode Joe Sutton's wagon to Lackey, stopping in the village of the road outside of the middle of the road to wash and put on their change of clothes and the train. Joe said he'd give them two weeks to be back home; that he wouldn't allow 'em that much time but he figured it'd take 'em that long to find their way back!

Beckham had never seen a train; knew nothing about boarding one, or checking his baggage, or laying over in one town and catching another train, as he had to do in Ashland. In Richmond they walked out of the depot to try to spot the school, but he said all the buildings looked alike and he watched every light pole and landmark so he could find his way back to the station. A college driver who met all

of Martin's Department Stores, Vico, and Cornelius Singleton of Clear Creek came to him and asked him to come and apply for the superintendent's job. Upon verification that Mr. Hiram Taylor, who held the position at that time, did not intend to run again, Beckham did so, and was elected by members C.B. (Lum) Bates, T.C. Campbell, Sam Cornett, Harlan Francis and Cornelius Singleton. He said that he had never thought of being superintendent; however, he had thought of many things during his college years that he would have liked to see being done in our county.

When Beckham Combs became superintendent of Knott County schools on July 9, 1932, Eastern Kentucky in general and education in particular was poised on the threshold of enormous change. The Great Depression had paralyzed the coal industry; the railroads rusted from idleness; KY 80 was our one highway. Communication was minimal — with one telephone in Bent Newland's store and four or five others scattered between Hindman and Lackey. Subsistence farming was the way of life. Old Regular Baptists were the dominant church; but some denominations from beyond the mountains still sent "missionaries," as if we were a heathen country, to "Christianize" the people.

There were 87 schools in Knott County in 1932, many of them one-room. Visiting them was a major undertaking as most of them were accessible only by horseback, wagon or on foot. Many of the buildings were in disrepair and often vandalized. Money was as "skase as hen's teeth." It was not the most propitious time in the world to begin a lifetime's work. But start it Beckham Combs did and he spent the next 40 years of his life, with one four-year exception, in consuming dedication to the office of the superintendent of schools in Knott County.

He will tell you that there were three major concerns that shaped his actions during those years: the welfare of the children; the absolute necessity of obtaining the most goods, the most services, for the people's money; and his compulsion to find positive, supportive backing for teachers and principals. All three concerns were in dire need of a champion at that time.

Trustee System

When Beckham came to office, teachers were placed by trustees elected in the community, three to the school district. Elections were explosive; once seven people were killed at Clayhook in Perry County over a school trustee race as were two men in the head of Ball in Knott County. This was the way the system worked.

Galaway Napier of Hindman owned most of the head of Lower Mill Creek on which he had several renters and sharecroppers. In town he owned a hotel. He also dealt in cattle and other livestock, driving them to market in Mt. Sterling. He employed, or "controlled" a number of voters. He always ran a slate in the school trustee races so that either his son or one of his daughters could "have" the school. Races were bitter, vicious, and hot — often with family against family — as the local people tried to wrest the power away from Galaway and he endeavored to vote the ones who were "beholdin'" to him. On such vagaries teachers were often chosen.

In 1935, after a year of teaching in Mississippi, my uncle, Crawford Bray, Beckham's next door neighbor, spoke to him about a school for me. Big Everett Combs, Mom's first cousin, was a trustee at Cordia. The other two trustees had promised to hire a young man from Perry County who had an unfortunate drinking habit. With

Everett's help, Beckham went over the heads of the others and hired me to teach 52 children in grades 1-5. In doing this, Beckham laid himself liable for a lawsuit, but evidently he had adequate grounds for his action to prevent their suing since no legal action followed.

Never one to flout his power, Beckham, the following year, before he would hire me, made me go house-to-house and get a petition saying the people wanted me back. I quaked in the stirrups as I rode horseback to every single house. Only the two dissident trustees refused to sign. One said, no, he wouldn't sign because he hadn't heard of anything I had done for the children except a bunch of little ditties. The other said he thought I was a good teacher, but he wasn't a-going to sign it because he didn't like the way Everett and Beckham did him. Be that as it may, I have always numbered the families of these two men among my lifetime friends.

Many of the trustees were fine men, genuinely interested in the children. Some were blatantly unscrupulous — often selling the schools to teachers or demanding payment of some sort. More often, however, teachers were recommended who simply weren't the best available. "School business needs the interest and cooperation of everybody," says Mr. Combs. "If you can get everybody working together for it you're that much better off, of course." In 1936 the state Board of Education passed a law doing away with the trustee system. The Knott County Board of Education happened to be meeting that very day so they voted to go along with the law, thereby becoming the first county in the state of Kentucky to abolish the trustee system. He says that it caused confusion that some people felt they had had the direction of the schools taken away from them. But, he says, they did it in good faith, that it was politically unwise, but they did it because they thought it best for the schools.

Another practice which Beckham did not condone was that of requiring teachers to present their claims to the local bank where it was "shaved" (discounted) \$1.50 per hundred. This was the fee the bank charged for holding the claims until money was received from the state and local sources — at that about \$6 or \$7 per capita on all children ages six through 18. The board determined they were going to pay the teachers on time — which they started to do. Likewise they paid off the \$28,000 indebtedness on the "new" high school, called in and paid off all outstanding warrants against the board, and established the system on a firmer financial footing.

Early in my first year of teaching, Mr. Combs and Litten Singleton rode horses to the creek on their unannounced rounds of the schools. They were standing in the back of the room before I knew they were in the school. One of my first graders became so excited at the sight of strangers, he wet in his overalls and I wasn't too calm myself as Mr. Combs said I should go right ahead and conduct my class. His subsequent criticism was that I was trying to do it all myself — that I should let the children have a chance to do a little of their work themselves (a valid criticism, I imagine). There were times in the years following when he could have rendered much harsher judgments. I'm sure, but he never seemed to get around to it.

One of the principles that drove him, Mr. Combs said, was his desire (and need) to get the most from the people's money. Those who know him often said he spent the people's money as though every penny was coming out of his own pocket and that it damn nigh killed him to turn loose of a penny. Enoch

Beckham once told him that he must have descended from the "Tight Jerry" faction of the Combes. A retired teacher said, "No coal bucket and shovel, no water bucket and dipper, no broom, unless it absolutely couldn't be got along without!" Tommy Waddell told this classic: Burnett Terry, a teacher from Ball, was hard up one summer, so he got a job with the board. Along with the late Coach Pearl Combs, Beckham's youngest brother, he helped paint and repair school houses. They nearly worked themselves to death — 10 to 12 hours a day. Well, it came pay day and they were in the office. Beckham on one side of the counter, Pearl and Burnett on the other. Beckham says, "Boys, what do we owe ye?" Burnett: "Aye, we've worked six days and 10 hours a day." Beckham: "Well now, let's see: Six 8's is 48." And 48 hours were all they got paid for. So the expression has become a by-word for those who know how Beckham handled money. Betty, Pearl's wife, adds: "Not only was it six 8's is 48, but Pearl had to furnish the truck that got them to the job!"

Beckham required his office people to work a half day on Saturday. Teachers' meetings were held on Saturday; attendance was mandatory; and there was no pay for the day. Textbooks, supplies and floor oil were dispensed by whomever was not busy at the moment, even Beckham. Office and administrative help got a week's vacation if and when it could be worked in, all except Beckham, of course. Even in vacation he went to the office ostensibly "to get the mail" but he usually opened the office doors, then stood around on the streets in case somebody needed something and hadn't made the effort to get into town during regular hours.

Betty tells of the time when Beckham and Virginia bought a good inflatable boat for their son Jack, who was about 12 at the time. A flood came: Troublesome Creek was up to the porch, but Beckham was determined to go to work. He inflated the boat, brought it up alongside the front steps, and jauntily stepped aboard. The boat capsized and in he went, business suit and all.

Ethel Sturgill, Hindman, said she thought Beckham proved that money is not everything. In these days of clamor for higher pay and finer facilities she recalls that he sought excellence for excellence's sake. Even in the old days when teachers were thrown out in the hollers with no supplies, no libraries, no free lunches and no transportation, he still managed to inspire the teachers to do that necessary extra mile that put Knott County schools out from under.

Professor T.J. Coates, former president of Eastern State University, used to tell his education classes that the trouble with our schools at the time was that Eastern Kentuckians were accustomed to thinking of "a little school house on

a little playground where the little children with their little books under their arms, went to school to their little teachers." His suggested solution was that we should begin to think of a large school building, with an expanse of playground, large libraries, and adequate equipment. Here healthy, strong wide-awake children would go to school to well-educated, broad-minded teachers. Judging by the progress made in his lifetime, Mr. Combs was much impressed by the idea. In 1977 he was asked what we could expect from Knott County education in the future. Ever the optimist, he replied, "Continued growth, expansion of the plants in existence, the upgrading of instruction, employment of quality personnel, and the further incorporation of special programs."

Mr. Combs often expresses his appreciation that the people were always for him — sometimes ahead of him — urging him on in one forward-looking, progressive movement for the schools, even when there was little money, as was the case in the 1930s. Having great admiration for President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Mr. Combs kept a large picture of him hanging on his office wall. Small wonder. Many of the programs which helped him accomplish so much in office had their origin in programs initiated by the president who told us we had nothing to fear but fear itself.



Beckham Combs

Supr. Hiram Taylor, during his administration, had built three or four schools of native stone. Now, with the initiation of the WPA, not only were much needed roads constructed, but schools, retaining walls, bridges and sanitary toilets for homes and schools added measurably to the upgrading of the area. Among those schools constructed under the WPA were Head of Quicksand, Knott County High School at Caney, Carr Creek High School, and the 10-room consolidated school at Sassafras.

Beckham's people built the schools at Mullins Branch on Beaver, the head of Lick Branch and Middle Clear Creek. Another practice at the time was to combine two small schools with a partition between, calling the school by both names, or splitting the grades between the two teachers — anything to make better, more effective schooling for the children.

In 1934, a law was passed under Gov. Ruby Lefson providing for free textbooks but the legislature delayed until 1935 its making an appropriation for their provision. In 1941 the legislature set aside 10 percent of the state school funds to equalize educational opportunities for poorer districts. (They called us "pauper counties" at the time.) In 1945 they increased this allowance to 25 percent, and hard times began to ease for southeastern Kentucky schools.

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Continued to SCHOOL, Page B2

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Schools From Page B1

Superintendents

Not pictured — Kelly Day (1900-1904) and Mitchell Johnson (1908-1914).



J.E. Perkins (1896-1900)



Robert Martin (1904-1908)



Adam Campbell (1914-1922)



H.H. Taylor (1922-1932)



Beckham Combs (1932-1941, 1945-1970)



Jethro Amburgey (1941-1945)



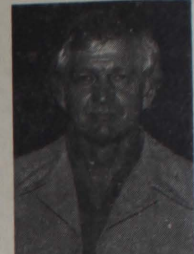
Morton Combs (1970-1978)



Simeon Fields (1978-1980)



Melvin Wicker (1980-1981)



R. B. Singleton (1981-)

Administration, went into effect in 1954, the extra money coming into Knott County made it possible for the superintendent and his board to start providing some of the things they had long dreamed of: free textbooks, better buildings, supplies and equipment; increased pay for teachers; improved transportation. His main ambition at the time was to consolidate all those little isolated one- and two-rooms into a dozen large plants with the students being transported — "gotten out of the mud and water," as he said. He wanted the children warm and dry, where they could have better facilities, adequate room and playground space; libraries, better-trained teachers, extracurricular activities and nutritious lunches. He regarded consolidation as one way to get the most for the money.

Consolidation was the trend everywhere and he wanted Knott County out in front. Long hours were spent in planning. Long consultations with architects, in familiarizing himself with the guidelines, and in figuring how to make the \$500,000 he had gradually been accumulating go the farthest. He emerged with a master plan, saying where schools would be built and stating the order of priority. This he published and publicized — and so his fellow workers clamored to follow the lead. It was through the erection of Knott County Central High School. Sometime during this period one of my neighbors remarked that Lan (my husband) "shore had an easy job" — all he had to do was "ride around with Beckham Combs." They all did travel over the county a lot, Beckham, Tommy Waddell, Enoch Combs and Lan (J. L.) Creighton — but they were never exactly on an afternoon joyride.

One major concern was the selection of sites for the new schools. It seemed everybody wanted them next door. Nobody wanted their children bussed for long distances. Relative cost, whether the site was centrally located, was ever in the forefront — all sorts of considerations helped to determine the choice. They wanted to make sure that the money invested would serve the children for long time.

There were many things to be seen about, decided upon, and provided for. Always one to seek everything out, Beckham did seek their opinions.

Enoch tells about the time when Gene Owens, Pikeville-based Central School Supply salesman, made his first trip to the Board of Education office. He said he heard the "awfullest racket and argument going on." He peeped around the door, asked for Mr. Combs, and the secretary said Beckham and some of the boys were "busy in there right now." He claims the argument continued and he "damn nigh left" because he figured he couldn't do business with "a crazy bunch like that."

They also tell a tale about the day when Nadine Waddell, a clerk and Tommy's daughter-in-law, was afraid to go to the bathroom because she would have to pass Beckham's office door where he and Tommy were "quarreling" over some problem or idea. Enoch says, "That's the way it was once in a while; when some problem arose we'd all argue it out." He says he probably didn't have any say-so, never did get to win any of those arguments, but he appreciated the fact that he got his two cents worth in anyhow.

Sometimes Beckham took their advice, sometimes he didn't. In the last analysis it was the Boss who decided. The buck definitely stopped with him. As Alma Piggan said, "He thought it over, made up his mind, and stuck by his decision."

And Gene Owens said he was afraid he didn't leave that day because he found out through the years that Knott County had one of the best school systems in Eastern Kentucky.

If speaking seriously, all those people around Beckham would agree that their input contributed immeasurably to the scope and depth of policy decisions.

In the first quarter of this century several settlement-type schools, a new experiment in education, sprang up in the area. Three flourished in Knott County in the early '30s: Hindman Settlement School (1902), Caney Creek Community School (1917), and Carr Creek Community Center (1920). Lotts Creek Community School (1935) was in its infancy. These schools solicited funds, scholarship backing, staff members, books, clothing and other help from the outside. They did a great deal of good in housing students from isolated areas and in providing enrichment opportunities; in addition to the basic schooling in the centers, they also exerted a great deal of influence on the communities. What our people were rarely given credit for — in truth, not many of them knew, was the fact that these schools received some money from local educational coffers which they were allowed to dispense at their own discretion, for staff members brought in from the outside and/or of their own choosing locally. As the population increased and more people became educated and desirous of employment, some contention sprang up. Mr. Combs worked hard to bring a better understanding to the matter. One ruling which his board used in an effort to bring harmony out of the situation was to require everyone to apply to the Knott County Board of Education for employment in those several schools "controlled" by the various settlements, as well as in the others. Eventually roads improved, social services increased and money became available for financing services these centers had provided. The influence of the centers waned as the county took up the slack until all basic education became state and locally financed. Carr Creek Center closed years ago, but the others still operate, some with altered emphasis, of course.

As early as 1938 Mr. Combs asked me to go to the University of Kentucky to take some courses in teaching homebound physically handicapped children of school age, which I did.

From the state Department of Health at Frankfort I procured a list of those individuals with whom I would be working. The list, with its simplistic, unfeeling classification of the child's condition, was a revelation. One per-

son, stricken by polio, was listed as "an indigent sibling with dangle legs."

It was 18 miles up Beaver, with no roads after once you got to Wayland, to the home of Daisy Hall, who was one of my students. Rosalyn Franklin lived in Lower Hindman; Lorna Smith, Rich's daughter, lived on Combs Branch of Ball. But it was my job for three years to "teach" them all and many more. The first year I rode horseback, staying overnight, sometimes all week on the road. Later, I acquired an A-model Ford, but I must have walked 1,000 miles to inaccessible homes. Hardly anyone around today can imagine the subject matter of many families in those days before welfare and health care. One boy of Cody, Ky., had lain for two years with "pleurisy." His widowed mother had reached a state of resignation to his death. But we were able to get him to Louisville, to Dr. Abell, famous at that time, who took him in and made him well. Later we got him in school where he took training that made him self-supporting and independent.

As I went the rounds, I stopped at schools, sometimes teaching them songs or games and visiting with the teachers, trying to determine what their needs were and to let them know they were not alone in their efforts. We knew I was spreading myself pretty thin, but such were the practicalities of working for Beckham in those days when the Board of Education was one room in the courthouse occupied by Mr. Combs, his secretary, and Litten Singleton.

On July 1, 1941, Jethro Amburgey became superintendent and Mr. Combs was out. Mr. Combs maintains that Jethro won fair and square and that he never ever had any hard feelings toward him. Jethro was from Carr, had a great many kinfolks and friends, and a strong political base. He was one of Hindman Settlement School's earlier graduates, fought in World War I, and was a great favorite with many people around Hindman. He and his wife, Rainey, had taught for years in the school's manual arts and weaving programs.

In the summer of 1942, Jethro, finding that he didn't care for the tug-of-war sometimes encountered in politics, came to Beckham's office and asked whether Beckham would be willing to take over the superintendency if he would resign. Beckham refused saying he didn't think it would be fair to anyone involved — Jethro, the

people or himself — and advised him to brace up and continue in office for his full term. This Jethro did, but at the end of his term, his board members transferred their votes to him and Beckham Combs became superintendent again, to remain in office for 25 years.

We moved to Wisconsin where subsequently my husband was "frozen" to his critical war job for four years. During that time Beckham worked for the Old Age Assistance program along with the late Ben Adams.

Hansel Short, native of Lower Mill Creek, tells the story of how his dad, the late Hiram Short, was riding a mule through Hindman one day — his feet nearly touching the ground and himself nearly blind, when Beckham Combs came downstairs out of his office, pulled Hiram off the mule, made him go upstairs and signed him up for his old age pension. In the nine years he had been in office, he had made many friends and gotten acquainted with a lot of people. His treatment of Hiram was a typical act. Alert, astute, well-informed, and ever sensitive to the needs of the situation, he offered the already available assistance to those who sometimes didn't even know it was there for the asking.

Like the multipurpose rooms in his consolidated schools, Beckham chose people for his office and administrative force who could perform various functions. What they knew and whom they knew were important, but the way they responded to the public and their willingness to do whatever needed to be done was far more so. Also they were a good-looking bunch — well-educated and experienced and had paid their professional dues in the classroom — a basic requirement, without exception, of anyone moving up in the system.

Of the men, Litten Singleton, Enoch Combs, Tommy Waddell and the late J. L. (Lan) Creighton and Clarence Woods stayed the longest. Bethel Ritchie, Juanita Calhoun, Nadine Waddell, Ora Lee Frango, Kathleen Campbell Moore, Barbara Ritchie, Mabel Collins, Pauline Garrett, and Virginia Combs were there for years. While the administrative force went ahead with the jobs they were hired for, all had other duties that they performed. Enoch Combs, supervisor, understood the workings of the federal government programs. Besides, he could wire the schools for T.V. (which he and Lan did on their own time, for free) or set the electronic clocks, which the principals called on him

to do every time one went haywire. Bethel Ritchie, supervisor, kept up on the new trends in education, planned and conducted in-service programs on emphasized themes: reading, accountability, career education, etc.

Former DPP and later Title I director, Tommy Waddell, had his own private computer in his head; knew about taxes and available monies; and was friend and confidant.

While the above were all versed in politics, Lan Creighton, raised in Canada and Wisconsin, was a mere babe in the woods politically. When a new law went into effect in 1965, (as new laws have a way of doing for teachers) that every teacher had to have a college degree, Lan was given a year's leave of absence to finish his senior year. He asked to be transferred upon his return, to Hindman Elementary, having taught seven years at Big Branch of Troublesome school. Beckham made no promise, but about the time Lan graduated from University of Kentucky, Tommy Waddell carried word that Lan was being considered for the new director of Pupil Personnel — our attendance having become adequate for another special unit. Lan was overjoyed, but he told Beckham, "You know I was raised in Wisconsin and I don't know a thing about Knott County politics. I'm afraid I wouldn't be much help to you." Beckham's reply was, "The best politician is the person who does a good job." Upon those terms Lan was hired. My dad used to tell him that he could sit on Mill Creek and know more about politics in Knott County than Lan did and him in town everyday. But Lan was good at his job with parents and children, therefore a good politician, by Beckham's definition, at least. He was never pressured, criticized, or thought any the less of, I'm sure, because he did not fully understand the intricacies of Knott County politics.

In his latter years Lan did politics some — mostly along with Enoch. Once when they were for a certain candidate for board member, a dirty old gentleman reached in his overalls pocket, brought out a coconut bon-bon and handed it to Lan who swallowed it — dirt, lint, baccer crumbs and all. After a frantic search he finally found another and presented it to Enoch who downed it. Out on the road again Enoch chuckled, "Lan, hasn't it a sight what a man will do for his country?"

While there is bound to be some

horse-trading in every political/public set-up, most people will tell you that Mr. Combs placed teachers with the children's welfare and the teacher's convenience in mind. He liked principals who were strict, hard-working and firm on discipline. He says that while he sometimes made suggestions he allowed each principal a free rein in conducting the day-to-day operation of each center.

Along with competent teaching, he believed in patriotism, freedom of speech, Bible reading and prayer in schools, immaculate premises, playground supervision, and cooperation of personnel. But whatever the problem, whoever the audience, wherever the discussion, the words most often heard by complaining parents, by board members in session, or by school people on the job was the recurring theme of his entire administration: *We have to think of the children!*

Mr. Gibson (Gibb) Taylor, architect and engineer of Winchester, designed the basic plan for Knott County schools, modeling it after the Fanny Brice School at Winchester. A few changes were made accommodating the various sites as the program progressed, but the basic plan remains the same for all the elementary schools.

1960 — Hindman Elementary — eight-room addition with federal money.

1960 — Original Carr Creek Elementary taken by dam.

1970 — Present Carr Creek Elementary — financed by money from Corps of Engineers

1973 — Addition to above

1964 — Beaver Creek Elementary

1972 — Addition to above

1967 — Emmalena Elementary.

1969 — Caney Elementary.

1969 — Carl D. Perkins Vocational School.

1971 — Beckham Combs Elementary — first all-electric school, built with \$240,000 federal money plus school funds. He did not want this school named for him but Tommy, Enoch, Lan and Gibb had it named secretly in his honor.

1974 — Knott County Central High School.

1972 — Morton Combs Athletic Complex.

1964 — Jones Fork

1980 — Addition to above

1930 — Hindman High School — became Middle School in 1977; became central office in 1975.

Remains the central office after a one-year period at Carr Creek.

1951 — Gymnasium plaque

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July 25, 1984

School From Page B2

Gordia Elementary and High School are run by Lotts Creek Community School under the direction of Miss Alice Stone, who founded the school in 1933. While the county does not own these buildings, it did own the original elementary school site. Gordia teachers are paid by the county. The library is county financed, and a great deal of science equipment, etc., was procured by the county under NDEA.

Today Knott County has only two two-room schools: Decoy (1927) and Upper Quicksand (1935), out of the initial 87. To replace the others, we now have 12 schools, a fleet of buses, numerous bus drivers, maintenance people, and cooks. Social Workers, guidance counselors, nurses and aides perform the services that the teachers in 1932 deemed it their duty to perform.

Consolidation has its critics and in many places the trend is back toward the neighborhood schools. Mr. Combs is of the opinion that if consolidation has not pursued its workings as diligently as we did individually in the one-room set-up. "And," he exclaims, "there is no substitute for individual effort and innovation!"

In the final analysis we must submit that Mr. Combs had a vision of the possibilities and worked at that dream with all the energy he could muster. While there is still plenty left to be accomplished, it would be difficult for anyone to surpass his record.

In the 1930s black people had their own schools: one at Breedings Creek, Knott County's largest black community, and one at Wiscoal on Yellow Creek. There was also a black high school at Vico, supported by Perry and Knott counties. At that time it was against the law for black children to ride buses transporting whites. One of the first things Mr. Combs did as superintendent was to start transporting blacks on the same buses as whites, "with a curtain between. I am ashamed to say. But as soon as we saw we could get away with that, we took the curtain down," he says with a sly grin, "ten years before mandatory integration."

There was no similarity between

the two black grade schools. The Breedings Creek School was a black school, steeped in tradition and proud of it. They could sing like angels in four-part harmony. Their wise and dedicated teacher was Goodloe Adams. Beckham invited those school children to sing for the Lions' Club in Hindman and for several years they enjoyed local fame as the best musical group around.

The Wiscoal school was a "white" school with black children and a northern teacher. Probably due to the fact that the parents came from all parts of the country to work in the mines, they were not tradition-oriented, musically or otherwise. To me, it seemed a shame.

When the first Carr Creek Elementary School was completed in 1960, the administration found that they had underestimated the enrollment, and that the school was already crowded from the day it opened. As a result, black children grades 4-8 were brought to the school, while grades 1-3 were left at the school. When Goodloe with Naomi Ribbert, however, enlisted the assistance of the NAACP in an effort to force complete incorporation of the blacks into the new school, Mr. Combs was summoned to Louisville before a federal judge. He took witnesses to testify to the county's progressive record in race relations. At one point when Morton Combs was telling how he and Coach Pearl Combs had been the first east Kentucky coaches to host black athletes from Louisville's Central High School, etc. . . the judge glowered down at Morton and said, "I want to remind you, sir, that you are under oath!" There was no trial to it. Mr. Combs was simply ordered to integrate. Beckham asked the judge what he should do with the white students who would have no seats to sit in. The judge replied, "We are not deciding what to do with the whites; we are deciding what to do with the blacks."

Beckham went to Carr Creek, met with parents and teachers, explained the situation and asked for everyone's cooperation. The little children were distributed equally among the various teachers; a place was made for Goodloe; and school proceeded without incident, in spite of the crowding and inconveniences. The black community has

never been treated as a separate entity in our county. Due, in part, to the respect and consideration shown them by our school system, they have always known that they were an integral "part of the main."

Being for Beckham politically wasn't always easy. Even though most people would agree that he was the best man for the job, factions determined to oust him arose periodically. Sometimes this was because somebody was mad at him over something he'd done or wouldn't do; sometimes it was as simple as somebody's being qualified for the job and trying to win it. Aspirants used various ploys against him such as claiming he indulged in favoritism for one district over the other; by maligning his family members out to the up-teen generation; quarreling because he built the Hindman High School gym (Walter Martin Jr. had a poem on this issue called "The House of Ball," a real humdinger!); accusing him of making people who worked for the school system pay money into his campaign. But the slogan they used most often was, "He's had it long enough — give somebody else a chance." Ridiculous in retrospect, but as I've heard Beckham say himself, the more localized an election is, the hotter and more vicious it becomes, and we had some hot ones. But Beckham had his own bag of election tricks and his challengers had to get up before daylight to get ahead of him. He was a master politician, cunning and clever. He was sociable enough and shrewd enough to politic 365 days to the year. He knew every major family in Knott County with their connections and ramifications and who they were married into. Moreover, he seemed psychic in predicting people's requests or demands which were likely to arise in the foreseeable future.

Ed Madden agreed that he was a cunning politician but, he said, "A good administrator has someone else do his 'dirty work' and Beckham was primarily an administrator." Ray Slone said, "Politics was necessary, of course, but Mr. Combs went about it in the right way so you never had the feeling that you were being taken." Tobe Combs remembered the time during a hot contest when he told Beckham that he should darken a few doors (go house-to-house), but

Beckham replied that he couldn't do that; it wouldn't be fitting. "Everyone," Tobe said, "knew there was politics involved, but Beckham wouldn't stoop to the rough and tumble." What made him a formidable opponent, Tobe says, is dedication (defined by Webster as "self-sacrificing devotion"). Ray thinks that Mr. Combs' ability and willingness to exert authority when necessary helped him politically. Lan often told me that Beckham could sit in his office in Hindman and know more about what was going on out in the county schools than most people could perceive by visiting them.

It wasn't that he had an extensive spy system. It was simply that he knew everybody and he listened to them when they talked. He was much more apt to pay attention to an individual who approached him with a problem or complaint than he was to a petition signed by a hundred.

Dorothy Combs (Mrs. Enoch) of Garrett thinks one of the main weapons he used was the rewarding of his "enemies"; that people who fought him the hardest often ended up with prize positions. This practice, of course, often angered some supporters, but it certainly won friends and influenced people for the next confrontation. Of the board members who off and on opposed him, Beckham had this to say: "Through the years there were some who opposed me, but, once in office, they sometimes changed their political leanings. I won them with frankness and without compromise." He also voiced deep and lasting appreciation for the board members who gave him their wholehearted support. He mentioned specifically Oakley Conley, and the following, all now deceased: Lum Bates, later Knott County judge; of Beaver; George Cox and Turner Campbell, Mouse; Cornelius Singleton of Clear Creek; and Sam Cornett, Big Branch of Troublesome.

Closer to him than any other person outside his immediate family, the one who would "do anything to help me" was Beckham's brother, the late Coach Pearl Combs. Popular all over the county from his coaching and teaching contacts, he was the one who "darkened the doors" in Beckham's place. Their common bond was the old homeplace on Ball where Pearl



Jethro Amburgey (with plane) working in woodworking shop.

farmed and the two of them went nearly every weekend.

Neither did being for Beckham guarantee you were going to get any choice positions, enjoy any favoritism, receive special considerations or anything like that. More than likely it meant making sacrifices, as Enoch explains: "I started teaching for Beckham in 1949 at Lower Rockfork, a three-room school, and of course, the road was in the creek and out, but not long enough distance to dry the wheels, so I bought a jeep. Lo and behold, that year they built a mile of road, up Rockfork from the county line and it stopped right at the Rockfork School. Now you know what I'm thinking: I'm shore glad I'll be a gettin' to teach this school. Next year I'll have a road to ride to school on. Well sometime that summer, I went over to Hindman courthouse on business. The superintendent's office was in the courthouse at that time and I ran into Beckham and we got to talking. He said, 'Enoch, you have a jeep, don't ye?' I made the mistake of saying, 'Yes.' He said, 'I thought I heard you had one.' On the way home I said, 'Dorothy, you know a certain fellow on our holler has applied for Lower Rockfork School, don't ye?' She did, 'Well,

I said, 'they need a teacher in the head of Rockfork too and there's no road up there. Well, you're lookin' at the teacher who's gonna teach at the head of Rockfork because I've got a jeep and the other feller doesn't.' Sure enough, when the teacher notices came out, I was assigned to Upper Rockfork and the other feller got the road. But I knew that Beckham had to get all the schools of the county taught; one was just important as the other, and if he needed somebody at the head of Rockfork, that road down there so important to me didn't mean anything to him. But I want ye to know that as green as I was — and I'd only been teaching a year, I didn't blame him. I knew his reasons. I didn't like going, and I raised Cain with him later, but I knew why he was doing it. And sure enough, when I worked in the office all those years it became my lot many a time — he'd send me out there to talk someone into going to some out-of-the-way place because we had to get it taught. He wasn't doing it to me personally, I knew it at the time. He just felt he had to get the schools taught. Maybe I should have fibbed a little; I should have gone next day and sold the

Continued to SCHOOL, Page B4



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B4
School From Page B3

jeep. I guess" Enoch became supervisor in the summer of 1955. He was teaching at Salisbury on Beaver where the kids had run the teacher off the year before. He started in July and taught for 17 days when the school supervisor, the late Clarence Woods resigned. Beckham asked Enoch to become supervisor. Enoch said he would do so under two conditions: if he could go back to summer school to complete his master's degree, and if he didn't like the job that Beckham would let him return to teaching. He stayed there for 24 years, and though it was financially unprofitable, he always felt he made a good choice.

During the Johnson administration the Elementary and Secondary Education Act was born. Embodying an enrichment element, or "compensatory education," it differed from NDEA, whose birth followed the flight of Sputnik and emphasized math and science at the high school level. Tommy Waddell, attendance officer (DPP) and tax expert, became the director of Title I.

Basically, the program was to provide money for salaries, libraries, etc., for program enrichment. But because of the choices already put in place by our county people, our schools already had libraries, equipment and other enrichment programs. So Beckham's pet set about trying to obtain Title I money for the building program, which Title I was not intended to provide. Their argument was: How do you have compensatory education without the space to have it in? During the building of Knott County Central in 1969, they went to Frankfort to see John Bruce, director of Title I, who told them there was no way he could approve more than \$250,000 for the project. Beckham inquired whether Mr. Bruce minded if he went to Washington about it. Mr. Bruce himself wrote a letter to the Commissioner of Education and Beckham called U.S. Rep. Carl Perkins about it, asking him to talk with the commissioner, if he was no trouble and would not compromise anybody in any way. Two days later they had \$750,000 instead of \$250,000 for the new high school.

And Beckham concluded his tale with, "Now that's Carl!" He says that Carl always kept him informed about pending legislation or special programs that would help Knott County schools in any way, and that they made preparation ahead of time for their utilization.

At another time when another director had refused one of Tommy's proposals, Beckham took the phone and talked with the gentlemen who had been so uncertain terms that he couldn't approve the request. Never a timid soul nor one to mince words, Beckham told him, "Well, let me tell you what you can do. If you can't do anything to help us you can take your compensatory education and go to hell with it." Next day the director called Tommy back, said he'd looked up the guidelines on that and found he could approve it after all.

Impatient with pretense and hedging, he deplored nit-picking and the double standard. He once passed judgment on a man whose hide-bound behavior aggravated him, with, "Damn being good, if you're not good for something."

Mr. Combs has been personal friends with governors, senators and representatives at both state and federal levels. He was offered, but declined, an honorary doctorate from Morehead State University. He has been honored for his work in the state Democratic Party, the School Board Association, the Alumni Association of Eastern Kentucky University, and the Upper Kentucky River Education Association, of which he was president for two terms. He was a good friend to Gov. Ned T. Breathitt, who appointed him to the 1964-66 Constitutional Revision Assembly, and awarded him with the Governor's Medallion for meritorious service. He received Eastern University's Leadership Award in 1967. Locally, he is charter member of the Lion's Club and sat on the building committee of the New Methodist Church in Hindman. He is an avid sports fan, a gardener, and a master storyteller. In 1970 he was Combs Man of the Year at the family reunion.

In 1955 he had the good judgment to marry Virginia Hatcher, a Lackey teacher, said by some to be Hindman's most beautiful woman. She is the

daughter of the late William T. (Sip) and Maude Spencer Hatcher, two of his most loyal supporters and admirers. While Virginia admits that she wanted him to quit his job five many times, she has been his friend and ally, a competent and devoted helper for the man who probably has had greater impact on Knott County education than any other person. For 24 years, Mrs. Combs was the hard-working bookkeeper for the Board of Education. They tell some funny stories about the days when Virginia was a fancy cook and Beckham would bring the beans 'n taters men from the heads of the hollers home with him for dinner. A man from Mousie once said that Virginia had the purest flowerpot ever on the table at dinner, but not much to eat!

The Combses have two children: Nancy (Mrs. Roger) Pack, a Kettering, Ohio, high school teacher, and Jack Beckham, a Grand Rapids, Mich., attorney. Between them they have given Beckham and Virginia four beautiful grandchildren: Granny Hatcher has made her home with the Combses since the death in 1962 of her husband.

When I asked Beckham recently whether there was anything he had wanted to accomplish that had proven unsuccessful, Mr. Combs expressed regret that the middle school had been discontinued, perhaps too early to have had a chance at success. He believes firmly in the 6-3-3 plan, stating that children in grades 7-9 need to be together, to mature more, with a "closer to home" atmosphere, before going on to senior high school. Some people, he observed, had felt that the middle school failed because of the concentration of weaker teachers — and observed that if a system, of necessity, found itself with several such teachers that they should be scattered among the whole, whereas the better teachers could compensate for the weaker ones. He says he hopes that the experiment can be tried again at some future time.

Then I asked him what he accomplished in his working lifetime that he was proudest of. Without a second's hesitation, he replied, "Getting the children out of those old dilapidated buildings — into modern ones where you had a central heating plant, running water, inside toilet, good libraries, good

lunchroom services." He was quick to add, however, that he thought tremendous good had come out of those old schools and an enormous amount of work done in them.

"And if we don't have better schools today than we had back in those, it's the fault of the people who are working at it. Now I just have to say that; there's no question about it; including everybody. Administrators, parents, teachers and children — something has happened, and maybe with all of them. I think the attitude of the children has changed because of the other changes — in the home, in the schools, in the philosophy behind the schools and the lack of effort that's being made. I'm not sure but I don't believe there's the same effort being made. There is no substitute for hard work and innovation!"

"We ought to be beyond where we were," he contends, "and if we are not, then it is in the fault of the individual school" along with its contributing factors.

He went on to add that in his opinion we are thinking too much about teachers' organizations and administrators' organizations and pulling around against each other when we ought to be working together in conjunction with the parents for the welfare of the children.

While Mr. Combs was exacting in his expectations of teachers and principals, one thing they could always be sure of was his full support and backing in whatever affected them. He encouraged them in furthering their education, stood by them when they were maligned or abused, provided whatever could be afforded to work with and even paid their professional dues for them as long as the law allowed.

Beckham may wish to be remembered for his colossal success in consolidating his county but there are those who remember him for his simpler things. Outside of his administrative staff, a few close friends, and his family, probably those closest to knowing Beckham Combs are the retired teachers who praised him, cursed him, defended his actions, deplored his maneuvers, and spent working years trying to carry out his wishes. Hear them at their March 1984 meeting: "He cared about his teachers." "He was the best

qualified man we ever had." "He was pleasant even in reprimand." "He respected my opinions." "He respected us." "He had our true interest at heart." "I always received respectful treatment from him. He did not shy away from that, like some do, as though he would have been compromised by his actions." "Don't you remember," said Ray Slope recently, "how he would stand up there at teacher's meetings and reiterate and reinforce certain principles of conducting a good school? That was Beckham's way of giving common purpose and the feeling of belonging to the entire group."

Former principal Claude Frady, at the 1984 Hindman Alumni

Association, described him as "this dignified gentlemen whose every thought was what would be the educational consequences to the children of Knott County."

"Remember," Beckham would conclude his remarks at teachers' meetings and his every item of correspondence, "Remember we trust you implicitly."

Years ago I used to laugh every time we got a letter that ended that way. It was so — well, so corny! But nowadays, for a lifetime of reasons, I'm not at all sure it was. Warmth, growth, hard work, innovation, respect, and trust — today they seem like pretty good words to use in talking about education. Implicitly!

Jethro Amburgey: master craftsman, educator

Jethro Amburgey (1895-1971) was an important part of Knott County's educational heritage. He taught, coached, was a well-known craftsman, and served as Knott County school superintendent 1940-1944.

Amburgey and his twin brother, Woodrow, were born in 1895 in this county, sons of Wiley J. Amburgey. Jethro was a direct descendent of John Amburgey, one of the first settlers to the county.

He attended a one-room school for his first six years of schooling and went to the Hindman Settlement School and stayed there through high school.

He served in a machine gun squad in France during 1918. He was wounded in the Battle of Argonne Forest. He returned to Hindman to finish high school.

He began teaching and coaching basketball at the request of school officials. He also taught wood-working.

Between 1920-1925, he met Uncle Ed Thomas and learned his pattern for making dulcimers. After Thomas's death, Jethro made dulcimers to sell, although he was teased for making the musical instruments during his lifetime.

After teaching at Hindman, he taught at the Old Carr Church on Wolfpen. He continued his education during the summer at

Berea and Eastern State Teachers College. In 1934-35 he attended Morehead State University and graduated. He attended Morehead because of their celebrated wood-working program. He taught at Carr Creek and Breathitt High Schools.

A changing political situation opened the superintendency for him and he served 1940-44. He was not political, however, and refused another appointment after his term ended.

He retired after 33 years of teaching. He left his retirement and became the county sanitarian for five years.



This project was funded in part by the Kentucky Humanities Council and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

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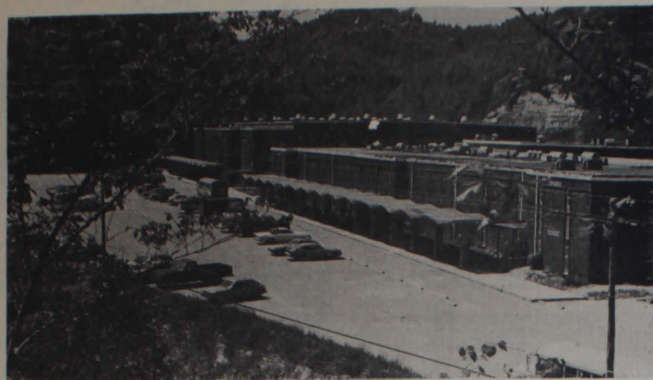


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Knott County Central Celebrates Its Tenth Birthday



Knott County Central High School first opened its doors to students in the fall of 1974. The school was a result of the consolidation of Carr Creek High School, Hindman High School, and Knott County High School. All of these high schools were rich in tradition. Each school originated as community centers of learning and were touched by many people of renown in education. Some of these people were May Stone, Elizabeth Watts, Olive Marsh, Ruth Weston, Alice Lloyd, June Buchanan, Alice Stone, Beckham Combs, Carl Perkins and Morton Combs.

Knott County Central High School began its existence with an emphasis on the idea that education is the right and the privilege of all students and that it is a never-ending process that unfolds with each new experience encountered. The reason for the school's students, with their limitations and their capacities.

The staff and faculty developed a philosophy and objectives for the school. Among those ideas were:

- To provide a curriculum which will allow each student to progress at a rate and to a depth consistent with his or her abilities and interests.
- To apply acquired skills to situations in life occurring both inside and outside the classroom setting.
- To develop within the student a positive and realistic acceptance of self.
- To instill pride in self.
- To provide information concerning the use and abuse of drugs and alcohol.
- To teach an understanding of the worth and dignity of other people.
- To teach civic responsibility; and

- To encourage an atmosphere of cooperation and understanding among students, faculty, administrative personnel, and the community.

Knott County Central is fully accredited through the Kentucky Department of Education and the Southern Association of Schools. College-bound students are placed in college preparatory classes as soon as they enter. Students may also prepare for a trade by attending Carl D. Perkins Vocational Center part-time during the junior and senior years. Students are given a choice of the courses they wish to pursue. All students must take the requirements demanded by the Kentucky State Department of Education. Students may then fill up their schedule with the electives of their choice.

Many new programs have been added to the curriculum as the demand arose. A program for the Gifted and Talented was implemented this year and includes areas of study in Computer Math, Drama and Speech, Journalism and English.

Knott County Central also offers a wide range of extra-curricular activities, ranging from all major sports to approximately 30 club organizations. Our school continues to be a leading center in this region in basketball (both boys and girls), football, and baseball. The students also compete in Speech and Drama in the junior and senior level in Hazard and Lexington.

The Knott County Central Band and the Chorus have participated in numerous events which have brought them acclaim. The music program has continued to ex-

pand and improve.

Knott County Central Art students have shown their talent with many exhibits in area businesses and libraries. Several graduates have pursued careers in the artistic fields.

One of the most enduring traditions at Knott County Central is the annual Miss Centralian Pageant. This event is sponsored by the yearbook staff. The pageant is one of the most elegant and special occasions of the school. Past winners have excelled in statewide competitions.

In addition to these extra-curricular activities, our students have proven to be competitive in academics as well. They have competed in the Cumberland Math Contest, a national essay contest, in which they placed second; the Daughters of the American Revolution essay contest; and the conservation poster and essay contest. Our students have also been involved in the Governor's Scholar Program and the Presidential Classroom.

As we end one decade, it is a time for reflection on our successes and our failures. Like any school, we have had our share of both. But, we have maintained our primary goals. Our school **does exist** for the purpose of education — education for the future. We believe that the growth of the student as a person is the true purpose of the learning experience. It is not alone what a student is to become, but what he or she is, that gives us concern.

Statements From Former Knott County Central Students

"I had the privilege and pleasure of attending Knott County Central High School. The extremely broad and solid education I received there provided me with an excellent educational background for my future education, first at the University of Kentucky, and later at the University of Kentucky College of Law. I will always be grateful that I had the opportunity to attend such a fine school. Everyone involved with the school should be highly commended for his or her part in attaining and keeping the high degree of academic excellence that is such a part of Knott County Central High School."

— Valerie Smith Bartley

(Valerie is now living and practicing law in Hindman.)

"Being a European model is unusual, but being a European model from Appalachia is even more unusual. I have seen more of the world in the four years I have been modeling, than most people ever see in a lifetime. It's been a golden opportunity for me, and one which I attribute most to Knott County Central High School."

"When I was a senior at Knott County Central, I won the Miss Centralian Pageant. This gave me the chance to participate in the Kentucky Junior Miss Pageant. In Louisville, I was chosen second runner-up, but more importantly, I was also notified by one of the judges and asked to model for her Louisville modeling agency. From there, I went to work in Europe, Japan, New York, Los Angeles and numerous other places. If it had not been for the school-sponsored pageant, I would not be where I am today. Not only do I commend the extracurricular school activity, but the education I received at Knott County Central as well. My training in foreign languages and English in high school had provided me with the background I have needed to adjust to my new lifestyle. Never have I felt cheated, because of my education, but rather fortunate to have been taught the morals, principles, and fundamentals that I feel have really added me in my career. I feel many times we are too quick to criticize that which we are not involved in. Instead of criticizing our schools, we need to support them and congratulate the staff for a job well done."

— Renee Tolliver

(Renee is now living and modeling in Hamburg, Germany.)

"Following my graduation from Knott County Central High School and the University of Kentucky, I pursued a career in television news. From 1980 until December 1983, I worked as news director, anchor and station manager at WKYH-TV in Hazard, Ky. Five months ago, I accepted a position with WKYT-TV in Lexington as South Kentucky News Bureau Chief. It is the position I presently hold."

Television news is an extremely competitive business. Therefore, anyone who plans to make a career in the field must be aggressive and possess above average writing abilities. There is no doubt in my mind that the success I have had so far in my career can be directly attributed to my training at Knott County Central High School. I've always felt that the English Department has been a strong asset at KCHS, and for more than ever, I recognize what an advantage I have over many other laborers in my field."

"But there is another advantage KCHS students gain over others — the confidence and aggressiveness to achieve their goals. Knowledge is essential, but it is that attitude ingrained in the serious student that makes a KCHS graduate a head above the rest."

— Darwin Singleton

"I graduated from Knott County Central in May 1977 and attended the University of Kentucky where I received a Bachelor's degree in Mining Engineering in 1981. Currently, I am pursuing private business interests with Terra Resources, a coal mining and sales company."

I want to express my gratitude to Knott County Central for the education I received and for the many and varied learning opportunities beyond ordinary classroom work that were afforded. The Geometry, Trigonometry and Chemistry classes were particularly valuable and were essential for success in engineering."

The importance of mathematics, chemistry and physics can not be overemphasized for all students planning to pursue any degree of a technical nature. Not only was the classroom a good preparation for college, but also the self-directed guidance counseling and the invaluable assistance with obtaining college scholarships were additional benefits that made college much easier."

"Had it not been for the support of the Knott County Central faculty and the quality of my education, I would not be an engineer today."

— L. Stanley Pigman

"The basis for my career in Physical Therapy developed from an English assignment during my freshman year at Knott County Central. I was asked to do a research paper on a career of my choice. Since then I have worked with the help of many people to achieve my goal. This assignment instilled an interest that never died. I Health Science Degree in Physical Therapy. I feel that the four years of preparation I received at Knott County Central has been a major contributor to my success in becoming a Physical Therapist."

— Kathy Elaine Triplett



Knott County Central High School Library

"Recognizing the importance of books and reading, most of the several settlement-type schools, which have flourished in Knott County, early on established good libraries. As the county assumed responsibility for the school system, administrators and board members exhibited similar vision — giving priority to libraries over sports and other more popular programs."

"Hindman High School, whose collection was moved intact to Knott County Central at the time of consolidation and was supplemented by choice volumes from Knott County High School (Caneys) and Carr Creek High School, had for many years been a Southern Association approved library. Knott County Central Library continues the tradition. Our young people have access to a beautifully appointed facility, equipped with the very best instructional and enrichment materials, presided over by competent and dedicated personnel."

With the increased emphasis on audio-visuals, changes have occurred. Closed-circuit TV, video, films and filmstrips, cassettes, tapes and recordings, to enrich every field of study, are available, as well as a 17,500 volume book section and a monthly receipt of 56 current magazines. Classes are taught annually in library usage or skills — an important component of the CTBS test which tenth grade students must take. Research is carried on there, both individually and in class groups."

"As Knott County Central's first librarian, it is a source of joy to me in retirement to note our high school's and our country's continuous progress in the library field."

— Mildred Davidson Creighton



Knott student receives instruction in computers.

Important Milestones in KCC History

- August 1974 KCC opens its doors as a fully accredited Southern Association school with Mr. R. B. Singleton as its first principal.
- October 1974 Diane Cornett crowned as first Miss Centralian.
- March 1975 KCC Patriot Boys play in State Basketball Tournament.
- May 1975 Flood strikes KCC doing considerable damage.
- June 1975 Deborah Amburgey is KCC's first valedictorian.
- March 1976 KCC Speech League wins regional.
- April 1976 Crafts Day at the first Annual Kentucky.
- April 1976 KCC holds its first Eastern State Fair.
- August 1977 KCC's 6000-seat Morton Combs Athletic Complex is completed as well as the swimming pool and tennis courts.
- August 1977 KCC begins a five-year study with the Cooperative Accreditation Program.
- August 1977 Football program started at KCC.
- March 1978 Both boys and girls basketball teams participate in State Tournament.
- April 1978 Kentucky History Mobile visits KCC.
- August 1979 KCC students participate in National Career Education's "Project Coal" and serve as a pilot example.
- August 1980 Vocational Agriculture added to the curriculum.
- March 1980 Both boys and girls teams participate in State Basketball Tournament.
- November 1980 KCC Social Studies participate in RET state and local election returns.
- October 1980 KCC receives a Comprehensive Secondary School rating from state.
- March 1981 KCC boys play in State Basketball Tournament.
- May 1981 KCC baseball team wins regional.
- August 1982 Special Education classes added to the curriculum.
- March 1982 KCC girls participate in State Basketball Tournament.
- August 1983 KCC updates the evaluation program with the Cooperative Accreditation Program.
- August 1983 Gifted and Talented and Computer Math are added to the curriculum.
- September 1983 KCC football holds its first Fingerbread Bowl.
- November 1983 UK Wildcats hold Blue/White game in KCC gym.
- July 1983 KCC staff participate in New York field project in economics.
- May 1984 KCC staff participate in New York field project in economics.



'Fessor' Clarke — pioneer educator in Knott's feuding days

**George Clarke
1862-1940**

"No man ever started with less and did more in the educational field . . . He was truly one of Eastern Kentucky's greats." So wrote Henry P. Scall of Prof. George Clarke in *Kentucky's Last Frontier*. On a Kentucky State Historical Society Highway plaque established in front of the home in Hindman, Ky., where Prof. George Clarke lived are these words: "George Clarke came to Hindman licensed to practice law. Seeing the need of education, he established a subscription school with the help of the students and citizens. Educator, State School Inspector, Member of State Board of Examiners. Died 1940. His epitaph reads: 'Let God be praised and let Eastern Kentucky rejoice that so great a man once graced its soil.'"

What Prof. George Clarke would say if he could read these eulogies is conjectural, perhaps, but evidence from his own statements, both remembered by acquaintances and friends, and those he wrote down himself, indicate that he would have minimized his importance and might even have added a little humor (for he was often humorous), though pleased that his work was appreciated. In the later years of his life, although still teaching, he answered an inquiry as follows:

"I have not made a brilliant success, if money or property form the measure. I have a pretty and comfortable home at Hindman on the site where I began teaching 45 years ago, and a small farm two miles above Hindman. But if I had life to go over again, knowing what I do now, I would do exactly what I did 45 years ago . . . go to Hindman and build a school . . . I know my life has not been perfect . . . I have my weaknesses . . . but when the time comes to change worlds, I trust the Lord will overlook these imperfections and judge me by my intentions. And I believe that a number of successful men and women, in looking back over life and their early poverty, will shed a tear and say, 'He helped me once.'"

George Clarke came to Hindman in 1887. Knott County and Hindman, a struggling little village of 17 houses and about 100 people, were at that time about three years old. Clarke was 24, had taught school for about six years to help pay law school fees, and was seeking a place to begin law practice. On his way from Greenup County he had stopped by Morehead, but the Martin-Tolliver feud was in session there. At Pikeville he was told of Hazard where the French-Eversole feud was raging. On the way to Hazard, he stopped at Hindman where he was told that Knott County had its own little feud and only one lawyer and that partisans of the Frenches and Eversoles also resided in the county. Plenty of practice he was told, and was extended a warm welcome. He went on to Hazard anyway, but soon returned to Hindman and hung up his shingle—and his belongings which he carried in a pair of saddle bags.

But his law practice was brief. The citizens, learning of his teaching experience asked him to take charge of the public school (up to that time Hindman really had no school. One or two citizens had done the best they could toward teaching the village children). He taught that year in a small, frame store-building, the town having neither school house nor church—five months of the public school term, five months of subscription, or "select" school. In 1888 Clarke leveled a site and built a school with the help of pupils and citizens. An addition to the school was built by the same methods when its fame spread and pupils poured in from surrounding areas.

By the end of the third year Professor Clarke was using his advanced students as assistants (a practice followed to good advantage by country school teachers). By the fourth year the county furnished a fully-qualified assistant and students came from six or seven counties.

Of these early days he spoke later: "Children of feudists at side by side in my school in those days, but they had something on their minds other than the settlement of old grudges. Though I at first expected some sort of trouble, never once did the students fight or show any inclination to do so."

"My boys and girls were thinking of something other than fighting. Almost without exception, they were desperately poor, and they had to have a real desire to learn, else they would not have gone to school. Some time, I would have to beg them to shorten study hours. No wonder my school was a success. It took no special ability on my part, they were so hungry for knowledge. These young people came to my school not to be made leaders, but because they were leaders."

In 1892, during the fifth year of his teaching at Hindman, the lawless element burned the school. Professor Clarke rounded up a posse of citizens, tracked the lawbreakers down and using his influence, had them sent to the penitentiary. He taught out the year in the old frame courthouse and the following year in a church building until his new school was completed in January of 1893. Since there was no money for the new school, Clarke built it himself—three rooms with his office and auditorium—asking only the donation of the site. Into the new building he moved school, Sunday school, and church.

During those early days feuds raged, men were shot down in the streets, and bands of men often rode in to shoot up the town. Hindman often looked like an armed camp. After one episode when a band of men returned to wreak vengeance for one of their men killed in a battle the night before, only Clarke, the police judge, and the Sunday school superintendent remained in town to face the friends of the slain man.

Professor Clarke went where he pleased. "They won't waste ammunition on me," he would reply when warned against the danger. Later he recalled, "Though several men were killed, fights were numerous, and the spectacle of armed men roving town was not unusual. I never felt inclined to leave. I was never armed, nor did I keep a gun in my room; nor felt that the feudists would not harm me, though they well knew I was openly against outlawry."

Though some of his boys left town during these days, many did police duty and helped patrol the town during court days. According to Clarke, "It was as much a part of their training as was work in the classroom. One night some of my boys joined the officers in routing a gang who was shooting up the town, an act which was regularly perpetrated. When the "bad" man, mounted, full of liquor and his hands full of guns, was at a point opposite the officers and school-boys, he was greeted by a hail of bullets. The horseman's companions, stationed in the dark at a point of vantage, replied in kind and a man named Helton received a fearful wound in the mouth. He recovered, however, and was killed in Virginia by Talt Hall. They hanged Talt for his murder."

It was at this time that Prof. Clarke made the famous journey with a group of citizens to Frankfort to petition Governor Buckner for guns, about which he loved to relate humorously: "We got the guns and cartridges, even if Pearl Combs, one of our party, did go to sleep in the presence of the Governor." Although peace came to Hindman with the mobilization and

arming of the citizens, the "war" for education and enlightenment continued.

After turning over his school building to Katharine Pettit and May Stone, who founded the Hindman Settlement School in 1902, Professor Clarke built a training school and dormitory in Hindman. When the building burned in 1915, he established a similar school at Hueysville in Floyd County. After for years this school also burned. Both were successful. Students came from many counties to train under the "Professor." Although he built no more schools, he continued to teach up into the '30s except for the time he was state school inspector (1921-1922), and superintendent of Letcher County schools (1922-26).

It is not easy to assess just why Professor Clarke and his schools were so successful. He appeared at a time of great need and responded to that need with great dedication and honesty. He never advertised himself or his school or asked for outside help. Although he always gave great credit to his students, their determination in the face of poverty and hardship, and continued to tell of the sacrifices they made in order to attend his school, at least an equal amount of credit must be given to Clarke himself, his character and ability. He was a deeply moral man. His dislike of sham and dishonesty was proverbial. Although evidently fearless and unconcerned about his own welfare, he was unassuming . . . and he had a fine sense of humor.

His students were successful—they became ministers, teachers, lawyers, doctors, public officials, a state governor, a mayor of a large city, prosperous farmers—and perhaps more important to Clarke—good citizens. In 1940 in reporting Professor Clarke's death, the *Courier-Journal* stated that his schools had provided education for at least half of the older generation in this section. In 1939 over 2,000 former students showed up at a reunion honoring their former "Professor." Clarke recorded it as the greatest day in his life.

In thinking back over early times Clarke stated:

"Many young men entered our school with only a suit of clothes and not a dollar in their pockets. But they found a welcome. If they could pay during the term, they did so, if not, well and good. Widows and orphans were not required to pay tuition. I was glad to give my students a chance, and they justified my confidence."

"One of the greatest pleasures I have today is contemplating their successes and feeling that at a crucial time in their lives I was permitted to lend a helping hand."

You can corner any of Clarke's former students today and listen to tales of his thoroughness as a teacher and his compassion as a man. Another proof is the record they made on teacher examinations and the successes they made in life, most of which Clarke would refuse to take credit for. A statement Clarke made to his students is an indicator of his conception of his role as teacher, his straight-forward honesty, and why his students thought so much of him. (It is also one that later educators who talk glibly of leadership might do well to ponder.) It is this: "You can't make leaders . . . Leaders are born. Led by one of his boys and girls was born what you are. Not I nor any man could have made you into good people. Nature made you that . . ."

He used to tell stories of how his boys—and girls—made tremendous sacrifices, how one had to go home every week to have his own shirt washed; how one had no shoes and finally found two shoes unmatched that he wore nevertheless; how one boy had no shirt to wear at the time of state examinations, but buttoned up his coat and passed the exam, etc. Then he would add:



Professor Clarke's (left in front row) class of teachers in early 1900s.



1939 reunion picture with Professor George Clarke



Class reunion in the 1930s for one of Professor George Clarke's classes in front of courthouse.

"Could you beat such boys?"
In closing one might reply:
Could you beat such a man?
"I wandered to the village, Tom,
I sat beneath the tree,
Upon the schoolhouse play
ground
That sheltered you and me,
But none were there to greet me,
Tom,
And few were left to know
Who played with me upon the
green
Some forty years ago."



Editor's Note: Article edited by Al Stewart and reprinted from the Fall-Winter 1974-1975 issue of *Appalachian Heritage*.

Seated in an old car in 1920's (l-r) Homer and Norma Hall, Oggie Hall, and Alma and Felix Hall.

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Hindman

Ky.

Hindman Settlement School — serving the area since 1902

In 1899, rumors had seeped into Hindman about the doings of two young "fetched on" women who were said to be carrying on some unique work with the people in and around Hazard. Uncle Solomon Everidge, a citizen of Hindman who had seen 80 winters, had always nourished a great desire for more and better education for the youth of Hindman and Knott. He walked 22 barefoot miles to Hazard to learn first-hand of the activities of these gentlewomen. There he found Miss May Stone and Miss Katherine Pettit teaching sewing, cooking, doing kindergarten work and helping to plan better systems for the public school teachers. He talked with them and watched them for a day, and then requested that they come to Hindman the following summer to help his people.

The very next year the trip to Hindman for these two young women was made possible, and they came bearing their tents, or "cloth houses," and pitched them on the side of the hill overlooking the little village. During the summer, classes were held for the people, and much enthusiasm was evident in them. At the end of the summer, realizing what a great need they had for workers such as Miss Stone and Miss Pettit, they united before those two in an earnest plea that they remain in Hindman and found an industrial school of a more permanent nature.

This did not come to pass immediately; but a year later, out of a number of likely places in other mountain counties, Hindman was chosen as the location for a school. With the gift of two acres of land from the citizens combined with the purchase of one extra acre and Professor Clarke's school house, on Aug. 4, 1902, the Hindman Settlement School came into being under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. It was called the Women's Christian Temperance Union School until 1915 when it changed its name to the Hindman Settlement School.

The years following the Settlement's founding saw rapid growth and development interspersed with several tragic fires. Miss Stone made a plea to her former classmates at Wellesley College to come and give a year to the children of the mountains. This word spread to some of the other women's colleges in the Northeast and several came. Graduates of Holyoke, Vassar, Smith and Bryn Mawr served on the early staffs of the Settlement. A classical education program coupled with the more practical arts of wood-

working, animal husbandry, and home economics, made the Settlement one of the finest educational institutions in the region.

As mentioned the Settlement has faced several tragedies during its history. In 1905 and in 1910, the main structures of the campus were destroyed by fire. The campus has been flooded regularly by Troublesome Creek, but throughout these disasters the local people stood firm with their support.

There were many "firsts" for the Settlement. They include the first nurse in 1905, the first electricity in 1906, the first hospital in 1910, the first kindergarten program in 1915, the first library and bookmobile and many more.

Outside of providing a basic educational program, the founders wanted to keep the people mindful of their culture and heritage. Therefore they encouraged them in their crafts, dance, storytelling, ballad singing and instrument playing. Cecil Sharp, the great English ballad collector, came to Hindman and Jethro Amburgey, an alumnus, became nationally known for his lap dulcimers.

A number of dedicated individuals gave most of their lives to the Settlement. Miss May Stone was head of the school until her death in 1946. Miss Pettit left in 1913 to help found Pine Mountain Settlement School. Miss Ann Cobb, early teacher and folklorist, arrived in 1905 from Wellesley College. She spent close to 50 years at the Settlement. Her book of poetry, *Kinfolks*, is an excellent collection. Another early staff member was Miss Lucy Furman, who wrote several books based on her stay at the Settlement. She came in 1907 and spent the next 20 years taking care of the little boys and writing such classics as *The Quare Women*, *Mothering on Perilous*, *The Glass Window* and others. Miss Elizabeth Watts came to spend a year in 1909 and ended up staying until her retirement as director in 1956. She has been a member of the board of directors since her retirement and has never missed a board meeting. On the local level there was "Dock" Pratt, who worked for many years as the Settlement's gardener. There are numerous others, including housemothers, cooks, craftspersons, and teachers who need to be mentioned, but there is not enough space to mention all of them.

As the years went by the public school system in Knott County began to build up with the Settlement providing assistance and encouragement. Once the public school system took over a function that the Settlement had previously provided, the Settlement used its resources to supplement another need. With this philosophy at work, the Settlement began sending teachers in recreation, music and art out into the public schools while providing a wood-working shop, home economics program and library on campus. The concept of supplementing the public schools is a very important part of the Settlement's past and present program. The Settlement also continued to provide boarding opportunities for those students unable to reach the public schools.

During the directorships of Raymond K. McLain and Lionel Duff the boarding program, and, to a lesser extent, the extension teachers were the main activities of the Hindman Settlement School. Being adjacent to the Hindman High School, a great deal of the Settlement's program was geared toward working with the high school.

In 1974 Hindman, Knott County and Carr Creek High School were consolidated into Knott Central. At the same time the roads in Knott County were improved to the point that all students could get to school on public school transportation. As a result there was a gradual decline in the number of boarding students, but the demand for the extension teachers in art, music, 4-H, and folk recreation increased.

In December 1977 Mike Mullins became the fifth director of the Hindman Settlement School. In a recent interview Mr. Mullins described the Settlement's history and future.

"The reason the founders were so successful," said Mullins, "is that even though they had a lot to offer, they never lost sight of the fact that people in this area were very intelligent, hard-working people. They just needed the opportunity for an education and the Settlement provided that."

"The women didn't come here to convert the people. They didn't interfere with folks' religion, politics or moonshine. I think a couple of those are still important today," said Mullins.

"They were constantly in touch with the community and one of the keys to their success was that they never set themselves apart."

Today the Hindman Settlement School is an educational and cultural arts center whose success has been dependent on its involvement in the community. It has become a national model showing what a private institution can do in concert with the public without tremendous resources.

The days of the boarding school at Hindman have passed. The program has changed to meet changing needs but the Settlement continues to have an impact on the quality of education in the Knott County school system. Knott County Superintendent R. B. Singleton explained that the Settlement School has a great influence on the approximate 3,200 students their instructors reach every week.

"Each year they have supplied us with four art and four music teachers, a part-time folk artist and 4-H instructor," said Singleton.

"Without the Settlement, we wouldn't have a fine arts program. Eastern Kentucky has had a serious historical deficiency in fine arts education. The Hindman Settlement School has always been there to supplement, not to supplant our needs."

Cloys Thornberry, principal of Hindman Elementary School, said that the state Board of Education has complimented Knott County on their arts program, implemented by the Hindman Settlement School staff members.

"I am positive our CTBS scores are better because of the art and music programs that have rounded out our students," said Thornberry.

"The folk dancing gives them a

sense of identity with their grandparents and the music calls up a part of their history. The many performers brought into the schools by the Settlement are great for the children," Thornberry said.

"We now have students who have had music and art for the past six years," said Mullins. "That's going to have an impact. We have been able to put music and art in every elementary school in the county."

The Settlement School is a unique concept," said Mullins, "because it takes the resources that it has and meets the needs that aren't met by other agencies. This concept has always been a part of the Settlement Schools' philosophy."

In addition to sending art and music teachers out into the elementary schools, the Settlement also sends artists out into the schools to do residencies. Over the past six years a classical guitarist, mimist, puppetry theatres, modern dance groups, jazz ensemble, children's theatre and many others have worked in the schools.

The dyslexia program at the Settlement has received statewide attention. Having begun in the fall of 1979 with four students and four parents, this program has expanded into several counties. Over 350 students have been screened and at least 200 have become involved in the program. At present there are academic year and after-school tutoring programs in Knott, Letcher and Perry counties. New programs are expected to open in Floyd and Pike next year. These programs meet for three and a half hours, one night a week for 13 weeks in the fall and 13 weeks in the spring. Parent volunteers do the tutoring. The Settlement provides overall coordination for these programs. These programs are part of the Dr. Charles Shedd Kentucky Association, based in Louisville.

During the summer the Set-

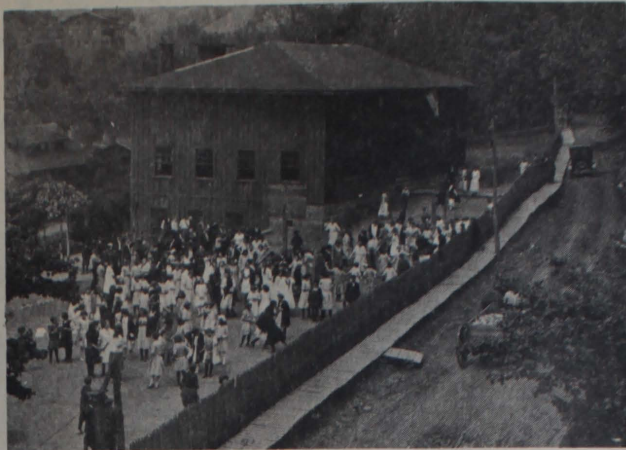
tlement conducts a six-week, eight-hour-a-day summer school for dyslexics. The first summer 33 students participated; last summer 37 were enrolled; and this summer we have 55 students with 20 boarding on campus.

Because of the high drop-out rate in this area, the Settlement offers an Adults Basic Education/GED program. From the time that this program began five years ago, there has been a waiting list of interested participants. Young mothers, coal miners, grandmothers and many others have taken advantage of this service. In order to recognize those who successfully pass their GED examination we have a graduation ceremony each year. As far as we know this is the only ceremony of this type in the region.

This past year the Settlement began the first Montessori Pre-School in Eastern Kentucky. Having always been involved in pre-school education, this program follows in the tradition of the Settlement's kindergarten and day care programs. Students from three counties attend the Montessori School, and there is a long waiting list of interested participants. Next year's program will have 30-32 students with three certified instructors.

In cooperation with the county and state, the Settlement provides the Knott County Public Library. Located in the Elizabeth Watts Building, this library is used extensively by the people of Knott County. The bookmobile reaches every part of the county.

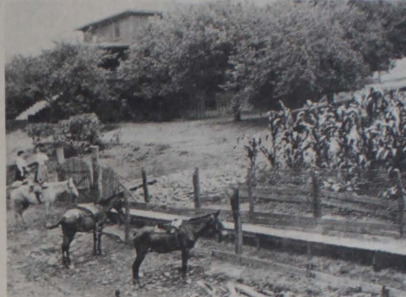
Another aspect of the Settlement's program is its special Appalachian emphasis workshops. In order to continue its commitment of keeping the folks mindful of their heritage, the Settlement offers an Appalachian Family Folk Week the second full week of each June, an Appalachian Writers Workshop the first full week of each August and an Appalachian



A wagon and horses and a 1920 model car travel Route 160 past the boardwalk adjacent to the Hindman Settlement School grounds in 1923.



"Dock" Pratt



1920s photo of dining hall at the Hindman Settlement School. Cornfield where Dock Pratt used to farm.

Visual Arts Week in October of each year. Folk dance evenings are offered throughout the year and various regional groups such as Roadside Theatre of Whitesburg work in the schools or present evening programs.

Other Settlement activities include: community education classes in the fall and spring, scholarship assistance to needy students, providing of a playing field for the public, piano classes, banquet facilities for family reunions, weddings and the providing of used clothing for the less fortunate.

The Hindman Settlement School has also had the opportunity to share the experience of one of the region's truly well-known writers: James Still lives part time on campus and writes about Knott County, bringing its "characters" to life.

For the past year and a half the Settlement has provided *Appalachian Heritage*, a regional magazine, with office space. Al Stewart, editor of this magazine, is an alumnus of the Settlement. This magazine has its own board of directors.

In order to insure the continuation of the Settlement's present programs and activities, the board of directors have embarked on a major endowment drive. This drive has been named The Carl D. and Verna Perkins Endowment Fund, in honor of two of the Settlement's most distinguished alumni. The goal of this three-year drive, which began in October 1983, is to raise \$1 million. Approximately \$375,000 has been pledged so far.

Overall, the Hindman Settlement School of today is much different from the school that May Stone and Katherine Pettit founded. The programs have changed to meet changing needs. As long as there are needs, then the Settlement will be important to this region.

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Elizabeth Watts who worked at the Settlement from 1909-1956.



May Stone



Lucy Furman with her boys on campus



Teachers at Hindman Settlement School around 1920. Elizabeth Watts far right and Lucy Furman first row on left.



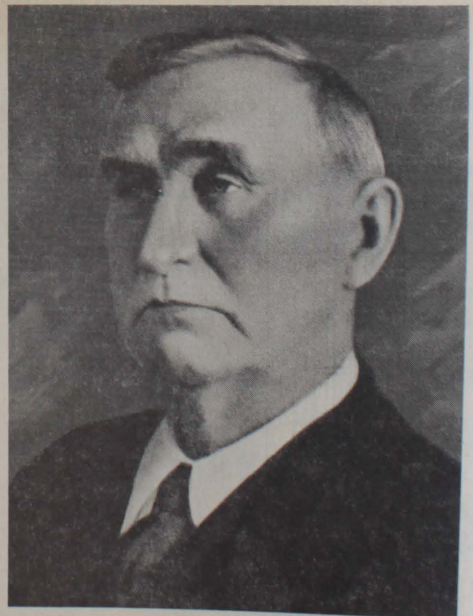
Miss Constantine (1916-22), a worker at the Settlement, was criticized for riding horses straddle-fashion and not side-saddle. She's riding a mule here.



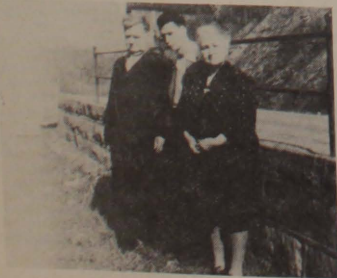
Sketch of Hindman by Walter Duncan on the cover of Scribners magazine in 1918 for the article "The woman on Troublesome" by William Bradley.



Hindman Public School 1896 - Professor George Clarke Near Back With Mustache



Professor George Clarke



Elijah, John and Lucinda Hicks. Lige Hicks ran a grocery store in Hindman for many years and was one of the founders of the Bank of Hindman. John Hicks retired as Hindman's postmaster after 30 years.

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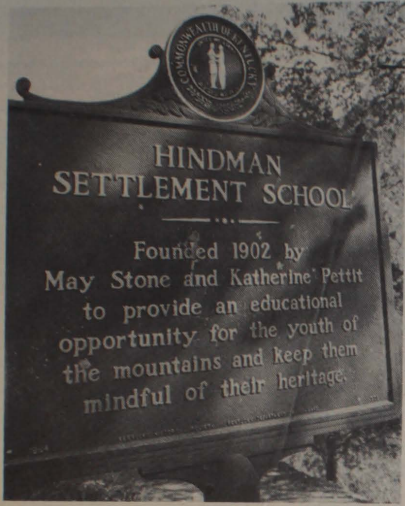
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Historical marker at entrance to campus.



Uncle Solomon Everidge's cabin was moved to the campus in 1930.



An art instructor working with students at Upper Quicksand school.



Students in a guitar class as part of the Community Education Program.



Students watching the Puppetry Theatre, one of the many performing arts groups sent into the schools.



A young man taking a turn on the fiddle during a music class.

Proud Of The Past, Providing For The Future

Alice Lloyd College The Pippa Passes School

By LAUREL ANDERSON
Reprinted from the Fall-Winter 1974-75 issue of *Appalachian Heritage*.

The other day a woman stopped by the college to see what had changed, and, more importantly, what had remained the same since her days as a Caney Creek school girl. She saw an Alumni Hall that had grown up in her absence being dismantled to make room for a new college dining room. She saw the austere New Science Building, the dozers clearing one of the last bits of bottom land to make way for a modern gymnasium, and she traveled on the hard road that links the Caney community with Floyd County and places beyond. She saw family and friends, too. There was the wily creek with its companion, Caney Mountain, board and batten homes, rock walls, stone stairs — reminders of the woman and of the mountain people who started it all 58 years ago.

Little is known or remembered of Alice Spencer Geddes Lloyd's life in Back Bay Boston before she came to Kentucky and settled on Troublesome Creek near Ivis in October 1916, which probably would have been just as well with the woman who once remarked, "Caney is my whole life. I counted my life from the day I arrived in the mountains." She came from a wealthy family but the money had disappeared by the time she arrived in the mountains with \$10 in her purse. A case of spinal meningitis left her permanently crippled; however, she persevered and pursued the best education Massachusetts had to offer.

Alice Lloyd and her mother, Ella Geddes, did not come to the mountains intending to start a school, but it was not long before the idea began to take shape. It became a reality when Abiha (Bysh) Johnson offered Mrs. Lloyd land on Caney Creek if she would start a school. Though no one knew it at the time it was an offer that years later would come to symbolize the history of the college, a history that has combined the foresight and dedication of one woman with the hard work and determination of many mountain people.

The women's first two years in Eastern Kentucky were spent getting acquainted with the people and writing home to friends about conditions they found in the mountains. The friends responded by sending box loads of books, magazines, and clothing, which Alice Lloyd and Mrs. Geddes distributed among their neighbors. By 1919 Caney Creek's one-room elementary school that had been presided over by Maryland Slone, Lige Owens and Noah Slone had

been replaced by a bigger building; and when the doors opened the first three teachers were among the first to enroll in Mrs. Lloyd's high school. That year was significant for another reason: It marked the arrival of June Buchanan, Mrs. Lloyd's dedicated friend and assistant, who continues the work of the founder today. By 1923 a two-year college had been added, and local people later joined Alice Lloyd in taking pride that of the first seven graduates; five became doctors and two were teachers with master's degrees.

As the name implies, Caney Creek Community Center was more than a school; and although Alice Lloyd had never heard the term "community outreach programs," indeed she espoused them. Among her friends in the Northeast she recruited the singers, scholars, and college deans to teach at the Center. Friends who were missionaries and teachers came, too. Some were sent into the communities of Vest, Carcassonne, Bosco (now Huesville) and Allen to help launch schools that flourished until the 1930s when counties began organizing and building their own. Trained nurses often traveled from the Center throughout the area delivering babies and instructing families in post-natal care. A mule pulled jolt wagon took books from the Center into homes and schools. There was also the Exchange Store, a tradition started informally by Alice Lloyd and her mother in their cabin on Troublesome Creek that still thrives. Mrs. Lloyd was an indefatigable letter writer; and although her letters sometimes exaggerated circumstances in the mountains, they resulted in tons of clothing, bedding, books, and household items being sent to Caney Creek Community Center. The gifts were distributed among students and community residents in exchange for a little money or garden stuff that could be served in Hunger Din. (Mrs. Lloyd named many of the Center's buildings after poems by Robert Browning and Rudyard Kipling. The dining hall takes its name from Kipling's "Gunga-Din.")

Another tradition begun in 1920 that continues today in the form of the college choir were the Caney Crusades. Charles Clark, now superintendent of Floyd County schools, went on five Crusades and said, "Mrs. Lloyd's idea was I'm going to send these young people out to Massachusetts and other enlightened areas so the people in the outside world can look them over and see that they're not dirty-raced, dirty-ankled, unkempt, uncouth, hopeless hillbillies." We appeared before grade school audiences, high school audiences,

service clubs, church groups, and I'll never forget one little experience on the first trip. We were in a grade school and we were getting ready to go into the auditorium and here came what I took to be a class of sixth or seventh graders. One of the larger boys in the class group looked us up and down and said, "huh! Fake hillbillies! Fake hillbillies. We didn't look the part."

The Caney Crusades, led for many years by June Buchanan, were an integral part of Mrs. Lloyd's concept of Leadership Education, a concept that continues as part of the school today. Alice Lloyd and June Buchanan called their philosophy "The Purpose Road. In its essence The Purpose Road emphasizes service projects to mankind. Educating young people to become the moral, civic and intellectual leaders of Appalachia was Alice Lloyd's primary goal. Toward this end she and the faculty worked in instructing students in how to communicate effectively before groups of people.

The Caney Crusaders honed this skill by performing plays and giving speeches designed to stimulate interest in the school. The same skills were emphasized during the Sunday evening Christian Forums where students were encouraged to discuss and debate serious issues, and at graduation exercises where seniors, not outsiders, were the guest speakers.

Outreach programs were an important part of the Center but always secondary to classroom education, which was the main purpose. Mrs. Lloyd believed that an academic school had no place for manual training, typing, home economics and other courses where "the hands work harder than the minds." Her first concern was to give mountain students a sound basic academic education and to encourage them to build from there. She stressed mathematics, science, English, history, and foreign languages and saw that these subjects were properly taught. Beuna Ramsey Howell, a librarian at the L.B.J. School in Jackson, Ky., recalls that Mrs. Lloyd "was interested primarily in giving us an education in the classics. In college there I took a Shakespeare course that Mrs. Lloyd almost taught herself. She came out around the building — I could see that she was listening — and she evidently didn't like the way this teacher was teaching the class, so she walked in one day and took the class over. Of course, it scared us to death. She was a very likable person, but she was after all, the head of the school and we dreaded her. She was the most educated person in English and the classics that I have ever seen. She took our Shakespeare class and just taught it and let the teacher sit down and listen to her. Sometimes she'd come into the new science building that we had then and maybe take over a chemistry class. She wanted it done right."

Alice Lloyd was an educator years beyond her time in many respects, and she used techniques that only recently have come into vogue. Standardized tests were used, often to her teacher's displeasure to judge a student's academic achievement. Mrs. Lloyd was concerned that education at Caney be equal to the academic standards of schools outside the region and used these tests to keep her teachers impartial and to double check students' progress in the classroom. For years students were seldom told their grades and knew only whether they passed or failed their courses. This was done to prevent undue discouragement. Alice Lloyd emphasized "career education" and encouraged the students she sent on for post-Caney education to specialize in specific fields. She desperately wanted her "boys" to become engineers, engineers, and some did, but teaching is the field most Caney

graduates have chosen.) She held school year round when six-month terms had been the mountain tradition. She saw the need for extra-curricular activities and provided for a variety of them, including a biology club that made Caney an unsafe place for cats, according to Kermit Everage, a former student and teacher who is now an Upward Bound field worker at the College.

While administrators of other Kentucky colleges watched their graduates go off to other states to apply their knowledge, Mrs. Lloyd had her insurance policy against this happening at Caney: She made graduates promise to return to the mountains to practice skills and provide leadership. Most kept their promise. Alice Lloyd personally selected the Caney Center graduates who were sent on for an all-expenses-paid advanced education. She judged them on their ability to learn and their potential for becoming leaders in the mountains, and she was considered a good judge.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable aspects of a Caney education was money. Students did not have to have money for anything — tuition, books, food, clothes, soap or toothpaste — in order to attend. They were encouraged to make donations of money or food whenever possible, but these things were never a prerequisite for enrollment while Alice Lloyd was alive. To make up for the deficit, people from the community and friends from outside either volunteered services or worked for low wages, and Alice Lloyd's Oliver No. 9 typewriter ratted overtime. It is said that she raised over \$1 million through her letters and brochures that told the ongoing story of Caney Creek Community Center.

Rilda Slone Watson, who has remembered things got so bad during the early 1950s that Mrs. Lloyd could not meet her payroll but continued writing paychecks as evidence of her good intentions. This went on for several months until a friend of the college who had annually donated \$1 died and left the school \$24,000. When Alice Lloyd learned of the gift, "She rang bells and said, 'Take your checks to the bank! Everybody did and we had more money than we'd ever had before. Orsine, I guess.'"

The same thing — running out of funds and being rescued by one donation or series of windfalls — has happened again and again during the school's history. At times the existence of the Center depended almost entirely upon one man who was not formally connected with it. Lee Hall ran a small grocery store near the campus and he apparently never sent a notice or said a word when the school's bill went unpaid for months.

The most famous windfall came

after Alice Lloyd's appearance on Ralph Edwards' "This Is Your Life" program in Hollywood, Calif. Mrs. Lloyd was foxed into making the trip in December 1955 — her first venture outside the mountains in 21 years — by friends and employees at the Center. They never mentioned the television program, but said she would be making an appeal for an endowment fund for her school. Her appeal, broadcasted before millions of viewers, resulted in \$150,000 being sent to Caney Creek Community Center.

Austerity, a trademark of both mountain people and New Englanders, was part of the Caney tradition from the start. Alice Lloyd believed in using local materials and craftsmen, and community people donated their time and brains generously. Under the direction of Commodore Slone, creek stone and timber were used by local stone masons to construct dormitories, classrooms, offices and homes. Buildings were furnished with chairs and tables made by a number of people, including Isom (Kitteneys) Slone. Noah Slone raised coal and Bysh Johnson carried tons of it across the creek to the kitchen. In the end Caney Creek Community Center was the work of not just one woman, but thousands of people.

Despite some initial reservations among local people about Mrs. Lloyd and her school, it was not long before more young people were applying than could be enrolled. Mrs. Lloyd personally selected the students on the basis of whether she thought they needed the school and whether they showed determination. Making a good impression on the matriarch was paramount, and few students have ever forgotten their first interview with her. "She used her nose and smelled," said Charlotte Madden. "She was a marvelous judge of character, and she could meet you one time, talk a few minutes with you (and know) which way to handle you."

Alice Lloyd exerted a tremendous influence on her students, especially upon the ones who she felt had the most potential for success and leadership. "If you worked closely with Mrs. Lloyd you absolutely adored her," said Alice Slone, one of her early proteges. "If she said, 'You can write a play,' you would go and write a play, and it would be good. It was just amazing, anything practically that she'd tell you that you could do, and that she wished you to do, you did."

Mrs. Lloyd's commitment to personal development and discipline touched nearly every aspect of life at the Caney Center. Boys and girls were separated in dormitories, classrooms, and Hunger Din, and forbidden to speak or socialize because Mrs. Lloyd felt, "If a boy and girl get interested in each other they won't be

very interested in their school work." Competitive athletics were frowned upon for the same reason, and home ties had to be lessened.

Girls wore white skirts and white middie blouses with colored ties at all times; boys were required to wear jackets and ties in the dining room. Any "tie," even a string around the neck, would do, the symbol was all that was necessary. Understandably, students grumbled loudly about the clothing regulations; but Mrs. Lloyd, who wore middies, too, saw uniforms as a means of insuring outward equality among her students. Uniforms were also another way of publicly stating that money was not the basis of personal worth on Caney.

Another way of equalizing students was requiring each to work a certain number of hours each week. Students built rock walls and stone stairs, they planted trees, helped prepare meals, watched the furnaces and worked in the offices. At Christmas they helped Alice Lloyd, Mrs. Geddes and June Buchanan wrap and distribute thousands of Christmas "pretties" to area children. The College is still probably the only school in the United States that annually gives each student an armload of Christmas presents.

Education at Caney was a serious endeavor, but there were high moments. Kermit Everage recalls one Sunday night Christian Forum when a student asked to discuss the topic: "Which would do you more good: Listening to a sermon while sitting outside under a tree, or inside a beautiful church with soft, plush seats?" The student took the side of the plush seats, and the next day Mrs. Lloyd was seen delivering a velvet cushion to his room. During another forum a local man, tipsy from drink, came riding into Cushing Hall on his mule. Creek people handled the situation swiftly, and Alice Lloyd never said a word. When she came to Caney she vowed to keep out of people's moonshine, politics, and religion, and people say she kept her word.

Although the school has never been affiliated with any particular denomination, it is a Christian institution where prayer precedes meals and church services were held during Alice Lloyd's years. Mrs. Lloyd was a very private person and seldom, if ever, discussed her own religious beliefs. Students sometimes worried whether she had a religion, and at an alumni meeting on the meadow one time Mrs. Lloyd was seen delivering a student (who is now a preacher) talked to Mrs. Lloyd about the importance of being saved. She listened, but when he finished said, "I have nothing to worry about, I am okay."

Alice Lloyd died on a September morning in 1962 at the age of 89. Her funeral and burial that

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The Caney Creek Community Center campus in the 1920s when the meadow was a cornfield and all the buildings were on one side of the road.



Alice Geddes Lloyd

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Senator Benny Ray Bailey

29th District

Alice Lloyd College: a four-year college

By RON DALEY

Editor's Note: Alice Lloyd College made a successful transition, becoming a four-year college in 1981. The college's enrollment in 1984 is around 500 students. Thirty-eight students graduated in May 1984, the college's third graduating class.

The following article, reprinted from the Aug. 19, 1981, edition of the *Times*, detailed that critical transition period. Since then several changes have occurred. Faculty housing has been constructed and a fine arts center has been set for construction on the campus meadow. Pippa Passes was incorporated as a sixth class city and Miss June Buchanan became the oldest mayor, at age 96, to lead a city. (Primarily just the college-owned portion of Pippa Passes became incorporated.)

Caney Creek residents have witnessed numerous changes since Alice Geddes Lloyd's arrival in 1917, but none so dramatic or substantial as those in the past two years as the school she founded has made the transition from a two-year to a four-year college. Under the leadership of Jerry Davis, Alice Lloyd College raised the additional \$3 million used in the transformation, constructed needed facilities and increased the staff, all in preparation for this coming spring's graduation, the college's first four-year graduates.

This accomplishment is even more amazing considering the recent failure of numerous small, private, two- and four-year colleges throughout the nation, due to declining college enrollment and a depressed national economy. President Jerry Davis daringly decided that the college's hope of survival was to become a four-year institution.

President Davis' plans appear to be working and progress continues on schedule. The college staff are preparing for a fall enrollment next week of between 400 and 450 students. This is a great improvement over the 131 figure tallied in the fall of 1977 when President Davis assumed his new position.

The present vitality of the school is a welcome occurrence for Pippa Passes and Knott County and their economies. The college budget last year of \$2.7 million matched the size of the county budget.

The college employs over 100 people and has an annual payroll exceeding \$1 million. The payroll has recently increased with the addition of new teachers for the four-year program.

The arrival of 400-plus students and their spending money adds to the local economy.

Local contractors, builders, suppliers and laborers have benefited from the quickly-constructed facilities.

In the last two years a million-dollar library was built, complete with an auditorium, classroom space, and the acquisition of thousands of new books.

Two tennis courts were constructed last year, and Dr. Davis hints that others could be on the way.

The Hazard Vocational School Engineering Program has worked with the college for the past year and a half by grading off, blasting, and filling in the head of Huey's Hollow (located above the new library) to build a baseball field. In addition to the athletic field, which is scheduled for completion in the fall of 1982, there will be a three-

tier parking lot beneath the field.

The old library has been renovated to accommodate a student center, which includes various recreational opportunities.

Renovation in the gym includes additional seating capacity to around 2,000, expanded lobby, and even a press box.

Adjacent to the gym is the planned construction of a "natatorium," holding an olympic-size swimming pool.

A major foundation donated \$100,000 for the recent renovation of the science labs in the New Science Building and the purchase of student equipment.

Female students will enjoy the luxury of the new women's dormitory on which laborers and contractors are working overtime to have finished for the arrival of the new students. The dorm is air conditioned and hallways and rooms are carpeted.

Each room has a water basin and a five-foot mirror. Approximately 180 women will be housed in the facility.

"The transition has gone exceptionally well," commented President Davis. "The enrollment grew more rapidly than we anticipated, and consequently we had to build the dormitory a little quicker than we thought."

While the college managed the capital improvements, Dr. Davis praised the acquisition of new staff members, which strengthened the college's ability to provide a quality four-year education. Over 50 percent of the faculty have earned doctorate degrees, he added.

"And we accomplished all this by operating substantially in the black," Davis stated. "There are no debts on any of the improvements. Our contributors have responded magnificently. They had to or we would not have this."

Alice Lloyd College has been blessed with generous benefactors ever since Miss Lloyd first rattled off letters to friends and possible contributors on her old Oliver No. 9 typewriter. The financial strength of the college is shown by its \$5 to \$6 million endowment, which Dr. Davis hopes to have raised to \$10 million within a decade.

The college is enviously acknowledged by many other educational institutions for its ability to reach an annual development goal of close to \$1 million.

An important part of the present donor base is a group of contributors the college gained in December 1955, with Miss Lloyd's appearance on Ralph Edwards' "This is Your Life" program in Hollywood, Calif. Her story, broadcast to millions of Americans, resulted in \$150,000 being sent to the Caney Creek Community Center. Many of these donors, Dr. Davis said, have faithfully continued those contributions.

Many foundations and individuals contribute to the school because of the policy requiring all students to work. The Student Work Program is an important part of life at Alice Lloyd, and benefits the students financially.

Part of the school's financial success is due to the presence of Miss June Buchanan, the co-founder of the college, who joined Miss Lloyd in 1919. She continues to send appeals to former contributors and new ones, and spellbinds visitors and friends of the school with her talks at the college.

"Miss June is my best friend,"

honor and Hayes became director. In April 1965 he was made president of Alice Lloyd College.

Since Mrs. Lloyd's death there has been considerable physical expansion and change, as necessitated by more modern ways of life. But the ideals and goals of educating mountain leaders remain unchanged.

Davis states. "Her presence reminds us of the important traditions of the school, its standards. She is an inspiration, and casts a huge shadow over us and this school."

The addition of the four-year degree has been an important factor in attracting new students. The college has received transfer students from junior colleges. Higher gasoline prices and housing costs have encouraged local students to remain at home and attend the college.

Director of Admissions Bill Melton reports that the College's Regional Opportunity Program (ROP), a financial aid package that guarantees students in a surrounding seven-county area no out-of-pocket costs for tuition, has helped his recruiting efforts tremendously in the last three years. This tuition-free guarantee has been extended to 14 counties if the student has a 2.5 average; it is also available to out-of-state students of rural areas who have a 3.0 average.

The new improvements undoubtedly have increased enrollments.

The athletic programs have also helped in admissions. Basketball coach and former Breathitt high school star, Lonnie Morris, led his team to the national tournament for small colleges. His team is playing KJAC teams this year and hopes to play the conference next year. Knott County players include B.B. King, David Adams, and Jimmy Collins.

Former Knott County High School basketball player Gary Gibson is coaching the girls' basketball team, which always has been a competitive team.

Bill Melton is coaching the baseball team, which began three years ago. The team plays games in the fall and spring and looks forward to playing under the lights on the new field.

Melton reports that many students attend the college because of its location near their homes and for the smallness and friendliness of the school.

Faculty member and Director of public Relations Jeemes Akers stated this closeness between teachers and students is hard to recreate in large schools and is very helpful to the education of the students. "It is a very worthwhile experience to watch a student learn the process of thought," stated Akers. "We are able to work closely enough with the student here to watch that. It makes for exciting teaching."

"Trying to educate young people is the hardest job there is," said Jim Bergman, dean of Student Life. "Especially if it is value oriented. We want our graduates to be responsible citizens. They learn this through the required work program, convocation program, social life and our Christian standards."

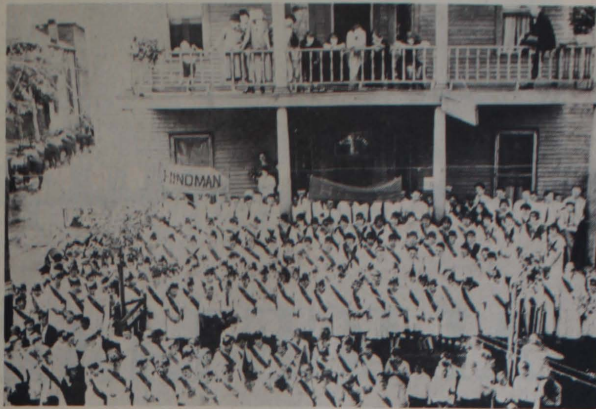
"Miss Lloyd was often quoted as saying 'The leaders are here,'" said Dr. Davis. "I believe we are in a very strong position to educate those leaders and encourage them to remain in the region."

The college held its first four-year graduation exercise this spring on May 8, 1982. "This Is Your Life" host Ralph Edwards was the commencement speaker. Prior to the exercises a special "This Is Your Life" program was conducted by Mr. Edwards honoring Miss June Buchanan.

The arrangements for Edwards' commitment were made by comedian and "Hee Haw" star, Grady Nutt, a friend of the college. Nutt died in an Alabama plane crash in 1982. The college's gymnasium was named in his honor.

ALC starts high school

Alice Lloyd College opens June Buchanan High School this fall. Forty to 50 students are anticipated to enroll in the laboratory school that is located on the ALC campus. Jeemes Akers is the schoolmaster.



Caney students at Knott County fair in 1923.



Sen. Bobby Kennedy ate lunch with ALC President William Hayes on the college's campus.



When the U.S. Postal Service said Pippa Passes had to be called Pippa Pass.



Burchell Moore, Corbett Franklin, and Dan Martin at Caney Creek Community Center, now Alice Lloyd College, Pippa Passes, 1920s.

Alice Lloyd

Continued from B10

evening were brief and simple, the way she wanted them to be.

In 1959, after she fell and broke her hip, Mrs. Lloyd appointed William S. Hayes, who had been on the faculty and staff since 1942, acting director of the College. Shortly after her death the Board of Trustees renamed the school Alice Lloyd College in Mrs. Lloyd's

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ALICE LLOYD COLLEGE

"The leaders are here." With these words, in the early 1900's, Mrs. Alice Geddes Lloyd set off a new social force in central Appalachia.

Educational opportunities and basic social services were limited in eastern Kentucky when Mrs. Lloyd arrived at Ivis, on Troublesome Creek, in 1916. Mrs. Lloyd moved to Caney Creek in 1917, at the urging of Abisha Johnson, who offered his land and help in establishing a place to help community residents. Mrs. Lloyd recognized the tremendous need in the area and established the Caney Creek Community Center. The Center provided basic social services and education for children and young people.

In 1919, Mrs. Lloyd was joined by June Buchanan, a volunteer from Syracuse, New York. June Buchanan immediately identified with Mrs. Lloyd's purposes and assisted with the operation of the Center. Today, the Caney Creek Community Center is still in operation under the able leadership of its president, Dr. June Buchanan.

As the Community Center grew, Mrs. Lloyd and June Buchanan used their resources to establish many schools throughout the mountains. In so doing, they saw a need for higher education in eastern Kentucky. The region needed highly-trained and unselfish leaders — doctors, ministers, businessmen, engineers and teachers. Such professional people, they reasoned, would be of enormous service to the isolated mountain communities. This vision of training leaders for Appalachia generated the founding of Caney Junior College in 1923.

From the earliest days, students and their families could ill afford to pay for a college education. But they did provide what they could — farm produce and their labor. A philosophy, which is carried on to this day, was started that required Caney students to work part-time, assisting them in paying for their education and also encouraging such qualities as dependability, initiative, and self-reliance. Today, this philosophy is manifest in the Work Study Program, which is such an important part of student life at the

College.

Mrs. Lloyd and June Buchanan considered character education paramount in developing the kind of leaders eastern Kentucky needed. Moral and ethical training was considered to be important and was reflected in courses still taught at the College.

Many books and articles in such publications as *Reader's Digest*, *Life* and the *New York Times* have been written about the college and the success of its graduates. Caney graduates have received much recognition for their service to the mountains. Among the leaders produced here are prominent physicians, lawyers, congressmen, engineers, teachers, and ministers.

In 1962, after Mrs. Lloyd's death, the College was renamed in her honor. Twenty years later, the College once again expanded its program to include a four-year undergraduate program. Today the College offers degrees in science, business and education.

Dr. Jerry C. Davis, the current president of Alice Lloyd College, was appointed in 1977 and has seen continued improvement and additions to the physical plant with the renovation of dormitories, provision for athletic facilities, new library and women's dormitory. In addition, Dr. Davis has reaffirmed the College's philosophy and purpose in training leaders for the eastern Kentucky region.

The campus of Alice Lloyd College is probably unique among institutions of higher education. ALC's campus occupies land on both sides of the usually quiet flowing Caney Creek. Steep, wooded mountains rise from the creek and much of the 175-acre campus includes mountain slopes, with many buildings actually set in the hillsides.

Some buildings are early student-built wood and stone structures. Most have been renovated to provide modern functional interiors. Other facilities are modern stone and wooden structures whose architecture is designed to blend harmoniously with the campus environment.

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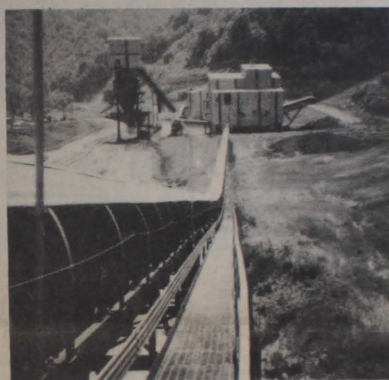
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Alice Slone on Cordia

The Lotts Creek Community School

By JOHN ED PIERCE

Editor's Note: Article reprinted from the Oct. 12, 1980, edition of the *Louisville Courier Journal* article in the paper's Sunday Magazine section.

Alice Slone and the Lotts Creek Community School continue to play an important process in education in Knott County. Miss Slone was the parade marshal for the Knott County Gingerbread Festival parade in September 1983.

The storied Alice Lloyd set her on a path that led her home to Knott County and a life dedicated to mountain children. Nearly 50 years later, Alice Slone's work at Lotts Creek Community School is shared by another Alice, her niece, Alice Whitaker.

As the leaves turn and the evening mists grow chill along the Eastern Kentucky hollows, Alice Slone stands by the fireplace of her mountain-side home and looks across the valley where young boys fringing hills plunge down to Lotts Creek, absorbed for the moment in thought of this place she has loved so well, and the sight, on the slope below her, of the school to which she has given the years of her life.

With the fading of the light she seems to draw it all around her, the warm house of logs, the hills above, the valley, heavy with haze and memories. And looking from books to the hills and open the school into the room, she feels again a sense of the earth, and of time flowing like a river through the seasons of life.

Almost 50 years have slipped away, somehow, since Alice Slone first came to the little village of Gordia on Lotts Creek, and the story of her life is one which has shaped the school she started, built, fought for and saved, and which has played so large a role in the lives of the people in this rugged corner of Knott County's hills. And now the time is coming when other hands must take up the task or share it, time for another name to stand beside or replace that of Alice Slone, director of the Lotts Creek Community School at Gordia.

Fortunately, there is another Alice at Gordia — Alice Whitaker, whom Miss Slone calls by her full name, Alice Schofield. She is Alice Slone's niece, and her father, Keller Whitaker, was one of the first teachers at Lotts Creek School. He was also a lawyer, and he later became registrar at Alice Lloyd College, which lies across the mountain on Caney Creek.

A product of Lotts Creek School herself, and a graduate of Besta College, Alice Whitaker married, had two children, and lived in such far-flung places as Iceland and California before she was divorced and returned in 1963 to Kentucky as a rehabilitation counselor for the Department of Mental Health.

Two years ago she came back to Lotts Creek with her children — Ronald, 17, and Elizabeth, 13 — and became assistant to her aunt.

But will she stay? Alice Whitaker has traveled, enjoyed urban life and a valued circle of friends. "And I must admit I miss it here," she says. "I lived in Lexington a long time. I was so involved in volunteer work. Coming back hasn't been easy in that respect. It is very isolated."

"Oh, it balances out," she adds. "Some of the remoteness is very welcome — the quiet nights. I read a lot. I have a friend, a man, in Lexington, and I see him when he goes there for meetings, a couple of times a month. When I get to Lexington, I see a play or movie, all the bookstores, do all the things I can't do here. Living here would be very difficult for a single person. If I weren't dating someone, it would be tough. On the other hand, the feeling of accomplishment is very concrete."

Of course, the same question was asked of Alice Slone when she came to Lotts Creek in 1932. She was 28 then (Alice Whitaker is 40) and she, too, had known city life. Alice Whitaker today says that "I always assumed, in the back of my mind, that I would wind up here. My family took it for granted. I think that 'one day Alice Schofield will come back.'"

Alice Slone got there almost by accident, and she got there by a circuitous route.

As a little girl, one of the nine children of Ike and Leaner (pronounced Lee-Anner) Slone, Alice Slone was known along Caney Creek as outspoken and "spunky," and probably she needed to be. The Slones were "good" people whose ancestors had come from Virginia and were related to Squire Boone's descendants, and like most of the people along Caney they were not poor. But life was seldom easy. Ike Slone cut timber, farmed, did whatever could be found to do.

When he was 44, an accident with a cant hook (a tool for handling logs) killed him, and Leaner married John Reynolds, whom Alice remembers as "a delightful man." The family moved to Reynolds Fork.

"Each spring we scraped the paper off the walls and scrubbed them," she recalls now, "and each fall we'd paper them again, boiling the flour paste. We went down to where Alice Lloyd lived, and she gave us all the papers and magazines my brother and I could kill. That was the first time I ever saw her. I didn't see her again until she was setting up her school on Caney."

But the meeting was more portentous than the slender little blond girl could have imagined, and it began a relationship that was to affect the lives of thousands of people in the Eastern Kentucky hills.

"I was playing in the creek and she rode by in a buggy with the prettiest horses you ever saw, and I told my brother, who wanted to know who she was, that she 'looked like a princess.' She heard me and asked my name. After that, I'd go down to take fodder to the horses where the men were building the school, and I'd see her, and I'd pester her for books."

"We moved back to Caney — our farm was next door to Mrs. Lloyd's school — and I attended school there from 1916 to 1919. From the time I was 12 till I was 15. It was a county school, and the term then was only three, and then five months, and Mrs. Lloyd was teaching some of us two additional months in the old log cabin that was her first building. I went there as far as I could go. And then, when I was 15, Mrs. Lloyd called me in and said she wanted me to go to Cleveland to school. She had a family for me to live with, and they would help me and I would be able to go to high school. I was one of 17 Mrs. Lloyd sent north to school."

"I remember that my mother woke me at 3 o'clock, and an hour later we left for Wayland in our old joint wagon. The mules fell three times on the way, but we got there by 11, and the train left about 1. I remember when it pulled out I thought, 'Well, I've done it. I can jump off and go back.' Araminta Reynolds was with me. I guess I should have been nervous, but I wasn't. She was and kept asking the conductor what time we'd get there. We had \$3 between us when we got to Cleveland."

Alice lived in the home of Ann Anthony Bacon, niece of famed feminist Susan B. Anthony, and attended high school just a few blocks from the Bacon home. Since Alice had had a little math, she was put in the eighth grade for a period of adjustment. And it was an adjustment. "She says now with a laugh, 'They were playing children's games; at 15 I'd already had proposals of marriage.'"

In the summer of her first year, Alice went back to Caney and

became engaged. After that, she says, Mrs. Bacon didn't want her to go back to the mountains, and for several years she didn't. After graduating from Shaw High School, she went to Boyd Business College, and then to Ohio State University, where she graduated with an advanced degree in education. During these years, she was helped by the Bacon family and people to whom Mrs. Bacon introduced her, and she managed to work her way through college.

But what she calls "a vital part" of those years was the job, which she held for "maybe 15" summers, at Northway Lodge, a summer camp in Ontario, Canada.

"Mrs. Bacon wrote Mrs. Fanny L. Case, who ran the camp, and got me a job as dishwasher. I was hilariously happy. I had the woods, the lake. I didn't dislike Cleveland, but I missed the land, the earth. My favorite spot was a cemetery, with its trees and flowers. Now I was close to the earth again. I learned to swim and canoe. I could do anything I wanted after I finished the dishes, and I wandered through the woods; when Mrs. Case found that I knew a lot of the things they were teaching the girls about, nature and so on, she made me a counselor. It was just heaven. When I think of the people who have been influential in my life, I always think of those three — Mrs. Lloyd, Mrs. Bacon and Fanny L. Case."

"I graduated from Ohio State with a degree that qualified me to be a principal with a major in English. And I had done some work at a settlement house, so I was accustomed, as I was from being a camp counselor, to working with children. Then Alice Lloyd wrote me. I had written a poem about her. I idealized her. You did if you were close to her. She convinced you that you could do anything. She had that gift. She wrote and asked me to come back. And I did."

But it is never easy to go home again. Alice had been gone almost 12 years. Mrs. Lloyd was dedicated, and beneath her stern exterior she was loving. But she was strict. There were many rules at what was then Caney Creek Community College, and within a year Alice found them stifling.

"I had been gone too long," she says. "Later, I could see how she came by them, but right then I couldn't stand them. I decided that summer at Northway to start a school of my own. My sister, Bertha, had asked me to come over to Lotts Creek and start a high school, and when I came back that fall, I did."

But for a long time, Alice Slone wondered what she had gotten in to. There was no school on Lotts Creek, no schoolhouse, and, worse, no money for one, only a wan hope among the parents that one would somehow be built, and open doubts that Miss Slone would stay long enough to build it. She had doubts of her own, and at times regrets.

"I lived with the E.R. Combs family at first, and during pretty weather, I taught on a hillside. But I was missing companionship, music, art. I had changed. I decided to organize the school and go back north. I had offers."

But the months went by, and the organizing went slowly. For a while she taught in homes, then the top floor of the grade-school building. Meanwhile, the people of the community donated logs and lumber and stone, and the men began building the log house that became the first building of the Lotts Creek Community Center.

"For a while we were using the Sears-Roebuck catalog, the Bible, old magazines, anything to teach reading. The hills were our biology lab. I remember one day a boy, h.d.n.l., me a live copperhead to study."

"When I came here, there was sort of a feud between the people on the lower creek, who were Democrats, and those on the upper creek, who were Republicans. Ber-



Alice Slone, the founder and present director of the Lotts Creek Community School, is interviewed by Ralph Edwards, on "This is Your Life: June Buchanan Show," televised on the Alice Lloyd College campus in 1982.

tha had been taken over by the Democrats, and I sort of inherited her place. For years, they were divided, but we all cooperated on the cabin, and in 1935, with some help from the WPA, we finished it."

"The children started coming in. Some walked six miles home at night. When the first dormitory was finished, they came from as far as 50 miles away. They never paid more than \$5 a month room and board, and everyone had to work. They still do."

"Sue White, who had gone to Centre, came to work with me, and lived with me at E.R. Combs'," says Miss Slone. "But I knew we were going to have to have more money. I tried some crazy things. Once we tried selling mistletoe. The children shot it out of the trees and knocked all the berries off. Another time I decided to sell walnuts; the walnut harvest failed."

Then Miss Slone wrote her housemother at Ohio State, who put her in touch with a relative, Mrs. Helen Lyons, in Washington. Mrs. Lyons gave the school \$250. Friends from Northway came sent other, smaller contributions and books.

"Beckham Combs, county superintendent, had promised that if we could get \$500 worth of lab equipment, 500 books, and two teachers, he would pay the salary of one. We got the one salary and divided it between us. Then Keller (Alice Whitaker's father) came, and he split his salary with a teacher from Illinois. Sometimes I used the salary to buy building materials we had to have — nails, windows. Oh, I hate to see a school with no windows. It strikes my heart to take children out of the sun, out of God's air. My home is full of windows."

Money continued to be tight. Then, in 1937, the school got a break. Elmer Sulzer, who ran the radio station at the University of Kentucky, put a listening center (there were several in the East Kentucky mountains) in the log house, and in 1937 he broadcast from there, telling of Miss Slone and her efforts to build the school. CBS from New York, and Louisville's WHAS sent in people, who had to walk miles up the valley carrying their heavy equipment, and Sulzer brought with him Dr. Leonard Power, federal commissioner of education.

The broadcast proved something of a sensation. Contributions began coming in, most of them small (this was in the midst of the Depression) but very important.

In 1948 the school got another break when it got electricity and a gravel road linking it to the highway to Hazard and Hindman. The school was growing, as was the enrollment. And with the help of her contributing friends, Miss Slone had begun her custom of asking the children of the valley in for Christmas on Lotts Creek. In response to her letters, there

were always gifts, especially gifts of clothing, and when the children came filtering down from the hollows, sometimes wading snowdrifts, often on mulchback, and clothes, as well as sweets and toys that gave to the day a meaning new to many of them. The school was becoming an institution.

"At one time there were 35 boarding students, including 27 girls," Miss Slone recalls. "Some of the boys put bunks in the old coal house and stayed there, since they lived too far to walk. It really wasn't much, but then we got the boys' dorm, and didn't have to use the coal house. When the dorms were built, we got students from Perry County, Letcher and Floyd, as well as Knott. Our biggest enrollment, during the '50s, was about 235."

Gradually, the school program grew from two years to four. By 1954 there were enough funds to build today's three-story concrete-block classroom building. Miss Slone asked the county for more support, and got matching funds for teachers and equipment.

The county decided to combine the elementary schools in the area, and consolidate them with Lotts Creek High School, and made Miss Slone principal.

Later, other buildings would come, a gym, more classrooms, a bigger lunchroom. But suddenly 25 years had passed, and Miss Slone realized that it had been many years since she had thought about turning over to others the school she had organized and returned to the life she had left outside. She was passing through middle age now, and she knew without conscious thought that she had long since found and was now living the life she had been meant to lead.

But the years had brought with them no end to problems. Change was stirring outside the valley as well as along Lotts Creek. State roads were beginning to stretch their blacktop surfaces along the hollows, and with the roads came consolidation of the schools, and with consolidation came the familiar yellow school buses. The children who once filled the dormitories could now ride the bus and live at home.

People began to wonder whether there would continue to be a need for Lotts Creek, whether people would want to keep sending their children there.

"But our real problem has always been state approval, which would bring us the money we have always needed," says Miss Slone.

"At first, we didn't have numbers, and now we don't offer enough programs, although actually that's part of the numbers problem. We get state per-pupil support on the Average Daily Attendance basis other schools do, but we get no help with maintenance, upkeep, extra teachers, supplies, dorms, food and so on. We have only an emergency rating because we don't offer the 37 high school courses that the state requires for standard

rating, but you just can't offer 37 courses when you have only 93 students, as we do."

The county might also help more if it owned the school, its land and its buildings as in other cases. But when the people of the valley saw that Alice Slone intended to stay with them, they decided the land and its buildings to her. She, in turn, helped to organize, in 1940, the board of directors that helps to guide the operation of the school, and decided to it all that had been given to her. And neither she nor the directors want to give the school to the county, making it like all the others.

Two years ago, when Alice Whitaker came back to Lotts Creek, the future of the school was in doubt. Enrollment was dropping, some county officials were critical, and state officials seemed to be threatening to withdraw accreditation unless the school met requirements for a standard rating. But this year, County Superintendent Melvin Wicker said, "We want to do everything we can for that school. They offer a very high quality of education." And state officials are clearly trying to find ways to keep the school within the state system.

"Our school has always been part of the county system," Alice Slone explains, "but as what we call a 'gift school,' with volunteers and parents helping. The county board was impressed that it was a cooperative venture, and at the state level, when we went to Frankfort, they just told us to keep up the good work. Usually when they survey a school, they have a dozen things to criticize, but they didn't bring up a thing this time."

"If it should close, the children along the creek would have to ride clear down to Fisty and then up to Hindman to get to the county high school," says Alice Whitaker. "A lot of them, especially kids from Kelly Fork, would probably just quit."

"We have a lot to offer. Our children test out well. They rank well when they go to college. Our dropout rate is low. We teach from kindergarten through the 12th grade, with about 200 students. We don't have any boarders this year, although the dorms are here if we should. We had three inquiries, but it's so hard to get housemothers, and the cost would be high for so few."

But just as the future of the school for so long depended on Alice Slone, so does it now depend to a great extent on the energies and ability of Alice Whitaker. (People in the valley, she says with a smile, now refer to them as Big Alice and Little Alice. "I'm Little Alice," she says, "although I'm twice as big as she is.") Miss Slone invariably refers to her niece as Alice Schofield. ("She calls everyone by two names," Alice Whitaker explains.)

By whatever name she is called,

Continued to LOTTs, Page B16.

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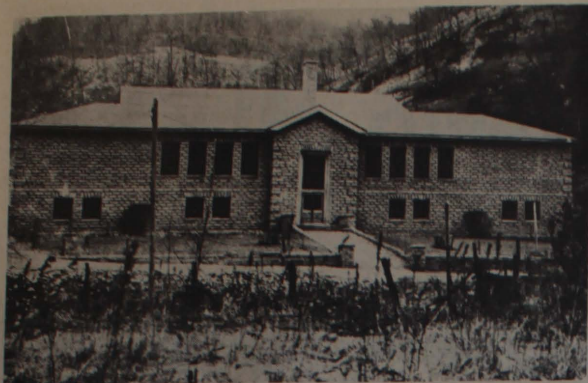
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Knott High School in Pippa Passes in 1940.



Mallie School in 1910 with Mr. Hammond the teacher.

Lotts Creek

From Page B14

for the last two years Alice Whitaker has borne the burden of managing the school, and some people in the school system credit her with saving it. Under her direction, enrollment is rising. The high school is now offering 35 courses, almost enough for a standard rating, and it employs two teachers more than the ADA payments support.

But will she stay? "That's up to Alice Schofield," says Alice Slone. "She has carried the burden for two years now. It would be hard for me to pick it up again. I must have someone. But she is torn, I know, between her love of the valley and the amenities, the pleasure of living in the city."

Not that Miss Slone has quit work. She still writes, at least twice a year, to the 5,000 or so people who have at times contributed to the school, and she still writes a personal letter to each one who contributes again. In the rear of her house, which once was the girls' dormitory, there is a large, sunny room, built and donated by a man in the valley so that she would have a "proper room" for entertaining the dozens of guests and friends and directors who visit regularly. She has long since decided the house over to the school but admits she would like to stay in it while she lives, and she is there to give Alice Whitaker any advice or help she sees.

Could that be a problem? She herself once went back to Caney Creek, just as Alice Whitaker has now come back to Lotts Creek, and chafed at the supervision of Mrs. Lloyd, whom she revered. Will Alice Whitaker find it hard to operate as assistant director to her aunt, even as she becomes more

and more the actual director? "Oh, that's no problem," says Alice Whitaker. "We don't follow an organizational chart here. The assistant director role doesn't impair me. It's not just that I love her; she just isn't an overbearing person. Oh, I suppose that if she were adamantly opposed to something, I would give in. I'd fight, but I'd give. But it hasn't happened."

"I don't want her to quit being the director. I'd hate to see her give it up. Will I stay? I don't know. I admit that when I came back, I didn't intend for it to be forever. Of course, she didn't either. But it's been her life."

It still is, Miss Slone makes clear. She still trots up and down the steep slopes between her house and the school with an agility that a woman 20 years younger might envy, and rides her exercycle furiously for what she says is "poor circulation." And she still has plans, as well as hopes, for the school.

"I would like for the school to be a model type, involving the entire community," she says. "I want to teach the children always to stay close to nature, to the earth. I'd like a longer school day, so that we could have outside recesses twice a day. Man should remain true to the earth. Always."

On the hillside behind her house the ivy climbs the steep slope where laurel and ferns and sweet pears grow, and the tall trees, now in fall foliage, loom above the valley.

"I guess I forgot to leave," she says with a smile. "It's been my life. I'll stay right here."

With the sound of children's voices near at hand. And around her the beloved earth. Always the earth.

MSU: service since 1922

Meeting the educational needs of Eastern Kentucky while continuing to improve the quality of its public service and applied research programs are the primary objectives of Morehead State University. Since its establishment in 1922 as a state teachers college, MSU has evolved as a multi-purpose, regional university, serving the people of Kentucky with a specific mission to enhance economic growth in Eastern Kentucky.

Located in the foothills of the Daniel Boone National Forest, the 500-acre campus includes a skyline of more than 50 major structures valued at upwards of \$100 million. Beyond the main campus are the 320-acre Derrickson Agricultural Complex north of Morehead, a nine-hole golf course east of the city and the 52-acre Crosthwaite Outdoor Education Center at Cave Run Lake, west of Morehead.

The newest addition to the campus is the \$8 million Academic-Athletic Center which houses facilities for physical education, health, swimming, gymnastics, basketball, tennis, concerts and other activities and public events.

Academically, the University offers more than 140 programs of study on the associate, baccalaureate and graduate levels in six academic schools, including applied sciences and technology, business and economics, education, humanities, sciences and mathematics and social sciences. Classes also are offered in Ashland, Jackson, Maysville, Pikeville, Prestonsburg and Whitesburg. Among MSU's unique academic programs are

robotics and veterinary technology. More than 50 percent of MSU's faculty members hold earned doctoral degrees.

Statistically, the University has more than 30,000 alumni, an average fall enrollment of 6,500 and about 300 faculty members among its more than 900 employees. The annual operating budget exceeds \$35 million.

Athletically, the University sponsors 15 intercollegiate sports for men and women in accordance with the regulations of the Ohio Valley Conference and the National Collegiate Athletic Association.

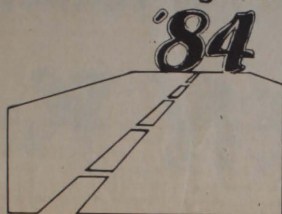
Administratively, the University is governed by the 10-member Board of Regents with eight citizens appointed by the governor and two seats held by elected faculty and student representatives. The administrative structure consists primarily of four bureaus—academic affairs, student affairs, fiscal affairs, and university and regional services.

As a result of its unique state-assigned mission to serve Appalachia, the University coordinates outreach activities through its Appalachian Development Center. Established in 1978, the CDC directs MSU's regional activities in research, human services, business development and Appalachian Studies.

Dr. Herb F. Reinhard, Jr. became MSU's ninth president on July 1, 1984. A graduate of Florida State and Indiana, the Covington native came to MSU after five years as president of Slippery Rock University in Pennsylvania.

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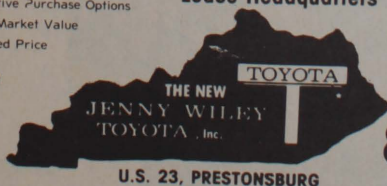
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Congratulations Knott County On Your 100th Birthday

Hindman Basketball

A strong winning tradition

By FOSTER "TUBBY" CALHOUN

The Golden Years of Basketball began at Hindman High School in 1939 with such greats as "Copper John" Campbell, Clark Stone, Clarence Johnson, Paul Johnson, Collier (Burhead) Cornett, Tobe Coombs, Roy Coombs, Charlie Coombs, and Cecil Asher. This team, although short in depth, went all the way to the finals of the state tournament only to lose in the final game to the Cooper boys and the great Brooksville team by a score of 43-40.

One thing ironic about the 1939 team was that Hindman placed four all-state boys in the All-Tournament Team, compared to three for the winners.

After the '39 team was gone, coach Pearl Combs began to rebuild. Only three members of the '39 team returned—Paul Johnson, Roy Coombs and Cecil Asher—to join a group of promising freshmen. In 1940 this team won the district tournament and was runner-up to Hazard in the regional. In 1941 Pearl Combs again won the district tournament. The 1941 district was quite interesting. Hindman beat Carr Creek in an overtime. The people said that was really the tournament, but the next night Hindman beat Beattyville in three overtimes, then lost the final to Hazard to be runner-up in the region.

The team of 1942 brought better fruit. The team consisted of "Tubby" Calhoun, Eugene Slone, Palmer Engle, Luther Risner, French Jones, Charlie Coombs, "Butch" Sturgill, Ed Maggard, Lacy Risner, Malcolm Bentley and John Hicks as manager.

The 1942 team defeated Powell County by three points in the first game of the regional tournament, Breathitt County by two points in the second game and defeated Hazard by one point (in an overtime) in the final game of the regional tournament, and went on to represent the 14th Region in the state tournament. Hindman won the regional tournament by a total of six points. This is when Manager John Hicks made a statement he was later kidded about: "Boys, I'll do just anything for you," and would have.

In the earlier days the first round of the state tournament was played the first day. We played from 8 a.m. until eight games had been played. We played the last game about 10 p.m. in the old Jefferson County Armory. We lost to Hazel Green High School by three points and Pearl always believed a cameraman cost us the game. The cameraman flashed a camera into Eugene Slone's eyes on three wide-open layups causing him to miss all three. He wouldn't miss three in a whole season. We were country boys and didn't know what a camera was doing there. Also, another incident I remember about the tournament was a stranger came into the dressing room and asked Pearl to touch a buckeye for good luck. Pearl touched the buckeye and we lost. (More about the buckeye later.)

This brings us to the 1943 State Champions, consisting of about the same personnel as 1942. We defeated Lee County in the final game to win the 14th Regional Tournament.

The tournament in 1943 was divided into four sections instead of having 16 teams go to one place. We were to play our first section at Eastern State Teacher's College. We drew Henry Clay out of Lexington and defeated them by three points. The next night we were looking at Harlan, which was picked to win the state tournament. Everyone said Harlan was invincible, but we were a team that wouldn't take defeat. We beat Harlan with the great "Wah Wah" Jones and company by about seven points to advance on to Lexington to the final four.

The next morning, after we defeated Harlan, the *Lexington Herald* was quoted as saying: "If Hindman elects to keep the ball it would take a writ of *habeas corpus* to get it." In other words, Pearl was smart enough to know we couldn't run with them. They had about an 80-point average per game. Our score, as I recall, was 50-23. The paper said we had the ball about 24 of the 32 minutes. We were the coaches on the floor. Teams had to be smart in those days.

We moved from Richmond after winning our region, to the final

four which was played in the old Alumni Gym at the University of Kentucky. We drew Benton, from West Kentucky. They had three boys down in at about 6'5" each—Prince, Holland and Dunn. Joe Holland later played for Rupp along with Wah Wah Jones. We beat Benton by 15 points. Then came the tough one in the final game—Louisville St. Xavier High School.

Back to the buckeye story—the same fellow that supposedly had the lucky buckeye in 1942 came into the dressing room again in 1943 and wanted Pearl to touch it again. I can't print what Pearl told him to do with his buckeye.

Both Hindman and St. Xavier had the same school colors—green and gold. We both dressed and came out to warm up, dressed in the same colors, gold trimmed in green. The irony of the story was we only had the one uniform while St. Xavier had anything they needed. Coach Bob Shuman said they had taken their white uniforms back to Louisville to be laundered. The decision was made by Coach Rupp to lend either team the blue Kentucky shirts, which we didn't want. They finally tossed a coin to decide who would wear the blue. Pearl won, so we would wear our gold. St. Xavier came out wearing white. Coach Shuman had just told us a bad "story." St. Xavier had a fine team. I played a lot of basketball, but that was the toughest defense I have ever seen. I ran until I thought I would drop, but I couldn't shake my man. The score was tied at 25 with five minutes to play. We won 29-26. What a thrill it was for a kid to play on a team that became state champs!

In 1944 Hindman again won the district and regional to represent the 14th Region in the state tournament. These great players included Jack Bailey, Malcolm Bentley, Lacy Risner, Odell Gayheart, Oliver Singleton and "Windy" Napier.

After this team was gone, Coach Combs began to rebuild again. He put together another great team that won the district and region to go on to the state tournament. The great players were Arthur Combs, Mark Dobson, Troy



1943 State Champions

Hindman High School's squad — first row: Eugene Slone, French Jones, Luther Risner, Palmer Engle, Charlie Coombs, Foster Calhoun; second row: Menefee Slone Jr., Lacy Risner, Ed Maggard, J.B. Sturgill, Malcolm Bentley and Coach Pearl Combs.

Risner, "Buggy" Calhoun, Billy Vanderpool, Archie Coombs, Fred Campbell, Martin Conley, Bartheld Risner and George (Catty) Bailey. This was the team that had a good lead on Fairdale at halftime but Forrest Able got able and beat them in the end.

This brings us to the year when Hindman lost a heartbreaker to Cuba in the semi-finals of the state tournament. The team players were Garnard Martin, Willard Holliday, Jack Waddell, Fred Campbell, Gerald Engle, Archie Coombs, Wayne Conley, Vernon Conley, Jennings Martin, and John Waddell. This was one of his greatest. I tried many times to get Pearl to say which team was his best. He would not mention just one. He would always say, "It's among three." I also asked him many times who was the best boy he had, and he would always refuse to answer. Then he would start naming boys, and it would sound like a who's who.

The team of 1952-53, with the same personnel from the 1950-51 team, was a great team but was beaten in the finals of the regional by Hazard.

After I had graduated from Morehead (1950) and had coached two years at Viper High School and two years at Breathitt High School, Pearl and Beckham Combs persuaded me to come back to Hindman to join the coaching staff at Hindman High School, which was a happy venture. Together we developed some real good teams. One was the 1956 team including James E. Moore (All-State), Maurice Ward, Granville Williams (All-state, later All-American at Morehead College), Frank Adams, Paul V. Conley, Jack Johnson, Ross Chaney, Luther Woods (later graduate of West Point), Ralph Carter Jr. and Rabon Martin. Three of the above, James E. Moore, Luther Woods and Granville Williams, were valedictorians of their respective classes. Hindman High School was fortunate to have intelligent basketball players.

Probably our next great team consisted of boys like Bill Ed Combs, Danny Terry, Jerry Wicker, Merritt Conley, Danny Watkins, Ray Nelson, Greg Barker, Richard Pigman, Bill Green, Grady Hall, Waldo Combs, Delmas Conley, Gary Hall, Van Cornett, Pat Sim-

pson, Carl Gibson, Bobby Simpson, Mike Simpson and Johnny Turner.

I recall one game that stands out vividly in my mind. Pearl called me and said he was real sick and wouldn't be at school one Monday. We had Hazard coming to Hindman on Saturday. He said "get the team ready." He and I knew how our people felt about Hazard. Ready we got. The boys didn't see a ball until Wednesday. The starting line-up was Pat Simpson and Gary Hall alternating from forward to pivot. No other boy was to shoot unless he had a wide-open layup. Result—we beat Hazard to death. That was very compensating for us all.

Hindman, in its tenure under Coach Pearl Combs, was feared from East to West, especially in Eastern Kentucky.

Editor's Note: Pearl Combs is third on the Kentucky's list of most winning high school basketball coaches with 760 wins.



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Carr Creek basketball

Reprinted from Sunday, March 10, 1974, edition of the Louisville Courier-Journal magazine.

The article was titled "Remember Carr Creek"—Time finally runs out on a Kentucky high school basketball saga."

By JOHNNY GARRICO

If the game were played this week instead of 46 years ago, it would be acted out to a chorus of boos, catcalls, and great chunks of boredom.

Who in this speed-oriented, inflation-wrung society would stand for a basketball game that went four overtimes and in which the teams made a total of 24 points? If professional basketball teams played four overtimes, the final count might be something like 210-206.

But a four-overtime game with a 13-11 final score was the sensation of the Commonwealth back in those days of bootleggers, raccoon coats, hip flasks and the Charleston.

Ashland and Carr Creek high schools played that much-heralded match March 18, 1928, in the final game of the state high school basketball tournament held that year at Lexington.

What triggers this trip into nostalgia is the imminent demise of Carr Creek High School. It will join other small-town teams, such as fabled Brewers, that also had their day in the Kentucky basketball sun, as victims of progress. Carr Creek will merge with other schools next year to form Knott County Central at a location about three miles from Hindman. Whether bigger is better remains to be seen, but tiny Carr Creek, which lost that 1928 game but later won a state championship in 1956, will always be a name of legend in Kentucky high school basketball.

The state tournament, which will be staged at Freedom Hall in Louisville this week for the 57th time, was only 11 years old in 1928 and was just beginning to catch the imagination of the public. Lexington and Louisville schools had captured nine of the first 10 championships. When Carr Creek came down out of the mountains to join battle with their urban brothers, it set off a wave of sympathy for the underdog, poor-boy Creekers.

They tied up to their poor-boy image. The entire community covered only 43 acres—the size of a small farm—and consisted of eight buildings, one of them a barn. The whole town was valued at \$18,000. Some of the pupils—there were only 40 boys—who lived too far up in the hollows of Knott County to travel back and forth daily lived at the school.

There was no gymnasium, and practices and games were played mostly outdoors. Weather limited the number of games. "Sometimes we'd play in what we called an auditorium," recalled Willard (Sprout) Johnson, a freshman substitute on the 1928 team and a retired Carr Creek teacher.

"It was about 50 feet long and 30 feet wide (the usual high school floor is 94 feet by 50) and the ceiling was only two feet above the basket. That cut down on long shots considerably." Johnson, who later coached at Carr Creek for 25 years, remembered practicing when there was mud up to the ankles. "It was like a football field," he said. "We had one basket on a chicken shed and the other on a railroad tie."

"The nearest post office was Dirk, and it was 20 miles to Hazard. We'd walk to a lot of our games—about five or six miles—and then walk back afterwards. When we went to Hazard to play we'd walk or ride a log wagon to Jeff where we could get a train to Hazard. That was a big thing, going to Hazard and staying at a hotel."

The Carr Creek coach was Oscar Morgan, who had never played basketball, but had seen a few games. "He didn't know much about it," Johnson said, "but he was the only male teacher who was interested in sports."

The Creekers went through the district tournament and the semifinals of the regional tournament at Eastern State Teachers College wearing plain white undershirts and khaki pants. Their colorful play so stirred the Richmond citizenry that it netted up \$55 for uniforms and Carr Creek was properly attired for the final.

"We had never heard of Carr Creek," remembered Ellis Johnson, who, more than any other player, contributed to Ashland's victory in the game. "We heard they wore overalls when they played. The favorites were us and Lawrenceburg and St. Xavier."

In those days the tournament had Class A and Class B divisions with the winners meeting in the final. Ashland breezed to the final, defeating Danville 16-8, Henderson, 25-13, and Covington 22-13.

Carr Creek's first three wins were over now-defunct schools: Walton 31-11, Minerva 21-11, and Lawrenceburg 37-11.

A frenzied crowd of more than 4,000 people strained the 3,500 capacity of UK's old Alumni Gym for the final on a sleety, snowy night when the road conditions might have been expected to keep attendance low. They saw Carr Creek lead 2-0 after the first quarter, on free throws by Gurney Adams and Zeldia Hale. In the second quarter, Shelby Stamper, who now lives in Cincinnati, looped a long shot for Carr Creek's first field goal, while Ashland's only points came on free throws. Carr Creek led at halftime 4-3.

It is pertinent at this point to recall basketball as it was played almost half a century ago. There was a center jump after each basket and no time limit on bringing the ball past midcourt. Thus a great deal of time was consumed in maneuvering, rather than shooting.

Ellis Johnson, who later coached high school basketball in West Virginia and in college at Morehead and Marshall and now is a cable TV executive in Huntington, W. Va., was impressed by the way Carr Creek controlled the ball and made almost no errors. "I found out why later when I visited Carr Creek," he recalled. "The wire of their outdoor court dropped off a hill maybe 75 to 100 feet down. If a kid threw a ball away or fumbled it, he had a long climb. That pretty much discouraged careless passes."

Ashland "ran wild" in the third quarter and was ahead 8-6 as the fourth quarter began.

What accounted for such low scoring when Ashland had averaged 21 points and Carr Creek almost 30 in their first three games?

Jimmie Anderson, the Ashland coach who at 85 still lives in Ashland, jogs daily and occasionally plays a little pickup basketball at the YMCA, explained: "Both of us were using defenses we hadn't seen before. We were the first to play a zone and a zone trap in the state tournament, and they used a pressing man-to-man that we'd never encountered. Another thing was that we set picks and screens, and that was new to them. We didn't take a single long shot during the entire tournament."

A free throw by Gene Strother, who had transferred from Louisville Male to Ashland the year before, put the score 9-6, in Ashland's favor early in the fourth quarter. But Gillis Madden ("A Ronnie Lyons type," Willard Johnson said, referring to the current UK player) sank a long shot with three minutes left and Stamper sent it into overtime with a free throw, with 30 seconds to go.

The first and second overtimes were scoreless but the second produced a rarity—a time-out by Carr Creek. Through the semifinals the Creekers had registered 18 consecutive wins without a substitution or a time-out. The time-out was occasioned by an injury to Zeldia Hale's foot. Dr. Taylor Hurst of Hazard, who had adopted the Creekers, received permission to attend Hale but only on condition that he was not to talk to the players. In those days players could not consult their coaches during time-outs, and if a sub came in, he had to remain apart from his teammates.

When the fourth overtime opened with a center jump, Ashland's Jim Barney batted the ball to Darrell Darby. He passed to Strother who outfooted the limping Hale to the basket for a layup that made it 11-9 for Ashland. After Carr Creek, now desperate, missed a long shot, Ellis Johnson began dribbling from one end of the floor to the other with Creekers in hot pursuit. A second of relaxation by Carr Creek and Johnson whipped in a layup for a 13-9 advantage.

Stamper breathed hope into Carr Creek with a long shot, with a minute showing. But Barney got the ensuing tip to Ellis Johnson, and he dribbled away the last 60 seconds.

"It was simple and easy really," Johnson said. "I just told our boys to stay away. I didn't want anybody but me touching the ball."

Johnson also recalled a sequel to that noted encounter. "A couple of years later while I was playing for UK, we were playing the University of Chicago and the referee was Jack Travnick, who had officiated the Carr Creek game. After the Chicago game, Travnick and I were reminiscing about the game, and he told me an odd thing. 'I noticed,' he said, 'that when Stamper shot, all the other Carr Creek players turned and ran to their center jump positions. I asked one of them at half-time why they did that, and he said they were sure that Stamper would make it. I asked him why and he said, 'Because Stamper didn't have to worry about the wind.'"

The four overtimes should have been the climax, but there was an exciting epilogue. Ashland and Carr Creek both were invited to a national high school tournament, since discontinued, at the University of Chicago's Bartlett Gym. The wire to Carr Creek had to be relayed by UK athletic director S.A. (Daddy) Boles because there was no Western Union wire to Carr Creek. To raise funds for the trip to Chicago, Carr Creek played three exhibition games, one a loss to Louisville's St. Xavier. UK coach John Mauer, who effusively termed Carr Creek "one of the most perfect defensive teams I've ever seen," helped polish the Creekers who practiced on the UK floor before heading for Chicago.

Carr Creek quickly became the crowd favorite in the 40-minute tourney because of its colorful background. It beat the U.S. Indian School from Albuquerque 32-16 in the first game and Austin, Tex., 25-18 in the second. It lost to Vienna, Ga., in the third round 22-11. Had it won, it would have met Ashland again, an alluring prospect.

Ashland went on to win the national title, with Ellis Johnson named the captain of the All-American Team that was selected by tourney officials. Stamper also was chosen.

A curious footnote to the Ashland record—the team was unbeaten in 37 games and last year was enshrined in the National Basketball Hall of Fame—is that Johnson played in all 37 games and committed just two fouls the whole season. The Carr Creek players, incidentally, were all related to each other, either as brothers or cousins.



1928 Carr Creek Team



1956 State Champions

Coach Morton Combs, E.A. Couch, Warren C. Stamper, Bobby Shepherd, Marcus Combs, Freddy Maggard, John C. Mullins and Coach Willard Johnson. Second row: Glen Combs, Estill Adams, Donald Hylton, Donald Combs, Ed Richardson and Ray Stamper.

They were Knott Countians

The men who made mountain basketball

By C. RAY HALL

Reprinted from *Inside Kentucky Sports* magazine, January 1973.

"In the old days, there was nothing to do except teach or mine coal," says one old-time mountain basketball coach. Since Eastern Kentucky's two principal exports have long been coal and basketball players, some of the most revered teachers were those who taught the game. Until a few years ago, their salaries were so low that townspeople subsidized them with money or, like country doctors, with pork, vegetables, clothes or washing machines.

It started with the legendary Carr Creek team of 1928, the one that grew from a student body of 18 boys and miraculously reached the quarter-finals of the national high school tournament in Chicago. The coach, Oscar Morgan, had a just reputation for silence. He let his teams play their own game. In the best of times at Carr Creek, he guided the team to three state tournaments in the four years between 1928 and 1932.

Perhaps the best coach working during the Depression Era was Hazard's Pat Payne, whose team dominated mountain basketball for a decade, winning the state tournament in 1932. Hazard was not to win the state championship again until 1955, when superstar Johnny Cox led coach Goebel Ritter's team to the title.

One of the players on Payne's 1932 champions was Morton Combs, the quiet, regal coach who presided over Carr Creek's only

state championship in 1956. Combs' deliberate, defense-minded teams compiled a winning percentage of over .700 in the 26 years of his association with the team between 1938 and 1969.

Combs was responsible for Carr Creek's last hurrah, the 49-45 upset Westley Unsel and Louisville Seneca in the finals of the 1963 Louisville Invitational Tournament. It was the only loss for the eventual state champions.

The longest association with Carr Creek belongs to Willard (Sprout) Johnson, who began as a substitute on the 1928 team and was head coach or assistant for 30 years. His 1948 team finished third in the state tournament.

A number of highly successful mountain coaches reached the state tournament several times, but were never able to claim the winner's trophy. For years, Fairce Woods' Breathitt County teams made the trip to Freedom Hall only to fall short of the title. At Little Inez, Russell Williamson built a record of uncommon success, earning a reputation as one of the most competitive coaches in the state. At Pikeville, dynamic John Bill Trivette coached 16 years, popularizing the pressing defenses that have changed the style of mountain play.

The dean of all mountain coaches is Hindman's Pearl Combs, who did claim the state championship in 1943. His 1939 team was second and in 1952, the Yellowjackets finished fourth. A venerable coach, deft in the art of friendly persuasion, Combs com-

piled a 760-320 record in 38 years, all but the first two at Hindman. He stepped down in 1971.

No mountain team has won the state title since 1956. "It would take a miracle," says Combs, for any of the tiny mountain schools to work that kind of magic again. Time is not on the side of such a miracle. Most of the little schools are being absorbed into consolidation, which promises to alter mountain basketball even more."

Of the mountain coaches, still alive, few seem to have the chance to build the kind of legends as some of their predecessors. One is skilled Pete Grigsby, the McDowell coach who built a 290-100 career record before this season. At Breathitt County, coach Jack Stanford's teams are continuing the bristling, aggressive play that has always distinguished the school. George Francis, who took two teams to the state tournament and two more to the regional finals in six years at Harlan, took over at Hindman last year and will probably enhance his reputation as coach of the new Knott County Central High School when it is completed next year. Inste Gene Frasure, has admirably handled the new Allen Central team in its first year of consolidation, after 13 successful years at Maytown. At Pikeville, 26-year-old Wayne Martin has already established a reputation as a bright, tough-minded competitor.

In an area which pays its greatest homage to coal, the best of the old-time coaches seem to stand today with the consistency of granite. Time can only enrich their considerable achievements.

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Carr Creek education

By DESSIE AMBURGEY

In 1919, the parents of the little community of Dirk, Ky. in Knott County saw the need for a school for their children. They had been promised money to help build a school house, if they would give the land and build the framework.

They eagerly began to work. W. T. Francis and Simeon Francis donated the land. The other men in the community gave their labor. They chopped and felled trees, hauled the timbers and set up the framework, but the promised funds failed to come.

In spite of their disappointment, they did not give up. In 1920, Marion Francis rode horseback 12 miles to Caney to talk to two ladies and tell them of his needs. He had heard that Miss Olive V. Marsh (University of Minnesota, 1899; M.A. Radcliffe College, 1902) and Ruth E. Weston (Simons College, 1905-08) had heard of the needs of the mountain people and were interested in helping out. They both gladly answered his plea. Miss Weston as a teacher and Miss Marsh as a secretary.

A 90-year-old lady, Aunt Lucy, took them in, fed and sheltered them for a month, while the men of the community were building a little cottage for them. When the doors and window failed to come, Aunt Lucy offered them the door from her dad's old log cabin. Other families donated windows, parts of windows, old pieces of screens and all of these were used. This was the reason for giving the cottage the name, Patchwork Cottage. The kindness and willingness of the mountain people, to make them a place to live, was such an inspiration to the two ladies, it made them happier than ever to help out.

Before the cottage was finished, Miss Weston began her primary teaching in an old store house. Hiram Taylor taught the older children in another room. This house had no windows and no desks. Their seats were rough planks laid on blocks of wood or nail kegs. While Miss Weston was teaching, Miss Marsh was writing letters by the thousands, trying to get money to finish the school-house and equip it.

By November Patchwork Cottage

was almost finished and Miss Weston moved her primary school into the living room. Here again the seats were planks resting on blocks. The light came from two windows. The other two were boarded up; one with planks, the other with a door. After Christmas, some of the older children had their turn of schooling in the living room of the cottage.

Slowly the work on the school house advanced. Miss Marsh kept sending out pleas for help. In May of 1922, the school building was practically finished and these two ladies began to look forward and make plans for a real community center. They had been using the unfinished building for a free lending library, for various club meetings, community sales of second-hand clothing, and social gatherings.

School was to begin in July. The county could only pay small salaries for two teachers for six months. Miss Weston and Miss Marsh began to raise funds to supplement this amount so they could have eight months of school and, if possible, get another teacher. They were still living in the three little rooms of Patchwork Cottage and had taken in two little orphan boys. They needed more room and at least one additional helper.

By September of 1922, the county had extended the school months to seven, so with an additional \$160 they could have an extra month. They were also promised an extra tract of land for half price. They sent out another appeal for help. Luckily a gift was sent to put the finishing touches on the school house and for additional seats and desks.

Christmas this year (as the ones before and years after) was a very happy one. Miss Weston, a cripple, rode her pony Tinker Bell up and down Carr. Miss Marsh and most of the students following after, stopped to sing Christmas carols at each home. The parents were so thrilled to hear their children sing.

In 1923, a governing board was set up. Miss Marsh and Miss Weston were the executives and five men of the community, selected by the people, formed the board. The school now had a six-room schoolhouse, a one-room of-

fice and "The Singing Carr Home" (a dormitory for orphan girls). This home was opened in October to four orphan girls: Lona Hale of Does; Violet and Lela Combs of Litterick; and Arnie Johnson of Dirk. Cora Johnson (not an orphan) of Dirk stayed at the orphanage to help with the chores.

Lola, Lona and Cora started high school that year, since it was Carr Creek's first year to teach high school. There were only 12 students: Raleigh Johnson, Ada Collins, Denis Francis and Carley Stamper from the community; Oscar and Lawrence Hale and Chester Back walked or rode horseback from Breeding Creek. The other two I can't remember. Carley, who was loved so dearly by both students and faculty, was playing basketball; he got too hot and took pneumonia and died March 28, 1925 — a very sad loss to the community. As always the men of the community gave free labor.

In 1924 two two-room cottages were built by the help of the parents to house the high school students who lived outside the community. The students furnished their own food, bedding and fuel. They went home on weekends. The girls were supervised by a woman teacher, and the boys by the manual training teacher, Mr. Oscar Morgan — later by John Morgan.

The Singing Carr Home was a real home for orphan girls who would have had no chance, at that time, for an education. Due to the kindness and interest of William Hale, my eighth grade teacher, and Cullen Francis (Clarence Francis' dad), I was taken in the dormitory at the end of the 1923-24 school year. One hundred and fifty dollars donated by a kind and loving person from the "outside world" gave us a chance to grow into worthwhile citizens, not only for ourselves but for America.

In April of 1925, there were 16 in the little family at the orphanage, ten children and six workers. During summer vacation, three girls and three boys stayed at the school. Miss Marsh and Miss Weston moved into Singing Carr Home with the three girls, Evelyn Pigman, Violet Combs and

myself. The three boys slept at Lynnhurst Cottage. We stayed to keep things running and to get everything ready for the following year. The boys did the outside chores: took care of two cows, a pony and several chickens. They felled trees, sawed and split wood for winter and tended a small garden. The girls cooked, kept the building clean, did the laundry and did some canning.

By September of 1925, an addition was made to Patchwork Cottage and the name was changed to Lynnhurst Cottage. Two more little orphan boys were taken in. One was on crutches, he had been hurt while working at a sawmill. He was so happy to have a home and he hopped about with such a sweet smile that he was called, "Our Little Tiny Tim."

Each year the enrollment got larger as more orphans were taken in and as interested parents built homes and moved into the community. The primary teacher, Mrs. Oscar Morgan, crowded 55 students into a room built for 32. She took it with a smile and did a wonderful job. Her husband, Oscar Morgan, came to teach manual training but also took on the job of eighth grade teacher and basketball coach. He and his wife were both wonderful people. The students went to them for advice. They watched over the orphans, counseled them and took them under their wings.

In March of 1927, Miss Marsh and Miss Weston severed their connections with Carr Creek and moved to California. Miss Marsh was needed to care for an elderly aunt and Miss Weston's health was failing. Mr. W. T. Francis, one of the board members was elected as an executive. Miss Humes had been one of the executives for more than a year. These two took over the work and carried it on very successfully.

Miss Humes (Dana Hall, 1913) was from Jersey Shore, Pa. She had volunteered her work since 1923. She was a wonderful lady. Her wisdom and intelligence were insurmountable — her love for the mountains and the mountain children was so great that it broke her heart when she had to leave. Her work here was not only as an executive: she was housemother, teacher, and was always ready and willing to do any job that she was asked to do. She even used her own

money to buy things for us if she saw we needed something. She was a great inspiration to all the Carr Creekers and was greatly admired by all. Words can't express our gratitude for knowing such a wonderful person.

In November of 1927, Berea College held an extension school at Carr Creek, the first of its kind in the mountains. There were six of President William J. Hutchins' staff who came for this experiment. We had lectures on agriculture, industry, religion and health care. We had community singing, story telling and games for recreation. The weather was bad, but even so, we had an attendance for the ten sessions of 1,193. They came on foot and on horseback from miles away. We had round table discussions and we learned from each other. We enjoyed it so much that the 1928 graduates gave up their senior trip to attend Berea's Opportunity School.

In April of 1927, the first class from Carr Creek Community High School graduated. There were only seven: Lona, Cora, Ada, Lawrence, Oscar, Raleigh and Chester. Demas had finished at midterm.

In May of 1927, a cloudburst came in Knott County washing bridges, chickens, hogs, corn and gardens away. Everyone was facing starvation. Carr Creek Community Center came to the rescue by taking more children in to clothe, feed, and educate. The men in the community began to cut trees to build a boys' dormitory, and as soon as it was finished, to start an addition to the girls' dormitory.

That fall, the children did all the work. We were up at four o'clock preparing breakfast, feeding the animals and milking the cows. Each one had a definite task to do at a certain time. The work was inspected and graded. There was an atmosphere of wholesome competition and the winning team was allowed some special privilege. By this efficient management, plenty of time was left for study and recreation. The work was hard but everyone had fun.

In 1928, our basketball team won fame throughout the country by taking part in the state and national tournaments. The boys had been trained in their younger days by the little crippled lady, Ruth E. Weston, and later during their high school days by a volun-

teer coach, Oscar Morgan. He was such a good person, so quiet and understanding. He gave so unselfishly of his time, ingenuity and many times his finances to keep the boys going. He had a hard time keeping basketballs. Most of the time his balls were cheap or hand-me-down balls and the boys had no uniforms but this didn't stop them. Miss June Ranney, a teacher from Greenville, Mich., heard Mr. Morgan talking about needing a good basketball. She gave him her first month's salary to buy a ball. She really meant it for a loan, but Mr. Morgan didn't understand and she didn't have the time to tell him. When the boys won their fame and put Carr Creek on the map (changing Dirk to Carr Creek) she was glad to have had a small part in helping out.

Later W. T. Francis said in an address at the International Bible Conference at Winona Lake in Indiana, "Last spring our boys of the Carr Creek High School won fame throughout the United States by their skill in basketball. Mountain lads trained by a volunteer coach, himself a mountain man (our manual training teacher). They started out with nothing; their improvised court was only half the size of a regulation gymnasium floor and the home-made baskets six inches lower than prescribed by rule; yet they battled their way through three tournaments in the state and were awarded the Kentucky Y.M.C.A. silver loving cup for the best sportsmanship in the state. They lost the state championship to Ashland only after four overtime periods."

"In the last 40 seconds, Ashland made a basket which decided the game. Kentuckians, with pride and enthusiasm, raised the money to send the Carr Creek team to Chicago for the national tournament. In Chicago, they swept three nationally known teams from the floor, and of the 40 teams entered, were the thirty-sixth team to be eliminated. In the season's tournament they played 18 straight games and never used a substitute or called time out. They have given to Kentucky and to the world a new inspiration in the game of basketball. They are equipped for the game of life by the same determination and clean living. Given a chance our mountain lads can and will make good."

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Knott County's church history

Editor's Note: The following church history summaries were compiled by Robert Young based on information submitted by churches.

The earliest Baptist Churches (Newport and Providence, R.I.) were strong Calvinistic churches. They are remembered today as Particular Baptists.

George Whitefield made a tour of the New England regions creating quite a stir with the Arminian theology. (Armenia claims to be the first Christian nation, dating back to Thaddeus and Bartholomew who were there during the time of Paul. Christianity was adopted as the state faith in 301 A.D. Armenian theology is missionary in purpose, has Sunday school, and operates in a totally democratic manner) Armenian theology was in direct conflict with the Calvinism that Roger Williams and John Clarke had drilled them with.

As far as the Baptist people were concerned, there came a division that ended with the Old Lights ("Regular Baptists") and the New Lights ("Separate Baptists"). For many decades the two groups worked side by side and recognized that though there were two kinds of Baptists, actually there was very little difference. Eventually they joined and became United Baptists. This union probably stuck longer than any other single title; however, there was an ever-present uneasiness that ultimately divided them over and over.

By 1890 most of the Baptist churches had stopped using the name "Regular," but there were still some who kept the name and to emphasize their relationship to their earliest American ancestors, they proudly added "Old" to the American title "Regular."

Here I will list a chain of events that is primarily associated with the "Old Regular Baptists" and the "United Baptists" of Knott County of today. (Remembering, that for the early years, up to about 1844, all Baptists were unhappily staying together, and that as they were splitting and changing their names, they were very much the same breed of cat. Missions was the basic reason for the final separation of the Baptist groups. In

the end, in spite of numerous names and titles, all Baptists could be placed into one of two categories, missionary or anti-missionary. The Old Regular Baptists of today are definitely numbered among the anti-missionary Baptists.

1776 — Practical separation of church and state in North Carolina.

1785 — Complete separation of church and state passed in Virginia.

1785 — New Salem Regular Baptists and Elkhorn Regular Baptists Associations were organized.

1790 — Baptist preacher Richard Smith came from Virginia to what is now Perry County.

1801 — New Salem and Elkhorn Regular Baptist Associations met with South Kentucky Association of Separate Baptists and merged, agreeing to be known as United Baptists.

1803 — North Kentucky Association of United Baptists was organized.

1807 — Electious Thompson came from North Carolina and settled first near what is now Hazard. In 1808 he moved to mouth of Rockhouse in present Letcher County.

1808 — Stone Coal Baptist Church was organized by Electious Thompson, Elder William Salisbury and Simeon Justice. These men were affiliated with the Northern Kentucky Association of United Baptists.

1810 — Indian Bottom Church was organized by Salisbury, Thompson and Justice. Some of the first members were James Webb, John Adams, Benjamin Webb, John Dixon, Isaac Taulbee, James Harris, Stephen Caudill, Sarah Caudill, Rachel Adams, Mathias Kelley, Amy Kelley, James Caudill, Mary Caudill, Benjamin Caudill, Spencer Adams, Isaac Whitaker, Archelaus Craft, John Bunyard.

1813 — Burning Springs Association of United Baptist was organized.

1815 — Sandlick Baptist Church was organized.

1825 — New Salem Association of United Baptist was organized including the United Baptists in the Big Sandy River Valley.

1814/1827 — Carr Fork Regular Baptist Church, an arm of the Indian Bottom Church (probably, Simeon Justice, Electious Thompson and William Salisbury). Among the 13 charter members were John Smith, John Bunyard, Thomas Francis, Joseph Mullins.

The Carrs Fork Regular Baptist Church was the first Baptist church to be organized within the bounds of what is now Knott County. These events have led to what has become the largest concentration of Old Regular Baptists in America here in Eastern Kentucky, Virginia, North Carolina and West Virginia.

1846 — Ball's Fork Church at Softshell, was an arm of Stone Coal Church and is of the New Salem Association.

1857 — Mallet Fork Church was organized as United Baptist. After the Civil War it became Regular Baptist. It is located on Carr at Pinetop.

1872 — Clear Creek Church was organized. No further information available.

1875 — Caney Fork Church, Raven, is a member of the New Salem Association. Their present pastor is Dingus Pigman.

1875 — Providence Church at Dry Creek is a member of the New Salem Association.

1876 — Indian Bottom Association of Regular Baptist Church was organized. It was created out of a division among Sandlick Association and the Washington Association and others over the doctrine of predestination.

1890 — Mt. Olive Church at Pippa Passes is a member of the New Salem Association. Mt. Olive Church at Stone Fork, Garner.

1895 — Rebecca Church at Kite New Salem Association.

1911 (April) — New Home Church, Leburn, Indian Bottom Association.

1911 (Sept.) — Little Home Church, Redfox (black church).

1919 — Ball Branch Church, Mousie, reorganized in 1947.

1928 — Defeated Creek Church, Redfox (black church)

1935 — New Bethlehem Church, Talcum, Indian Bottom Association



Baptism at mill about one mile up right fork of Troublesome Creek in late 1920's.

1938 — Little Bethlehem Church, Litt Carr, an arm of Old Carr Church, Indian Bottom Association.

1939 — Hollybush Church, New Salem Association, Pastor Arnold McKnight.

1941 (Aug.) — Reynolds Fork Church, Mallie, Indian Bottom Association.

1945 — Thornton Union Association Formed.

1949 (Oct. 8) — Ivy Point Church, Garner, Indian Bottom Association, Pastor Alonzo Mosley.

1951 — Providence Church, Pinetop, was originally a member of the Mountain Association. Became a member of Thornton Union Association in 1981. Their pastor is Roy Cornett.

1952 (June 14) — Clear Fork Church, Lotts Creek, Pastor Odus Richie.

1952 (Oct. 4) — Little Rose Church

1958/59 — Indian Bottom Association divided. Some churches would not be associated with Thornton Union Association, the latter having women who cut their hair. Now there are two Indian Bottom Associations.

1967 (Nov. 4) — Happy Home Church, Amburgey, Indian Bottom Association, Pastor McKinley McIntosh.

1975/76 — New Salem

Association of Regular Baptist dropped fellowship with Troy Nickels, et al. A new church was organized.

197(?) — Mullins Branch on Beaver, at Kite. The approximately 28 members are forbidden to become election officials or attend a ballgame. The brothers are forbidden to have long hair, wear shorts or short sleeved shirts. The sisters are forbidden to have short hair, wear shorts or pants. They call themselves the "Mullins Branch True Baptist Church."

1982 — Rock Fork Church, on Rock Fork of Beaver on the Knott County side, New Salem Association. Their pastor is Ruben Baker and clerk is Melvin Stone.

Methodists

In the year of 1850, early settlers from North Carolina came to Troublesome Creek, sank roots and became patriarchs of some of our noted families of today. Among these early settlers were Alvis Draughn, Joseph Newland and Peyton Duke. They brought with them their love of Christ and a strong desire to continue worship as they had known it in North Carolina. When the homes were built and a circuit riding preacher came this way, worship was carried

on in the house of Alvis Draughn. Alvis Draughn's home was in the spot where the Vocational School now stands, near the mouth of Cherry Branch, now called Parks Branch.

The earliest circuit-riding Methodist preacher in this area of which there is a record was Rev. William Godby from New York. Another of the early circuit riders was Barry Dickinson, the great-grandfather of Leroy Sturdivant.

The records seem to indicate that the Methodist Church of Hindman was first organized in the region of the State Highway Garage, which was the property of Alvis Draughn. It probably met in homes of its members until the first church building was constructed on property on the hill at Hindman donated by Peyton Duke. This stately old building can be remembered by many who will read this article. Professor Clarke was given the honor of digging the first post-hole as they gathered to begin construction of the church. He was assisted that day by other "pillars" of the church: Dr. J. W. Duke, Hillard H. Smith Sr., Carew Smith, W.M. ("Bill") Sturgill and others. Some of the women who were active in the "church on the

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Carl Pigman	Maggie Fugate

Ivis Bible Church
P. O. Box 423
Hindman, KY 41822
(606) 785-5615

Churches

Continued from Page B21

hill" were Eva Duke, Dicie Smith, Jennie Napier and Cora Sturgill. The first pastor of the new church was Billy Greene, the great-grandfather of three of the church's members, Kenneth Ray Greene, Robert J. Greene and Linda Greene Gayheart.

This old wooden church was a landmark on the hill in Hindman for many years. Many can recall the large stone steps which led up the steep hill to the church. The Duke family cemetery is presently located where the old church building stood.

As the years went on, the old church on the hill outlived its usefulness, and the congregation turned to thoughts of a new church in a more accessible location. The new site was chosen at street level so the older members would be able to attend.

This building program was undertaken in 1951 when Jack J. Early, a student pastor, was serving the church. Many invested their time and money to the new church project, even working at night to help put the finishing touches on the church. Dr. J.W. Duke sparked the building program which began with only \$50 in the treasury. Some members sold chickens and eggs to contribute to this building. The children saved pennies, nickels and dimes in order to purchase concrete blocks for the building. Some of these members who are now living elsewhere still send gifts to "the" church.

Since 1886, there have been 48 pastors to serve the Hindman Methodist Church. Some of these men were part-time lay pastors, some circuit-riders, some student pastors, and others, full-time pastors.

Some lay people and Sunday school workers were Evie Duke, Jennie Napier, Callie Niece, Sarah Ann Tate, Corrine Cleane, Geneva Smith, Oma Smith and Helen Early. Men such as Professor Clarke, Dr. Duke, H. H. Smith, W. M. Sturgill, Howard Stewart, French Combs, Kelly Day, Brode Duke, Hillard Smith Jr. and L. J. Hampton are considered men whose lives witnessed for Christ in the community as well as in their church.

Ivis Bible Church

During the 1850s Jonathan Hamilton Jones and his wife, Harriet Elizabeth Draughn Jones, came into Kentucky, either with or soon after the Alvis Draughn family. Coming from North Carolina where they had been faithful Methodists, they soon purchased land and built homes from the bountiful logs found in the area. Worship was uppermost in their minds and Sunday school was soon organized in a log school building near the mouth of Cave Branch, or behind what is now the state Highway Department. In the years that followed the school was destroyed or moved where Short's Grocery store now stands. Then Jones Chapel School was built and the Cave Branch School was discontinued.

Circuit-riding preachers, Methodists, were the only preachers who ever came. But Sunday school was taught and worship was trained on by the few adults who knew the importance of training the young people what the Bible taught and providing a worship atmosphere that fed the adults spiritual food.

By the turn of the century, 1900, the Presbyterians had organized a Sunday school and church near the Jones Chapel School. Needless to say, the above-mentioned Jonathan H. Jones and his family were instrumental in both the schools and churches in the area, seeing that proper training was being dealt. J.H. Jones himself did much of the teaching, his daughters and sons-in-law took responsible positions in the Presbyterian Church. By the end of World War I, the Presbyterian Church was destined to discontinue, and in 1924 it did just that.

The logs were removed to another church site near Vico, but much of the furniture from that church remained in the community awaiting the arrival of a church to take its place. The Little Seal Memorial Presbyterian Church did not last a long time but it managed to give enough that when it was gone a longing to have a church in the community again was firm in the minds of those who had enjoyed her fellowship.

During the 1950s Bessie Covert and her mother, Mrs. Stella Lovett, came to Ivis. They

were from Phoenix, Arizona, and came here as missionaries of the Phoenix Evangelistic Center of which Roy Bancroft was pastor. Bro. Bancroft came to Ivis to hold meetings and take part in the work "Little Beattie" and her mother were doing.

Soon a great need arose for another more conducive place of worship. Many prayers were lifted and Joe Pigman and his wife, Frances Jones Pigman, offered a parcel of land to be used for a new church building. It was accepted and a great work was begun.

The actual establishing of the Ivis Bible Church as a functioning organization took place on May 30, 1944. The charter members were Joseph Pigman, Laura Jones Hammonds, Dr. Owen Pigman, Percy Jones Pigman, Dr. Carl Pigman, Euretta Hammonds, Arthur "Rod" Jones, Gladys Jones, Mrs. Ella Fugate, Maggie Fugate, Majorie Watkins, and Wan Willa Watkins.

In 1953, Percy Jones Pigman, daughter of Jonathan H. Jones, along with her husband and son, purchased the old Presbyterian church lot and gave it to the Ivis Bible Church for the parsonage grounds.

Here listed are the pastors in order of service: Harold Meland, Clayton Hull, Rudolph Moore (great-grandson of Jonathan H. Jones), Mehoia Rose, Clifford Anderson, Robert Beckwith, James Bender, David Farant, David Minturn, Norbert Prust, Michael Hendricks (present pastor).

Ivis Bible Church sponsored several Sunday schools around the county; at least two of these are now independent Bible churches, Omaha Bible Church and

Little Carr Bible Church.

Their first organization was in Richmond, Virginia, in 1787. A second group organized in Kentucky in 1801. Two associations, Salem and Elkhorn, (Regular Baptists and South Kentucky Separate Baptists) joined to form the United Baptists.

My searching has turned up only seven United Baptist Churches in Knott County.

"Hugh Burnam (Bud) Keith was born near Jackson, Breathitt County, Kentucky, December 31, 1869. He acquired very little education. In 1900 he joined the Baptist Church. Fifteen years later he became interested in the welfare of human souls. Seeing this need, he began preaching. Mr. Keith founded the Ancient Christian Association, organized the five sister churches, and was Moderator of this organization until his death on February 10, 1939." The above few sentences are a direct quote from the 1983 Book of Minutes of the aforesaid Association. (Ancient Christian Association of United Baptists)

Laurel Fork United Baptist Church, Elmrock, Kentucky, organized in 1931, is possibly one of the five sister churches mentioned above. Ed Howard, Bud Keith and Sam Bradley were the founding brethren.

Salt Lick United Baptist Church was established in 1940. Founding members were Ed Howard, William Smith and maybe others. Willie Sparkman is the present pastor.

Ball Fork United Baptist Church, located at Vest, was organized in 1948. Founding members were Tom Sutton, Ed Howard and Henry Mullins. Ball Fork Church came into being following the salvation of Tom



Sunday school group in 1930 gathered by Miss the old one-room Mallie School on Reynolds Fork that produced three generations of students. Picture taken at

Sutton and his baptism with the Salt Lick Church, and that church extended an arm to Ball Fork.

Lower Ball United Baptist Church, Hindman, was organized in 1950 as an arm of Ball Fork United Baptist Church. Vest. Founding members were Ed Howard, Dolph Draughn and Henry Mullins.

Mt. Zion United Baptist Church, located one and one fourth miles up Perkins Branch, near Hindman, was organized October 1, 1983. An arm from the Lima United Baptist Church, Lima, Ohio, was granted to the Mt. Zion United Baptist Church. Upon organization of the church Earl Mosley was elected moderator; Donald Collins, assistant moderator; Carl Mosley, treasurer; L. D. Mosley, clerk; Leon Short, assistant clerk. Some other members are Imalee Mosley, Rosanna Mosley, Gary Mosley, Carol Collins, Lindsey Mosley and Fannie Mosley.

It has come to my attention that there is a United Baptist Church on Oglan Branch, but I was unable to obtain information concerning it.

Clear Creek Evangelical Free Church

Sunday School work began on Clear Creek in two schools, one in the upper school and one in the lower. Church services were begun in the fall of 1946 in the lower school and later in Alex Begley's store. In November 1951, church services and Sunday school began in Alex Ritchie's store out on the highway.

On October 30, 1955, the fellowship organized under the Evangelical Free Church. In February 1957, a lot was bought from Monroe Ritchie at Ritchie, Ky. A building was erected and dedicated April 27, 1958.

Pastors: Morris Matthews called June 1957; Steve Peterson served one year; Willie Turner

served 1962-1972; Bob Armitage served 1973-76; Ronnie Fugate served 1976-79; Larry Sizemore and Donnie Hall served as interim pastors until 1982; Bill Combs' ministry began in 1982 and is continuing.

Big Branch Chapel

In 1948, George Cornett invited Alden Hansen, a minister of the Evangelical Free Church of America, to come to Big Branch and help with gospel efforts there.

For some time, services were held in the school house. The first baptismal service was held in the summer of 1949.

Amos Nickles donated the land for both the church and the parsonage. Soon the people longed for a church home of their own. After much prayer and planning work began on the now-existing church building. In 1951, the church was incorporated. The parsonage fund was begun in 1952 by donations from Amos Nickles and Shelly Smith.

Hindman Baptist Church



First Baptist Church today. Plans are underway for the completion of the educational building and construction of a sanctuary in the near future.



Church which burned in 1979. Built 1948.



First Baptist Church, circa 1945. Built 1903.

Pastors

1897-1898	First pastor was Old Regular Baptist preacher, name unknown	1919-1923	No pastor
1898-1905	Lewis Lyttle	1923-1932	J.F. Carr
1905-1906	A.S. Petrey	1934-1937	Garland Franklin (not Southern Baptist)
1906-1908	James Osborne	1938-1939	Edward Stelling (not Southern Baptist)
1908-1910	W.H. Mullins	1939-1975	J.S. Bell (Congregation numbered 33 on Christmas Eve, 1939, when Rev. Bell became pastor, and was up to 400 by 1952.)
1910-1912	H.L. Toomer	1975-1983	H. Kenneth Dick
1912-1914	J.W. Witt	1984-	Odell Beauchamp
1914-1915	E.C. Eskridge		
1915-1917	W.T. Hamlin		
1917-1919	Monroe Lucas		

Missions

The First Baptist Church of Hindman sponsored missions that later became the following churches: Smithsboro Baptist Church, Mousie Baptist Church, Montgomery Baptist Church, Topmost Baptist Church and Caney Baptist Church.



Rev. Odell Beauchamp, Pastor

Services

Sunday School 9:45 a.m.
 Sunday Worship 11:00 a.m.
 Sunday evening
 Worship 7:00 p.m.
 Wednesday
 Prayer Meeting 7:00 p.m.



Rev. J.S. Bell, Pastor Emeritus

Churches From Page B22

Alden Hansen served as pastor from 1948-1955. Halger Richardson pastored from 1954-1956. Morris Matthews pastored from 1956-1960. Rev. Carlson pastored from 1960-1963. George Hamilton pastored from 1964-1966. Ray Lacourse was pastor from 1966-1967. In 1968, Darrell Smith, son of Mr. and Mrs. Shelby Smith, was called to pastor. Dan Carfrey was pastor from 1969-1972.

In 1974 Herbert Curriden came to Big Branch Chapel. On April 28, 1976, Big Branch Chapel withdrew from the Evangelical Free Church of America Association.

Under the direction of H. Curriden a Christian church-school was started teaching grades K-12. In August 1980, Bethel Christian Academy opened its doors for the first day of school.

Five charter members of Big Branch Chapel are still in attendance. They are George Cornett, Martha Cornett, Bethel Smith, Amos Nickles and Ethel Nickles.

Little Carr Bible Church

In the 1930s, Annie Rathbun and Gladys Hall came to the mountains to work with Scripture Memory Mountain Mission and Camp Nathanael. In 1944, they started a Sunday school in one of the grade school buildings on Carr Creek hill at the request of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Francis and Mr. and Mrs. Hurd Cook. In 1960, the Sunday school moved to the "Big Y" at the mouth of main Carr.

In 1966 the Sunday school became a church. There were 15 charter members: Verda Smith, Patty Lynne Smith, Florine Seals, Miriam Berta Combs, Dandra Combs, James Combs, Keithal Combs, Dennis Cline, Leo Cline, Gladys V. Hall, Annie D. Rathbun, Judy Rathbun, Corbett Everage, Maggie Everage, Buelah Everage.

Because of the dam, in 1970 the church moved up on Burge's Creek. It was then a name change became necessary. It seems to become incorporated the name had to be changed, so as not to confuse another whose name was very near the same. So it was changed from Community Bible Church to Little Carr Bible Church.

Dennis Cline was the first pastor, serving from 1966-1973. Charles Steele served from 1973-1974. Dennis Cline and Dick Bowers served alternately as pastor or interim from September 1974 to June 1979. Tom Hutto served from 1979 to 1980. Dennis Cline and Dick Bowers again shared responsibilities until the summer of 1981. Jim Carroll, Dennis Cline and Dick Bowers served with each other, together or separately, until June 1983, when Jim Carroll became full-time pastor and is serving today.

Mr. Cline had the lots in back of the church landscaped in readiness for a baseball and basketball playground, but became ill in March of 1982. Jim Carroll and the men of the church completed the project before Mr. Cline passed away in July of 1982. He lived to see all projects completed and all loans and outstanding debts paid.

Cody Bible Church
In 1939, Ruby Erickson and Violet Youngberg came here to open a Sunday school. It was held in the Breedings Creek schoolhouse until March 1947. Permission was granted to use an empty church building at Cody. Helen Nyberg and Mildred Newquist were the two ladies who started the Sunday school at Cody. A year later Helen Johnson came to work here because Mildred Newquist left for China as a missionary.

Repairs had to be made on the church building before services could be held the year round, so the bats were driven out, the ceiling panes were replaced, the window was lowered, walls were painted, and a heating stove was installed. The Cody Bible Church was officially organized in June, 1950.

Charter members were: Clenna Belle Smith, Billie Jeanne Hall, Lloyd and Blanche Maggard, Dorothy Pignman, Eva Hammonds, Helen Nyberg and Helen Johnson. Bill Maton was the first pastor. Other pastors are Herbert Richardson, Ken Mettler, R. T. Barker and Carl Lundgren.

Omaha Bible Church

'Circa 1964 Omaha Bible Church was started by some faithful members of the Ivie Bible Church. It was built on land given by Brack Centers. James Bender was the first pastor, serving from 1965-1970. Richard Bender served from 1970-1977. Rev. Eston Amburgey has served since 1977.

Mennonite

The Mennonites made their first appearance in Knott County in 1952, where Knott, Perry, and Breathitt counties come together. The Talcum Mennonite Church was born out of that first arrival at Buckhorn.

Valley View Mennonite Church at Upper Ball came into existence after the arrival of the Wayne Wenger family in August 1961. Wenger had lived first at Buckhorn, but seeking to establish a new work on Ball Creek started a Sunday School, later a church, and today they have a school for their children and a rather large congregation.

Quakers

Knott County has a society of Friends (Quakers). Quakers first came to Knott County in 1929 with the bookmobile program. Then 1962-1965 there was a society of friends located at Lick Branch of Ball.

The Present Society of Friends had its first meetings in 1979 in the office of the Mountain Education and Management Institute of the Human Economic Appalachian Development Corporation, a project of the Commission on Religion in Appalachia. Early organizers and attendees included Jack and Connie McLanahan, Peter Reilly, Maureen Flannery, Charlie Thompson, Sue Matthews, Russ and Kris McKinley, Michael O'Neal, Vicky Taylor.

Hindman Baptist Church

The First Baptist Church of Hindman was organized in 1897. One of the first pastors suggested that in order to have a church building, they should erect one with two stories. The upper one was to be used for the meeting place of the Masons and Odd Fellows and the lower one for a place of worship.

A frame building, with wooden posts for the foundation, was erected and the exterior was later painted a dark brown. At the time it was built, it was on street level close to the road. When the new highway was built in the '30s, the church building was below street level and steps were needed to go down into the building.

The benches were homemade, painted dark brown, and would seat approximately 100 people. There was a raised platform for pulpit chairs and the homemade pulpit stand was painted dark brown. A large "pot belly" stove provided the heat.

The need for a new and better building was presented in 1941 and a Building Fund was started. The flood in 1942 brought at least a foot of water in the building. From then on, it was very noticeable that the building was shaky when filled with people.

In the early spring of 1947, it was decided that the building was unsafe to meet in so the Courthouse was used for worship services. Three weeks later, when an unusually strong March wind blew

up the Troublesome Creek way, the church fell down. The large stones from the chimney fell where the older women usually sat, the "unseen things" from the upper floor were revealed but some of the benches and the piano survived the crash.

The Courthouse was used until a new building could be entered. Work on the foundation and the two basements of native stone had been started in 1944. The cornerstone was laid in 1945 with the expectation of getting in the building in 1945 or 1946. However, during the war it was very difficult to get materials. In 1947, the contract for a red brick structure of colonial design was given to the late Corbett Brown of Hazard.

The church was first used in 1948, still unfinished, with only sub-flooring and ceiling tile yet to be installed. Folding chairs were used for seating. The Dedication Service was in the spring of 1949.

In 1978 on Monday morning after Easter Sunday, the building burned, a total loss. It was later sold and planning began for a new building on a new site on the hill above the Kelly house. Planning, grading and excavation, along with the building construction, made it necessary for the church people to use the Knott County Central High School auditorium for three years.

Construction on the educational unit of the new building began in 1980 and the first service was held in May 1982. The present building is block to veneered with stone or brick later. The lower floor is used for nursery and Sunday School classes for children and young people. The upper floor is used for worship and adult classes.

The Methodist Church

By BEULAH BELL

In the earliest days in the town of Hindman, the most visible building was the Methodist Church. It was built in 1887 on a site which seemed a great height above street level since more than 30 stone steps were needed to reach the entrance.

It was a frame building of simple architecture. The Gothic-style windows with panes of colored glass and the square bell tower above the

roof level added to its attractiveness. The sanctuary could be used to seat approximately 200 people. The pews and pulpit furniture were of dark stained wood, the design typical of what was found in churches of that period.

This building served its members for 64 years. When a new building was considered to replace the old one, the practicality of the place to build was foremost in the minds of the members. The climb to attend services had become more difficult for some members,

especially the faithful elderly ones, so the decision to build on street level was readily made.

In 1951 a block building was constructed below the location of the Duke cemetery plot. There is a basement with an entrance on the sidewalk level and the sanctuary is directly above with only a few steps at the entrance.

The height of the ceiling in the new building has made it possible to have a balcony in the rear and also a high stained-glass ornamental window in the background of the altar.

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Talcum, Ky. 41765
Pastor Orlo Fisher, 251 3303
Sunday School 10:30 a.m.
Preaching 9:30 a.m., 7 p.m. 1st and 3rd Sun
Prayer Meeting, 7 p.m. Wed.

United Methodist Church
Hindman, Ky. 41822
Pastor Mike Powers, 785-5210
Sunday School 10:30 a.m.
Children & Youth Meeting Sun. 5 p.m.
Evening Worship 6 p.m.
Prayer Meeting 7 p.m. Wed.

United Methodist Church
Softail, Ky. on Main Ball
Pastor Wayne Wenger, 785-3366
Sunday Preaching 10 a.m.
7 p.m. on 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays
Sunday School follows preaching
Prayer, Bible Study, 7 p.m. Wed.

United Methodist Church
Dema, Ky. 41859
Pastor Alonzo J. Dixon
Sunday School 10 a.m.
Church Service 11 a.m.
Bible Study 7 p.m. Wednesday

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Sunday School 10:30 a.m.
Preaching 9:30 a.m., 7 p.m. 1st and 3rd Sun
Prayer Meeting, 7 p.m. Wed.

United Methodist Church
Hindman, Ky. 41822
Pastor Mike Powers, 785-5210
Sunday School 10:30 a.m.
Children & Youth Meeting Sun. 5 p.m.
Evening Worship 6 p.m.
Prayer Meeting 7 p.m. Wed.

United Methodist Church
Softail, Ky. on Main Ball
Pastor Wayne Wenger, 785-3366
Sunday Preaching 10 a.m.
7 p.m. on 1st, 3rd and 5th Sundays
Sunday School follows preaching
Prayer, Bible Study, 7 p.m. Wed.

United Methodist Church
Dema, Ky. 41859
Pastor Alonzo J. Dixon
Sunday School 10 a.m.
Church Service 11 a.m.
Bible Study 7 p.m. Wednesday

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COMING SOON TO HINDMAN

Folklife of a Knott County farm—circa 1930

The day in the life of a family

By CHARLES MARTIN

Editor's Note: The following account results from a series of interviews with a Knott County resident. They allow us a detailed glimpse into the daily activities of Appalachian agriculturalists, people on the verge of cultural transition nearly a half-century ago. Fictitious names are used.

Evelyn stirred first about 4:30 a.m. There were nine of them in the large log room — she, her husband Robert, their six daughters and one son. Rising from the three, the doublebeds opposite the fireplace, Evelyn put on the cotton print dress she had worn the day before, and padded past the chiffoniere and toward the rear chimney. In winter the chiffoniere was moved onto the porch as a couch. Two of the children would sleep there in winter. But now, during the summer, they were bunked in the other two beds, two toward the head and one or two toward the foot, each kicking the other for leg room throughout the night. The chiffoniere had been moved back in to "dye" or fancy up the main room, and also to protect from dust Sunday clothes from the summer bugs.

Since there were no hot coals in the fireplace, she needed to light her kitchen fire from scratch. The evening before she had instructed one of the children to go outside and get a bucket of slack coal (coal dust) for morning. Throwing some coal oil over the dust, it ignited quickly, allowing her to put on larger chunks.

There were two pails of water on the table next to the stove (which another of the children had hauled in from the well the night before) for washing faces and hands. After washing hers she began the usual oatmeal, bacon, egg, biscuit and chocolate pudding breakfast. (Although white rice would sometimes be substituted for the oatmeal, the remainder of the menu remained fixed during the week. On Sundays, though, she prepared fried chicken, fried apples, biscuits and gravy as a Sabbath celebration.) Evelyn first went to the well near the rear kitchen door and pulled up the bucket containing the butter and milk. In winter she stored her perishables on the porch or in the kitchen since the temperatures of both were cool enough, but in summer they needed to go down in the well where the temperature remained in the 50s. Robert had rigged this second bucket so that the water bucket was always free for whoever wanted a drink.

By about five o'clock Robert had awakened in their corner bed, pulled his overalls on over his undershirt and headed straight for the outside bathroom between the house and barn. He liked to start

his day with a pipe full of tobacco and a cup of coffee as he sat at the kitchen table and watched Evelyn prepare their morning meal. She had taken the dishes from the pegs on the cabinet and pans from the pegs over the stove, moving continuously between the stove and a nearby corner where she stored her biscuit flour, corn meal, oatmeal, and rice in 50-pound lard cans. Each time she took something out, she quickly replaced the lid to keep out the bugs. Evelyn had hung a piece of oil cloth behind the stove so that the cooking grease would not stain the wall. The oil cloth would shine when it was wiped clean after breakfast.

The noise from the kitchen and Robert smells soon coaxed the children from their beds to the toilet and finally to the washbasin. They washed with lye soap and dried their hands and faces on feed sack towels. Evelyn reserved those feed sacks covered with a flower decal or pretty stripes for her towels. Since they were becoming harder to find she had begun buying her towels from the peddler who made his way down the path almost every month in warm weather. The peddler, a good source of gossip, had three leather pouches on his horse which held a variety of dry goods: curtains, cookware, scented soap, bedspreads and blankets.

After the children folded and stored their bedclothes in the cardboard boxes under their beds and put on their everyday clothes — girls in print dresses, the boys in overalls — they noisily congregated around the table as Evelyn served breakfast. Conversation focused on the tasks which had been completed the day before. Robert made this a practice since it gave him the opportunity to praise those who had done their jobs well (and question those who didn't) before the start of another day's work. Naturally those accused of shirking loudly passed the blame onto another. As Evelyn sat down, she remarked that a sick neighbor up the path could use some help today from a few of the girls. She also said that the family would attend a memorial in the adjoining hollow the following Sunday. As Robert, who had already read the Bible twice through by the time he was 30, told the children some of the lessons he had read in Revelation the evening before, the two oldest girls began to clear the table and do the dishes. The younger ones soon left the table to bail the day's water from the well, and the middle girl started to make the beds. Like the towels, sheets and pillow cases were also made from feed sacks. It took four sacks to make a sheet for a single bed and six for a double. Since sack cloth was quite scratchy, it was boiled in a softening lye soap mixture before being put on the beds. Evelyn's mother had made most of the family's blankets on her loom. Those that she hadn't made Evelyn purchased from the peddler.

The other daily responsibilities began after breakfast. Evelyn went to the barn to milk and feed the cows. Robert fed the mule and horses. All three types of animals ate corn, but of different sizes. The mule and horses ate the same large ears as the family, but the cow preferred the smaller "nubbins" corn. As the corn was harvested in October, it was separated by size and tossed into two different bins in the barn, so finding the right food was easy for Robert. He also fed his horse fodder. In the fall, before gathering the ears, they had pulled the blades off the corn, clustered them by the arm load and tied them off with a few stout shoots. The family left these bundles to cure in the fields for about a week, then collected and stacked them around a pole.

Since the family relied so heavily on what the fields produced, much of their activity centered there. For example, three months earlier, in late March, Robert had already plowed the gardens, one near the well to the rear of the house and the other to the front near the apple orchard. He had used a turning plow to bring up the richer, moister earth, and then lined it with a furrow plow. The hillsides where the corn was planted were not plowed but hoed. When this dirt was loosened, the older children who helped their father were instructed never to hoe more than a "balk" at a time, a balk being the three foot distance between rows. Overreaching this distance resulted in weeds being covered up rather than cut off. Robert and the children would stand in the lower row and reach up to the higher one, allowing gravity to help them on the downward pull. About 10 to 12 acres were loosened and planted with corn, providing enough ears for the family's needs, as well as the cows of the hogs, horses, mule, and cow.

Robert also planted a variety of corn known as "six-weeks" corn (which could be planted and harvested earlier) near the vegetable gardens by the house. Evelyn, who tended these gardens, could move easily from the garden to the house, keeping an eye on the food cooking on the stove and the smaller children running in the yard. She kept the smallest children near her on an old quilt, referred to as a "pallet," spread beneath a nearby apple tree. The vegetable garden was a primary concern to Evelyn since much of the coming year's food came from it. In the fall, she canned approximately 1,400 jars of this bounty. She, Robert and the children planted sweet potatoes, Irish potatoes, cushaws, squash, pumpkin, onions, lettuce, peas, rows and rows of green beans, cucumbers, beets, tomatoes, small melons, watermelon, cantalope, turnips, mustard green, and gourds in the two-acre garden.

Evelyn always left some large turnips in the ground, and the following year, when the turnips' stalks had grown, she cut them off, dried them, and shook out their seeds over an old, white sheet. She collected the seeds and planted them, later harvesting the "mustard greens" produced. Gourds were particularly important, since they served as containers when cleaned out and dried. Large gourds were used to store sugar, smaller ones held salt, and the smallest dipped water from the well. Gourds the size, shape, and color of eggs were saved for use as "egg foolers." In the spring young pullet hens often left the chicken house to nest elsewhere, preferably in the woods. To discourage them, the egg foolers were inserted in the old nest. The pullets, finding this "egg," could no longer abandon the old nest for a new one.

During late summer and fall, Robert and Evelyn also preserved their other foodstuffs. The bacon served at each of today's meals, for example, had come from hogs Robert butchered in the fall. Once the hog had been covered with boiling water, shaved, and cut into manageable pieces out in the front

yard, Robert had carried the pieces to the kitchen table (brought out onto the porch especially for this occasion) and salted them. He then carried the hog pieces into the kitchen and placed them on a long board propped up against the wall and had let them cure. After about three weeks they were hung on nails high on the kitchen walls, later to be eaten. Robert already had plans of building a board and batten smokehouse like his neighbors, giving Evelyn more space in the kitchen.

The smaller pieces of bone meat (neck bones, back bones, and chops) were canned. Evelyn boiled the meat in seasoned water long enough for much of the water to evaporate, leaving mostly fat. She then put meat pieces into an empty jar and covered them with the fatty juice. When cool, the fat sealed the jar which was then turned over for added protection and stored either under the bed or on the corner shelves in the living area. Most canned food was stored on these shelves, including the honey which served as a sweetener in cooking, and acure for cramp and hiccups. Dried vegetables were stored in plastic bags, when these could be found. Most often, the shucky beans, for example, were placed in an old pillowcase or feed sack dusted with black pepper as an insecticide. Evelyn dried some of her vegetables in front of the fire. First she cut cross sections from cushaws, squash, and pumpkin, inserting them onto a stick, then hung them from the nails which Robert had driven between the stones on each side of the fireplace. Beans were dried in the sun in late summer. Since they would sweat when broken and mold, she laid them on an absorbent cloth or blanket, and hung them in the early morning dew. After about two weeks of this cycle, the dried beans were strung and hung on a nail or peg in the kitchen. Apples were generally preserved in one of two ways. Evelyn could choose to cut the apples up in small pieces and lay them on a section of roof tin that Robert had placed on the chicken house's shallow lean-to roof; or she could cure her apples, particularly Rome Beauties, by peeling, washing, quartering and placing the pieces in an old flour barrel. A tea cup filled with powdered sulfur was placed deep in the barrel and a small piece of heated iron dropped in the cup, causing the sulfur to burn and smoke. When the barrel was covered with an old quilt or blanket, the contained fumes cured the apples.

Robert had planted the corn in May using an mechanical "corn planter," which inserted about six seed kernels in each furrow mound. Robert's rule of distance was to walk one and a half paces before inserting the planter again; thus, all rows and plants were separated by about three feet. As the corn was sown in one mound, his daughter Irene had slipped "corn" beans into the planter so that the next mound contained a mixture of both corn and bean seeds. This variety of climbing beans needed the corn to cling to, but since they could potentially overwhelm the corn, the beans were introduced only every other mound.

By now, Robert had already thinned his plants from six on one mound to about two to aid healthy growth. He generally thinned on rainy days when it was impossible to weed, leaving the house after breakfast and walking his rows, pulling the smaller stalks out by hand. Evelyn also preferred to weed her gardens in damp weather, since the softened soil let the weeds go more easily.

When Robert's corn had reached a height of approximately three inches earlier in the summer, he had fertilized it with manure transported from the barnyard in a horse-drawn corn sled. The garden was usually manured before spring

weeding and hilling. Robert kept reminding his children that by cutting the weeds they would help produce bigger ears of corn for the animals. Since each of the girls had made one or another of the animals into a pet, this thought kept their concentration high. When they reached the end of their rows, they continued up the hill following the same pattern: Robert on the bottom, Evelyn in the middle, the girls on top. Since their parents were protective of them, the girls hastened their hoeing to move out of earshot where they could gossip and plan some innocent mischief for the evening. Rarely, though, did the girls complain about the hard work in the fields; at a very young age they had already learned the relationship between summer work and winter comfort.

By around ten o'clock they were all ready for a break. Hoeing to the end of their rows, they were near trees under which they could sit. Evelyn went to the bottom of the hill to give the babies and younger children a snack. Robert and the older girls sat, cooling off for about 20 minutes until Evelyn returned, picked up her hoe and resumed working. She and Robert spoke little, even though only a few feet apart. Aside from talking about upcoming social activities or tasks to be accomplished, they reserved more personal conversations until evening after the children had gone to bed.

At about 11:30 Evelyn walked out of her row and laid her hoe in a visible spot so she would know where to resume after dinner. She needed a half-hour headstart to prepare the midday meal of vegetables and bacon and, gathering up the younger children from under the tree, she led them home. Sometimes she carried the meal back to the fields where the family would eat, but usually, like today, Robert and the girls would follow along about noon.

Evelyn prepared her green beans in boiling water, salting them liberally and adding a piece of fat back. She also boiled the sweet, six week corn and the peas, but the onions and cucumbers she sliced



Newspapers and catalogue pages were used to wallpaper homes and cabins (1919).

plowing, but since the cornfields were too steep for the plow, he had added the manure later, driving his sled between the rows and shoveling it onto the mounds. When the corn reached eight to ten inches high, the entire family would go to the fields for the first hoeing. Children beyond the age of six were considered old and nimble enough to handle a hoe and scrape away weeds. The younger children, although useful between the rows, did not have the dexterity to hoe. Robert and Evelyn, with the older children's help, carefully did this. The babies (cared for by the remaining children) were placed on a pallet under a nearby tree; Evelyn always brought a jar of water and a snack of oatmeal, pin-to beans, or mashed potatoes should they become hungry.

On this particular June morning, the ground was dry enough to weed since it hadn't rained in three days. The corn had also reached the proper height (between knee and hip on a man) to begin the second hoeing, commonly called "laying by." Vying to see who could finish first, laying by could be a point of competition between families in a hollow.

Like all other tasks, hoeing had its special tools and methods. Hoe sizes, for example, were different for Robert, Evelyn, and the children. Robert's was about 10 inches wide, Evelyn's about 6 inches since she was not as strong as Robert, and the children's even smaller, since they used Evelyn's lighter, worn hoes. The hoes were made at his brother's blacksmith shop out of old crosscut saw blades, a tempered steel which kept an edge. Robert then rounded the bottom corners of the hoes with a steel file to protect the corn stalks (and garden vegetables).

To begin, Robert positioned himself in the opening above the bottom row, Evelyn went to the next opening up, and the two older children to the third one. The youngest of these two children walked ahead along the row chopping weeds, the older one followed, using her hoe to push her earth around the stalks below her. As they all moved down the rows

Continued to LIFE, Page C-2



A hog killing in Knott County around 1910.



A youngster gets a haircut while others clean-up around 1920.

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raw. While the bacon fried, she poured the milk and the latter covered potatoes as they to the top. When the potatoes were done, she served them with the milk. The others arrived, washed their hands outside the rear kitchen door, and sat down ready to eat.

After dinner, the two oldest girls again washed the dishes. As Evelyn's younger children grew, they would qualify about age 10 to help with the dishes. In the household, each child swept, at eight or nine, and made beds, and by 10 they could help in the kitchen. Evelyn made the two older girls for breakfast. Evelyn must now do herself, such as milking the cow, tending the garden, and mending clothes. For now, Evelyn was glad they could do more. She would go outside with the dishes so she could go inside with the milk. She would go outside with the milk. She would go outside with the milk.

Robert felt relieved of a rest. He had reached their rooming's quota of boeing about half an acre. In the afternoon their goal would only be one-quarter acre: the sun's heat, fatigue, and the noonday meal would all have taken effect by then.

They headed back to the fields by about one o'clock. Robert cautioned the children to bring seeds to the house and they would spread of trimming them. He also reminded them to start at the back of the mound and work the back toward them.

In the afternoon they took two rest periods instead of one: the June heat had to be reckoned with. Around four o'clock, Robert looked at the sky and saw no rain clouds. The meaning they could quit at the standard 4.50. If it had been sign in the field until dusk to seed and bill as much of this field as possible.

Evelyn too saw no clouds, gathering the children and walking back to the house to begin supper. Tonight she was fixing boiled cabbage, green beans, new potatoes, an apple pie she made the night before, and bacon, thickly sliced. At breakfast and dinner she had sliced the bacon thin so that it would cook faster, since the day's work still beckoned. But her supper was coming to calm down. The day was coming to calm down.

Conversation at dinner, as at breakfast, continued to center around plans for Sunday. This being Thursday night, Robert asked who wanted to help him shuck some six-weeks corn, breaking the kernels off the husk, so that tomorrow he could take the corn up the path to have it ground into meal at a neighbor's gristmill. Evelyn was to bring the corn in the next week for making meal. As corn sticks and corn meal grew, the corn volunteered, knowing she would still have time after supper to play with her sisters. Even though most of these girls had daily household responsibilities, they still enjoyed making tiny play houses out of cardboard and "keeping house" with

At the dishes were being cleaned, Evelyn went to milk and feed the cow, Robert, after shucking the corn with Irene, fed the hogs, mule and horses. Since there was still an hour or so of light left, he began working on his gunstocks, which he fashioned from walnut and offered for them. Since he was hands with tools, Evelyn also asked him to make her own spoons and mastic handles as well as apple butter spoons. This was as Robert's ordained role in his hollow. Others had their midlife crises. One woman was the midlife crisis. One woman was the midlife crisis.

Evelyn had returned to the house to bake a pie for tomorrow's supper, this time a black-cherry pie made from berries picked, two began to finish. When finished, she began sitting. Evelyn was for the girls her hands busy mending or in keeping five daughters continually needed outfitting. She was experienced at her task and was able to concern that the children things, like sewing to bed. She had the oldest girls dress the babies while the middle girls took care of themselves, each taking off her day clothes and mending them over the chair. Now the cardboards were placed in the beds, but since to leave them on the day, it was easier to leave them on. In the morning she would heat water in the big pot out front, and wash the babies in the tub on the porch. Warm water was used the scrub board, warm water was used for the lukewarm water and lay soap for whites.

After the last child was in bed,

Evelyn took her sewing out onto the porch where Robert was leafing through his Bible. Lately he had been mentioning the need for more living space in the house, and had considered going off to the side of the log room. This, of course, would require money. Robert's mother had recently gone to work in Michigan at an auto assembly plant and wrote her high wages were now. Now was the only time of the day when the two of them could talk about their future with some degree of privacy. Evelyn had these impressions through the open door and would always remember them.

Robert, his relatives and neighbors seemed to be strangely uneasy about a future in farming, not that they commented to each other about it much. But the high wages in Michigan were certainly discussed often at get-togethers. Robert still had a good idea of a food supply, but the only way to raise the capital to build a new house or modernize his old one was to leave the hollow and earn the money elsewhere. Michigan was a long way off, but if Robert worked there enough to return home the rest of the year and still put money away, certainly more than if he had mined coal year round. But could he do it? Could Evelyn get along alone? Could the bear to be away from the hollow? Robert was the unwelcome Bible verses, contemplating the decision he and Evelyn would have to make. Could Robert allow himself to continue this pattern of farming and logging, the only life he had known? Had his hollow become too isolated for his needs?

children? Should they be closer to the school, enabling them to get a better education? Evelyn and Evelyn thought one, both only reaching fifth grade at the log school in the adjoining hollow.) The general feeling between them was that they were going to have to prepare their children to meet the outside world. There seemed to be more choices to make — so many when they were young — so many new things. Robert so may new ones. Evelyn many had put new ones. Evelyn many had put new ones. Evelyn many had put new ones.

But she sensed that she would eventually give in to the idea. They could not stay on this farm too many more years and the girls needed a good education. Just look

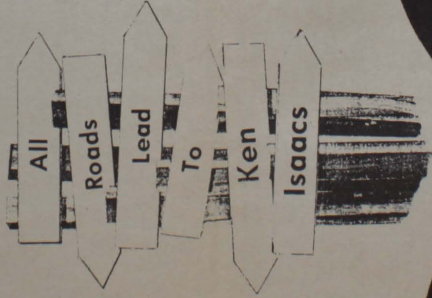
how things were changing, here was Robert talking about going to faraway Michigan, a place they had hardly heard of a few years ago. And maybe Robert was right about her being able to cope for three years, he would send her money to hire neighbor boys to do the plowing and planting, and the girls were becoming old enough to take care of themselves. What would be behind all of this, she thought. People weren't satisfied if the future they went to be, and the future seemed to be more important and more immediate than it once was. By about nine o'clock, Robert knocked the ashes from his pipe as Evelyn got up to put her sewing away. They both knew they were far from making a spoken decision, but at the same time they silently acknowledged to each other what they would do. They would do. They would do.

Charles E. Martin
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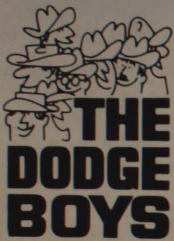
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Wagoners on Little Carr

By Lucial Combs

John Jesse and wife Lucy Jane Haggans Amburgey hauled goods in a studebaker wagon pulled by a team of mules. The roads were mostly in the creeks. The route taken from Burgeys Creek was up Betty Troublesome through McPherson and down Ogden to Jackson.

The night was spent in Jackson. The price of feed per mule was 25 cents. Payment for the night was a gift from the items on the wagons. On the return trip, the wagoners walked most of the distance letting the team rest often. Also, they spent a night on the road.

The trip to Pound, Va., took a day and a half going and two or three days coming back. The route taken was up Burgeys Creek, across Logan Gap, down Thornton, by Kona up Payne Gap and stopping for the night on the Jenkins Mountain. Early the next morning they crossed Pine Mountain (Jenkins Mountain) to Pound where they loaded the wagons and started back.

The wagon load consisted of barrels of flour, powder, black powder, sacks of salt, cans of lard, coffee, buckets of syrup, sugar, and cloth pokes to measure flour in.

Fee charged was: Moving planks to Smith Branch \$7; use of wagon \$2; fee for team 50¢ - Marrion Amburgey collector. Hauling corn from Sam Terry's \$6.40.

Loan of mules 7 1/2 days \$3.75. Loan of one horse, one mule, one wagon for three days. Price \$6.

Moving the Madden brothers' still to Smacky \$200. (Smacky was located just below the Litt Carr Post Office.) The Madden brothers were George and Dock.

A disagreement at Smacky with his cousin Tandy Martin resulted in the early death of John Jesse. His wife, with the help of her sons Maryland and Linville and daughter Bertha, continued the business. The post office Kricket was in their charge and was located with in their home.

Amburgey's Grocery

By Lucial Combs

Owner John Jesse Amburgey and wife Lucy Jane (Sis) operated the grocery located on Burgeys Creek.

The prices around 1900 were: One barrel of flour before package \$6.40; coffee 60¢; poke flour 50¢; large poke of flour \$1.25; 4 lb. bucket of lard 50¢; 10 lb. of lard \$1.15; 20 lb. of lard \$2.30; 1/2 gal. lasses 50¢; one bucket syrup 50¢; one "middling" of meat 61¢; 6 1/2 lb. of meat 71¢; Shoulder of meat for labor to Ben Strong; 20 bushels of corn \$10; seed corn 20¢; sack salt \$2; powder 5¢; black powder \$1.

Whiskey was made according to government regulation with metal license plates on each barrel.

The costs of whiskey were: Nine pints \$3.35; one and a half gallon \$4.50; eight and a half gal. malt \$6.50; 1/2 gal. \$1.50; peach brandy 25¢; 1/4 pint apple brandy 25¢; 6 pints peach brandy \$2; two jugs \$8.25; one jug (two gal.) \$6; one small jug \$3.35; three gills 60¢.

Loaned \$80 to Tandy Martin to finance shooting match for Ambrose J. Taylor.

Prices increased to: Barrel of flour \$7 \$9; poke of flour 80¢ to \$1; one bucket of lard \$1.25; one barrel of beer \$14.50; 4 lb. of lard \$1.25; two 5 lb. of lard \$1.25; bucket of honey \$2.25; 20 bushels corn \$12.70; shelled corn \$2.25; and a sack of salt \$2.25.

Election day records 125 bottles of whiskey for R. H. Amburgey to give out at Hindman. John Cody is to take to Hindman one dozen bottles and three big bottles of whiskey. Brax Pigman helped with the whiskey. Also a record was kept of whiskey passed out at the store.

Citizens who traded at the store were:

The Amburgeys were: Anderson, Chester, Green, Jasper, John, Panson's wife, Marion, Riley, Wiley J. and R. H.

The Adams were: Ched and William.

The Breedings were: John and Wesley.

The Combs were: Blane, Henry and Tandy.

The Crafts were Chressie, Green, and Isaac Jr.

The Goins were Thomas and Emley.



Three yoke of oxen pull wooden sled on Knott road-circa 1910.



A wagon stuck on muddy Beaver Creek road in spring, 1912.

The Hales were Noah, James D., and Elijah.
The Logan's were: Charley, Ambrose, and John.
The Maddens were: John Dock, and Elizabeth.
The two Martins were John and Tandy.
The two Nobles were Bill and Bud.
The Pigman's were: Frank, Brax, and Bogie.
The Sparkman's were: John, Noah, and Bent.
The Smiths were: John B. and William B.
The Taylors were: Thomas, Ambrose J., and Culbert.
Other customers were; Hansferd Austin, Steve Blair, John Bowling, John Boom, Millard Collins, Noah Count, Ambra Ellick, Wash Furchans, Dillicard Gibson, John Hall, Joia Hammonds, James Hensley, John Parks, W.C. Stamper, Bent Strong, Grun Stacy, and Green Thomas.



Hindman Settlement School workers take trip to logging site in 1917.



A man and woman ride together at Hindman Settlement School grounds (1915).



Congratulations on Knott County's 100th Birthday.

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Living through the Great Depression



By VERNA MAE SLONE

If you are a citizen of the United States and over 40 years old, I am sure you can remember something about the Great Depression that put the whole country in a grip of poverty. Just when it began and when it ended depends a lot on who you were, where you lived, and how you lived. History will tell you that it was during the later twenties through the mid forties.

Here in Eastern Kentucky, I don't think it began as early or hit as hard as it did in some of the big cities. It was not as bad for the ones that had a small piece of land on which to grow their food, and raise their animals. We had for generations been enduring and leading self-sufficient lives. We already knew the meaning of the words "make do" and "do without" and how to deal with them. We had always had to work hard to make a living from these rocky hillsides. As for money, when you have never had very much a little less does not mean so much. You can't miss something that you have never had.

We did not relate to what happened in the outside world over our everyday lives. A few read the *Cincinnati Post* and the *Louisville Times* and passed the news of the important events on to the rest of us. We were more concerned by the invasion of the Mexican beetle that destroyed our bean crop than the invasion of Normandy. And when our neighbor's cow died it meant more to us than the death of some "duke" whose name we could not pronounce in a country of "offenders" that we had never heard of before.

Some of us had battery powered radios and listened to Roosevelt's "Fireside Chats" but not if "The Grand Old Opry" was on at the same time. We had been taught to hate and try to "out wit" the government. Our local elections were important to us, like who was going to be our school trustee influenced our thinking while, who was in the White House mattered not at all.

As ninety-nine and nine tenths percent of us were Democrats, we blamed the Depression on Hoover. We still refer to it as "back in Hoover times." A patch on the seat

of your pants was "a Hoover badge." The small wooden box used as a trap to catch rabbits and other small wild animals was a "Hoover box." Our usual sense of humor helped us through those difficult times.

There were many jokes and short stories related to Hoover, such as when we thought we were going to get another Republican in the White House. A young groundhog asked his father why he was digging such a deep hole and the father said "Son, your grandfather dug a much deeper hole than this back when Hoover was president and someone dug him out and ate him."

With no cash money we used to barter and trade. A man was paid three large pumpkins for a day's work. On his way home he stopped at a bar for a drink, the bartender served him his drink, and gave him two small cucumbers back for change.

Not long ago in a history class which one of my grandchildren was attending the teacher described the recovery programs set up by Roosevelt to help the people recover from the Depression. "The government gave them a men a piece of wood and told them to whittle." Anyone that believes that never worked on any of the work projects or don't know how to whittle, because we worked and we worked hard. And it was for little pay, not the free hand-outs of today.

We were allowed so many hours each week to work, depending on how small or large the family was. Only one person in each family got a job, each work assignment lasted for 18 months at 35 cents an hour.

In 1935 I got a "work slip" to report for work in Hindman at a W.P.A. program for women that knew how to sew. All the other women were much older than I was. They were widows with small children or the wives of disabled husbands. My father and step-mother were past 65 and too old to get a job. I was still in school but I quit. I had been sewing for myself and friends for a long time. We made dresses and shirts that were then distributed through the county to the children of the needy.

I worked 10 days each month, three days for two weeks and two days for two weeks. I walked eight miles to work and eight miles back leaving home before daylight and getting home past dark. After walking that far, sewing eight hours on an old-fashioned treadle, foot-peddled sewing machine — that is not whittling on a piece of wood. Some nights when my work days were consecutive I would spend the night with friends or relatives that lived near or in Hindman, but not often. I did not want to impose on them and I was afraid I might "wear out my welcome."

A few years later my sister

worked at the same place, however, these women were taught to weave. They made blankets which were given to the poor (everyone was poor then). By then there was a road built across the Caney Mountain and I could ride to and from town and I sent a day. Once when I worked for 25 cents a day, my "boss name" she walked home and bought a pair of small shoes for the son of her best friend. Without this the baby would have had to go barefoot all winter. "Such love hath no man." During the time she worked she had to leave her five small children at home by themselves. The youngest was 18 months, while the oldest was not quite 12 years and he did the cooking and housework. The fear of the open fireplace was always on her mind. I know for we had lost a sister in a fire. Does this sound like whittling wood?

My husband (he was not my husband then) went to the Civilian Conservation Corps. In '34, I think it was, he was stationed at Bedford Indiana. Their job was to conserve the forest. It's funny how in trying to remember the past it's always a lot of little things that stand out, maybe only interesting to you. The bus they were riding was placed on a ferry and towed across the Ohio River. One of the boys (none of them had ever been more than a few miles from home before) thought they were on the ocean. When they got to camp they were grouped with a lot of "know-it-all" city boys and as usual our mountain boys had to take a lot of kidding and "fun poking" because there was so much that was new and strange to them.

But once they were taken into the woods the tide turned, our boys were the skilled ones and the city boys were the dummies. Our boys knew how to "jump stump" a tree, how to notch it on one side before sawing it on the other, how to make a tree fall in the direction that you want it to, how to trim off the branches and stack them so they would burn better. By looking at the bark and leaves on the tree they knew the name of it, what kind of lumber it would make and what it was used for. They also knew enough to stay away from yellow jacket nests and poison ivy plants, which the city boys did not.

It was not all work and no play for the C.C.C. boys, they were allowed to go into the town of Bedford on the weekend. One rule was no one went alone and that they must have a "camp boss" with them. A few places were off limits.

Willie remembers going to a roller skating rink with one of his best friends. They also went to a tattoo parlor and had their sweethearts' names put on their arms. Near the camp was an old abandoned quarry pit, where in the past marble stone had been removed, and

which then was full of water. They could swim and bathe there.

The mess sergeant got so much money to use to buy the food to feed the camp. He was starving the boys and pocketing the money for himself. The boys decided to do something to stop this so they went on a strike and refused to work. When they did not show up for work the camp boss came to the barracks to find out why. He told them if they would go to work he would see that they had a good dinner. They told him, "Give us the good dinner first and then we will work." There was an investigation, the old mess sergeant was fired and a new one put in his place and all was well after that.

My husband and I both worked on the Neighborhood Youth Corps, a program set up by Roosevelt for the youth of the United States. His job was with a group of boys that worked out from Hindman. They painted and repaired old school buildings, church houses, and cleaned off cemeteries. After we were married he asked to be transferred to Caney, where they worked for the Caney school in a chair shop. I was then working with a group of girls also at the Caney school. We washed windows, scrubbed the old-fashioned hickory barked bottomed chairs by taking them to the creek bank and "scoured" them with creek water and old rags. When the weather got too cold for this we worked inside making quilts for the students' beds from some of the old clothes that were donated to the school by "our good friends" from up north.

While we were both still working on this N.Y.C. program we got married in secret, because the program was for unmarried folks only. The secret wasn't kept long for nine months and two weeks later our first son was born. I worked through the month of February and he was born the third of March. My work assignment would have lasted on until June. I had planned on going back to work after his birth, but my step-mother and I could get my step-mother and I just loved him too much to trust him to her care.

On the N.Y.C. we worked two days a week and received \$8 a month. That was what was paid for unskilled labor. Later my husband and I both were reclassified as skilled laborers and received the large amount of \$10 a month. That was the last that I worked for any of the government programs.

In 1939 my husband got another assignment for a W.P.A. job building the road that starts at Garner, comes up Slone Fork and crosses the Caney mountain and ends at the Caney High School building. This road was built by manpower. The tools were mad-docks, shovels, wheelbarrows, and jackhammers. It took three years to complete. During this time we had one of the coldest winters that Knott County had ever encountered. Yet the men worked. They were not allowed to warm by a fire that was built outside along the roadside from the small trees that were cut from the "right away" except while they were on their dinner hour. Many times their dinner would be frozen. Some had hot coffee from a thermos. Still call that whittling a stick, Mr. Teacher?

Just at the very last of the job of building this road they did buy a tractor which they used to pull a large wooden sled on which they hauled rocks and a small bulldozer. My husband learned to drive both of these, which helped him very much in later years when he was hired as a bulldozer driver for the gas company.

Another program was the distributing of surplus food or "commodities." The store or warehouse where these were stored was in a building just behind the county courthouse in Hindman. My husband worked here for several months as a clerk. This meant he and some other men stored, packaged and "gave out"

Verna Mae Slone recalls



Ration stamps during World War II

this food. Each family that qualified for help, received a "food voucher" each month, stating how many dozen pounds, or quarts they were allowed, depending on how many and the age of the folks in each family. Willie loved this job. He got to meet and "learn" a lot of people, and also there was a lot of fringe benefits. The boss would tell him and his fellow workers, "I can't tell you what to do with the extra stuff that's left over at the end of the day, but if you want to divide it between you and take it home with you I will look the other way." Willie said that he knew that some of the well-to-do folks of the county would also get a share of these commodities but it wasn't his place to say anything about it. As always the "do have's" take what is intended for the "don't have's." There was a lot of "feather bedding" during these programs then just as there is now.

There were other programs that we did not take part in but knew about. The big high school building that was the Knott County High School for years and stood just at the foot of the Caney Mountain, that burned down just a few years back, was also built by the W.P.A. workers. Some of the unemployed school teachers were hired to go from house to house and teach those that could or would not go to school. Another group built outhouses, a slight improvement over the ones that folks had been building for themselves. These old ones sometimes had a hole dug into the ground to catch the garbage and some were just stuck out over the creek banks and the refuse just fell into the water and hopefully was carried away with each "wash out."

There are some folks that are ashamed to own that or their parents ever worked on any of these government programs. But I am not, because I know that if I had had some other way to have made money that's what I would have done. But it was just something that I had not brought about and would be frozen. Some had never been ashamed of being poor. I did the very best that I could with what I had and that's all God asks us to do. I love the truth for truth's sake. Truth in itself is beautiful even if it's about ugly things.

Not long ago my husband ran into an old friend of his and asked him if he remembered working with him on the N.Y.C. program. The man acted as if he had been insulted, and denied ever working. I know that now he is living a much better life and has a lot of money, but he could not have forgotten those years.

The Depression also hit the Caney School. The friends that had been helping with their donations, either quit or slowed down with their help. Many times Mrs. Lloyd could not pay her work hands for

months. Feeding the students also became harder for her.

She had a sawmill which cut lumber five days a week but every Friday it was used to grind corn into meal for all the surrounding farmers that wanted to bring their corn in. She received a small portion of this corn in return for the use of the mill. Thus, the students had cornbread for two meals a day and sometimes mush. Also many times this meal was boiled in water to a thin gruel and sweetened and used for cereal and many times was the only breakfast we had. The "exchange" brought in more food. Mrs. Lloyd received used clothes from many of her friends "up north." These clothes were given to the folks that wanted them in exchange for their vegetables, milk, eggs, butter, fruits, etc. Some folks say they think that the students of the school once grew their own vegetables and kept cows but I can't remember that, if it did, it was before my time. But I sure can remember eating the cooked sweetened meal for breakfast. As an extra treat some Sunday mornings, we were served salmon patties, flour gravy and homemade biscuits. Anyone that ever worked at the Caney school will remember those Pinto beans twice a day seven days a week.

Some hundred years ago when Knott County was "struck off" (as our old folks used to say) my father would have been 21 years old. I am almost sure he was there for the celebration. His uncle, for whom he was named, Isom Slone, was the first jailer for Knott County. The Slones, my ancestors, were the first people to settle on Caney, and Richard Smith, one of the first people to locate near Pigeon Roost, near Ary, was my father's great-grandfather.

No one of the Slone ever set the world on fire but they sure raised a lot of smoke in Knott County. I feel that I am a part of Knott and that Knott is a part of me. I sometimes wonder what would happen to our grandchildren should we have another Great Depression. Not just mine but the new generation. Could they learn to work? Could they "make do" and "do without"? Did they inherit the strength, courage, sense of humor, and just plain "gumption" that our folks had?

Do they have somewhere hidden in the depth of their souls what they would need to face another crisis or has it been destroyed by easy living, having too much, living beyond their means, no restrictions, exposure to ugliness and crime and fear of the Atomic War.

Only God knows the future. Knott County has come a long way in this first hundred years. Let's pray that one hundred years from now that our descendants can look back on us with pride, in themselves and in us.

WAR RATION BOOK No. 3. Identification of person to whom issued: PRINT IN FULL. Includes fields for name, address, age, sex, weight, height, occupation, and a table for local board action.

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Three Knott County doctors of the early days

By AL STEWART

One would think that since medical doctors deal with health and illness, both physical and mental, that local histories would give considerable space to them, but here is what the history of Perry County (dated 1955) has to say about doctors of years ago: "During the Civil War and subsequently Hazard had several doctors. Doctor Jasper Stewart lived in Hindman but was often called to Hazard. He is remembered especially for his work during the terrible typhoid epidemic. Dr. Jesse Combs Jr., son of Jesse Sr., had a record of operations performed to assist in cases of shooting, stabbing, and accidents. Dr. John Marcus Daniel practiced during the Civil War and Dr. W. T. Wilson, Dr. Stout, Dr. Henson, and Dr. Mason were here in 1890 and are remembered by some of today's older citizens."

Some of these doctors may have practiced some in what is now Knott County. The Dr. Jasper Stewart mentioned in the above

was Knott County's first doctor and had been practicing in the area many years before Knott County was formed. Older citizens still remember Dr. Roark of the Vico-Sassafras area, Dr. Kling on Right Beaver, and Dr. Short who may have practiced on Ball Creek, but probably the three doctors best known countywide in the early days were Dr. Jasper Stewart, Dr. John Wes Duke, and Dr. M.F. Kelly.

Jasper Stewart (1829-1914) was born in Knox County, the son of William Charley, or Old Charley, Stewart and Polly Crank. The family had moved to Ball Creek just above the mouth of Roaring Branch and had a cabin and garden established and were hunting in the area before the future doctor was seven years old. Old Charlie was a hunter, and at that time, there was much wild game in the area. One slight "remembrance" gives what might be the only explanation of why Jasper Stewart decided to become a doctor: He had spent, as a very young man, some time in Texas and had helped

care for some sick (or wounded) while there. Lucy Furman used him as one of the models for her character of Old Doc Ross in her novel, *The Lonesome Road*. In this novel she has the old doctor explain how he went out for a brief period to study with prominent doctors in Lexington, bought his doctor books, and returned to the hills to study them. At that time the way to become a doctor or lawyer was to "apprentice" to or "read" under an authority in the field. Jasper Stewart was particularly gifted, he had an exceptional memory and a perceptive and inquiring mind. For his time and especially considering where he lived then, he was an unusually well-informed doctor. He has been described as "a self-made man and medical doctor." He knew and used both herbal remedies and the prepared medicines known then. He went to wherever he was needed without thought of payment and remained to nurse the sick as long as needed, and he once told Lucy Furman that he had never sent in a bill in his life. His payment too often was in the coin of gratitude, but people did try to pay him with whatever items they had — products of the garden or farm. He often supplied medicine without charge. He became famous as a doctor of typhoid at the time when this disease was one of the worst scourges in the area. In his old age he was able to sit by and observe while his son, William, vaccinated anyone who would come, free of charge. The new vaccine was ordered from Bowling Green where the state health facilities were headquartered then.

There are many stories both humorous and serious by or about Doc Stewart. Many thought of him as "Bird" or "Byrd" Stewart, but no story remains to tell why or how he acquired this nickname. Once a young doctor in the county tried to have him barred from practice because he had no license or medical degree. The state legislature passed a resolution to permit Doc Stewart to practice medicine as long as he wanted to. The famous feudist, Clabe Jones, stayed at the doctor's home while recovering from serious wounds received in a "cutting scrape." In



Dr. Jasper Stewart (1880's)



Dr. J. W. Duke



Dr. M. J. Kelly

old age he was elected county assessor without opposition in an effort to try to repay him for his long years of service to the people. When he died, a fund was raised to build a monument for him in Hindman. His portrait was hung in the courthouse. The funds were used later to provide a large gravestone and fence for the Stewart cemetery.

Two of his sons studied medicine. Dr. Alexander Hamilton Stewart practiced in Floyd County, was elected twice as state senator, was physician for the state penitentiary, but eventually moved to Oklahoma; William attended medical school but never completed training, but did practice some under the tutelage of his father. Doc Jasper planned at one time to build a log clinic near his home, but this was never completed. He loved a drink of whiskey, women, people to talk at great length about his reading and other experiences, drawing on the great fund of information stored in his memory. He evidently loved his medical practice.

Dr. John Wes Duke (1873-1954) was the first doctor in Knott County with a degree from a medical college, graduating from the old Kentucky School of Medicine in Louisville in 1896. At that time it took only three terms of six months each for the degree. Dr. Duke taught in the county schools to pay his way in Medical School. At 15 years of age, he became a teaching assistant to Professor

Clarke in Hindman. Later he taught in the county schools of the county. He could teach the four month country school and then enroll in the six months of Medical School. From 1896 until his death in 1954 he followed his profession faithfully and with great kindness and love for his people. He served as county health officer for some 25 years, beginning with the establishment of that office. He probably knew everybody in Knott County and everybody knew him.

In those days calls from the county were answered on horseback with medicines and supplies arranged in saddlebags. These calls were answered without regard to pay or distance. Often it was necessary to stay overnight or return late in any kind of weather. Operations had to be performed often under difficult circumstances and with make-shift equipment. In addition to his regular practice, or in connection with it, Dr. Duke became an authority on trachoma, the eye disease that affected so many in those days. He was instrumental — working with Dr. J.A. Stucky of Lexington and others — in establishing clinics that eradicated this affliction.

Inspection of his early account books reveals much about charges and payments around the turn of the century. There were such entries as "call to . . . \$50; call to . . . \$1; medicine . . . \$50; medicine . . . \$25." Payments included such notations as these: \$2 plus work;

work; oats; shingles" or other combinations. One time when Dr. Duke inspected a painful abrasion on my leg that was slow about healing he said: "I'll give you the same medicine your grandfather would have used." He gave me zinc ointment, and by the following day the leg was much better. There was no charge, of course.

Dr. Duke lived in a large stone home that now houses the Knott Funeral Home. For years he was a very active member and staunch supporter of the Hindman Methodist Church. His genuine concern for people and his open geniality made him a friend to all.

Dr. M.F. Kelley (1880-1971) began practice in Hindman early in this century. He was not a native of Knott County but was a native of the general area. He was a successful practitioner and encountered the same kind of difficulties of Dr. Duke and others. He was more abrupt and became a "character" in his own right. People enjoyed the rather flamboyant way in which he rode horseback. During his years as "doctor on horseback" he used 20 or more fine horses and officiated at the birth of 6,000 or more babies. In the later years he was able to use an automobile, and people commented that he drove the vehicle the same way he rode a horse. He built a fine home of native stone that is now the Baptist parsonage. His office and "pharmacy" were

Continued to EARLY, Page C-5



Dr. Roark and Fieldon Johnson

June Buchanan Primary Care Center Celebrates 10 Years Of Service



Doctors Denzil G. Barker and Gene Watts have worked at the Clinic since it opened.

- Began service Sept. 30, 1974
- Miss June Buchanan, co-founder of ALC donated land.
- Building funded by Knott County Comprehensive Health Corporation and Appalachian Regional Commission.
- One of three clinics of Family Health Services affiliated with Hazard Appalachian Regional Hospital.
- 23,901 patients have registered at the clinic since its beginning

SERVING KNOTT COUNTIANS

EAST KENTUCKY HEALTH SERVICES CENTER



Serving Knott County's Health Needs Since 1972

Clinics At Mallie And Topmost



Pre-med student Dennis Campbell working at the clinic.



Workers check files that include 250,000 patient visits.



The clinic's computer system increases the clinic's ability to serve its patients.



Dentist, Dr. Lee Mayer, using the clinic's up-to-date dental equipment.

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**Received National Attention As A Model
Program Serving Rural Primary Health Care**

July 25, 1984

Early doctors

From Page C-6

housed in a small building nearby where the road now leads up hill to the new Baptist Church in Hindman.

New medicines, new knowledge, new technologies and methods have extended the depth and range of health care and eliminated or brought under control many of the dreaded illnesses and diseases of those early days. These, with development of clinics and hospitals have made great changes in the treatment of illness and the administering of health care. Typhoid epidemics, small pox

epidemics, influenza epidemics, as killers, are now events of a seemingly distant past. Diphtheria (the choking disease) and summer flux are no longer the fearsome visitation they once were. Trachoma, tuberculosis (galloping consumption), or to the hospital of their choice.

The June Buchanan Clinic is one of three clinics of Family Health Services (Hazard Family Health, Homeplace Clinic) affiliated with the Hazard Appalachian Regional Hospital.

Appalachian Regional Hospitals is a not-for-profit health care system with hospitals, primary care centers and other related facilities and services in Hazard, Whitesburg, Harlan, Middleboro, West Liberty, McDowell and South Williamson in Kentucky; Beckley and Mann in West Virginia; and Wise in Virginia.

June Buchanan Primary Care Center, 1974-1984

The June Buchanan Primary Care Center opened its doors on Sept. 30, 1974, to serve the people in this area. Mrs. June Buchanan donated the land for the facility which cost \$716,000 to complete. Funding was provided by the Knott County Comprehensive Health Corporation and the Appalachian Regional Commission.

Dr. Dennis G. Barker, who has practiced Hindman for 32 years, and Dr. Gene T. Watts, who has served this area for 22 years, have been at the clinic since it opened in 1974.

Since the first day of operation, the clinic has registered 23,901 patients. The clinic is open Monday through Friday from 8 a.m. until 8 p.m. with a doctor on duty. The clinic provides medical services, pharmacy, laboratory and patient health education with a nurse prac-

itioner each Friday. The WIC program is held at the clinic each week.

Patients requiring major surgery or hospitalization are transferred to the Hazard Appalachian Regional Hospital, or to the hospital of their choice.

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Appalachian Regional Hospitals is a not-for-profit health care system with hospitals, primary care centers and other related facilities and services in Hazard, Whitesburg, Harlan, Middleboro, West Liberty, McDowell and South Williamson in Kentucky; Beckley and Mann in West Virginia; and Wise in Virginia.

East Kentucky Health Services Center opened in 1972

Throughout its history, Knott County has been fortunate in attracting dedicated health care professionals. In 1972, this group was joined by a new group with an idea for a new system of delivering comprehensive primary health care services.

The program, called East Kentucky Health Services Center, was designed to offer physician, dental, medical laboratory, diagnostic radiology and pharmacy services through a clinical program that offered primary health care services and became the community's link with a more varied and sophisticated health care system.

The program opened the first clinical facility in the county in December 1972 and an additional clinical facility on Right Beaver Creek in December 1976.

Physicians on staff at the clinics also treated patients at Our Lady of the Way Hospital in Martin and presently serve on the staff of the Appalachian Regional Hospital in Hazard.

The program has received national recognition for its development of a rural health care delivery system. News accounts of the program have appeared in the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Courier Journal*, *Lexington Herald-Leader*, *People* magazine, *Reader's Digest*, *MD* magazine, *New Physician* and countless other publications. The program is the model program and official Horizons '76 program of the American Revolution Bicentennial Commission's film "We Hold These Truths" and one of 200 programs chosen for recognition by the USA 200 Committee. People from 49 of the 50 states and nine foreign countries have visited Knott County to view and learn from the program. Medical, dental, nursing, pharmacy and allied health students from over 70 institutions of higher education have visited the program to work and learn. The program was the only rural program featured in the WNET-TV documentary, "Place Like Home" narrated by actress Helen Hayes.

Since 1975, residents of Knott and surrounding counties have

made over 250,000 visits to the clinics to receive health care services. The clinics provide full-time employment to 21 residents of Knott County at an annual payroll cost of \$444,000. In addition, the program purchases supplies and services, the majority purchased locally, at an annual cost of \$300,000. No governmental grants were involved in the development of the program and none are sought.

Together with the June Buchanan Primary Care Center, the Potter Clinic, East Kentucky Health Services Center offers the people of Knott and surrounding counties access to a comprehensive program of high quality primary care services that contribute to the quality of life in our area.

Current staff of the East Kentucky Health Services Center, Inc.: W. Grady Stumbo, M.D.; George Sullivan, D.O.; Cathy Perkins, M.D.; Lee Mayer, D.M.D.; Christy Bartley, D.M.D.; Benny Ray Bailey, Ph.D.; Elmo Hughes, R.Ph.; John Caudill, R.T.; Brenda Harris, L.P.N.; Sandy Stone, L.P.N.; Jan Stumbo, R.N.; Judy Hall, D.A.; Betty Smith, D.A.; Janelle Williams, L.P.N.; Bonnie Hall, O.C.; Sherry Martin, O.C.; Elyna Hall, O.C.; Lenora Stamper, O.C.; Joep Adams; Ester Gibson; James Hicks.

Floyd County created 1800

Petitions to the Kentucky General Assembly were answered in 1799 when an act to create a new county, to be carved from Montgomery, Fleming, and Mason counties was passed. On December 27 the Governor appointed John McIntire, James Young, and Jesse Spurlock as Justices of the Court of Quarterly Sessions. James Harris, Nealey McGuire, Henry Stratton, Goodwin Lycans, James Ellington and Barnett Wording were appointed the first Justices of the Peace. James Brown became the county's first sheriff.



Dr. J.W. Duke, wife Eva and Brode Duke are pictured on the left in the back row; daughters Lottie and Hope Duke are on the far right on the back row; son Jink Duke is on the left in the first row; the mother is in the center row, dressed in black; and brother Ritch is in the back row. He was a doctor in Floyd County.

Den Sturgill recalls

Hindman life in the 1920's

By RON DALEY

Former Knott County Judge Dennis Sturgill recalls the years that Hindman had dirt streets and horses, not cars, traveled the muddy streets.

"We played marbles and croquet in the street but had to watch out for horses," remembers Sturgill. Horse races were held on Main Street, especially during county fairs. Drunken men often had the tendency to fire their pistols as they left town. In fact, Sturgill recalls, many people were indicted for shooting their weapons in such fashion.

The horses moved over for the Model T's and were seldom spoked by them. Taulibe Bailey and Doc Duke were the first to drive cars in the county during the late 1920's, says Sturgill. The first car dealer was Knott Motors at Sassafras which was run by Bryan Smith, Troy Sturgill and Reese Stewart. Joe Jones had the first car on Caney around the same time.

People walked to Lackey after the turn of the century to catch the train. Some were luckier and rode a jolt wagon or paid \$2 to ride the mail wagon to Lackey. The train went to Allen and from there they could get a train ride on the Big Sandy to Ashland.

Supplies were wagoned in to Hindman and other stores in the county. People relied a great deal on mail ordering items. People did not stray far away from the county. If you got to Hazard it was like going to New York.

Sturgill was a lucky 16-year old and had a Model T to drive. "It was hard work though—the pedals

kept you busy and the steering made it rough to keep the car on the road. Also, some people broke their arms trying to crank the stubborn engines.

Sturgill traded his Model T for a Gray which he traded to a Star.

"Yep, it was a lot easier to get a girl with a car in those days," he recalls.

Times were simpler then and all the men wanted to wear was overalls. "We didn't want pants—wecoured in overalls."

There were not the same conveniences of life though. The Hindman Settlement School furnished power. It was turned off at 9 p.m. Every once in a while, Sturgill remembers some nameless boys would go to the power shack, knock the wires together and disrupt the service.

Sturgill recalls when there was just one telephone in Hindman. It was at the Napier and Ambergury Store where Hindman Supply now is. Bob Thacker put the line in and ran it to Lackey. People borrowed the phone. It was possible to call Lackey and Beaver.

Most people farmed but everyone who was attracted to mining worked with Knott Coal Corporation in Yellow Creek or Wisconsin near there or at mines and coal camps in Hardburly and Wheelwright in Floyd County. Black Diamond had three tripples in Lackey and there were another seven or eight in the same area.

There was a lot of violence in the early days. Everyone carried a pistol, "it paid to do so." There were many feuds and ambush killings.

Sturgill recalls that one year there were 150 indictments in the Quicksand-Ball area. Those areas were densely populated at that time.

Liquor caused many shooting deaths. There were several alcohol-related shooting deaths in Hindman during the 1930s-1940s when it was wet.

One shooting was at Bolen's Whiskey Store left three men dead—Martin, Hall and Hale. One of the men was just walking down the street, notes Sturgill.

There were two whiskey stores (sold by the drink) and four beer joints at the height of the wet period. It was also sold at other places in the county.

The only people to have money were those making moonshine. Everyone made moonshine, practically, long before the Prohibition and Depression era began.

Two of the county's most terrible disasters were the flood of 1927 that ravaged the property of the farmers and the flu epidemic of 1918 and 1919.

The world-wide flu epidemic took hundreds of lives in the county. "They kept a grave crew going constantly."

Four and five children died in some families. A father and three children died on Big Branch. The father's sister cared for her family stricken with the flu and also died.

"It was a scary time—everyone was dying. People kept their faces covered." Two ladies from the Hindman Settlement School, Mrs. VanMeter and Sikes, cared for the Sturgill family.

Sturgill was county judge from 1954 through 1961. He is the present judge pro-tem.

1909 Republican convention

Reprinted from the April 27, 1909, edition of the *Mountain Transcript*.

Some wild scenes were enacted in the Republican Convention held here on Saturday last.

The supporters of Taft, and those of Fairbanks got very "hot under the collar," and decided, finally to try the issue physically.

Sen. Smith, an ardent Fairbanks man, and Editor E. P. Blair, a Taft man, and temporary chairman, were the chief participants in this "fistic tournament," common in conventions. Sen. Smith claims that Blair gave him "the lie," and resenting this, he at once "took a fall" on Ye editor, and a prize ring bout took place, which put Jeffries and Fitzsimmons away back in the shade. From this knives, chairs, gavel, pokers and various other material became monotonous, and it looked as if blood would engulf the whole convention, rush out the courthouse door, and ripple down the stairways of the Hall of Justice.

County chairman, G.A. Collins, erstwhile not known as a swift man, made his debut the athletic world, when he was seen riding over benches, sailing down the stairway, and emerging on the street. Observers say his race was unequalled for speed, and that wings would have been entirely in his way. It might be more clearly understood, when we say he ran because he could not fly.

Ex-Sen. J.W. Combs lost his hat in the engagement, and clamored wildly for it during the progress of the fight. (Telegram, two days later. Collins still ahead in the race. Still going. When last seen, standing on an eminence on the waters.)

The Hindman Dramatic Club gave its best play, "Brother Josiah," in the chapel of the W.C.T.U. School Monday evening, March 16. Between 350 and 500 people saw the performance and were well pleased with the effort of the players.

The club was organized a year ago for the purpose of making better the conditions in Hindman—buying a town clock, building sidewalks, etc. The people are taking much interest in the work and this is shown by the fact that some of the busiest citizens of the town are members of the club and taking part in its plays. Two of the characters in the last play are instructors in the W.C.T.U. School, Miss Harriet C. Stimson, of Fitchburg, Mass., and Miss Frances Walby, of New York City. W.W. Craft and B.F. Combs, two lawyers of the town, sacrificed their valuable time to take part in the play. The county surveyor, J.H. Cornett, was one of the performers. Miss Allie Combs, the postmistress, gave her services as an actor. K.J. Day, a prominent business man of the firm of J.C. Pigmon and Company of Hindman, was a tireless worker and one of the chief characters in the play. Miss Lucile Combs, one of the students, also took part in the play. Other characters were: Delia B. Smith, Mrs. Maggie Combs and J.H. Combs.

Such is the interest taken by the people for the sake of public improvements and better conditions. It is hard to find a town where more public spirit is shown than in Hindman. The people are to be more admired when we take into consideration the fact that no railroad is near Hindman, nor is it on any stream of any size. These conditions make it extremely difficult for progress to be very rapid.

We wanted an industrial school and we got it and besides this Hindman, with a population of only about four hundred souls, boasts of another school, a training school for teachers of the public schools.

Not content with this we are working for more educational advantages and want a subscription station.



A herd of sheep enter Hindman past the boardwalk by the Hindman Settlement School after 1900.

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Fields Drilling & Plumbing Co.

Hindman

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We Build Dreams

Harold

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Pages from first edition of Knott County's second newspaper—Josiah Combs was editor

THE TRADE OF KNOTT COUNTY

AS THINGS ARE HARD AND MONEY SCARCE AND KNOWING we all want to get all we can for the DOLLAR and at the best prices. We have just been to market and bought for CASH the most complete line of goods that was ever offered for sale in Hindman and at the lowest prices.

We own our Prperty and pay no Rents
Clothing and Dress Goods

In Clothing we can save you from 25 to 50 per cent men's suits from \$1.00 to \$12.00 Boys \$2.00 to \$4.00 pants \$0.50 to \$4.00 a full line of children suits at your own price.

WE HAVE A LINE OF SADDLERY, HARNESS, SADDLE-BAGS, ETC. at a price. Mattres, Iron beds and springs direct from the factory at just the prices you are seeking

THESE GOODS MUST SELL IN THE NEXT SIXTY DAYS

We kindly invite every body to see and price for themselves before purchasing, and we will take pleasure in showing what we are to sell.

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WM. STURGIL & CO

Plenty Of Trouble

's caused by starvation of the ore and bowls, to get rid of it d headache and biliousness and the poison that brings jaundice, take Dr. King's New Life Pills, the reliable purifier that is now being sold without grinding or grating \$1c. at J. W. Duke drug store.



The Midwinter Term.

which is the rush term opens January 21 do you want to be a working unit in the liveliest, most ambitious, enthusiastic and professional body of teachers ever gathered together for study in eastern Kentucky? If so see your County Superintendent now about an appointment to free tuition if you have not already done so and write to the President of the E. K. S. N. S. for a catalog telling him what studies you desire.

Address R. N. DOARK, Richmond, Ky.

Bad Backache

Such spots as some women suffer, every month, how backache! Is it necessary? No, it can be prevented and relieved, when caused by female troubles, by taking a medicine with specific, curative action, on the female system and functions, which acts by relieving the congestion, stretching the pain and holding the system and functions up to a proper state of health. Try.

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WOMEN OF CARDUI
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Scientific American, MUNN & Co. Inc., New York

CENTRAL HOTEL
The Place Where You Always Feel At Home
Rates Reasonable, First-Class Fare, Electric Lighted, Courteous Treatment to All.

When in Hindman, Stop at the Central Hotel
First-Class Feed Stable in Connection. IRVING NAPIER, Proprietor.

HATS! HATS! HATS!

Come To Second Floor of Combs Building and see on Display a variety of the very latest style Summer Hats Fresh From Cincinnati. Prices ranging from \$1.00 to \$10. ALLIE COMBS, & MINTA ADAMS

Cor. High & Main Streets. HINDMAN, KY.

MOUNTAIN TRANSCRIPT
An Independent News Paper, Published Every Thursday at Hindman, Kentucky.
BY COMBS AND SPARKMAN
JOSHUA H. COMBS, Editor
NOAH K. SPARKMAN, Business Mgr.
Advertising Rates on Application
Application made for entry as second class matter.

Arent Our Plans, Our subscribers and the public will doubtless be surprised at the caption on page one, the "Mountain Transcript". It is our aim to make the TRANSCRIPT one of the briefest and most up-to-date sheets in the mountains. Later on, when we "get on our feet", recover from our journalistic craze, and equip ourselves a little more fully, we shall try to interest you with a clean-cut six page sheet. Our success depends largely upon your interest and cooperation with us, and with it, we can make the TRANSCRIPT the "fog-horn of the mountains". Our politics will be strictly non-partisan and independent, so we welcome you all into our ranks. If the TRANSCRIPT does not suit you, we invite your criticism. This is our initial step into the newspaper world, and we trust you will not put the scalpel to us too severely.

What a splendid number this Mountain Transcript makes its debut and the Knott County News banishes at the advent of the Transcript. All the paid subscribers will receive the new paper until their time expires. Having sold our plant to Mr. Josiah H. Combs and Noah K. Sparkman, who are highly respected gentlemen, and are just launching their boat out on the journalistic sea, may they stem the current boldly, and finally land the Transcript safely as the Torch Light of the mountains of Kentucky.

As to our future plans, we are undecided. We may in the near future take up the work that we love so dearly; but now our aim is to look to some other avocation as our health at present will not permit our regular commitment. We regret very much to leave our present location, as the people in general have been grateful toward us. We heartily thank our many patrons for the favors shown us in the past. E. P. BLAIR, Editor, KNOTT COUNTY NEWS.

Entertainment. Monday night the Good Roads Committee gave an entertainment at the W. C. T. U. School chapel, which was surely a treat. Court is in session, and a good crowd was present among them Judge said Mrs. D. W. Gardin er.

MOUNTAIN TRANSCRIPT

Resident Sempers Leters. The Torch Light Of Progress. Identical In Interest With Its Own People. HINDMAN, KENTUCKY, JULY 16, 1908. ONE DOLLAR THE YEAR. VOLUME ONE, NUMBER ONE.

FOR SALE--AGENT HERE.

Lots in the Beautiful Suburb of Hot Springs, Arkansas. Known AS ELDORADO SUBDIVISION. LOTS 25X120 AND 25X157 FEET. NOW IS THE TIME TO BUY.

Opportunity comes but once as there is a limited number for Sale

LOCATION. In the beautiful suburb Eldorado of Hot Springs, Arkansas. TERMS. Reasonable discount for cash in hand. Price \$100.00 to \$150.00.

HAYS BROTHERS COMPANY INC. HOT SPRINGS, ARK., BY LEWIS HAYS, AGENT HINDMAN, KY.

B. F. Combs is having his residence on Main st. painted. Claudia Fugate of the Masonic Home Louisville is visiting here Mrs. F. Combs. H. Gady is now in charge of the U. S. mail from Hindman to Brainerd. Mrs. Hays is also in charge of the mail from Hindman to Lackey. Noed. Hittche still hangs on to his cotilla race. The Golden Oil for stock relief. Under orders issued from the office of H. C. Pratt, Justice of the Peace for Knott County, the Constable under said J. J. destry d five rat houses in said district all dated July 2, 1908. A. C. Craft, Jay, Draughon, John, Callison, Clewland, Wades, Tom, Waddles and Frank D. B. Smith, Harry Hays and Gaybair left for Beaver Cave, to-day they will return Friday, with New goods for Circuit court that place.

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SUBSCRIBE FOR THE TRANSCRIPT.

Bus Sapper. Tuesday night the Baptist church conducted a box supper in the court house. A large crowd was present and 29 boxes were sold. The supper was held for the purpose of collecting money for paying off a debt in the Baptist church.

Exitl Fugate, son of J. B. Fugate who died here a few years ago, was buried here Sunday afternoon. Rev. W. F. Fryman conducting the funeral ceremonies. Little Exitl and his sister had been in the orphan's home (Masonic) at Louisville a fair number of years. Exitl contracted typhoid, and succumbed to it last Friday, and his body was shipped to Hindman for burial.

The stark visited Elijah Amburgeys home last night a prominent young girl was left in the home of Elijah Amburgey last night the young Mr. Amburgey is now proffered with a large changed elose \$-times and promised the young girl the name of Martha Neia.

Napier and Sparkman will have a complete line of fresh Groceries in the Napier Building by next Saturday.

Boris Newland is having his mailes shod abseared and given a load of corn.

W. M. Tignus Joe Newland is Jimmy Dickson returned from his happy hunting grounds of the trace fork of Hindman.

D. B. Smith is the next post active Deputy Sheriff the T an script wishes him Success.

Man Lizette Cady mac'e flying trip to Dwarf Saturday.

Ford Combs was fined \$50.00 in Police Court for disturbing one Tipton Bailey the Supervisor One of the Owens Branch.

J. P. Lyon the reliable Insurance man of Beavertville has been in town this week.

Jay Draughon and Arch Craft left for Beaver Creek Tuesday morning for goods.

J. B. Stitham and family of Jackson are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Clarke.

Editor E. P. Blair left for Whitesburg Friday morning.

It is reported that Tom Callison who shot Harlan Watts or on his way to town to give up.

Harlan Watts is improving nicely and hope he is getting well.

Misses Stone and Lyle left for home Tuesday.

TEACHERS INSTITUTE. The teachers institute will convene at Hindman on Monday August 1st. All persons holding one license in the institute will meet according to the resolution in this report are expected to attend under penalty of having their certificate renewed or discontinued. It will be the same that holds in other parts of the institute will be conducted by M. G. Waddles, of Whitesburg. MARKET MARTIN, C. C. of Whitesburg.

Thacker-Grigsby Telephone history Lives lost in our wars

By ROBERT THACKER
On March 7, 1919, the late Robert Thacker bought a telephone line from the Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company, which began at Luckey and extended into Hindman. At that time there were two telephones on that line. Bob Thacker kept that line until 1936 when he sold it to his brother, William Thacker, at Leburn for the sum of \$800. It contained nine telephones in 1936. Most were located near Luckey.

During the following few years the line was improved, the old grounded circuit was made into a two-wire circuit from Leburn to Luckey, one other circuit added between Leburn to Pippa Passes, and two new circuits added between Leburn and Hindman. All this was improving the service, but even so, the long distance service was still not up-to-par.

The telephone system went along without much further improvements until after World War II when Paul Thacker and the late Enos Grigsby bought the system in 1945. By this time many of the lines which were reconstructed in the late 1930's were ready to fall down, so they were repaired and a few more circuits added.

By 1945 the number of the telephones in operation in the county was approximately 40. With some new circuits and the growing demand for telephone service, this number increased to about 75 by 1950, when Robert Thacker, the present manager, bought his brother Paul's interest and became a partner with Grigsby, his brother-in-law.

The system made very little growth during the following three years because Robert Thacker served 21 months in the Army during the Korean Conflict, and Enos Grigsby was ill with cancer most of this time, and died in February 1953.

During all these years the telephone system was never profitable. The average net profit in 1950 was approximately \$100 per month for each partner. The telephone system at that time did not produce enough revenue for the owners to live on; therefore, they had to work part time at other jobs.

At Mr. Grigsby's death in 1953 his wife, Janice, survived with five small children, Dian, Pat, Sandra, Mary and Bill. With these children and a 24-hour-a-day job operating the old switchboard which was located in her home, she had it very rough at times. But in the fall of 1954 a new 80-line switchboard was installed in Janice's home. All telephones in town were installed new, and there were private lines available for the first time in the history of the system. The new switchboard was a common battery type, and did not require the crank-type telephone. Of course, telephones of any distance from town still did not operate without the crank.

These improvements resulted in an increased demand for telephone service, and within a year there were nearly 200 telephones in service on the system. The new 80-line switchboard was overloaded, and people in the adjoining areas wanted telephones.

It was at this point that the owner began to realize that they were just fooling themselves by thinking that they could ever satisfy the demand for telephone service in Knott County without the help of outside financing. They then started planning toward financial help in the form of a loan from the Rural Electrification Administration.

In May 1956, The Thacker-Grigsby Telephone Company was incorporated. This act was the first step aimed toward the modern dial telephone system that serves Knott County today. Three years and two months later, on July 1, 1959, this system went into operation with only 425 customers - about two-thirds as many as had been expected. After the system was put into operation, however, the office was flooded with applications for telephone service, and after about six months, the number of telephones in service was up to all expectations.

In November 1959, the Thacker-Grigsby Telephone Company took an option on the telephone facilities of Spencer Slope who was doing business as Luckey Telephone Company, on Right Beaver Creek, and served 15 families with telephones, 12 of whom were in Floyd County. The purchase was closed in February 1960. The purpose of acquiring this property was to clear the way for the proposed construction of a modern telephone system to serve all the Knott County portion of Beaver Creek.

As of Dec. 31, 1962, the Telephone Company had 1,135 telephones in Knott County. By June 1, 1963, the Telephone Company had approximately 500 miles of pole line and five unattended dial offices in Knott County, at a cost of about \$850,000. Our aim at that time was to extend lines into unserved areas of Knott County and to improve its existing service. Also, at this time, we completed an addition to the local office at a cost of \$15,000. This was done in order to house a new and larger automatic dial switchboard to improve service in the Hindman area.

Our aim at that time was to work toward having no more than five parties on any party line instead of the eight-party lines which were not satisfactory.

In late 1963 the telephone service was offered for the first time to the residents of Topmost, Dema, Kite and Hall communities of Right Beaver Creek section of Knott County. Several months later a new system was completed in the western portion of our county, providing telephone service for the first time to the communities of Emmalua, Fists, Talcum and Cordula. Up until this time eight-party line service was a high quality of service for rural areas all over the United States. Few rural communities had immediate plans to upgrade service, nor did they even see a great deal of need for fewer parties per line until the mid sixties.

In 1965 Thacker and Grigsby's party lines and switching facilities were getting overloaded, and it was obvious that a demand was present for more and better telephone service (fewer parties per line and more private lines).

but the question was, "What will be the cost, and can our people afford the additional cost?" That question was soon settled, and planning was begun for the rebuilding of T. & G.'s entire telephone system. By this time telephone lines were to the head of almost every hollow in the county with some 500 route miles of lines.

A new loan of almost \$2 million was obtained from R.E.A. The new design called for a maximum of four parties per line, which was thought to be a remedy for all the party line problems, that surely four neighbors could share a line. After all, this meets a very high standard for telephone service in rural communities anywhere in the United States of America.

The system rebuilding was completed in 1968; T. & G. was then able to boast of having the best telephone service in the area. No more than four parties per line; anytime than phone rings, it's for you. No more listening to see "did that our ring?" Of course it didn't take long for T. & G. personnel to learn that the better telephone service is, the more it gets used, and the more it gets used, the fewer persons could share a line. So, ultimately, it was decided in 1975 that no telephone user could be satisfied with his service unless it was a private line. One company employee made a statement that as long as one person's service depends on another person's party line courtesy, his telephone service will never be satisfactory. So again plans were started for still another telephone system rebuilding throughout Knott County which was to eliminate once and for all the confusion and dissatisfaction of the party line users.

A design was prepared and submitted to R.E.A. for still another and much larger loan to finance the huge undertaking. In 1978 a loan in the amount of \$3,500,000 was approved and construction began. Construction was generally completed in 1981 when the last party line in the Thacker and Grigsby system was replaced by a private line. Once again T. & G. can boast of telephone service as good as that provided anywhere in the world, and thus far has been able to keep the rates much lower than most telephone companies in Kentucky and throughout the United States.

Nearly all of the construction of T. & G.'s facilities was performed by local labor, under the supervision of the Thackers and Grigsbys. This contributed substantially to the local economy as well as a large saving over what the cost would have been if outside contractors had been employed to do the job, which is the general practice throughout the telephone industry because of inability to find trained people locally. This lower construction cost has also contributed to the company's lower monthly charges.

We have tried since the beginning to give the very best service that we are capable of providing, and at the lowest rates. This will continue to be our goal for the future. We wish to thank the people for giving us a chance to serve them.

Editor's Note: The following Knott County servicemen died fighting in this nation's wars. The list was obtained from the Department of Military Affairs.

★ ★ ★
Vietnam - James Thurman Gibson, Marshall Miller.
Korea - Leo Chaffins, Ray Church Jr., Norris Fugate, Dwayne Hall, David J. Kelley, Simon Terry, Matt Tuttle, Dan H. Wagers, Charles K. Williams.

World War II (Navy, Marines, Coast Guard) - Bernis Combs, Burnice Holliday, Sam Howard, McCoy Reynolds, Julius Ritchie, Granby Solomon Smith, Marion Sparkman Jr., Rollo B. Sutton, Leroy Westbrook.

World War II (Army and Air Force) - John J. Amburyge, Raymond D. Back, Besell Bail, Norman Bailey; Ellis Beverley, Howard C. Beverly, Sterling Bolen, Walter Calfee, James Campbell, Hobart Gaudin, Ike Collins, Dewey Combs, Hubert Combs, Kenney Combs, Lee E. Combs, Jerry Cook, Nester Cook, and Benjamin O. Cummins, Troy Dobson, R.B. Everidge, Wallace J. Fugate, Amos Fugate, Hoover Fugate, Lewis H. Garland, Albro J. Garrett, Burnam Gayhart, Heber Gayheart, Hawley Gibson, Emmitt Goins, Carrue Hagans, Curtis Hall, William Hall, Gordon Huff, Orda Jacobs, Iota Johnson, Mitchell Marshall, James A. Middleton, Bruce Miller, George Mullins, Montie Noble, Sam F. Parker, Percy Perry, Loyd M. Ramsey, James W. Reynolds, William Ritchie, Amond A. Ritchie, Arnold Ritchie, Brodie Ritchie, Henry Ritchie, Bruce Roberts, Sid Roberts, John C. Slope Jr., Maryland J. Slope Jr., Noah Stone, Orville A. Stone, William H. Stone, Alfred J.

Stacy, Herbert Stacy, James Terrell, Aster Tucker, Virgil Vanover, Frank E. Waddell, Leslie Ward, Robert Watts, Arnold Webb, Clark Whittaker, Estill Williams.

World War I - Stephen E. Back, Robert S. Cornette, Willie Engle, Cephas Felner, Granville Fugate,

David Martin, James E. Seals, Setha Singleton, Oliver Stone.

Names submitted by readers - World War II - Keith Perkins (Marines) Arvel Lee Combs (Navy), Harlan Mullins (Army), Claude Watts, Korean War - Curtis Caudill.



Jethro Amburyge, Reuban Morgan and Guy "Boney" Crawford in World War I uniforms.



Joining World War I

By JOHN MORGAN

Editor's Note: This article is reprinted from the May 1, 1952, special "Hindman Settlement School 50th Anniversary Edition" of the *Hindman News*. Morgan was from the 1920 class of the Hindman school.

Our county was at war and a spirit of restless excitement stirred the minds of us older boys of the Hindman Settlement High School. The war dwarfed everything else in our lives making going to school tame and non-essential. So one morning in November 1917, instead of going to church as we were supposed to do, the group went down Troublesome Creek a short distance and fell out beside the big road to talk. As usual the war was the topic of our conversation. But this time we were determined to do something about it. We decided to go over to Hazard and join the Army.

Miss Parker, our beloved principal and house mother, told us our place was in school and urged us to at least wait until we graduated. But the die was cast and early Monday morning Jethro Amburyge, Burbridge Gibson, Dewey Parks, Guy Crawford and I set forth on our great adventure. Dewey's parents had somehow learned of our plans, and since he was under age, had sent word to a relative living in Hindman to stop him. When we came to the lower end of town there was Aunt Liz Parks, tall, thin, white-haired and as straight as an arrow, standing in the middle of the road waiting for us. As we approached her she said, "Now Dewey Parks, was he do think ye are a goin'?" As she made no further effort to stop us, we continued on our way.

Eight miles below Hindman we came to my home and I stopped to tell Pa and Ma goodbye. They were down in the garden digging potatoes, and when I told them where I was going their faces became tragically sad. They

quietly reasoned with me that my two older brothers probably would be called soon, and that I should stay with them. Seeing that they couldn't change my mind, they said no more. After a painful silence I said, "Well, they are waiting for me. I guess I had better go." After taking a few steps I looked back. The sight of my mother and father leaning on their hooves looking at me as if their hearts would break was almost more than I could bear. Fighting back the tears, I walked slowly away. I had intended to ask them for a little money, but seeing that I had hurt them so deeply, I forgot all about money.

At the lower end of our farm we passed through the "Low Gap" and I turned for a last look. When we started down the other side already I was in a strange country. My mood soon changed, however, and but for one thing I would have been quite happy. My shoes were too small and my hot feet were throbbing with pain. Seeking to ease them a little, after we had drunk, I soaked them in the cool waters of every spring we passed.

When we reached Hazard we went directly to the recruiting office where we received our preliminary examinations. By this time it was getting dark. As we didn't have enough money to pay for a night's lodging we went to a rooming house, explained our situation, and asked the proprietor if we might all sleep in one room on the floor for the amount of money that we had among us. To our dismay he called out scornfully: "Get to hell out of here! I don't keep bums."

So there we were - five inexperienced, freezing, hungry boys. The only thing for us to do, it seemed, was to try to forget our hunger and walk the streets until daylight. Only a few people were still on the streets when we met a Mrs. Napier who had children in the Settlement School. Happily she

knew us and asked what we were doing in Hazard. We told her our troubles and she said, "Come with me." She took us to her home, gave us supper and a place to sleep. After she had given us a good breakfast next morning, we offered her all the money we had but she refused to take a cent.

Leaving the home of Mrs. Napier we reported back to the recruiting office. The soldier in charge took us to the station and bought our tickets to Fort Thomas, Ky. I had seen a train once before but had never been on one.

Each of us had chosen a seat next to a window and, as the train rushed along, we greedily feasted our eyes on the strange sights which seemed to be whirling by us. As time passed the hills gradually became lower and lower. Then we were in the famous Bluegrass section of Kentucky. To us it was a wonderland of good roads, automobiles, fine homes, level fields and hundreds of flying crows.

It was deep in the night when we reached Fort Thomas and we were relieved to find a sergeant there waiting for us for we had been worrying about where we would go when we left the train. He took us to an office where we were to be further examined. After looking us over and seeing that we were rather young, the officer in charge began warning us of the terrible things which could be done to us if any of us lied about our ages. We went into a huddle, and Dewey, who, as I have said before, was under age, nervously asked us what he should do. Being frightened ourselves, we advised him to tell the truth which he did. He then separated from us and, since he had no money they finally decided to buy his ticket back to Hazard.

Jethro, Burbridge, Guy and I passed our final examinations with flying colors. On the following day we were sworn into the United States Army and became full-fledged buck privates.

Knott County newspaper history

The history of Knott County newspapers is incomplete, however, one of the earliest if not the first, was the *Hindman News-Record* established in 1908 and edited by B.W. Ritchie. The hyphenation suggests the possibility that two earlier newspapers were merged. This paper was in existence in 1910.

In 1909, Josiah Combs began the *Mountain Transcript* with Noah Sparkman being the business manager. In the first issue (printed elsewhere in this edition) E.P. Blair, editor of the *Knott County News*, said the *Transcript* replaced the *News*. Records indicate the

Hindman News-Record may have continued into May 1911 because the *Middlesboro Thousand Sticks* then quoted from a Hindman-based journal: "John Fox, a recognized literary genius, who is now a resident of Big Stone Gap, was in town last week."

The Pippa Passes *Beacon Light of Knott County* was established in 1919 and published by the Caney Creek Community Center. The editor in 1928 was G.S.G. Lloyd. Sharing the '30s the *Hindman Herald* was established (1935) and in 1938 was being run by Dennis Sturgill whose name later appeared on the masthead of the

Hindman News in 1948, three years after that paper commenced. The editor's name in 1952 was Charlotte Smith. This fragmentary record comes from incomplete runs of annual newspaper directories, primarily, John Hicks edited the paper in 1952-1955. At that time the paper was owned by Jarvis Kincard of Lexington and managed by Malcolm Holiday Jr. Sturgill sold the paper to Kincard.

The paper later changed its name to the *Mountain Messenger*. In 1965, the *Mountain Messenger* reported in its masthead it had con-

Continued to NEWS, Page C-15

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Knott County has an extraordinary literary heritage

By Wm. TERRELL CORNETT

Although it is local common knowledge that Knott County has something of a national reputation for interesting and successful educational experiments (such as Hindman Settlement School and Alice Lloyd College), it is less widely realized that it also has a literary history that should be held in considerable respect.

Eastern Kentucky, in general, is not viewed by the public as a place of much importance in terms of good literature or solid scholarship. That Knott County stands out as apparently the most active in regard to writing of all the counties of the Kentucky mountains, per population, says much to its credit. Let us explore some of the reasons why this is so.

First of all, Knott County has, from almost its earliest days, been a center for education, even though it has never had a town the size of Hazard or Pikeville within its borders to rely on. (In fact, Knott County's relative isolation is the main reason so many schools were started here before the creation of a countywide education system in the first place.) Centers of education usually support writing activities, and thus it was natural that the number of schools present in Knott County should produce some noticeable amount of writing — often created by some very competent and talented authors. And such has been the case for at least 75 years.

Although various newspaper and magazine articles occasionally touched upon Knott County as a subject before about 1910, few of those writings could be considered truly literature. These early writings generally dealt with feuding and since Knott County was considered a "quiet" county, at least when compared to some of its neighbors, there was not all that much to report. The feuding that did occur was later rather adequately covered, if somewhat briefly, in such books as *The Autobiography of Old Clay Jones* (edited by J.W. Hall, 1915), *History of the Feuds of the Mountain Parts of Eastern Kentucky* (Noah M. Reynolds, author, 1924), and *Devil John Wright of the Cumberlandians* (written by William T. Wright, 1932).

But far and away the greatest number of items written about Knott County between its establishment in 1884 and the present were authored by "outsiders" to the local culture, and many (if not most) were given their initial impetus by an association, to one degree or another, with the Hindman Settlement School and what is now Alice Lloyd College.

The first school, long a famous experiment in rural education, was founded in 1902 by May Stone (1867-1946) and Katherine Pettit (1869-1956), two Bluegrass Kentuckians. Miss Pettit had not been long in the area when she was drawn to the folklore and folk speech which surrounded her. In 1907 she published an article on folksongs and folk language in the *Journal of American Folklore* at the request of editor George Lyman Kittredge of Harvard who was the magazine's editor. In several ways this was the true beginning of "outside" interest in Knott County, although several Kentucky newspapers and the *Berea Quarterly* had infrequently touched upon Knott County life. (May Stone, likewise, collected materials — especially on local place names.)

All told, the files of the two schools at Hindman and Caney Creek make fascinating reading for the student of local history and Appalachian culture. The same is true to material from the schools at Carr Creek and Cordia, but to a lesser degree. As a case in point, though largely unpublished, the variety of articles, essays, poems, plays and stories deposited in the archives of the Hindman Set-

tlement School by faculty, staff and visitors, from Elizabeth Watts to Pauline Ritchie Kermetz, are an important record of changing customs and mores, and bear out the fact that such schools did try, as Hindman Settlement promised, to keep mountain youth "mindful of their heritage," even if it usually was interpreted through non-natives.

The coming of Lucy Furman to the Hindman Settlement School had a great speeding-up effect on interest in Knott County as a subject for writing. A fiction writer, Miss Furman (1870-1958), was originally from Henderson, Ky., where she had already compiled a series of short stories entitled *Stories of a Sanctified Town*, (1896). While carrying out her duties as housemother to a group of young boys who boarded at the Settlement to attend classes, her interest in writing was renewed and she produced a series of magazine articles (semi-fictional in nature) which were published in 1913 in book form as *Mothering on Perilous*, the "perilous," of course, being Troublesome Creek. In 1914 she published *Sight to the Blind* which demonstrated (again with thinly-veiled fiction) the good works of the trachoma clinic at that school, such as supporting throughout the mountains.

In 1923 she published *The Quare Women* which, although a novel, details much of her experience at the Settlement up to that point. The title referred to the unmarried, nontraditional women, like Lucy Furman, who made up much of the early work force at Hindman.

In 1925 *The Glass Window* was released. This novel points out the value of education in the Knott County area. It is the "glass window" which lets in the light of knowledge, just as real glass windows banished darkness in many a mountain cabin.

Her final longer work was the 1927 novel, *The Lonesome Road* which described the sense of self-sacrifice necessary for the social and educational tasks the "quare women" had undertaken. It questions the Appalachian future. Although she wrote occasional articles for magazines and newspapers, Miss Furman's writing career had essentially ended by the time she left Hindman in 1934.

But there were some other Settlement employees to take her place as writers with national audiences. In 1922 Ann Cobb (1886-1960), a Massachusetts native, published *Kinfolks*, a book of poems that mentioned specific Knott County place names. It enjoyed several printings. In 1931 short-term visitor Don L. West (1907) published *Crab-Grass*, a book of poems which evidenced several Knott County associations, which was also the case with his next collection of verse, entitled *Between the Plow Handles* (1932).

Also of continuing importance was the fact that the school at Hindman had a considerable influence on several visiting writer-scholars who had access to, even, international audiences. Such visitors included novelist John Fox Jr. (1862-1919), folksong collector Cecil Sharp (1859-1924) of England, William Aspinwall Bradley (born 1878), and Percy MacKaye (1875-1956), all of whose books and magazine articles did much to form the attitude of the repository mountains as repositories of European traditions and folk habits that had died out in the homeland. An example of that author would include Fox's *The Heart of the Hills* (1913), Bradley's verse collections entitled *Singing Carr* (1918), and Sharp's *Folk Songs of the Southern Appalachians* (posthumously published 1922), and MacKaye's *Kentucky Mountain Fantastes* (1928).

The interest in folksongs at Hindman, however, was best



Still and Stewart

represented by Josiah Combs (1886-1960), one of the earliest members of the Hindman student body, whose *Syllabus of Kentucky Folk Songs* (1911) and University of Paris Ph.D. dissertation, "Folk Songs of the Southern United States" (1925; published in English, 1967), owed much to his collecting ventures in Knott County. Although academically a French professor, his work in folk studies is some of the best ever done by a Kentuckian, including *The Kentucky Highlander From a Native Mountaineer's Viewpoint* (1913) and *All That's Kentucky* (1915).

During these same years (1915-1930), it was less than ten miles away that Bostonian Alice Geddes Lloyd (1876-1962) began getting her community center and schools underway on Caney Creek. It was from there that Mrs. Lloyd, a trained journalist, sent out articles and letters to various publications portraying the plight of the region she served. In due time "outside" writers told of the Caney experience in such works as Emma Tucker's "The Little Lady of the Transformation" (*South Atlantic Quarterly*, October 1922), John F. Day's *Bloody Ground* (1941), William S. Dutton's *Stay On, Stranger!* (1954) and Marie Campbell's *Tales of the Cloud-Walking Country* (1958). An early social worker at Caney, Genevieve May Fox (born in Massachusetts in 1888), wrote a series of novels for girls based on her Knott County experiences that were popular for many years. They include: *Mountain Girl* (1932), *Mountain Girl Comes Home* (1934), *Lona of Hollybush Creek* (1935) and *Cynthia of Bee Tree Hollow* (1948).

But of all the writers who lived in, visited or wrote about Knott County, the one with the most lasting and widest reputation for literary merit was (and is) James Still. Born in Alabama in 1906, his relationship with Knott County really began with his initial employment at Hindman Settlement School in 1932. His work as librarian at the school and his summer employment with a New Deal program, led to his fascination with the life of this area, which is the true subject of his various books. The list includes: *Hounds on the Mountain* (verse, 1937), *River of Earth* (novel, 1940), *On Troublesome Creek* (short stories, 1941), *Way Down Yonder on Troublesome Creek* (children's book, 1974), *The Wolfpen Rusties* (children's book, 1975), *Patterns of a Man and Other Stories* (1976), *Sporty Creek* (novel for boys, 1977), *Jack and the Wonder Beans* (a mountain retelling of "Jack and the Beanstalk," 1977), *The Run for the Elbertas* (story

collection, 1980), and *River of Earth: The Poem and other Poems* (1983). Although definitely a world traveler, James Still yet calls Knott County home and from that vantage point he still continues to write.

Throughout the 1940s and '50s, Knott County figured in a number of shorter forms of writing — magazine articles, pieces in metropolitan newspapers, religious publications, scholarly studies. But it was not until the regional consciousness so prevalent in the 1960s began to surface that Knott County started to witness the beginnings of a modest but steady stream of writing by those who were native-born. Some, such as Albert F. Stewart (1914-), were returnees to their homeland. His book of poems, *The Untoward Hills* (1962) demonstrates the wide range of his experiences, geographical and otherwise. William Howard Cohen (1927-), a professor at Caney Creek's Alice Lloyd College, wrote *The Hill Way Home* (1965), which is largely a verse rendering of his involvement with Knott County.

By the 1970s the interest in Appalachia by the nation seemed to be steady so Albert Stewart launched the noteworthy magazine, *Appalachian Heritage* in 1973, Bill Weinberg (1941-) and Laurel Shackelford (1944-) published *Our Appalachia* (1977), based on Alice Lloyd College's Oral History Collection, and Verna Mae Slone (1914-) began her writings about the local scene and its rich history that culminated in the publication of *What My Heart Wants to Tell* (1978). The Hindman Settlement School's annual Appalachian Writer's Workshops also proved successful.

During the 1980s many fine earlier works regarding Knott County, to varying extents, have been reprinted (such as Jean Ritchie's *The Singing Family of the Cumberlandian* (originally published in 1956), and scholarly attention has come again in efforts such as David Whisnant's *All That Is Native and Fine* (1983). And as previously observed, James Still continues to write and publish.

For a county of only 100 years existence, Knott County, Ky., has accumulated a rather impressive literary record. When one realizes that Knott is the one next to last in the order of creation among Kentucky's counties, the record becomes even more praiseworthy — particularly since Knott County has never had, in any sense, a large population.

What will the future hold? The future should hold quite a bit of variety, if judged by past writings. During the last (approximately) 50 years, Knott County has been, in one way or another, the subject of



Ann Cobb



Lucy Furman

the following: the various Kentucky Geological Survey studies pioneered by such writers as Willard Rouse Jilison, Lutheran publications such as *Highland Summer* (1946), I.A. Bowles' *History of Letcher County, Kentucky* (1949), the D.A.R.'s *History of Perry County, Kentucky* (1953), Henry P. Scalf's *Kentucky's Last Frontier* (1966), William T. Cornett's *Letcher County, Kentucky: A Brief History* (1967), Harry M. Caudill's *My Land Is Dying* (1971), inspired by Knott Countyman Dan Gibson), Carol Crowe-Carraco's *The Big Stony* (1979), *Miracle on Caney Creek* (1982; Jerry C. Davis, author) and Robert C. Sloan's *Alice Lloyd: Boston's Gift to Caney*

The love of place and magnetic attachment to nature is well illustrated in the James Still poem, "Heritage," published in *Hounds on the Mountain* (1937).

Heritage

I shall not leave these prisoning hills
Though they topple their barren
heads to level earth
And the forests slide uprooted
out of the sky.

Though the waters of Troublesome,
of Trace Fork,
Of Sand Lick rise in a single body
to gounge the valleys,
To drown lush pennyroyal,
to unravel rail fences;
Though the sun-ball breaks the
ridges into dust
And burns its strength into the
blistered rock
I cannot leave. I cannot go away.

Being of these hills,
being one with the fox
Stealing into the shadows,
one with the new-born foal,
The lumbering ox drawing
green beech logs to mill,
One with the destined feet of man
climbing and descending,
And one with death rising
to bloom again. I cannot go.
Being of these hills
I cannot pass beyond.

Copyright 1937

Up Carr Creek

The ways of the world are a coming
—up Carr!
Biled shirts and neckties,
Powder-pots and vesicles,
Pizen fotted-on liquor,
Doctor-pills, and ails—
Hit's a sight, all the brass that's
a-coming—up Carr!

The ways of the mountains are
passing
—up Carr!
Moonshine stills and manhood,
Gear to weave and spin,
Good old Reg'lar Baptist
Preaching hell for sin,
Far well to the old ways a-passing—
up Carr!

The ways of the world will be
holding—up Carr!
Sorry ways, the old ways,
They've a call to go.
Only, when you're grave-bound,
Changing's a liss slow.
Old folks will bide by the old ways
—up Carr.

ANN COBB

One of her poems in *Kinfolks*,
copyrighted in 1922 and reprinted
with permission of the Settlement

Creek (1982).

Will Knott County continue to build on this solid literary foundation? As long as Knott County remains interesting (and it is interesting) we can be assured that people will want to write about this "little kingdom" which now celebrates a one hundredth birthday.

About the author: After graduate study at Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tenn., Terry Cornett has returned to Eastern Kentucky to teach English at Hazard Community College. He formerly taught at Alice Lloyd College, 1977-1982.

The Hills Of A Child

A child knows a familiar world
of light
That overflows his hills into his own
big yard

And all the little lives that live in
light.
The doodle bug's inverted cone
under eave drip
Where earth is clean and hard;
The spiders of the sunshine in the
pasture pond;
Insect world and leafy hill and
imagined world beyond.
A child comes tremulous to night
And to darkness with a fear of
being lost
And a sense of bright things gone
away.
A child's hills are the night and day.

ALBERT STEWART
Copyright 1962

On Troublesome Creek

These people here were born for
mottled hills.
The narrow trails, the creek-bed
roads
Quilting dark ridges and penny-
royal valleys.
Where Troublesome gathers forked
waters
Into one strong body they have come
down

To push the hills away, to shape
sawn timbers
Into homesates, to heap firm stones
into chimneys,
And rear their young before
splendid fires.
And Troublesome floods with
spring's dark waters,
Dries to sand in summer, and purple
martins
Flock to poled gours, molting
stained feathers
Which fall like blackened snow on
clapboard roofs
Of hill townsmen biding eternal
time.
And men here wait as mountains
long have waited.

JAMES STILL
Copyright 1937

Epitaph For Uncle IRA Combs

Mountain Preacher
So long on mountains he had looked,
All earth was dull that did not tower
up
Into the sky.
So long upon the hills
Of faith his soul had calmly leaned,
He was a bulwark firm within his
God,
A mountain rising high.

JAMES STILL
Copyright 1937

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James Still's acclaimed Pattern of a Man

A lesson in early politics

Editor's Note: The following short story appearing in "Pattern of a Man and Other Stories" (1976, Gnomon Press) provides insights into mountain political behavior. It is reprinted with permission of the author.

By JAMES STILL
Copyright 1976

Salt Springs, Kentucky, May 17th
Mr. Perry Wickliff, Roaring Fork, Ky.

I take my pen in hand to ask your support of my candidacy for jailor of Baldridge County on August 5th. I've heard you lost out in a school shuffle last year. They say you were asked as teacher at Spring Branch in the middle of the term and have rented land off of Zeb Thornton and trying to farm. It chokes my heart to think of one with your learning digging holes and plowing balks.

A schoolteacher with paper hands battling dirt. If any county needs top scholars, it's Baldridge. I'm bound there's a politician behind the deal, and it stands to reason you're bitter as an oak gall. When elected I'll use my power in your behalf. Whoever the gentleman who frisked you out of a job, I'll have him out on a limb like a screech owl showing a chicken.

In a jailor race any round dog can run and candidates are thicker than yellow jackets at a stir-olf. You don't need to know book letters from cow horns, or to have ever darkened a schoolhouse door. On that account a big bunch will file for office. I've underwent six years of education and I'm no dumbhead. I'll be the only candidate who can make out print bottom up—a trick I learnt reading newspaper wallpaper in boyhood. Many a deputy sheriff has scratched his head at my recital of a warrant in this fashion. I've been unlucky in the way of getting indicted for this and that and have spent more time in jail than any other innocent man in the mountains. Point a finger at me and I'll look guilty. Yet I've kept my name clear. Nothing ever struck on me.

Before the election ends you'll hear lies, candidates smutting each other's reputations. They'll wear the hollows out slick rooting for votes. O you can't run a race without getting banded. The sooner they'll hit the hardest. Already they're spreading a tale about me and a gum of bees. I ask Justice, can I rule what bees will do? I sold a gum to a neighbor and nine days later the critters came swarming home.

On account of the contrariness of bee nature I suffered a month's confinement in the Crosbar Hotel. That's what the jaspers on the inside call it. I ate victuals Lazarus would of culled, slept on a mattress jake-walking with chinch bugs. And fleas! The cracks were hopping with them. As we'd say, if the flats don't bite you the sharps will. And hear me. Floors and walls begged for lye soap and shuck mops. The grub was so rough we used to sweat you had to wear gloves to eat it. And that's where I struck my notion.

I struck on a notion to become the jailor. I swore to myself I would run for it next go-round, and when I'd nailed the job down, to bring my woman and live in the jailhouse. My woman would keep the place as clean as snow. Where my doughbeater has a hand you'll not find a speck of dust big enough to put in your eye. And we would feed meals a man could enjoy picking his teeth after. Chicken and dumplings every Sunday. A county lock-up needs a woman's fussing, and a woman's hair of gom.

I crave your vote and influence, for I hear you're well thought of

over there. Canvas the Roaring Fork people in my behalf and I'll pull ropes to win you back a school job. Once I know Roaring as I know my a-b-a-b's, and many the woman will recollect me and my rounding ways. It happens I've not set foot in the section for a couple of years. But I found my wife on Fern Branch, a prong of Roaring, and I'm married-kin to a plenty of folks in your territory.

Now, listen to me. While canvassing you might see a girl fair to the eye who can be talked into matrimony. I hear you live by your lorn self. Twenty-six years old and not wed! What in thunder! Can you stand to eat your own cooking?

I'll get there myself, I'll clap the hands of the voters, begin swinging them in my favor. I stand well in the opinion of all, except Zeb Thornton—a tough one to deal with, as you may have discovered with a hard number, that Zeb.

It's my aim to travel the length of Roaring Fork, up every draw and trace and hollow. First my pried pony must be shod before she walks the rocks, and I'm waiting to see who and how many join the race. The county court clerk says I've had filed and a big lot are on the borders of it. The more candidates, say I, the better.

I lay down my pen.

Crafton Rowan

Salt Springs, Ky., May 28th
Dear Perry Wickliff:

I've been plugging the mail rider ten days. After the trouble I took writing to you I feel a reply is my right. Has a body spoken against me, or are you busy trying to raise a crop? A farming life is contrary to education. Why, I bet you don't know what makes a pig's tail curl. And you may be one of these sharp tacks who scorn to plant by the almanac. Being Zeb Thornton owns the land, I'm bound he has put his worst off on you. Land so clayey you can hear corn sprouting at 50 yards. Did my pony have shoes, I'd trot over and see how you fare.

Now, before Zeb Thornton poisons your mind against me I'll tell you the law trouble we had three years ago. Zeb, to my shape of thinking, is a form of cattle buyer it pays to have few dealings with. Mealy-mouthed, two-faced, slick as a dogwood hoe handle. That's Zeb all over.

I had a heifer growing into a cow, nubbins of horns blossoming, petted nigh to death. My woman had set stake on keeping her for milk and butter. Comes Zeb knocking at the door of a winter evening, trailed by a drove of cattle. I welcomed him under my roof as I would any of God's creations, and I fed and quartered his stock. Next morning he spied my heifer and took advantage of being company. He wore my mind down bargaining and paid me eight dollars. Cold robbery, if ever I named it, and my woman came with a pen of leaving me.

Zeb mixed my calf among his brutes and went herding down creek, acting like the king of the pen-hookers. But my heifer had a will of her own. She stole away and hid in my barn. The next shot out of the barrel Zeb arrived with a deputy sheriff, bearing a warrant. Nine days I suffered the lock-up before making bail, although I later proved my innocence in court. Was Zeb Thornton the last man earthly, I wouldn't do another lick of trading with him.

Twenty-one candidates have filed in the jailor race and a rumor goes a wad more are ready to jump in. There's even a woman on the ticket, with about as much chance as a snowball in Torment. She's as pretty a fixing as I ever saw, but that won't help her at the polls. In my time Baldridge County won't vote itself under a petticoat governess. I say, let as many as wants pitch in their bats, be they hens or roosters, boys or sows. They'll split the vote more directions than a

turkey's foot. They'll whittle their following to a nub.

All the main creeks have one candidate at least, except Roaring. Roaring Fork has five, Grassy Branch three. Big Ballard has nine. Others here and there, I'm counting to go solid around Salt Spring as I'm kin to everybody and his pappy, kin through my wife. And in spite of Garland Hurley who has filed against me. My opinion, he'll get two votes, his own and his woman's. Beyond that he won't stain paper. And I ought to be won on Roaring due to my wife. Aye, could I stack Roaring's votes on top of Salt Springs I'd be as good as elected. For once I'd go into jail by law and right, the key in my hand.

Work for the election and I'll have you principal of a school even if it creaks every politician in the county. I'll have you teaching young'uns quicker than hell can sing a feather. It smothers my heart to know hard learning is being dragged along a furrow, wasting to moles and crows. My old teacher used to say that once a body breathed chalk dust and pounded the Big Thick Dictionary he was kept for common labor. Name the schoolhouse you would be master of, I'll ring you.

Hear me. I'll be coming to Roaring Fork the minute I find shoes to fit my nag. She's finicky as a woman and won't travel barefooted.

Keep your eyes skinned for a wife.

Faithfully,

Crafton

Salt Springs, June 1st
Perry Wickliff:

I've got wits that beat seven indictments, I've had lawyers walking on pencils, but danged my ears if I can make sense of why you answered my letter by word of mouth. I've been of why you carriers were paid to haul messages in envelopes, not in their skulls. How much postage did you stick on his supper!

How big the yarn swelled in the carrier's head is on-telling. When a tale passes twice you won't recognize it. Anyhow, what he told I wouldn't have had made public for a war pension. I figure it has cost me in the neighborhood of a dozen votes. The gist of it was I had attempted to bribe you into working for my election—a falsehood and you know it. I asked you free will, no strings tied.

My burden in life is to be misjudged. I aimed to help you stop farming, a trade you couldn't master to the day you die. I get my jowls slapped. Worry not you, I'll win the race beholden to none, fair field and no favor. Of the 32 candidates at this writing I'm the only one with the policy of moving into the jailhouse stick, stove, bed and wife. I'm the pattern of a man who understands what a lock-up needs. From cold experience I know the head-down feet-up way it's now being operated. They don't know dirt from horse manure.

At last Roaring Fork has a candidate, some jasper who calls himself Muldraugh. My opinion, a stalking horse put in by Zeb Thornton to snag my votes. Like the female candidate, he hasn't an icicle's chance in a hot skillet. Muldraugh, aye. What kind of name is that? He was born yon side Pound Gap, in Virginia, a full 65 miles from here, and didn't move into our country until he was a right smart sized boy. The day hasn't come when this county will support a foreigner for public office.

Perry Wickliff, if you still want to climb on my bandwagon, I've left the tailgate down. Yet mount of your own accord. I'll plague you no longer for scattering your brains to the sparrows and living in a baker's hell. A final offer I make. Would you take the school

at Dix, a hop and jump from your scarecrow farm? Whoever is the teacher, I'll have him flagged out.

Forty-three candidates had filed by the day they closed the books. So many running the winner won't need more than a double handful of votes. I figure I'll win by a basket full.

Faithfully,

Crafton Rowan

Salt Springs, June 8th
You, there, Perry Wickliff:

I got the post card and have sized you up as a fellow with no more political sense than a dry-land goose. Are you too stingy to paste a stamp on a letter? Why, mail carriers spend half the day reading post cards and spreading the news. So you advise me to hurry shoes on my spoiled nag and come speak for myself. And you hint Roaring Fork hasn't seen my face in forever. This coming from a man who beyond a doubt was rode out of a schoolhouse on a rail.

My opinion, you've fallen into Zeb Thornton's trap head and ears. The reason I haven't been over for a spell is a personal matter not a whit ruled by the oath Zeb swore at the time of our calf trouble, his threatening my life did I so much as set a toe in the Roaring valley. A free country, I'll travel anywhere I get a ripe notion, and if I choose to set a mother-in-law's district to keep the family peace, that's my right too. I vow I've had my last trade and traffic with Zeb Thornton.

On behalf of my pried pony, I'll say she's less spoiled than the common run of folks. Has more sense than a tub of educated fools plugging farmers. She can do everything but talk, and so gentle you can sit in a chair and curry her. She's bare-hoofed as a tenderfooted critter ought to be until her true size is located. If it comes to a force put, I'll forge a pair of shoes for her myself.

Wickliff, I'm seeking the full facts of why you cut loose from that teaching job. I smell a rat hide. Upon my word and honor, it appears the political foxes of Baldridge County done a good deed for once. They got rid of a sorry-schoolmaster.

I'd stake my hat the crows are starving in your fields.

Crafton Rowan

Salt Springs, July 10th
Dear Perry:

During the past month you have caused me trouble and sorrow beyond my human due. After the varmity manner you treated my jail race I sunk so low in spirit I let Garland Hurley talk me out of running for the office. He figured to help me down into accepting \$45. But holl Before I could get to the clerk's office to withdraw, my name had been sent to the printers. My name was on paper.

Could I lie down on a legal ballot? It was run whether or no. No two ways talking. I had to repay Garland or stand up to bullets. But I'd already been fleeced of the money. The son of a gun who owns the land adjoining mine claimed I'd swung over on his side and cut timber. I ask, who knows where lines run nowadays with the landmarks gone, the streams changed course? Any jury would have handed in a verdict in my favor. Yet you can't fight law battles while running races. My neighbor got my \$45, Garland Hurley my pried pony.

Are you a fellow who will acknowledge an honest debt? Recollect the message you sent by the mail carrier early in June, and the postcard shortly thereafter? By my soul, they cost me at least 36 votes. I'm of a mind there are three dozen uncommitted you could swing to me. A word said in my behalf would drop them into my pocket—enough with Salt Springs backing to ring me in. I'm counting on you to settle my obligation.

With crops layed by it would you pleasant to travel the waters of Roaring head to mouth. You stir out little, goes the talk. Folks rarely see a hare of you. That's not right,



Author James Still was the county's first book mobile. He is shown delivering books to a school in the 1930's.

harm-strings are rebelling. Faithfully,

Crafton

Salt Springs, July 30th
Perry:

Seven days until the election. Time's burning. Hurry along to Moab Colley's place on Oak Trace. One daughter left untaken in his household. She's not a pullet, has shed her pin feathers, but bear in head you're on the high side of the twenties. The thing is, Moab gives his daughters \$50, a cow, a walnut bedstead and nine quilts to start them in life. He votes five.

The way the signs are reading the old jailor can prepare himself to clap the big key into my hand come the first of the year. With 43 candidates tearing up the patch a small wad of votes will fan a body in. Aye, my election is safe as gold. My solid Salt Springs following, stacked onto the votes tricked from under the whiskers of candidates elsewhere, and laid alongside the Roaring Fork support, ought to raise a pile nobody can top. When they open the ballot boxes—heepee! Watch the geese fly out.

The master crop of corn you've raised is the wonder of the county. A rumor says it might run to 65 bushels to the hillside acre. In this world the Man Above throws a mighty weight to the side of those who know not what they are doing.

Faithfully,

Crafton

Salt Springs, August 4th
Perry:

I hasten this postcard, the only rag of paper in the house. A last favor I ask. Go to the polls tomorrow, stand as close to the ballot box as the law allows, and a span closer, and urge the folks to pile on a winner. Say I'm the pattern of a man to elect.

I figure I've got the jail job in the frog of my hand. Hurrah for me!

Craft

Baldridge County Jail
August 11th
Dear Perry:

I've borrowed this sheet of paper off the jailor to let you hear my side of the case against me. I ask Justice, can I rule what a spoiled pony will do? Can a body legally be jailed for giving a critter food and shelter when it turns up hungry and barefooted at his barn gate? Garland Hurley kept her a solid month and never bothered to nail shoes to her tender feet. O he's not got a heart, just a big wart in his chest. But I can read this case bottoms up. I'll come clean in court. Nothing ever stuck on me.

Perry, I'm trying to raise bail. And the only cattle trader I know of who will buy calves off-season is Zeb Thornton. Let out to him I have a couple of fine heifers, both promising milk and butter makers. And he's to deal through me, and not let my wife know. It's a force put.

I can't groan for laughing at the way a female beat out a raft of men in the jailor's race. Thrashed us to a fare-ye-well. Every man jack of us had to go to the bull hole. She rounded up more votes than the rest of us put together. Yet I don't understand it. All signs seem to fail nowadays.

I'll be here when the woman takes office in January unless I can sell my calves and make bail, and unless the chinch bugs walk off with me plumb. Always I've claimed the county lock-up needs a woman's broom and skill—a woman with a man standing by. On your behalf I want to report she is fair as a picture, and single.

Faithfully,

Crafton Rowan



JAMES STILL

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Handman, Kentucky

Knott's musical heritage

By ROBERT C. YOUNG

The early settlers of what is now Knott County were primarily of Scotch-Irish or English origin. They brought with them all the color and subtle satire that the popular music of the British Isles was able to configure in a time when there was no freedom of speech or printing allowed. The only way to spread the news, latest gossip, or poke a little fun at the local nobility, was to change names, make up a catchy song that revealed the whole nasty story, or tell a woman and get horse-whipped for slander.

Being isolated for many decades was reason enough for our ancestors, the descendants of fleeing freedom seekers, to pass on to us in its purest form those delightful ditties that remained unaltered well into the 20th century. If you know Mildred Creighton, Frankie Duff, and a very few others, even today these delicate melodies can be heard as quaint and lonesome as ever.

In the younger years of Josiah Combs, (early graduate of the Settlement School) collecting and setting down the words of the songs of folks in the neighborhood, must have been the natural thing for him to do, because he, as far as we can tell, has left us with more of them than anyone else. Josiah Combs has been recognized as the first collector and singer of English Folk songs in America.

Cecil Sharp (Englishman who came to America to collect English ballads) was in Hindman probably in the 1920's. He has come to be known as "the last word" of English ballads. He pointed out to us that the ballads found preserved here, have remained in the purest form, are long since forgotten in any form in the native country (England).

John Jacob Niles credits Knott County with many of the folk songs found in his collection. Niles lived in Lexington on a farm until well into his 90s, leaving us with a wealth of lovely ballads which he either collected or rewrote. In concerts, he sang them in that unique, and folk ballad twang, accompanied with his strange "dulcimers," he fashioned from an oboe.

Among the very first teachers of music in Knott County was Professor George Clarke, a lawyer from Ashland, who came to Hindman in 1887, and set up a subscription school circa 1902, turned it over to the "quare wimmen" at the Settlement. He then organized a training school for teachers, where he provided the county with her first native school teachers. He was a man of many talents, who in his spare time would teach "singing schools" using the solfeggio (shaped notes), and producing choirs that sang in four parts. Fessor Clarke could play the piano and organ, and performed weekly at the United Methodist Church as pianist. Lucinda Hays Clarke, his wife, played the accordion, Hillard H. Smith played the violin, and others appeared to have taken training in musical instruments, but who their instructor was is open for suggestion.

Ruthie S. White came to Hindman Settlement in the early 1940's and probably did more to revive and keep alive those old songs than anyone else. Ruthie White died in Knoxville, TN. last fall (1983).

The dulcimer has its beginnings, as far as anyone knows, here in Knott County, over on Burgies Creek, a community that no longer has a post office. That place was Bath, Ky., and the dulcimer maker was J. Edward Thomas, Uncle Eddy, as he was known must have learned to make dulcimers from someone, but who that was is impossible to discover. Uncle Eddy produced around 1500 dulcimers.

Jethro Amburgey, a teacher at the Hindman Settlement School, got the parts of a dulcimer from Uncle Eddy, and a few brief in-

structions for assembly, and he was in the business of making dulcimers. Jethro made a few more than 1200, with the use of modern electric tools. Uncle Eddy made his dulcimers, almost entirely with his pocket knife.

John D. Tignor, a dulcimer making student of Jethro Amburgey, left us in recent years with some of these beautiful instruments. Shelby Stewart, a teacher of woodcraft, is carrying on the Knott County dulcimer craft. Albert Stewart is also good at the craft of constructing dulcimers. Morris Amburgey, son of Jethro Amburgey, is devoting much of his time to building and training dulcimer builders. So quality crafting is probing onward.

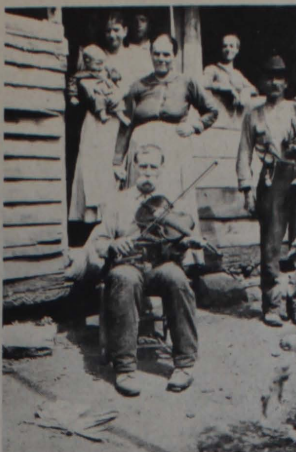
Knott County has enjoyed a rich heritage of "folk" music, and in recent years several family stringed instrumental bands have made these hills ring with the banjo, fiddle and guitar, blending folk, bluegrass, and country music. In the 1950's the Click Family and the Triplett Brothers made Knott County music. In the 1960's it was the McLain Family Band. In the 1970's the Slone Family Band, and many many others who have helped to make us who we are. The well known Jean Ritchie (folk singer and collector) has credited us with many of her findings, and traces her family roots to Knott County.

Fiddles hold an honored place among the history making events, even to the first day Knott County was a county. The newspaper reporter from Louisville who recorded the happenings of that fateful day, stated, "Soon two fiddlers of local repute made an appearance which was a signal for the clearing of a small level place near the store, which was used for dancing through the day. The (bonded warehouse) was the chief attraction, however, and the pure mountain liquor as the people deemed it, flowed steadily from morning until night." Now, the pure mountain liquor didn't help the dancing much, but it did help to cover up the mistakes the fiddlers must have made.

Uncle Solomon Everage was present and sober, for he tripped the light fantastic in the form of a solo cotillon (a ballroom dance), which is evident that music and dancing were part of our heritage from before to the beginnings of the county.

A very few of us dared to go outside our little circle, and study music for a profession. When we did we were considered a little "tetched" for straying from the sacred code of the hills, but now the isolation has broken down enough that one can live in Knott County and enjoy practically all areas of music. But still here is where you have to come to get the real stuff, 200 years old and unchanged.

The Regular Baptist Churches embrace a style of singing sacred music that is more unlike other sacred music that is hard to describe without hearing it for one's self.



Leslie County fiddler and family-circa 1910.



Famous Knott basket and chairmaker Bird Owsley from Vest-circa 1920.



Bird Owsley in later years at his home.



Well-known craftswoman Aunt Cord and her husband.

Rush Sloane finished first 4-H project



Rush Sloane around 1926 when he completed the first 4-H corn project. He is pictured with his homemade banjo.

By JIM PHELPS
4-H Agent

Rush Sloane, well known minister in Knott County, now deceased, was the first known 4-H member in Knott County. Records and interviews with his family members show that he raised a corn crop in the bottom next to the present home off James Gayheart on Caney Creek. He was the first person to use lime on a corn crop and the first to use a hybrid corn. The variety was Johnson White Hybrid. The crop yielded over 100 bushels per acre, however, he and his extension agent, J.W. Michael, agreed to claim only 68 bushels per acre for fear that nobody would believe them.

Rush camped at Quicksand, Ky., as a 4-H'er at the present site of the Robinson Substation. In early years the campers paid their way by bringing produce instead of cash.

In 1983 Knott County 4-H'ers raised over \$1,000 by selling stickers and 4-H logo T-shirts and donated this money to the J.M. Feltner 4-H Camp Pool Fund in honor of Rush Sloane. On June 7, 1984, the pool was dedicated and now a plaque bears Rush's name as Knott County's first 4-H member. In this way he will be remembered by present and future 4-H'ers for his contribution to progress in agriculture.



Isom Kitteney Slone and his son, Marrell, making chairs for Mrs. Alice Lloyd at the Caney Creek Community Center, now Alice Lloyd College, Pippa Passes, Knott County, Kentucky.



Wesley and Putitia Hays feeding sheep around 1930. Note note bolt for baby sheep held by Mrs. Hays.



Women washing clothes in Hindman in early 1930s.

Newspaper

Continued From Page C-10

solidated with the Hindman News and the Leslie County News and was published in the interest of the people of Knott, Leslie and Perry counties. W.P. Nolan was the editor and publisher. Louise Hatmaker later edited the paper.

The Knott County News, owned by Charles Whitaker of Cromona, Ky., in Letcher County, began in 1969. It continued until January 1982. The Knott County Observer began publication in early 1977 but closed operation after the May Democratic primary was over. It was owned and edited by Arlene and Willard Hall.

Ron Daley and Mike Mullins began the Troublesome Creek Times in June 1980.

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Knott County in the 1930's: Farming was subsistence

By VICKY HAYES

In 1932 Knott County was chosen by the U.S. Department of Agriculture as a "typical creek bottom settlement of the Kentucky mountain area." That year two studies were conducted, one on rural industries, and the other on farm organization and income by the University of Kentucky.

Both studies reached the same conclusion on the state of agriculture in Knott — that farming was subsistence in nature and supplied families with most of the products they needed at home. Out of 228 farmers studied, only 22 farmed full time. Only one-third of their income came from crops and livestock, while two-thirds of their income came from work done outside the home. UK reported the following local occupations and incomes: team work, timber work, oil or gas leases, storekeeping, carpenter-

ry, day work, cash rent and non-farm products.

Why has there been so little commercial farming in Eastern Kentucky? The average farm had 3.4 acres of level land. Hill-sides were of heavy clay loams which eroded when cultivated. Hillside fields yielded 15 bushels of corn per acre; the more fertile bottom lands, 25 to 35 bushels. The land was not suitable for commercial farming.

Knott was one of the most isolated counties in that era. Railroads served the southwest and eastern boundaries of the county only. The gravel roads were few and dirt roads remained impassable through winter and rainy seasons. They had no means of transporting crops.

Sheldon Maggard, 74, remembers farming in Knott when he was a boy. "On these hillsides I helped raise corn and now there are

poplars grown as thick as 2 1/2-feet through."

"There were nine of us at home and we all worked. We grew corn for the stock, pumpkins and cushaw, Irish potatoes and beans. My mother sold milk and butter to buy salt and baking soda. I stayed at the Settlement School part time. We'd milk three or four cows, feed the hogs and walk across the hill to school."

Mr. Maggard confirmed the report that in the early '40s only those people who could walk to the mine operations in surrounding counties were employed in mines. At that time, the demand was for house coal only. There were eight coal operators in the county in 1932, locally owned, with only three operators making more money in coal than they did in farming. Nearly every family mined coal for their own home use.

The mining industry purchased

timbers which stimulated the local lumber industry and the coal camps provided markets for some local farm products.

As a whole, industry in Knott County in the '30s was diversified. Sawmilling, grist milling, coal mining, blacksmithing, stone quarrying, weaving and basketry as well as public works on roads and power lines just entering Knott supplied outside work.

The settlement schools in Pippa Passes, Hindman and Vest revived handicraft production and developed markets for local crafts.

The most amazing thing about Knott Countians in the 1930s was their versatility, their ingenuity, and ability to survive in their rugged terrain. The Rural Industry report found that almost every farmer was a potential furniture maker, having supplied his own needs. Seventeen woodworkers made 1,341 items that

year. The instrument maker had produced over 2,000 dulcimers and could not meet demands for his product.

Every woman was a potential weaver or basket-maker with a history of handiwork in her family.

When asked if these local industries could be centralized and markets developed, workers almost unanimously agreed that conditions were favorable for organizing.

Sawmilling would have developed more if transportation had been available and regrowth encouraged on the denuded hillsides left after the large timber had been removed in the 1890s.

Other industries such as basket weaving and grist milling declined when they were no longer needed.

The study finds that such industries as furniture-making would have been prosperous if markets were developed and workers were

centralized.

Farmers in the 1930s needed local industry to supplement a subsistence farm income. Today Knott Countians are gardening more than ever, raising much of the food they need.

The Knott County Agriculture and Stabilization Service (ASCS) estimates that there are 200 active farms in the county in 1984.

ASCS director, Brenda Baker, said home gardening is popular with older residents who make up the majority of the ASCS mailing list.

There are no sheep farms in the county, and no farms where the only product is livestock, according to Baker.

There are 15 active tobacco growers in the county.

Small subsistence farms, a part of Knott County's history, may rise if the economy worsens, says Baker.

John W. Combs Store, post office

By FAYE COMBSESTEP

This was told to me by my father, Monroe Combs.

My grandfather, John Wesley Combs (John W.), lived in Hazard, Perry County, in the 1860s and 1870s. He was twice sheriff of Perry County and served two terms as state senator.

In 1881, he bought a farm on Irishman Creek in Knott County, built a two-story log house at the mouth of Trace and moved into it.

In 1893, he left Irishman Creek, came to Hindman, bought the hollow where the Housing Project is now, thus the hollow was called Combs Branch. There wasn't a house in the hollow until he built his home there.

In Hindman, at the upper end of the town bridge, he built a large store building and post office. In Clarissa Hick's article in the *Troublesome Creek Times*, she spoke of the large store which her father, Elijah Hicks, later bought from my grandfather, John Combs. Also, the Hicks home was built by John Combs. My grandmother, Clementine (Tina) Combs, was postmistress.

All they had then were large potbellied stoves which used coal to heat the buildings.

One morning John left home early from Combs Branch to get the fires going in the store and post office. The winters were terribly cold around 1898, 1899 and 1900. This was January 1899. The people always wore earmuffs in those days, but that morning he forgot his. It was 21 degrees below zero. He tur-

ned around and walked backwards to keep the cold air from his face and put his hands over his ears. One ear was really frozibitten, but he made it and got the fires going.

Someone always took a contract with the federal government to carry the mail by horseback from Hindman to Jackson. The man who carried the mail did not meet his obligation nor stand up to his contract; he stopped carrying the mail. So my Uncle Ira, the father of Morris K. Combs, took it on himself to carry the mail. He left Hindman early one morning, went up Owens Branch, across a mountain, on through the hills which only had a path. The mail was taken out and brought back from Jackson once a week. At night he stayed with people he knew at certain points as it was 40 miles to Jackson which made one trip 80 miles.

One night it was getting late, past the time that Uncle Ira should have gotten back from Jackson. My father decided that something was wrong, so he got on a horse and started out to find him.

It was a real cold night, the temperature was very low, the moon was shining brightly. He went across the mountain at the head of Owens Branch and on beyond he looked and saw a horse that was barely moving. When he reached them he found my uncle was unconscious and almost frozen to death. The horse knew the way and was bringing him home. My father got him off the horse, slapped and shook him. Finally he got him to move his legs. He made my uncle walk, helped him and the two hor-



Mrs. J.W. Combs (1920) was Hindman postmaster. Her husband was a two-term state senator and Perry County sheriff.

ses and finally they reached Hindman, late on that cold night.

I wonder what would become of us if we had to do those things this day and time? They had it hard but they had love and happiness and always seemed to enjoy life.



Hindman around 1930.



Several prominent Knott Countians are pictured with this still around 1915. Believed to be in the picture are several Bailey brothers, Lowell Martin, Jim Duke, Wiley Jones and Estill Smith.



Cattle grazed behind store buildings in Hindman and animals traveled Main Street around 1900.



Behind Hindman Main Street next to Troublesome Creek.

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August 19, 1889—Benjamin Gibson (M) Agey Jane James, (S) R.S. May
 August 24, 1889—Andrew Mullins (M) Armina Slone, (S) Henry Thornberry
 August 29, 1889—Alexander Mullins (M) Franky Jane Hall
 September 7, 1889—J.M. Baker (M) Nannie Childers, (S) G.P. Combs
 September 6, 1889—Hesekiah Cody (M) Mary Breeding, (S) R.S. May
 September 17, 1889—Sherman Terry (M) Linda Hall, (S) R.S. May
 October 7, 1889—Elhanon Watts (M) Elizabeth Campbell, (S) A.J. Coburn
 October 16, 1889—Eli Allen (M) Margaret Cornett, (S) Moses Cornett
 October 19, 1889—M.V. Calhoun (M) Annie Dyer, (S) Thomas W. Gibson
 November 25, 1889—John D. Slone (M) Annie Hall, (S) H. Caudill
 December 21, 1889—Thomas Amburgey (M) Sylva Madden
 December 23, 1889—Jasper A. Amburgey (M) Nancy Ann Stacy, (S) John Stacy
 January 8, 1889—Isaac Sexton (M) Rachel Armina Adams, (S) Shade Combs
 February 5, 1890—Manford Young (M) Martha Richie, (S) G.B. Combs
 February 6, 1890—Robert Sexton (M) Rebecca Braham, (S) C.B. Logan
 February 19, 1890—Tandy Martin (M) Eliza Morgan, (S) Thomas Gibson
 February 26, 1890—Charley Perkins (M) Rinda Davidson, (S) F.P. Perkins
 March 26, 1890—John D. Oliver (M) Frona Jane Shepherd, (S) John Green
 April 5, 1890—James W. Collins (M) Nancy Jane Amburgey, (S) Granville Madden
 May 15, 1890—George Francis (M) Melvina Smith, (S) J.T.T. Madden
 April 9, 1890—Moses Everidge (M) Emily Jones, (S) J.M. Baker
 May 7, 1890—Alexander Parks (M) Margaret Amburgey, (S) Freeland Parks
 May 23, 1890—John Davidson (M) Jane Miller, (S) E.B. Hylton
 June 21, 1890—Hiram Fugate (M) Elizabeth A. Stacy, (S) Elizabeth A. Stacy

June 24, 1890—Gabriel Richie (M) Cynthia Owens, (S) Thomas Ritchie
 July 23, 1890—Wm. Triplett (M) Melvina Casel, (S) J.P. Green
 July 25, 1890—John W. Artry (?) (M) Martha Ann Pratt, (S) J.M. Baker
 August 12, 1890—Jesse Smith (M) Dicy Francis, (S) David Hayes
 August 29, 1890—Henry Singleton (M) Elizabeth Combs, (S) John Richie
 September 1, 1890—Wesley Reynolds (M) Mary Stacy, (S) Louis Day
 September 4, 1890—Hiram Patrick (M) Mary Hughes, (S) Wm. Patrick
 September 8, 1890—B.H. Ramey (M) Rhoady E. Vanover, (S) T.C. Hagins
 September 10, 1890—Zachariah Fugate (M) Viney Richie, (S) Henry Fugate
 September 13, 1890—James Keat (M) Eva Bailey, (S) Thomas Keat
 September 15, 1890—Jasper Smith (M) Larcenia Combs, (S) Jackson Combs
 September 19, 1890—Wm. Casebolt (M) Sarah Ellen Mullins, (S) J.D. Oliver
 September 20, 1890—E.L. Conley (M) Emeline Calhoun, (S) W.W. Baker
 September 25, 1890—James Conley (M) Rutha Jane Gayheart, (S) S.J.M. Grigsby
 September 29, 1890—John P. Gibson (M) Arminta Huff, (S) Ezekiel Gibson
 October 13, 1890—Leander Carpenter (M) Josephine Parks, (S) John Conley
 October 28, 1890—John Wicker (M) Arty Triplett, (S) E.A. Hammonds
 November 29, 1890—William Mullins (M) Susanah Collins, (S) Samuel Mullins
 December 12, 1890—Frank Polley (M) Ellen Taylor, (S) F.B. Felner
 December 15, 1890—Newton Watkins (M) Rosona Mullins, (S) Sampson Conley
 December 20, 1890—Stephen Collins (M) Oma Oney, (S) Thomas Sparkman
 December 24, 1890—John C. Calhoun (M) Joanna Calhoun, (S) R.H. Amburgey
 January 20, 1891—Hiram Thomas Adams (M) Minnie Smith, (S) H.C. Slone
 January 27, 1891—Carlo Combs

(M) Jane Hale, (S) Silas Francis
 January 28, 1891—Joshua Richie (M) Nancy Combs, (S) Thomas Gibson
 January 10, 1891—C.C. Martin (M) Cordelia Hall, (S) Samuel Williams
 February 27, 1891—Robert Morgan (M) Arleany Combs, (S) P.H. Greer
 March 13, 1891—R.H. Amburgey (M) Lucinda Adams, (S) John Combs
 February 19, 1891—Frank Pigman (M) Frona Adams, (S) T.C. Hagins
 March 16, 1891—George Slone (M) Sarah Row, (S) David Conley
 March 17, 1891—Joseph King (M) Fleming Martin, (S) Wm. Casebolt
 March 23, 1891—George Hurt (M) Lucinda Noble, (S) Jackson Hurt
 (?), 1891—Feland Amburgey (M) Martha Huff, (S) Joseph Hurt
 April 3, 1891—George W. Sexton (M) Katharine Cook, (S) Leander Sexton
 April 23, 1891—Maston Nichols (M) Eliza Brewer, (S) J.W. Combs
 April 16, 1891—Valentine Mullins Jr. (M) Eveline Ashley, (S) D.D. Mullins
 June 15, 1891—J.J. Reynolds (M) Elizabeth Slone, (S) Wesley Reynolds
 July 1, 1891—W.W. Mullins (M) Matilda Pridemore, (S) Dr. D. Madden
 July 3, 1891—Joseph Hughes (M) Sarah Ann Slone, (S) Henry Hughes
 July 6, 1891—Hiram Gibson (M) Ellen Slone, (S) David O. Gibson
 July 20, 1891—Thomas Honeycutt (M) Jane Hughes, (S) Reuben Amburgey
 August 4, 1891—Isom Gibson (M) Margaret Sturgill, (S) Andrew B. Smith
 August 5, 1891—William Combs (M) Martha Young, (S) Irvin Stacy
 August 12, 1891—Samuel Ramey (M) Parlee Combs, (S) Thomas W. Gibson
 August 13, 1891—shadrack Smith (M) Polley An Combs, (S) Thomas W. Gibson
 August 12, 1891—Joshua Ritchie (M) Joana Smith, (S) Wm. Combs
 August 19, 1891—Andrew Miller (M) Jennie Mullins, (S) Elijah Mullins
 August 24, 1891—Van B. Martin (M) July Baldrige, (S) J.W.

Watts
 August 25, 1891—J.N. Watts (M) Mary Jent, (S) T.J. Watts
 August 7, 1891—Ezekiel Click (M) Eliza Jane Chafins, (S) P.H. Greer
 September 2, 1891—Elijah Mullins Jr. (M) Rosemy Matticks, (S) Elijah Mullins Sr.
 September 16, 1891—Elias Smith (M) Rosealey Chaffins, (S) John Smith
 October 28, 1891—Newton Watkins (M) Rosana Mullins, (S) Sampson Conley
 December 11, 1891—Newton Campbell (M) Rita Conley, (S) Henry Combs
 March 16, 1892—Albert Amburgey (M) Cassie Mullins, (S) R.H. Amburgey
 June 7, 1892—G.W. Howard (M) Rhoda Mullins, (S) Robert Howard
 July 5, 1892—John C. Owens (M) Helen Slone, (S) J.B. Slone
 April 27, 1895—Jesse Amburgey (M) Martha Bates, (S) John Amburgey
 May 4, 1895—Robert Thacker (M) Sabary Smith, (S) J.E. Perkins
 July 20, 1895—Paris Cox (M) Josephine Combs, (S) John Campbell
 July 27, 1895—William Blair (M) Sallee Banks, (S) Green Adams
 August 10, 1895—H.H. Stamer (M) Betty B. Smith, (S) J.M. Bailey
 August 10, 1895—George Shepherd (M) Louisa Bentley, (S) J.M. Bailey
 August 19, 1895—John Jacobs (M) Catherine Caudill, (S) Jarvy Caudill
 August 19, 1895—Thomas Hicks (M) Artia Oliver, (S) J.D. Oliver
 August 27, 1895—Story Godsey (M) Nancy Ann Ashley, (S) A.W. Baker
 September 4, 1895—John Griffith (M) Rebecca Gayheart, (S) Jacob Bradley
 September 6, 1895—John R. Mullins (M) Adaline Green, (S) R.V. Cornett
 September 16, 1895—Elijah Fuller (M) Elizabeth Amburgey, (S) David Martin
 August 19, 1895—W.F. Amburgey (M) Nancy Thomas, (S) Henry Combs
 April 6, 1898—Albert Madden (M) Lida Cornett, (S) W.J. Madden
 April 6, 1898—Simon Combs

(M) Eva Baldrige, (S) J.B. Fugate
 April 7, 1898—W.R. Combs (M) Sarah Hale, (S) Elliot Dyer
 April 9, 1898—Isom Caudill (M) Sarah Jane Slone, (S) B.S. Phillips
 April 11, 1898—James Stacy (M) Arminia Kelly, (S) G.W. Kelly Jr.
 April 15, 1898—Wesley Wicker (M) Sally Triplett, (S) Andrew Mosley
 April 23, 1898—Charles Grigsby (M) Clerrinda Martin, (S) Sam Campbell
 May 19, 1898—Hiram Ritchie (M) Nancy Richie, (S) Stacy
 May 16, 1898—Ben Ritchie (M) Winnie Jent, (S) Jason Ritchie
 May 4, 1898—William Slone (M) Oma Slone, (S) J.B. Slone
 June 13, 1898—Thomas Amburgey (M) Victory Stewart, (S) L.W. Slone
 June 16, 1898—Richard Mosley (M) Hanah Hughes (?), (S) L.D. Mosley
 June 21, 1898—John S. Smith (M) Mary Bell Richie, (S) J.W. Bailey
 June 25, 1898—Elijah Hall (M) Malinda Gayheart, (S) Wm. Hall
 July 4, 1898—John P. Slone (M) Teney Reynolds, (S) L.C. Slone
 July 11, 1898—Judge Day Slone (M) Josephine Jones, (S) Dile Jones
 July 15, 1898—Elliott Dyer (M) Alafair Gayheart, (S) Reuben Morgan
 July 19, 1898—Alexander Amburgey (M) Elizan Pigman, (S) I. Napier
 August 3, 1898—R.B. Baker (M) Mary H. Childers, (S) J.M. Baker
 August 5, 1898—John Smith (M) Betty Breeding, (S) Thomas W. Gibson
 August 5, 1898—Wiley J. Amburgey (M) Nancy Honeycutt, (S) Alfred Amburgey
 August 8, 1898—John Roberts (M) Lurania Watts, (S) S.D. Adams
 August 10, 1898—George Casebolt (M) Octava Stacy, (S) H. Casebolt
 August 20, 1898—Marian McIntosh (M) Alice Pigman, (S) Thomas W. Gibson
 August 30, 1895—Benton Smith (M) Bethany Smith, (S) Nick Slone
 September 1, 1898—Shade Fugate (M) Sarah Martin, (S) James Roberts
 September 7, 1898—Cullen Combs (M) Isabell Kelly, (S) D.W. Salyer
 September 19, 1898—Solomon

Adams (M) Celia Parks, (S) W.G. Duke
 September 24, 1898—J.B. Wicker (M) Louisa Fugate, (S) Samuel Francis
 October 5, 1898—Shady Combs (M) Emaline Terry, (S) L.C. Slone
 November 12, 1898—Allen Collins (M) Sarah Smith, (S) Wm. Casebolt
 July 12, 1899—William Thacker (M) Martha Owens, (S) Solomon Adams
 December 23, 1898—Joseph Adams (M) Sally Sexton, (S) W.B. Riddle
 January 15, 1899—Greenville Mosley (M) Angeline Baldrige, (S) Dude Terry
 January 24, 1899—Granville Smith (M) Dicy Francis, (S) William Smith
 January 30, 1899—Charlie Amburgey (M) Sarah Clark, (S) Jacin L. Craft
 March 25, 1899—John Breeding (M) Matilda Kinser, (S) Hezekiah Cody
 June 27, 1899—Jasper Hale (M) Lucinda Mullins, (S) J.T. Madden
 August 18, 1899—Andrew Combs (M) Dulcena Cornett, (S) Andrew Prince
 August 22, 1899—Abraham Shepherd (M) Elizabeth Casebolt, (S) Wm. Shepherd
 December 25, 1899—John R. Williams (M) Vina Hagans, (S) Wm. Francis
 March 2, 1891—Shady Johnson (M) Rhoda Pratt, (S) Moses Maggard
 May 7, 1894—Joseph Hagans (M) Rachel Francis, (S) J.M. Baker
 June 18, 1895—Joseph Christian (M) Louisa Hagans, (S) Wiley Amburgey
 August 6, 1895—George W. Gibson (M) Allia Bell Gibson, (S) Russell Collins
 August 8, 1895—James Young (M) Hulda Stacy, (S) Wm. Combs
 December 2, 1895—Alex Combs (M) Elizabeth Christian, (S) W.M. Kelly
 September 19, 1896—Thomas Francis (M) Matilda Francis, (S) Esquire Williams
 January 27, 1898—Simeon Haggins (M) Rose L. Combs, (S) Manton Cornett
 June 16, 1898—Austin Richie (M) Martha Shepherd, (S) H.F. Bailey
 July 2, 1895—W.H. Asher (M) Ardelia Watts, (S) W.R. Cornett



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...our roots grow deeply...

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Hindman

County census reports

By ROBERT C. YOUNG

For the history buff, one of the most valuable sources of information is the various census records taken by the United States government. It has become an event that takes place at the beginning of each decade, starting in the year 1790.

Keeping records has been more than necessary, for taxation and other government functions were dependent upon knowing who lived and owned property in any given district or county. Other county court records were often incomplete, and always kept within the locality, whereas, the census records were taken to some location safely away from local politicians who might destroy or change records to suit their purposes. Many records, such as the marriage certificates of early marriages in Perry County, were destroyed by one faction of the French and Eversole War. So the United States census becomes still more important, however, even the census is not immune to disaster, because the 1790, 1800, and part of the 1810 census were burned during the War of 1812.

This centennial edition of *Troublesome Creek Times* would provide the reader with a smattering of Knott County history, and to do that here on the census, one must view all the census records that pertain to this section of the county. Beginning with the 1820 census (Floyd and Clay), there are quite a number of families settled in the area, because the census Knott County is the headwaters for all the creeks that drain it. The creeks run to three major rivers, Kentucky, Big Sandy and the Salt Lick area which runs to the Licking River. Very few of the early settlers would gather in the headwaters, it was too far removed from the waterway routes on the rivers, even though they were little traveled.

The 1790 and 1800 census of Kentucky were destroyed by fire. These two census records which are reconstructed from tax lists and give the name of the taxpayer and the county in which he was listed. There were very few people here then.

The 1810 census lists the name of the head of the house and the number of dependents in age and sex groups. In the outer edges of what is now Knott County there were families such as Combs, Craft, Kelley Smith, Hays, Martin, Childers, Conley, Davis, Haggins (Higgins), and of course many others that were here but for a short time, and then pressed on westward.

The 1820 census lists the name of the head of the house and the number of dependents in age and sex groups, plus the number and age of slaves and free blacks. In 1820 the Knott County of today lay within the bounds of Floyd and Clay counties. Floyd County, being a large county, reported just over 8,200 population, including slaves and free blacks. It would be reasonable to expect that maybe 1,500 of Floyd's 1,820 population were located within the bounds of what is now Knott County. Clay County in the 1820 census totaled just under 4,400 population, and we might guess that 1,000 were living within what is now Knott County. In the Floyd County census we will try to mention some of the Knott County family names, such as Adams, Baker, Bentley, Calhoun, Caudill, Childers, Collins, Combs, Cornett, Craft, Davis, Day, Fugate, Gayheart, Gibson, Hall, Hays, Ingles, Kelley, Mullins, Newton, Owens, Perkins, Prator, Smith, Watts, Williams and Adams. Please understand this is only a portion of the many families that were here, but to the best of my judgment the families that are still here.

The Clay County census did not cover as much land as did the Floyd County census. However, it is always interesting to note at least some of the family names, such as Baker, Calhoun, Campbell,

Childers, Combs, Cornett, Patrick, Siremore and Smith.

The 1850 United States Census lists the same information as the 1820. But for the Knott County territory, it was mostly in Perry County. A small portion of the Beaver section was in Floyd. The family names in that part of Beaver consisted almost entirely of Hays, Martin and Jones families. In Perry County we find many of the same names that the 1820 census showed us with several new names that appear as the migration speeds. Names include, Hammon, Johnson, Kelley, Caudill, Smith, Collins, Davis, Stacy, Adams, Craft, Everage, Union, Amburgey, Francis, Pigman, Eversole, Campbell, Madden, Mullins, Branham, Jones, Ritchie, Fugate, Stamper, Patrick, Smith, Watts, Chaflin, Gibson, Slone, Caudill, Pauly (Polly), Maggard, Craft, Smith (B. Smith) and Childers.

The 1840 United States Census lists the name of the head of the house, dependents in age and sex groups, slaves, number of persons employed, "deaf and dumb, blind, insane, idiots," students and persons over 20 who could not read or write. There were several new family names added to the Knott County section of Perry and Floyd counties, but the 1840 census records are not available to me for research at the time of this writing. The 1840 "whiteschedules" list the names of all members of the household, age, sex, color, occupation of males over 15, value of real property, place of birth, married within the year, in school, over 20 who cannot read or write, "deaf, dumb, blind, insane, idiot, pauper."

As you can see every census adds new information, and probably this 1850 census is most valuable to researchers and genealogists because it lists the family members, age and place of birth. Dorothy Amburgey Griffith, of St. Louis, Mo., who descends from the Knott County Amburgeys, has transcribed the 1850 census of Letcher County, and it includes much of what is now Knott County.

The 1850 "slave schedules" lists the name of the slave owner, the number of slaves in age and sex groups, number manumitted, "deaf, dumb, blind, insane, or idiot."

The 1860 white schedules lists the same information as the 1850. The 1860 slave schedule is the same as the 1850 slave schedule.

The 1870 census lists the same information as the 1850 with the addition of personal property, father and mother of foreign birth, month of birthday if within the census year and if the right to vote is denied.

The 1880 census lists the same information as the 1870 with the addition of the place of birth of the mother and father. This census too was transcribed for publication by Dorothy Amburgey Griffith of St. Louis. Mrs. Griffith, in describing the Letcher County census of 1850 in comparison to the Letcher 1880, has remarked that the 50 years had seen the population of this area more than double. All of Carr Creek and Upper Troublesome and Irishman became Knott County in 1884, which were included in the Letcher census of 1880. The other areas in Knott County would be found in the county from whence they came, such as Lotts Creek, Yellow Creek and Lower Troublesome Creek would be found in the Perry County census of 1880. Beaver Creek, Caney, Jones Fork, Upper Quicksand and Salt Lick would be found in the Floyd County census of 1880. Lower Quicksand and most of Ball would be found in the Breathitt County census of 1880.

The population of Letcher County in 1860 was 9,514, in 1870 was 4,608, and 5,906 in 1880. While Knott County had not been "struck off" yet, it is fairly comparable in size to Letcher County

today. So we might guess that in 1880 our population might have been close to that of Letcher County's. Most of the family names that we find today were already here in the 1880 census. There are several, of course, that have arrived since then but generally speaking they are pretty much the same.

As the decades click away we find the census information ever growing more and more complex. For instance the 1880 census was very much like a book. The census records must be 80 years old before they are available to the public, so we must wait awhile for the 1910. They tell us it would not be fitting to publish a census with a lot of those who were enumerated still living.

The 1890 census was destroyed. We have only the enumeration of Union veterans and widows of Union veterans of the Civil War. It's really quite a shame that that particular census is lost for it would have been the first census of Knott County. I believe that at least some of the "soundex" (census information taken on a card by the enumerator, and later copied into the census book) cards, are on microfilm in the Historical Society at Frankfort.

The 1900 census lists the same information as the 1880 with the addition of the month and day of birth, marital status, years married, number of children and children living, education (attended school, can read, can write, speaks English). Soundex is available at the Historical Society and the University of Kentucky.

Presently, this writer is working toward completing copying the 1900 Knott County census for publication some time before the end of this year. Hopefully it will be complete with an index. It is impossible to say exactly how many people lived in Knott County in 1900, at this point, but an educated guess might put it at around 1700 families. We must remember that in 1900 the families were much larger than today, we might be talking about maybe 7,000 in population. Keep in mind these are nothing but estimates, and subject to correction.

For genealogists and historians, the census records are an absolute must. When at first they are released from the central census bureau, they are exactly as they are in the book, simply the information, with no index or totals, so each census must be copied and alphabetized for indexing.

"Traipsin' the Highlands" is a wonderful experience. We are the richest in folklore and grandest in yarn spinnin', the crossroads to the west, with remnants of every family that tread across her soil. Let us not forget that ours is special and unlike any other folk culture in the world, we are making an effort to sustain and pass it on to future generations. For that is our only hope, in a world that does not wait for stragglers to catch up. The craftsmanship, and pride of workmanship that can be found here in the highlands is hard to find even here, but fast fading in other parts of our country. May we always search for that special trait in our people and be quick to ignore that which would pull us down.

May the printing of the 1900 census of Knott County serve to lift us up to the understanding that we are a unique culture and a special people who in spite of diversity still press onward ever protecting our culture with pride and promise of a still better future for our younguns'.



Funded in part by the Knott County humanities council and the national endowment for the humanities

Acknowledgements

Knott County's rich history

By Times Editor.

RON DALEY

The history of Knott County is both fascinating and filled with rich heritage and admirable accomplishments. The people here have reason to be proud of it.

It took strong people to settle in these mountains and survive. A good stock of people, including many Revolutionary War veterans, of Anglo-Saxon and Scots-Irish ancestry, homesteaded in the rugged terrain of what is now Knott County. There was not as much flat land here as in adjoining counties, but at that time there was enough space to accommodate the free spirit of the pioneers.

The terrain of Knott County obviously has hindered its economic development in the twentieth century. As articles in this edition illustrate, it hampered railroad and highway development, thus delayed Knott County's prominent role in mining.

Knott County is the only county out of the state's 120 counties that does not have a river included in its boundaries or a river bordering it. It is the headwaters for several major creeks that eventually pour their waters into the Big Sandy or the Kentucky rivers. The lack of flat land in Knott County is a result of being the headwaters of these rivers.

Few Kentucky counties, if any can match the educational, literary and political heritage of Knott County.

This edition reports the sacrifices and commitment by several dedicated people to provide a quality education to the people of this area. A book would barely scratch the surface concerning the successes the county enjoyed in education. The educational services here benefited school systems throughout Eastern Kentucky. The creators of the Knott schools were: Katherine Pettit and May Stone, who were followed by Elizabeth Watts at the Hindman Settlement School; Alice Geddes Lloyd and June Buchanan at the Caney Creek Community Center and Alice Lloyd College; Professor George Clarke in Hindman; and Miss Alice Slone of the Lotts Creek Community Center and School.

Several Knott County writers developed national reputations. The most famous is our contemporary James Still, most noted for his novel *River of Earth* and collection of short stories, *Pattern of a Man*. Another contemporary poet, Al Stewart, also edits the best quality literary publication in Appalachia, *Appalachian Heritage*. After the turn of the century thousands of people in this nation enjoyed the literary work of Ann Cobb, Lucy Furman and Josiah Combs. *Time's* columnist Verna Mae Slone's writings comparing mountain life today with its past is enjoying wide appeal.

The county has for the past few years exerted more political influence for its size than most other counties. Carl D. Perkins has been in Congress for over three decades. Wilburn Pratt has served in several important state government posts. Dr. Grady Stumbo used his successful term as the cabinet Secretary for the Department for Human Resources under Gov. John Y. Brown Jr. to mount an impressive gubernatorial campaign in 1983. Also in that Democratic primary, former state Rep. Bill Weinberg came in second and garnered over 130,000 votes for state attorney general. His wife, Lois Combs Weinberg, the daughter of Bert T. Combs is active in state educational policy development.

State Sen. Benny Ray Bailey of this county wields influence with

the state budget, being two-term senator and being on the Senate Appropriations and Revenue Committee. State Rep. Carl Chris Perkins, son of Congressman Perkins, has served two terms effectively dealing with education, health services and mining issues.

Knott County is in an enviable position in future coal development. It holds one of the state's largest amount of coal reserves.

The county is known more for the movement it began to demand stricter control over surface mining. That anti-stripmining movement which spread throughout the region and nation, is credited with beginning here. Abuses in the Lotts Creek and Clear Creek area precipitated the action of the Widow Combs to lay down in front of a bulldozer to stop mining and Uncle Dan Gibson to scare off miners with his rifle in the 1960's. The bill regulating surface mining passed during Gov. Combs' administration was called the "Widow Combs Bill."

At the same time, the county has been blessed with many responsible coal operators. It was also the scene of the tragic mine explosion in Topmost on December 7, 1981, which brought national attention because of the death of eight men.

Knott Countians proudly contributed to the war effort in World War I and II, Korea and Vietnam; and buried several native sons who died on foreign soil.

Like the rest of the nation, the county suffered numerous fatalities during the worldwide flu epidemic following World War I. Survived the Depression and were comforted by the words of President Franklin Roosevelt in the now-fangled contraption—the radio. Roosevelt, President John F. Kennedy, Sen. Bobby Kennedy and black civil rights leader Martin Luther King, have been idolized by many of our residents for their political struggle to help the poor. While we have a large upper and middle class population in Knott County, there are far too many poor people. The county is considered one of the poorest in the nation.

Despite the proud educational background already mentioned, the county school system, hampered by lack of public funds and the social problems accompanying poverty, is one of the poorer school districts in the nation. In Knott County 63.8 percent of the adults above the age of 25 do not have high school diplomas. The annual drop-out rate in the high school is 5.74 percent here compared to the state's 4.54 percent average and standardized test scores are considerably below scores of urban students in the state.

During World War II, many people migrated to work in northern factories. This exodus continued in the 1950s and 1960s because of mechanization in the coal fields and the depressed local economy. The county lost a population of 7,000 to 10,000 during this period. It is estimated that one and a half to two million people migrated out of the Appalachian region during this period.

During the 1960s and 1970s, numerous government programs brought monies to low-income people to attempt to create and maintain an acceptable quality of life.

A Christian, wealthy nation like the United States needed such programs. However, the programs have been poorly administered and in many instances, they have not served the intended purposes. The programs have been criticized for taking the initiative away from recipients to field for themselves and to seek work. At the same time, while poverty obviously exists,

primarily our hollow roads, many Knott Countians still refuse to admit it.

The most dramatic change, and the greatest boon for possible commercial development and that debated word "progress," has been new roads. The Bert Combs Mountain Parkway made it possible to get to Lexington in a reasonable drive. In 1980, new Route 80 opened up the isolated parts of the county and encouraged mining and commercial trade.

Knott Countians have a history, not to be ashamed of, but to brag about. It is unfortunate that the county does not have a published history—it deserves one. This is an attempt, in celebration of the county's one-hundredth birthday, to produce an inexpensive history for Knott Countians to enjoy. Hopefully, it will encourage the efforts of local historians to publish a bound history in the next few years. We deserve a history that seriously looks at our heritage and development. We must not romanticize our history nor leave out our dark moments. There has been bloodshed, ignorance, incompetent leaders, poverty, etc.—as there has been in other communities. The good far outweighs the bad. Overcoming the darker moments are our achievements. We must not forget that.

Now it is time to acknowledge a few of the people who helped bring this edition to you.

The support of the people who contributed items and photographs to the edition is to be commended. The support of merchants and other persons who advertised or sponsored pages enabled us to bring this to you at a nominal cost. Please make every effort to thank these people by patronizing their businesses.

Al Stewart kindly let us use all of his well-edited Fall 1974-Winter 1975 edition of *Appalachian Heritage* magazine in our edition. It is the closest thing the county has had as a history. It was a great starting place for this edition.

The work of the late Eastern Kentucky historian Henry "Buck" Scalf has provided immeasurable research for future scholars of Knott history. Several portions of his writings and research have been used here. He authored *Kentucky's Last Frontier*. I treasure the experience of meeting him and his wife in Floyd County before his death.

The photographic archives of Alice Lloyd College and the Hindman Settlement School were extensively used. Charles Martin at ALC and Mike Mullins at the Settlement School were very helpful. No attempt has been made to give individual credit for photographs but readers interested in knowing the owners of the photographs may contact the *Times*. Many of the ALC pictures are from the late Knott photographer Astor Dobson's collection. Some of the photographs were taken from the Knott County Bicentennial Committee publication, *Time Was*, edited by Lynn Adams, an agent of Alice Lloyd College.

Robert Young went above and beyond the call of duty to compile lists of county officials, search census records, write and identify photographs for this edition.

Betty Combs coordinated the efforts of many who wrote articles for the *Times* centennial series and for this publication. Verna Mae Slone and Mildred Creighton, always willing to help, wrote articles which plugged the gaps in this historical record.

The Kentucky Humanities Council provided funds to compensate writers Charles Martin, Terry Cornett and Stuart Sprague for their writing. The funds will also help defray our costs and provide copies to be used in Knott County classrooms.

So many other people should be listed, however, we hope our sincere personal thanks will show some measure of our appreciation.

This Page Sponsored By



Hindman

Scuddy

1888 Fiscal Court meetings

Editor's Note: The following are excerpts from the earliest fiscal court meetings recorded. They have been transcribed by Wilma Gayhart who kept the spelling and sentence structure as originally recorded.

January 1888

At a court commenced and held in Court House in Hindman on January 15, 1888 and held for a call term of the Court of Claims and Levy present the Hon. David Martin presiding and the following associate justices of Knott Co., Jephtha Watts, W.F. Newland, F.H. Thomas, W.J. Hall, Harrison Cole, William Smith, Merchant Campbell, Isaac Terry, Wm. Huff, John Wicker, Lewis Gayheart, Wm. Mosley—the following business was transacted to wit: G.W. Kelly of the 6th district and John Hale and John Stone 7th precinct, Maggard Ritchie, Justices elect are not present and W.L. Amburgey, Justice in the 2nd district not present.

The regular County Attorney Fieldin Johnson not being present in court, W.W. Baker a regular practicing attorney, was appointed and sworn in.

R.O. May and George Clark appointed by this court to settle with H.M. Pigman Sheriff of Knott County levy of Knott Co. for the year 1887.

On motion of W.W. Baker County attorney. This vote whether to build or not to build a court house. Vote taken and recorded. It is therefore ordered to be recorded and is as follows to wit:

For building—Jep Watts, R.B. Young, Isaac Terry, Harrison Cole, Lewis Gayheart, Wm. Smith, W.F. Newland, F.H. Thomas, W.J. Hall, W. Huff, Wm. Mosley, Merchant Campbell.

For bonds—Jephtha Watts, W.F. Newland, F.H. Thomas, W.J. Hall, Wm. Smith, Wm. Huff, Lewis Gayheart.

Against bonds—Harrison Cole, Merchant Campbell, R.B. Young, Isaac Terry, John Wicker, Wm. Mosley.

For stone—W.F. Newland, Merchant Campbell, Isaac Terry, John Wicker, Wm. Mosley.

For brick—Jephtha Watts, F.H. Thomas, W.J. Hall, H. Cole, R.B. Young, Wm. Smith, Wm. Huff.

It is ordered that court adjourn until tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock.

May 21st, 1888

W.F. Newland this day returned and filed his resignation resigning the office as Justice of the peace of Knott County in precinct No. 1 of which was excepted by the court.

It is ordered by the court that Reubin Salyer Morgan be and he is hereby recommended to the Governor of the State of Kentucky to be commissioned as Justice of the Peace to fill the vacancy of W.T. Newland who has this day resigned said office in precinct No. 1 of Knott Co. Kentucky.

Ordered that Andrew Combs be and he is hereby appointed surveyor of the Public Road in precinct no. no. Beginning at the mouth of defeated Branch on Cars Fork and running up Car to the old Car meeting house and he be allowed all the road hands in and along said boundary and the road hands on the Flax Patch branch of Irishman Creek and he together with the hands will dig 10 ft. wide clear 15 ft. wide trim 14 ft. over head and keep same in good repair as the lean directs.

Ordered that John D. Amburgey Wilburn Pratt and Jephtha Watts be and they are hereby appointed viewers to view a way for a proposed and new road beginning at the foot of the Jones Fork Mountain on Left Hand Fork of Troublesome of said creek and over and down to the widow Huffs on Balls Fork and they or any two of them after being duly sworn will proceed to view this date and they will mark out the road they prefer and make out their report in writing giving the names of the owners and line out of its land and which the same may need at the next term of this court.

August 1888

Ordered that Samuel Adams be and he is hereby appointed superintendent to superintend the building of a new road in place of Hiram Stamper Beginning at the old Car Meeting house on Cars Fork up Car to Washington Amburgey's and he be allowed Robert Amburgey and his road hands Silas Francis and his road hands and John B. Smith and his road hands to aid and assist him in the marking and building of said road an he together with the hands will dig 10 ft. wide clear 15 ft. wide Trim 14 ft. over head.

28 August 1888

Isaac Caudil this day produced his certificate of election as constable of Knott Co. in precinct no. 7 in Knott County Ky. who executed bond with L.C. Stone and Harvey Caudil as surities.

J.H. Jones this day appeared in open court and executed bond as county commissioner of Knott County together with W.J. Hall, E.L. Perkins, P.M. Duke, Manford Young, Henry Combs, N.R. Craft, Randolph Adams and W.W. Baker as his surities of which bond was approved by the court and said Jones took the oath as required by law.

W.J. Hall this day appeared in open court and executed bond as county commissioner of Knott Co. Ky. with J.H. Jones, E.L. Perkins, P.M. Duke, Manford Young, Henry Combs, Randolph Adams and W.W. Baker as his surities and of which bond was approved by the court and said Hall took the oath as is required by law.

Sept. 1, 1888

I David Martin presiding Judge of Knott County Court have this day examined and audited the acts of W.W. Baker as County Superintendent of colored Common Schools for Knott County for the School year ending June 30, 1888 and find that the total amount chargeable to him to this date is \$81.70 and that he has produced proper vouchers for \$81.70 paid to teachers and that the preceding statements of his accounts are correct.

Given under my hand this 1st day of September 1888.
David Martin presiding Judge

This day came W.W. Baker County Superintendent of the Public Schools of Knott County and made the following annual settlement for the school year ending June 30, 1888. W.W. Baker Co. Superintendent of Knott County, in account with the state of Kentucky Jan. 10, to check for amount due 1888 Draft \$3,756.30.

Credits

1888 Sept 1
By account paid:

George Clarke (teacher in District 1)	\$148.20
Wilburn Pratt (District 2)	144.40
John Jones (3)	85.50
J.R. Pigman (4)	96.90
Wm Johnson (5)	93.10
Nannie Hale (6)	81.70
Robt. and John Amburgey (7)	131.10
Hiram Stamper (8)	58.90
F.M. Everage (9)	133.00
A.B. Smith and H.L. Thomas (10)	190.00
Dock Madden and Robert Amburgey (11)	104.50
James Stamper (12)	87.40
L.A. Cook (13)	68.40
Joseph Hall (14)	106.40
Jackson Edgerton (15)	83.60
Ambrose Stewart (16)	155.80
E.A. Hammonds (17)	70.30
L.C. Stone (18)	55.10
John Waulin (19)	91.20
Marion Martin (20)	72.20
J.M. Baker (21)	60.80
J.C.B. Hayes (22)	115.90
Ambrose Cox (23)	115.90
Merchant Campbell (24)	60.80
Jasper Campbell (25)	58.90
Hugh Hamilton and A. Cox (26)	60.80
Jeff Greear (27)	53.20
Jasper Campbell (28)	64.60
Nan Childers (29)	66.50
S.J. Kilgore (30)	74.10
S.J. Kilgore (31)	95.00
Silas Ritchie (32)	108.30
Joseph Ritchie (33)	51.30
Mannton Cornette (34)	70.30
S.J. Kilgore (35)	106.40
Wm Mosely (36)	83.60
Henry Thacker (37)	85.50
Bryant Moore (38)	76.00
Cora L. Perkins (39)	66.50
E.H. Hammond (40)	60.80
Nannie Childers (41)	60.80
J.W. Amburgey (42)	66.50
Merchant Campbell (43)	49.40

\$3756.30

(SUMMONS ORDINARY) Form 01. For sale by Western-Union Job-Printing Co., Louisville, Ky.

The Commonwealth of Kentucky,
TO THE SHERIFF OF Knott COUNTY, GREETING:
You are commanded to summon *Hiram Smith*
to answer
on the first day of the next *Feb* Term of the *Knott County* Circuit Court, a *petition* filed against *him* in said Court, by *the Court* for *failing to work the Public Road on Nov 8 & 9 Dec 20 1888 - amt to \$7.60*
and warn *him* that upon his failing to answer, the *warrant* will be taken for confessed or *he* will be proceeded against for contempt, and you will make due return of this summons on the first day of the next *Feb* Term of said Court.
Given under my hand as Clerk of said Court, this *8th* day of *Sept* 188*8*.
R. S. Leuberg Clerk.
D. C.

Male residents were required to work a certain (usually two weeks). Failure to do so resulted in period of time every year on the county's roads court action.



The Knott County Courthouse (in the 1890s) before the work on its exterior and the grounds was completed. Note that the fence posts are up but that the fence is not completed.



Troublesome Creek was filled with horses and riders as they made their way to the "jockey grounds" in Hindman for trading on Court Day. Note the large crowd down the creek.

RECEIVED this *5* day of *July*, 188*8*, from *J. E. Cornett* *Five* Dollars, *55* Cents,
in full for his Revenue Tax and County Levy on following list for the year 1879

LAND	Town lots	Pol	D	Horses, Mares, Hides, and Jennies	CATTLE	Swine	Equalization	Pleasure Carriages	Watches, Gold & Silver Jewelry	Total Amount	Total Tax
											<i>5.55</i>

W. H. Leuberg, Sheriff *Letcher* County.

RECEIVED, this *22* day of *Dec* 188*8* of *J. E. Cornett* *several* Dollars and *thirty* cents, in full for Revenue and County Levy Tax for the year 188*8*, on list of property here stated.
R. S. Leuberg D. S.

Taxes have gone up since 1879

In 1879 the taxes on a 1200-acre farm amounted to only \$5.59, and only \$7.35 in 1883, according to these aged tax receipts belonging to Wilson Cornett. The Joe E. Cornett farm was a part of Letcher County at that time because

Knott County was not formed until 1884. That property was later divided into five farms, says Cornett. Those farms belonged to Green Cornett, Sammy Cornett, Jep Cornett, John Cornett and Watson Cornett.

This Page Sponsored By

Carl Slone

Knott County Property Valuation Administrator

Early times — memories of old Clabe Jones

Taken from "Autobiography of Old Clabe Jones as told to J.W. Hall."

I was born in Floyd County, Kentucky, on the Arnold Fork of Beaver creek, February 14, 1826. My father, John Jones, was born and reared in Hawkins County, Tennessee, coming to Floyd County when he was about twenty years old, marrying my mother, Miss Rebecca Arnold, who was born in Tazewell County, Virginia. Shortly after I was born my parents moved down Beaver about fifteen miles and settled on a small creek, named Jones Fork, in honor of my father, who was one of the pioneer settlers in that section, which was at that time a wilderness full of wild bears and all kinds of wild game. My father had to build wild pounds to put his cows in over night to keep

the bears, panthers and wolves from killing them.

There were only five families then living in that part of the Beaver Valley. John Morris, John Hays, John Martin, Joel Gayheart and Christopher Walker. My father was a sportsman and killed his meat from the woods. He cleared a small bottom to raise corn enough for bread, and ground his corn into meal between two flat rocks cut from the native cliffs, we called handmill. My mother's sifter was a dressed deer skin with holes made in it with a hot awl.

My father had a hard time to raise his corn, he would build fires all around his little field to keep the bears and deer from eating it up during the night. I can recollect when a boy of seeing the deer and turkeys in long droves all over the woods. My father had to go

fifty miles for salt, coffee and other goods.

The reader may well know there were plenty of snakes and fish in that day and time, but there was lard to fry the fish in only when my father would kill a fat bear or a wild hog. My father was a dear lover of women and my mother was high strung and would not put up with his way of doing, so she left him. My father took me to one of his cabins by the name of Katherine Smith. She was mean to me, and I ran away from them and went to my mother. I was about eight years old when my parents separated. One day a man by the name of John Hays had a house-raising; my mother determined to have revenge for the way Miss Smith had treated me. She armed herself with clubs and went to see Miss Smith. She walked into the house and said "Good morning, Miss Smith." Miss Smith answered and said, "Why, howdy, Bacca," and then it was howdy in earnest. My mother gave her a rap over the head with a club, then seized her, pulling her over the yard fence to the road and beat her with a club until she could not stand up, and then put her foot on her neck and pulled all her hair out and left her lying in the road and then fled to the woods for shelter.

When old John Smith came home he went and swore out a warrant and put it in the hands of the sheriff, a Mr. Hatcher, who scoured the country trying to find my mother. One night he came to Aunt Sarah Hale's while my mother was at supper. When Hatcher stepped into the house my mother slid under the table; the sheriff sat down before the fire to take off his leggins, the family got between the sheriff and mother and she slipped out the door and hid in the chimney corner and evertopping the sheriff she heard him say he never intended to go back without her, heard him say he was going through a certain gap, and then my mother went to Sam Conley's and got his gun, waylaid the gap and when the sheriff came along next morning she fired on him, shot him through the thigh, killing his horse. Of course he didn't go back without her, he was taken back without her. Mother sent my father word if he did not send her his fine race mare that she would give him the same play that she did the sheriff.



A rare photograph of "Old" Clabe Jones, a Civil War veteran and the first of only a couple of Republicans ever elected to a county office. He was involved in a feud that cost countless lives.

My married life

From reminiscences of John A. Hicks

Reprinted from the Fall 1974/Winter 1975 bicentennial issue of the *Appalachian Heritage*.

The idea of my giving the sketch of the early part of my life is to give my grandchildren and others who may read it an idea of how I came up in life, and for them to see my chance for an education.

At this time, near by the old log house where I used to go to school on the dirt floor and pole seats, there are good houses of brick and some of lumber, and instead of pole seats they all have good factory made seats with desks to write on. Instead of a wood fire in the middle of the schoolhouse, they have good gas fires to sit by; instead of little pathways that we used to have, there are good roads leading to all the schools in our counties.

I will now make a short sketch of my married life. I was married to Lizzie Gunnels, the daughter of G. W. Gunnels and Sarah Gunnels. I was married on the 24th day of May, 1894, in Floyd County, Kentucky. Shortly after we were married we went to Knott County and settled on the farm where I was reared. We lived in that community twenty four years. In the year of 1920, we moved back to Floyd County near Garrett, Kentucky, and bought us a little home where we now live. At the time of this writing there has been born in our family thirteen children, five boys and eight girls; four of them departed this life when they were infants, while there are four boys and five girls yet living.

We have toiled with out hands to rear them and have taught them to love God and to love each other. We often talk of those who have grown into manhood and womanhood. We remark very often that we are proud of our children; they never gave us much trouble. The oldest boy is thirty-three years old and the youngest boy is twenty-four. Neither of the boys were ever indicted in any court. We have lived honest before them and often tell them how bad it troubles us when they do wrong.

I can call my family around me and talk to them and tell them what

trouble means and how bad it hurts me; they can't hold back the tears. I sometimes think that kind words will do better than harsh words. It lets them know you love them; but just how good we love them we can't express in words, but deep down in our hearts we realize how strong and leading a bad life would ask themselves the question, "Is mother living and what is she thinking about?" No doubt the answer will be in their heart, "She is thinking about me." It doesn't matter what you do or what the crime may be that you have done, your father and mother love you. If you go to the jail house, mother's love is there. Your parents will own you as their son in the electric chair. If the death verdict is read, somewhere near by there will be a heart-broken father and a heart-broken mother. My prayers is to God, to let me live with my children and see them step out on the promises of God.

In order that my children may know something about my ancestors, I will make a brief statement about them. My great-grandfather came from Virginia in 1825. With him came two of his brothers, Ruben Hicks and Clayborn Hicks. Charlie Hicks was my great-grandpa. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and died about the year of 1880. He settled on the head of Balls Fork of Troublesome Creek. There he made a survey of about 1000 acres of land. He raised his family there and lived to somewhere near ninety years of age. I remember when he died.

My grandfather Caleb Hicks was born in 1825. He was the son of Charley Hicks. His wife was Sally McKinney, and her father came from Ireland. I don't remember anything about my mother's father and I never did see any of her brothers. My mother's father was Jones, and Grandmother Polly Mosley's maiden name was Jones. I remember her. She died in the year of 1896. She was blind for about 35 years before her death. She lived to be more than 100 years

old. She was the mother of Kelee, Neice, Bill, Lewis, Sam, Francis and Martha Mosley. I never saw any of them. Some of them were killed during the Civil War of 1861. Kelee Mosley moved to Lawrence County after the war and never came back to see his people. He died about the year of 1916.

Martha Mosley was missing shortly after peace was declared and mother never did hear what became of her. My mother, Frances Mosley, was married to James Hicks about 1874. They lived together about 24 years. To them were born nine children, seven boys and two girls. My father died with the measles; the fifth day of May 1898. My mother lived with her children about 18 years. She took the flux and died July 1917 at the home of the writer.

I remember hearing Grandpa tell of Grandpa killing bears and deer. She said that when he wanted a deer or any kind of meat, he would go hunting and would kill a deer or sometimes a bear and turkeys. Mother said she could remember seeing him shoot from the house and kill deer. Grandpa Mosley was born in England and Grandma Mosley was of Irish and Dutch descent. Grandpa Hicks was English and Grandma Hicks was Irish also.

Grandpa Hicks was married to Sally McKinney about the year 1841; there was born to them ten children, eight boys and two girls. They have all passed out of this life, except three. The ones yet living are Charlie Hicks, 75 years old; Wesley Hicks, 73 years old; and Mary Sparkman, 70 years old. They are bent with old age and their hair has turned to silver grey. When they pass to the beyond, I will be one of the oldest generations that came to this country in 1825 which is over 100 years ago. My age at this time is 53 years. I have nine children living and four dead. After I pass out of this life I hope some of my children or some of my grandchildren will keep these dates with them. I hope that this will be printed in their minds and that it might make life worth more to them, and that my name will be told to another generation.

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The Civil War in Knott County

A Lackey Confederates' memoirs

William Collins Sr., of Lackey, fought in the Civil War as a Confederate. On Nov. 9, 1928, he had his story put into writing and a copy of that record has been made available to the *Floyd County Times* by Scott Collins, Prestonsburg attorney and a grandson of the veteran.

His reminiscences follow:
When the Civil War started in 1861 I was 15 years old. I had two brothers in the service, Marshall Collins and Isaac Collins. Marshall Collins was younger than I and Isaac Collins was older. I am at present 84 years old. At the age of 16, I joined the Confederate Army under Adam Martin who was captain of my company. Also at this same date my two brothers joined. Adam Martin was a captain under Colonel Ben Caudill of Whitesburg, Ky. Anderson Hays of Hindman, Ky., was a captain of another company, mostly from this section of the country. Among other men who were in the two armies were Isom Slone of Caney, Berry Sexton near Whitesburg, Koon Slone, Bill Triplett Sr., Moon Conley, all of Lackey, Nelse Chaffins, Emery Hughes, Bryce Shepherd, of Goodloe, (Middle Creek), Bice Johnson, Jobb Johnson, John Johnson, Tandy Martin Sr. and Joe Martin of Lackey, and John Slusher.

While in the service we had to drill twice a day and we were stationed in this section of the country which extended to Whitesburg, Ky., Gladesville, Va., and other points. It was our duty to protect the country from abusive treatment from Home Guards and outlaws, also to capture the Yankees wherever we could.

Ben Caudill's regiment was composed of one thousand men and the captains of his regiment captured, in all, 50 Home Guards belonging to the Yankee Army. They were all tried for crimes of one kind and another and all paroled with the exception of one man by the name of Scritch, who lived above Hindman. Scritch was considered a very bad and dangerous man. It was proven by his comrades, or Yankee Home Guards, that he had killed an old man and woman and robbed them and was found to be guilty of other willful crimes. This being the case, it was decided to courtmartial him. Col. Ben Caudill, with his other majors and other officers under his supervision, selected 24 men out of the various companies to perform this duty. I was selected as one of the 24 men but was rejected by my captain on account of my youth, and Isaac Collins, my brother, was taken in my place. Ben Smith, who used

to reside on Jones Fork, and Dan Howard, who formerly lived at Lackey, were two of the men selected. Howard was selected from his own suggestion, due to the fact that a short time previous to this, Scritch had helped to kill his brother.

The law governing performances of this kind made it necessary, in order that they might not know for a certainty who fired guns loaded, that only every other gun should be loaded with ammunition. It has always been said by those present to witness the occasions that Dan Howard's gun made a long fire and that Scritch, in giving away, one bullet grazed the top of his head and it was always thought that Dan Howard's gun missed him on this account. Apparently all the others took effect. It was always said by those present — that Scritch was one of the most daring and courageous men to ever face an ordinance like this.

Before he was courtmartialled the men were told to take aim, and Scritch patted himself on the chest and told the men he was ready.

After I was in the service for 18 months as a Confederate soldier, I was captured and taken prisoner. My brother Marshall Collins was also taken prisoner at the same time. My other brother, Isaac Collins, and others of our company escaped. He remained with the army for a period of one year. An incident which was always commented upon. While there was severe fighting at one time Isaac Collins was appointed to hold horses for some of the other men in his company. Among them was Joe Martin, a brother to Adam Martin, our captain. Isaac saw they were determined to capture Joe Martin. He mounted his horse and led Joe's horse to him which was being surrounded by those on the opposite side. Both rode to safety. It was always commended as being a very dangerous and daring deed.

Isaac Collins was in many battles throughout this section extending into Tennessee and Virginia. Those taken prisoner at the same time I was taken, I cannot recall all their names in this section but among them were my younger brother, Marshall Collins, Col. Ben Caudill and others previously mentioned. At time of our capture we were at Gladesville, Va. The Yankees brought us to Pikeville, Ky. and from Pikeville to Prestonsburg by foot. At this place they kept us for three days and nights under guard. We had no shelter and were compelled to sleep on the ground without blankets. From this place we were taken on a flatboat to Catlettsburg, Ky.

From this point we were taken via steamboat to Cincinnati. We were in Cincinnati when the Battle of Gettysburg was fought. We remained there for two days and nights and from this point we were taken by train to Camp Chase, Ohio, and kept for four weeks. We were then taken to Camp Douglas, Ill., at Chicago. Later, Lincoln's Park was built on this site. They put us in prison and we were kept there for 18 months. There were about 10,000 prisoners in all. On one occasion I remember while in prison, visitors were allowed to come among us. One day some visitors brought with them a shepherd dog which accompanied them in the prison. Some prisoners from the Bluegrass region of this state managed to steal and conceal the dog. After the visitors left, they missed the dog and returned to the prison in search for him but could not find him. The next day they again returned for further investigation. They found some of the dog's feet and killed. Upon inquiry why they killed the dog the answer was given:

"The dog was killed and eat for the want of meat."

This was the only answer they could get. A sharp suspicion was placed upon some of the men and it was reported that those accused were severely punished. The kind of punishment they had was placing them in a dark dungeon for certain spaces of time or sometimes placing chains around their legs and fastening a ball of iron to it weighing 60 pounds which the men had to carry with them when they moved about.

Doctors visited the prison who would inspect and treat those who were ill. I oftentimes made it a point to gain their friendship and showed myself ready to help them in any way I could. They often played checkers in the prison. I built fires for them and when I took sick in prison they gave me their special attention, especially one doctor whom I had won his confidence and friendship. This doctor treated me and encouraged me to get well. My brother Marshall Collins took sick with typhoid fever in prison with me and died of this disease. Many of the others died of this same disease. The other diseases which caused the most deaths were erysipelas, smallpox and measles.

At the time of my exchange they were dying at the rate of 50 a day.

After being in prison for 18 months they decided to take 500 of us and exchange us to 500 soldiers at Richmond, Va. At this point I got a 60-day furlough home and while I was home peace was declared.

Unionist Clabe Jones recalls

The great Civil War had now begun and I was a Democrat in politics, but I cast my fortune with the Union cause and this compelled me to leave home or be killed. A man lived near by the name of Coburn who had a son that had joined the Rebel army and coming home the old man Coburn reported me as Yankee. I took to the brush and began dodging for my life. The Coburns robbed my house, took everything I had and then burned the house and left my wife and children homeless. I sent my wife to one of her sisters while I stayed in hiding. One day I met up with one of the Coburns. He was carrying off some of my household goods he had stolen from my house. We had some hot words. He made at me with a large knife and I knocked him down with my gun and pulling my knife gave him a stroke or two, and left him lying in the road. I then went to Perry County and soon there was a man sent into Perry by the name of Tom Johnson from the United States Army to raise a battalion of soldiers, and I enlisted with the federal forces. We went to work and soon had enough men to organize a battalion. We met together in Harlan County to organize. Johnson and a Mr. Blankinship were candidates for Major. Blankinship was elected and we were mustered into the Union Army Oct. 13, 1862, and were mustered out of the Harlan Battalion Jan. 13, 1863.

I was first lieutenant under Captain Morgan of Company A. I was paroled to do all the scouting, hardly a raid was made without

sending for me to get my advice. I went to Floyd County after my wife and mother, and was captured by Col. Caudill who took me to Letcher County. Caudill's company was ordered to Richmond, Va. They camped on the Rock House and stayed there three days and nights. They guarded me closely. I learned when they were going to start for Richmond and I made up my mind to not go with them quite so far. The weather was very cold and they made a big log fire at the mouth of our camp. I lay down on the outside in order to be able to work the stakes loose, and I saw one of the guards lay his pistol on the end of a log of wood, and as soon as the guards had all fallen asleep I eased up and got the gun, and lay back on the ground and raising the tent cloth I rolled outside. I was about the middle of the camp, but I made my way out without being observed. I went up the hill to the top of the ridge and it was so cold I had to run up and down the ridge to keep from freezing till daylight. About eleven o'clock in the day I came to the Old Life Breeding farm and saw a boy hauling wood and following the haul road to where Breeding was chopping wood. I told him I was hungry and he sent the boy back to the house after my dinner. The boy brought me a good dinner. Breeding was a Union man. I then went to a moonshine still Breeding had told me about and got a canteen of whiskey. After drinking enough to make me feel brave as it was fighting whiskey — a half pint would have made a Jackrabbit spit in the face of a bulldog — I then left the

woods and took the road, and hadn't gone a mile until I met Col. Ben Caudill himself. He at once drew his sword and ordered me to turn my course. I threw my gun on him and told him to hit the road and not to look back; if he did I would kill him. He took me at my word, and I was glad of it for I didn't know whether my gun would fire or not. The colonel then put a reward of \$500 for my capture, but he never had the pleasure of getting me, but I did help capture him at Gladesville, Va.



Reuban Morgan was a private in the Confederate Army. The great-grandfather of Circuit Judge Robert Morgan also served as one of the county's first justice of the peace (magistrate). He was raised on Saltlick and served as coroner and justice of the peace in Floyd County prior to Knott's creation.

Confederate sympathy strong in this area

Researchers are tending more and more to the conclusion that Eastern Kentucky was not a great stronghold for the Union as was for many years maintained. At least nine of the mountain counties were strongly devoted to the Southern cause. In an election of representatives to the state legislature on August 5, 1861, Morgan, Wolfe, Johnson, Magoffin, Breathitt, Perry, Letcher, Floyd, and Pike returned members of the General Assembly who were favorable to the Confederacy. In Morgan County the adverse Union feeling was great. In the August 1862 election when Gen. Boyle, the Union commander in the state, issued an order forbidding Southern Rights men as candidates in the various counties, mounted men whom the Unionists called guerrillas took charge of the voting, and elected a full ticket of county officials over the Union ticket by a vote of nearly three to one.

Most of the Southeastern Kentucky counties were wholly for the Union. One thing crystallizing opinion against the South in counties like Whitley, Knox, and adjacent counties was the deprivation of Confederate troops, who were forced to live off the country.

Civil War deaths

If Floyd County had been as thickly populated then as it is today, the loss of life during the Civil War would have been great and the destruction of property incalculable, but only 6,388 persons resided in the county in 1860. This figure will serve as well for 1862 as the population growth was slow. Yet we must not forget that in 1862 Floyd County contained a great portion of the present Martin and Knott counties. It seems to be a fair surmise that the present Floyd contained about 4,000 people and as the homes were not crowded against the high water level of the river the loss of life and property was held to a minimum. Kentucky's Last Frontier



In the early 1800's, William Smith built a log house in the center of what was later called Smithsboro. Most probably this house, as well as the Thomas Francis house on Carr Creek, was older than the Johnson house at Cady. These three were the first dwellings in Knott County. With time, lumber, chimneys, extra rooms and modern conveniences were added to the old house's original logs. It was handed down from William and Millie Smith to their descendants, Jeremiah and Elizabeth, then to Shadrack and Polina, and finally to John D. and Betty. They were living there with daughters Ruth and Joyce and granddaughter Karen at the time when the creation of Carr Fork Reserve made it necessary to tear down this house. This aged structure was a place rich with history and has many memories for a great deal of Knott Countians, since most of the Smiths in Eastern Kentucky had some connection to William and Millie Smith. The most special memories, though, belong to the surviving members of the John D. Smith clan. Our little valley is now covered by water, but the old homeplace that saw the love and laughter of six generations will always stand in our hearts.



Believed to be the Bristol Taylor homestead with Bristol Taylor on the porch with dulcimer and Selena standing outside.



Dogtrot log cabin pictured around 1900 was similar to housing in the county during the Civil War.

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Sheriff Thomas J. Adams

Hillard H. Smith's letter describes early life in county

Editor's Note: The following is a letter written by Hillard H. Smith to Ann Raleigh Eastham.

K. A. House, Tallahassee, Fla., Dec. 10, 1937

My dear Ann,

My daughter, Carol, has requested me to send you a "somewhat" history of our family back some three or four generations that you may use in your class work in college (or in teaching). I am going to try to comply with this request in an "off-hand, hurried, ramshackle" way, and you have the privilege of dressing it up in your best English when you present it. I shall not try to go into minute detail of all things connected with their coming to Kentucky, their settlement, living conditions, habits and customs, etc. etc. It would take a volume you know.

The first authentic history we have of our ancestors on my paternal side (the Smith family) is that my great-great-grandfather, William Smith, lived near the coast in eastern Virginia prior to the year 1775 and reared a large family. His son, Richard Smith, my great-great-grandfather, came to Kentucky, a young man about the year 1792, when Kentucky became a state. He was born in 1771 and was 21 years of age when he came and stopped at a spot near Hazard on the Kentucky River. He married Alicia Combs, daughter of Nicholas Combs (called "Danger") about 1795, and to this marriage was born 14 children — eight sons and six daughters. The eldest son, William, born in 1785, was my great-grandfather who married his cousin Millie Combs; and to them were born ten children, the oldest of which was my grandfather William, born 1825. He married Martha Ashley, daughter of Rev. Jordan Ashley who came from North Carolina. To them were born ten children, one of whom was my father, the oldest son, John Ashley Smith, who married my mother Elizabeth Jane Hagan, daughter of John Vint Hagan (or Higgins) and Jenny Amburgey, daughter of John P. Amburgey and Lourania Polly of Letcher County. To this marriage were born five children, myself and four others. I married Leo Dicie Francis. The eldest son, William Francis, and there have been born to our marriage ten children, seven of whom are living



Hillard Smith

and most of whom you know. In 1799 all eastern Kentucky — and most of the state for that matter — was a primeval forest, and at that time Richard Smith, my ancestor above mentioned, lived and had his being in that great wilderness like most all the pioneers who came to Kentucky. When they first came over the "Divide" as they called the Black and Cumberland Mountains, they sometimes lived in tents until they could throw up a cabin of logs. These cabins could be erected, however, in a very short time. After the logs were cut and hauled to the site, they were cut in most cases, have what they called "a house rain." The few neighbors would come for several miles and put up the walls in one day. Clapboards were given by the old-fashioned "free" and placed on the house for a roof. While they did not bother at first to put the logs for the walls but put up round logs, they did use puncheons for the floors. They built their chimneys out of a few stones up to and including the fireplace and from there to the top of the house with sticks and clay. Cooking was done on the fire, old-fashioned pots and bakers — the pots being hung on "pot racks" and the baker for the cornbread pone was placed on hot embers in front of the fire with a lid rolled up at the edges on top of which were piled a large amount of live coals made of oak bark generally. No other cornbread is so delicious. I know Deer, bear, wild turkey and all small game were plentiful. Our ancestor and his family, like all others, lived at that time altogether on wild meats and "corn pone." They tilled a little bottom land for corn, with very few any vegetables. The corn was ground on handmills and in

the spring grated or gritted (with "gritters" (graters) of a piece of tin from an old worn bucket with holes punched through with nails. Later came the "hoss-mill" with an endless and circulating chain of logs bound together which rotated by horses treading them. I can remember the "old hoss-mill" and horses treading them — continually stepping but going nowhere. Two or more horses were used and as they stepped on the logs, the logs would back under them like the chain under a modern tank, the horse's feet working like the cogs of the wheels of the tank and this turned the "home-made mill rocks," that ground the corn into meal. Still later and since I can remember, wheat was ground in the same way and bolters made of cloth stretched over a frame to separate the bran from the flour.

I have seen threshing machines run by horse to thresh the wheat grains from the straw exactly like the hoss-mill, the horse traveling an endless chain and the machines threshing. This was an improvement over the older way of threshing wheat, which was done by a flail. A large circular place could be scraped off the surface of the ground until the solid earth was reached some 15 to 20 feet in diameter and the bundles of wheat piled up in the center and two or more men with flails would stand around the edge and flail the straw until all the grain was beaten out. They then removed the straw and the wheat was winnowed. One man would pick up a measure of wheat and hold it shoulder high and let it pour from the vessel to the ground, and, as it was poured, two men with a sheet or large piece of factory cloth would continually strike the sheet which was held by each end against the air toward the wheat as it poured to the ground and the chaff was blown away and the grain was cleaned. Yes, the flails were made from green hickory poles about the size of a man's forearm and bruised with the back of a pole about three feet from one end, and so it became pliable and would swing over the shoulder as the men flailed. The soil was tilled mostly with homemade tools or implements but not much was needed as very little soil was tilled at first.

When the settlements were first made, and for many years after Kentucky became a state, the surveys and patents from the Commonwealth were made along the valleys and only covered the valleys, however narrow, and were made to wind with the creeks. The maps of these early surveys looked very much like a monstrous serpent. After the surveys were made of the valleys — whether river bottoms or smaller streams, the owners of the surveys and patents would claim not only the valley but to the top of the hills from upper end of survey to the lower and would blaze out and mark trees to the top of the hills as evidence of their claims. When any part was sold, it would be marked the same way.

All fences were built of rails cut from the very finest walnut and poplar and oak trees now so valuable. I have seen many old walnut rails which last for half a century or more. I have seen large yellow poplars cut and split into rails with no thought of their value.

At first, of course, much of the clothing was made from skins of animals, and I can remember the coon skin cap on very old men some fifty years ago. Then flax was raised and they had the old "flax break" over which the flax was broken into "spin" and then spun on the old spinning wheel. I have seen all of these in my family after they had mostly gone out of use.

The "tow" made from the flax was spun into fine or coarse thread from which both inner and outer garments were made. I have been told by those who knew their grandparents that it was nothing unusual to see children almost grown wearing everywhere a one piece shirt made of linen and extending to their ankles. But the

loom soon came into use in the early days and sheep were raised and wool carded and spun and woven into garments of all kinds, and this has not entirely gone out of use and I hope it never does. Some of the nicest suits for men and dresses for women were made in this way. When a little boy near fifty years ago I used to keep some black sheep which I called mine out of which to make a nice mixed suit. They would mix black wool and white—a little black—and make the nicest suits yet made. My mother did this for me and would weave five and six yards a day, and I would pick up her shuttle when she would miss catching it and it would drop to the floor. She would stop to take up the gears and roll the large beam and clear the gears of the loom and I have seen them weave the beautiful bed spreads and coverlets of all kinds of patterns, the log pattern and General Lee and many others. I have batted the wool in coarse cards to have ready to be carded with finer cards into small rolls, not half the size of the wrist to be spun on the large spinning wheel.

It is a mistake to think or believe that all our ancestors who came to Kentucky were uneducated. Most of them were probably, but many of them had reading, writing and arithmetic. A few I know were well educated, but their children and grandchildren, of course, had no chance for an education. For native ability, however, the early settlers of Kentucky were not excelled anywhere, and, believe me, I think it still true.

My grandfather Smith's father, Rev. Jordan Ashley, came to Kentucky when my grandfather was a small girl, but she remembered very well, so she told me. They lived in tents the first summer on Elkhorn Creek where now is located the town of Jenkins and in sight of the "Lonesome Pine" of John Fox Jr. They then moved to Carr Creek, from whence came the famous Carr Creek Basketball Team a few years ago. My great-grandfather, William Smith, had ten children and gave each a thousand acres of land.

My great-grandfather, Ambrose Amburgey, came to Kentucky in 1825 and went to where the town of Jackson is now located to buy the "pan bowl," a tract of land where the Kentucky River bends seven miles around and comes back near to itself with only a small sharp ridge of rock between, called "pan bowl." He was offered these thousands of acres for a few hundred dollars, but would not buy because of a freshet had washed trees up by the roots over some of it. He came back up Carr Creek and, as there were no roads, by small tracts and very few homes and on foot, travel was slow. He stayed overnight with James and Priscilla Davis and bought all of Carr's Fork from Breedings Creek to Upper Smith's Branch over five thousand acres, for six hundred dollars. He went back to Clinch River near St. Paul and got his family, his father-in-law and family and his brothers and families and his brother-in-laws and families. They sold out land and such personal effects that could not be packed on horses and mules, but kept their slaves, and when they came to Kentucky settled near Old Carr Church and divided the land and marked it out as I have indicated.

In the early days there were no such things as feuds, but when men fought, they would do so with fists and it was a disgrace to use or attempt to use a weapon in one of these fist fights.

They had many sports in the days of our grandparents, hunting with hounds for both large and small game, and I was taught to believe that my grandfather most always had the fastest hounds of anybody.

All kinds of physical contests—running, hopping, jumping, wrestling, and lifting heavy loads. The most interesting to me,

however, was that of the friendly fistic bouts. They would strip to the waist and grease their bodies and clip their hair, or rather cut as close as could be with scissors, or shave it and then grease the head, the "Bullies" (not champions) but the greatest fighters were called "Bullies," which carried as much honor as the modern champions.

They had horse racing—much of it—and my grandfather, W.R. Higgins (or Hagan), was a turfman from North Carolina before he moved here. His son John P. married Lourania Polly, daughter of Edwin Polly, a Revolutionary War veteran and lived on the Kentucky River above Whitesburg.

If time and space would permit, I could tell many interesting details of the trials, habits, customs, and so forth. I cannot forego the pleasure of telling you of the old time marriage ceremony and customs.

The husband or groom and the bride generally lived many miles apart, as the people were not thickly settled. The wedding would take place at the home of the bride and was most solemnly performed by a minister—a favorite preacher generally. Then the wedding party, bride, groom, "waiters," and many friends (often 50 to 100) would mount horses, men riding in front, the girls behind, with long riding skirts reaching very near the ground, would proceed to the home of the groom for the "infare." Long before they reached the house of the groom, they were expected and everything in readiness, and when they approached, some would open the gate (or I should say let the bars down as there were no gates then) and they would all ride through and ride around and around the houses several times, making witty cracks and doing and saying all kinds of things to embarrass the bride and groom, but all in fairly good taste for the most part; and then that night what a party, and what dancing—the old kind—calling sets, square dance, Virginia Reel and hoe-downs with plenty of banjo picking and fiddling.

I have not time just now to write much more and much of this you may not want to use, but I will jot down a few things that you may write out to suit yourself and I shall do it promiscuously.

Home-made sleds and pack saddles were used first before wagon roads.

First wagons were made from large blocks sawed from trees for wheels. The wagons or wooden wheeled carts were hauled by oxen harnessed with wooden yokes. You will see that the greatest drawback for a hundred years was lack of roads of any kind. At first no railroads anywhere in the world.

Then for fifty years or more after my ancestors first came, still no railroads anywhere. In those days all pioneers lived much alike in whatever part of the country they lived.

The railroads began to appear about the time of the birth of my father, but were unknown almost

in the state then. Even I can remember when the railroad was one hundred and fifty miles away. The only way to transport goods was by old wagon roads almost impassable, and no means of communication. Seldom any mail—and at first none—and since mail—I can remember, men would ride horseback and carry the mail a hundred miles from town to town. No telephones, no radio, no telegraph, no automobile, no air ship, no newspapers, within reach and very few books. Most every family had a Bible, however, and the people of these good old days were the best read in the Bible of any people anywhere. Plenty of moonshine whiskey, and most everybody drank it and believed it not inconsistent with their Bible reading and religion.

I need not tell you the customs and manner of religious worship of the Old Primitive Baptists—and no other was known in "these parts," then. You know their "singsong" delivery as it is called, and I do not condemn it. They "lined off" their songs and would simply state before so doing that was "common meter" or "short meter" as the case might be and all would understand and they would follow their leader in the lonesome tune, but not all at once. Generally some would be far after or behind, but they did not bother at all. I liked it all and still do yet sometimes.

I hope you may be able to take some of the things I have herein given and rewrite it to suit yourself and use it in your class work. I know it is true that I have written, and I got it from my grandparents. I wish I had time to sit down and think of some interesting things: of bee hives made out of hollow black gum trees, called "bee gums" and of the "quack doctors" and the poor old innocent but in most cases very helpful mid-wives, of the "yer-bow" (herbs) used to cure sick children, of curing thrash in a poor child's mouth by putting water in a dirty boot and running it so many times from heel to toe and making the child drink it—of a thousand and one cures for all ills—and witchcraft and how they became witches—this last and I will stop.

My grandfather said to become a witch they would go to the top of some mountain before sunrise and hang a handkerchief between you and the rising sun (preferably a white silk one) have a rifle loaded with a silver bullet—cure God and own the Devil for your master and shoot at the sun through the handkerchief and blood would run and drop from the handkerchief. After that you were a full fledged witch and could cast all kinds of spells over people. I wish I had time to tell you of the many things these witches did in early days of my grandfather.

Hoping this may be something like what you want and with very best wishes always and the hope of seeing you again soon in our home. I am,

Sincerely yours, Hillard H. Smith



Elizabeth Back, mother of 17 children, at the old homestead on Breedings Creek above Cody (1920).



An old mill up Troublesome Creek about two miles from Hindman in the early 1920s.

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Linville Haggans, first man murdered in Knott County

Editor's Note: Linville Haggans was the first man murdered after Knott County was formed. His death occurred just over a month after the boundaries were struck off. His death precipitated a deadly feud.



Linville Haggans, born Dec. 11, 1849. Killed Aug. 15, 1884 in McPherson.

By LUCIALS. COMBS

The name Haggans (Higgins) first appeared in Pennsylvania. William R. (one-eyed Bill) served three years in the Revolutionary War. He married Polly Linville of North Carolina, and ever since there has been a John and a Linville Haggans.

In 1780 Ft. Ruffles was taken by the British and Indian warriors under Captain Bird. The first cannon was used against the helpless pioneers. Among those captured were Lt. John Haggans, John Burgey Jr. and John Burgey Sr., John Smith Jr. and John Smith Sr., John Martin, William Mullins, James Stuart and Thomas Clark.

Records show these names reappearing in Perry, Letcher and Knott counties.

John and Lourain Polly Haggans' son, John Vint, married Jenny (Jane) Amburgey and settled in Knott County near the present site of the Carl D. Perkins

Vocational School. They were the parents of three daughters and a son, Linville. Linville married Almada Wheatley. Their children were Jethro and Lucy Jane. They were divorced and he married Franky Caudill. They had a son, Oscar.

At the time of his death, Aug. 15, 1884, Linville was staying at McPherson. The roads being muddy, he had gone down under the bridge to wash the mud from his shoes. At the same time Sam (W.S.) Wright, John Wright, Talt Hall, an 11-year-old Bates boy, and others were asking a Collins lady if that was Linville under the bridge. The lady assured them twice that she knew Haggans and that was him.

Some said he was inside the building; others said he was out.

This group opened fire on Linville. He was shot five times. His arm was just hanging. It was said Haggans was an expert shot, so the first thing the group did was to eliminate his arm. Some people thought he made it inside the building and was shot in the doorway and fell upon the porch. Others said he crawled upon the porch and died. Lucinda Hays said the floor was black where he bled upon the porch. They were never able to remove this stain. It was there until the house was torn down. (Lucinda was the daughter of Anderson Hays.)

This group of men left town in a hurry. But someone had ridden ahead and informed John Vint of his son's death. A shoot-out took place near his home.

The Wright clan left their horses and took to the hills. Taking a longer route to Letcher County, they passed the home of Nancy Haggans and Thomas Watts. Nancy gave them water to drink, not knowing they had killed her nephew.

Linville was placed in a sled by Monroe Combs and buried in the Perkins Cemetery (near the present site of the state garage).

A calf had been seen on the hillside near Linville's father's

home. The Bates boys' calf had been stolen so it was said Linville was killed for cattle rustling. Later it was learned the calf had been bought by his brother-in-law. So, why he was killed, no one knows for sure.

Dolf Draun, a deputy, with some men, went to Letcher County to apprehend the leaders of the clan for the killing of Haggans. The Wrights objected to the arrest and laid in ambush at Daniel Hill (Kona). Several were wounded including Talt Hall and a Short. Draun's horse was killed (which Wright paid for).

Later Caleb (Claiib) Jones went after Wright. At this time a reward had been issued for both Jones and Wright. Each had to travel at night so as to catch the other in the morning. Jones arrived in Letcher County while Wright arrived in Knott County.

The next raid was made by Jones on Wright's Fort. It was a long battle which resulted in Jones' retreat.

A battle on Rockhouse resulted in the death of one of Wright's men.

This lasted for years. Over a hundred were killed over this feud. All parties tried in court came clear.

Linville's daughter attended the hanging of Talt Hall in Wise, Va.

Sources for this article were interviews with Lucy Jane Haggans, Sis Amburgey (Linville's daughter), Jethro Haggans (Linville's son), Millard Seals, Ruby Watis and James Bramlett Clark.

Lawrence formed

In 1821 Floyd County extended to the Forks of Big Sandy, now Louisa, and all below that on the Kentucky side of the river was Greenup County. An act of the General Assembly creating Lawrence County was approved December 14, 1821.



A typical hanging scene in the 1890s (during the period Talt Hall was hung). This picture is unidentified. The victims hung this day could

have been Buford Overton (1896, Harlan), Ellison Mounts (1889, Pikeville) or Bad Tom Smith (1895, Jackson).



Talt Hall the day he was executed in Wise, Va.

Beaver Creek named in 1775

Beaver Creek was given its name in 1775. In December of that year William Thornton, James Fowler, and William Pittman discovered a salt lick near the present Hueysville. They had come by way of Pound Gap, Shelby Creek, and over the dividing ridges to the mouth of Salt Lick Creek, ending a hunting expedition that had begun on the Clinch and Pound rivers. Everywhere on the stream, heretofore unnamed, were beaver, and Fowler gave it the name—Beaver Creek. In early days it was a productive lick, and in March 1796 Thornton and Philip Roberts returned to make salt for the settlements. It is an ironic twist of history that the almost unknown hunter Fowler should confer an everlasting name upon a valley while the presence of the now famous Boone upon it in the very same year is debated and pondered.

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Five old persons live in memory filled house

Johnson family

By HENRY P. SCALF

Five old persons living in a house that is approximately a century and a half old. Living with the memories of their pioneer family that came over the mountains from Yadkin River in North Carolina when Floyd County was a wilderness empire, full of game and savage Indians.

The old house stands near the mouth of Breeding's Creek in Knott County, and living there are three brothers and two sisters—Patrick, John D., Sidney, Elizabeth and Allie Johnson. Four are married. Patrick, the eldest, is 83. Around them are memories. Looking down upon them from decades long past are portraits of their forebears, some dressed in the formal clothes of the time. Pictures of Simeon Johnson, scholar, teacher and lawyer, Fielding and Sarah Dotson Johnson, Fielding, lawyer and landowner, was the first county attorney of Knott County when it was separated from Floyd County and organized in 1844.

They sleep in corded fourposter beds that Sarah Dotson Johnson, wife of Fielding, brought to the old house as a part of the personality from the Mansion House of Wise, Va. She was a daughter of Jackie and Lucinda Matney Dotson, of Wise. Jackie was the first sheriff of Wise and when he died Mrs. Johnson's part of the Mansion House's furnishings were brought to her home on Breeding's Creek.

One of the old corded, hand-turned beds is called The Apple Bed; another, the Acorn—because an apple is carved on the end of each post of one and an acorn is carved on the posts of the other. One is finished with varnish by some Virginia craftsman, the other

is unfinished. On them are coverlets, made by hands long since dead. They show you, these old people, patches, laquered in gold from the Virginia Matney family, and tableware from the Mansion House, which was actually the Dotson Hotel, one of the famous hosteries in Southwest Virginia. There is the Wedding Plate, a large platter from which each Johnson bride and groom ate his or her dinner. When President Francis Hutchesin, of Berea College, came a few years ago to see the antiques he went away and returned with an artist who sketched them. The old people prepared a giant turkey, served him on the Wedding Plate.

Sitting under the picture is an old Kentucky rifle that belonged to George Washington Johnson and with which he killed deer. These old people show you from an old trunk, clothes worn by their ancestors. There is the wedding dress of Sarah Dotson Johnson, preserved for almost three-quarters of a century. There are the baby clothes of Simeon Johnson who lived to be old and has been dead for decades.

Patrick Johnson stirs his fire in the ancient fireplace. You are sitting where oldest persons prominent in early Eastern Kentucky history sat, for the old house was a famous stopping place on the road from Whitesburg to McPherson (now Hindman), Prestonsburg, and Kentucky river towns. Circuit riding judge, lawyers, and court attaches of mountain circuits, stayed here. Revolutionary War veterans stopped here as they pushed through the mountains in search of land. When Rev. Simeon Justice, a Revolutionary Army drummer married Adelpia Carter Johnson, widow of Thomas, he lived here awhile and with ministers like William Salisbury and Eleccious Thompson, of early Floyd, planned the founding of churches of their faith.

Exact date when the Johnsons came to Eastern Kentucky is not known but we know from historical records that Thomas Johnson, his wife, Adelpia Carter Johnson, Patrick and William Johnson, brothers, emigrated from the Yadkin River by way of Pound Gap sometime in the first decade of 1800. Patrick, one of the three brothers, took up 50 acres of land, Jan. 20, 1806, on Rockhouse Fork. He was married on June 13, 1813, to Anna Martin (born 1794), the daughter of William and Susannah Tudor Martin, who emigrated to Right Beaver Creek between the years 1806-08. William Martin himself came directly from Virginia but may have had his origins in North Carolina where it is possible he knew the Johnsons on the Yadkin. Patrick and Anna settled on the Isaac Fork of Right Beaver Creek.

Thomas and Adelpia Carter Johnson built the old house on and near the mouth of Breeding's Creek, a tributary of Carr Fork of the Kentucky River, sometime in the first decade of the 19th century. Originally it was built on a high place, near the side of a hill, but a "steep gut," as oldsters were wont to call a steep hollow, was at the rear and it must have been sudden freshets that caused them to move it a hundred yards nearer the creek side. It was Floyd County there when it was built and moved.

Later, by a successive creation of new counties, it has stood in three more—Perry, Letcher and Knott. Sons and daughters of Thomas and Adelpia were George Washington, Artie and Fanny. It was not a large family, by pioneer standards, but with the many duties of a pioneer mother, added to that of teacher, for Adelpia was the only woman of education in a wide section, life must have been indeed a busy one. She acted as scribe for the settlers and, as her fame was closely associated with the founders of the Baptist faith in the mountains, she wrote church letters and correspondence.

Neighbors were far apart in this section of early Floyd County, now Knott. On Carr Fork lived the Francis family. Thomas Francis, of French origin, and his wife, Jane Hammonds Francis, came by way of Virginia to Carr Fork, in 1816. Around 1815 the Ritchies moved to Carr Fork, but James, emigrant from England in 1768, returned to Virginia, leaving his son Crockett Ritchie and wife, Susan Grigsby Ritchie. There, too, was the family of John and Nancy Combs. We do not know the names of any pupils of Adelpia Johnson but we may surmise, with little fear of contradiction, that they were Ritchies, Francis and Combes.

The sons and daughters of Thomas and Adelpia began to marry off. George Washington married Sarah Francis, daughter of Thomas, of Carr Fork. Artie married Nicholas Smith, son of Richard, of Arroyo. Information as to whom William and Fanny married is unavailable. Thomas Johnson, builder of the old house, died in 1828 and is buried on the farm nearby.

Adelpia lived a widow some time, but was remarried to Rev.

Simeon Justice, Oct. 1, 1834. She had known him for years. He had officiated as minister at Johnson marriages, and stayed at the old house when he and other ministers were "riding the circuit" and organizing churches. It was he, who, with Elder William Salisbury, of Floyd County, and Eleccious Thompson, organized the first Baptist churches in the section. There is evidence that the three formally organized one in Perry in 1809. In 1810 some 20 families with these three assembled at the home of Isaac Whitaker on the Kentucky River and organized the Indian Bottom Church. They set up another church organization Aug. 13, 1815, at the home of Stephen Caudill, near the mouth of Sandlick.

Rev. Simeon Justice was a drummer boy in the Revolutionary army, but it would have seemed incongruous to have made such a statement in 1834 when he and Adelpia Johnson mounted horses for the trip to Hazard to get married. He weighed 400 pounds. Corroboration of his size exists in a great chair he had made for himself and in which two persons could sit with ease. The chair, now in the possession of Jethro Amburgy, of Hindman, was used by his descendants as a "courting chair." Simeon and Adelpia lived together for 12 years, but that they lived a considerable length of time in the old house on Breeding's Creek cannot be said. He owned land in the present Floyd County and it can be assumed that they moved to the Big Sandy River. As evidence that he lived on Big Sandy is that of Alexander Lackey of Prestonsburg who swore, to assist Simeon to procure a pension, that he had lived as a neighbor to him for nine or ten years.

Simeon grew old, began to lose his eyesight and, but for the pension he received, would have died in reduced circumstances. His old pension papers give us a resume of his Revolutionary service. He was born in Pittsylvania County, Va., June 4, 1765. The family moved to Rutherford County, N.C., but soon drifted farther south to Ninety-Six in South Carolina. His mother died there. Simeon, his father John and his brother John, who may have been slightly older, was appointed fifer and Simeon drummer of the company. Captain Benjamin Tutt gave the three a small amount of bounty money.

He served most of his three-year enlistment at Fort Rutledge but in February 1780, was sent to Augusta, Ga. In May he was back at Fort Rutledge. His term of enlistment ended in June of that year but, "times were very squally and it was thought imprudent to discharge the men at the fort." Squally they were indeed, for Fort Rutledge was captured by the British and Simeon was made prisoner. He was paroled in July 1780.

After his discharge he lived in South Carolina until 1795 when he moved to Tennessee and lived there four years. After that he moved to Buncombe County, N.C.

In 1807, after eight years residence in North Carolina, he moved to "Sandy River, Kentucky, where he has resided ever since." This statement was made in 1832, two years before he married the widowed Adelpia.

Although Adelpia Johnson was 47 and Simeon Justice was 69 at the time of their marriage, they attended church at the far-flung church outposts in the mountains, mostly at those he had helped organize. Her son, George Washington and Sarah Francis Johnson were living in the old house on Breeding's Creek. As they traveled over the trails from Big Sandy to tributaries of the Kentucky River it may be assumed without much breach of historical accuracy that these two stayed nights in the old house with her son, George.

Rev. Simeon Justice died Jan. 16, 1846, and his wife went to live with the sons and daughters. In 1835 she appeared in a Letcher County court, for the old house she and Thomas Johnson had built in Floyd County, had shifted successively to Perry, then Letcher by creation of new counties. In this Letcher County court appearance before Judge Green Adams she asked for a pension by reason of being the widow of a Revolutionary War soldier. She was inscribed upon the pension roll to begin Feb. 3, 1853. On Oct. 20, 1855, she was a resident of Perry County for she appeared before a justice of the peace in order to receive bounty land. At this time she was 68 years of age. She died and was buried on Irishman Creek.

George Washington and Sarah Francis Johnson, who lived in the old house near the mouth of Breeding's Creek, had eight sons and daughters: Fielding, called Babe, George, Leslie, Simeon, Sarah, Susan, Thomas and Adelpia. Susan married George Eversole. Thomas married Lucy Eversole, and Adelpia, named for her grandmother, married Washington Combs.

The old house had now become a stopping place for persons traveling on the road to Whitesburg, McPherson (Hindman), Prestonsburg, or Hazard. In the years after Knott County was formed it became, with the Pad Breeding or Spencer Combs home, the favorite stopping place for traveling court attaches, especially between Whitesburg and Hindman. Patrick Johnson informs us that when he was a child he heard his father call to many a traveler: "Light and stay." Or "Light and tell us the news."

Fielding Johnson began the study of law, taught school for awhile. His practice was chiefly in the Whitesburg court until Knott County was formed, but some of his practice extended to Wise, Va. It was at Wise he met his wife, Sarah Dotson, daughter of the Wise sheriff.

Discussion of a new county to be composed of parts of Floyd, Perry and Breathitt arose, centering chiefly in Whitesburg where lived Tom Fitzpatrick, prominent lawyer. Fitzpatrick was present at Frankfort when the legislature authorized the new county. Sarcasically, a Louisville paper, remarked that Fitzpatrick's paper, during legislative deliberations on the subject, looking over the shoulder of Robert Bates, the member from Letcher. In all of the discussions leading up to the act creating the new county of Knott, Fielding Johnson was a strong advocate of it.

Few people lived in McPherson at this time. There was F. F. "Chick" Allen, storekeeper, and nearby lived Lewis Hays. The town that was to become Hindman boasted log houses and wagon roads that led out to Prestonsburg from which mule freighters hauled goods to Whitesburg by way of Carr Fork and near the home of George Washington and Fielding Johnson, the road to Hazard, and fourth leading toward Jackson.

The Forks of Troublesome, though, was soon to have its day in the sun.

When Fielding Johnson rode in to the newly created town of Hindman, Monday, July 7, 1844, the commissioners to set up the new county, farmers from a wide area, and lawyers from other towns were present. Mountain whiskeys flowed freely and imbibers partook in the manner in which it was given. Soon the celebrants were drunk, dancing and shooting off firearms. Personal affronts had to be settled by fisticuffs and the noise and hilarity increased until the commissioners moved to the home of Lewis Hays to complete their work.

At the Hays home arguments waxed long and difficult. Bolling Hall from Beaver was designated as a committee of one to lay off Knott into magisterial districts. He refused to serve because he was being deprived of his office of assessor in Floyd. Finally, though, all the wrangling was over and Knott County was duly organized.

The Louisville Commercial July 8, 1885, states: "The close of the festivities at what became the town of Hindman was a fitting climax. The local magistrate lay on his back in the sand, in the bottom of the dry creek, and was singing with all his might until he became too drowsy longer to make exertion. Many others lay on the grass."

Fielding Johnson became the first county attorney of Knott County and Lewis Hays, the first clerk. Fielding continued to live on Breeding's Creek while serving and when his father died in 1904 he formally occupied the old house built by his grandfather, Thomas. It was chiefly Sarah Dotson Johnson who preserved for the present generation the many antiques of the old home. After Fielding's death she lived with her memories of her people, of the Dotsons and Matneys, and last but not least, of her husband's people. One son, Simeon, married Sarah Francis and they are the parents of Willard "Sprout" Johnson, one time a member of the Carr Creek Indians and now the team's coach.

Defeated Carr, a four-mile long valley, enters Carr Fork almost exactly opposite the mouth of Breeding's Creek. It received its name, Patrick Johnson tells us, back in pioneer days. There was an encampment of whites on Troublesome Creek and Old Man Carr, the only name by which legend recalls him, and another man stayed on a hunting trip, to the valley and set up a ruck shelter. In the night Indians attacked the camp and Old Man Carr and his companion, accompanied by their dogs, fled across the ice of the creek. A dog tripped Carr and he fell. Indians were upon him and he was scalped. The other man escaped. Thus the name of the little valley—Defeated Creek.

It is but a legend, containing perhaps some truth, but a story symbolic of the collective memories of the Johnson family and repeated by five old persons in an old house. Those memories encompass a century and a half. They live with these memories and to them they are priceless.

Pike formed

Pike County was created wholly from Floyd County by an act, approved December 19, 1821, five days after the Lawrence County act was approved. It was named "in honor of General Zebulon M. Pike, who fell at the battle of Yorktown, in Upper Canada."

Mason Williams, Edward Wells, William Prater, Holoway Power and Thomas Patrick, all Floyd County, were appointed by the act as commissioners to "ascertain and fix on the most convenient and suitable place for the permanent seat of justice."

An act of 1845 changed the Pike line somewhat, with this provision: "That the county line between Floyd and Pike counties be so changed on Ware (Mare) Creek, so as to include the farm of Tandy R. Stratton, on said creek, in Floyd County."



Fielding Johnson cabin in 1966 before it was moved. It was one of the oldest home in this area.



Fielding Johnson cabin, one of the oldest cabins in this area, pictured 1940's. It was moved to make way for the Carr Fork Reservoir.



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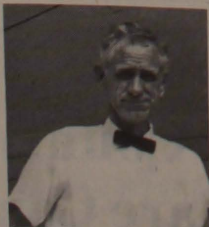


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Josiah Combs

Breaking out of the sticks: Chronicles of a mountaineer

By JOSIAH H. COMBS

The writer of this little chronicle does not by any means make bold to assume that he has already entered the "fast company," to use the language of the baseball fan. Several years ago he did break out from cover of the tall timber and the sagegrass, to see what was out side the Kentucky mountains. He found such a strange world, such a different world from the one he had been accustomed to, that he feels like telling the story.

I was born at Hazard, Perry County, Kentucky. While I was still in my "gum-and-sheepskin days" (a highland phrase for childhood) the French-Eversole feud broke out. Brilliant and shrewd Joe Eversole, almost a dwarf in stature, was nitted against the crafty and cunning B. Fult. French, who later figured in the Hargis troubles, in Breathitt County. Hazard is speedily becoming an armed camp, the "cockpit" of the county. My father was "high sheriff" of the county of the time. The feudists went about their preparations with method and precision, bringing in large supplies of guns and ammunition. It was difficult to see how my father and his kinsmen were to keep out of the trouble. It was an instance in which the neutral party was likely to become the object of the hatred and ill will of all the belligerents. Two things, however, conspired to save the situation for my embarrassed father. One of my older brothers had been named for B. Fult. French, and I had been named, in part, for Joe Eversole. Our family also had warm friends and kinsmen on both sides.

And so we forced ourselves to remain aloof from the French-Eversole feud. Yet my father's constant neutrality cost us much trouble from time to time. The fact that he was an officer of the law made him a natural enemy of some of the feudist outlaws. Upon one occasion these outlaws shot and killed one of his deputies, and immediately laid siege to our home. Father was in bed sick. Bullets were crashing into the timbers of our home one day, and beheld a spectacular duel on the street, in which Joe Eversole shot down one of the French men. On another occasion she beheld a strange fight between the two factions. The Eversole men had taken refuge in the courthouse, and the French men were attacking them from the town "grave-yard," located on the "backwoods" nearby. All the windows on that side of the courthouse were soon beaten out by a hail of bullets. "Bad" Tom Smith (my second cousin) deliberately took aim from a tombstone, and an Eversole clansman in the courthouse immediately dropped to the floor dead. Even these gruesome scenes were not without their humor, at times. One day an Eversole friend was slowly walking up Main Street, alone. His Argus-eye suddenly caught a glimpse of what appeared to be a French follower, standing on the "backwoods." Raising his Winchester to his shoulder he took aim and fired. At the sound of the gun a large, red calf rolled off the hill dead.

In the midst of these troublesome times in and about the little town on the Kentucky River, my parents soon came to the conclusion that Hazard was not the place in which to rear up their children. We then removed to Carr's Fork of the Kentucky River, in Knott County, which had been

created shortly before this time, and named for J. Proctor Knott, of "Duluth" fame. I do not remember these happenings, but my mother has told them to me so often that I always feel as if I actually saw every one of them.

Carr's Fork was a quiet, peaceful community, for the most part. Here I was first started to school, in a primitive, log school house, of one large room. I was so young that I remember it only indistinctly; for even before that my mother had taught me the "a-b abs" and had started me to reading a little. She always tried to have us reading before we were started to school. Well, I had just missed becoming a feudist by a narrow margin. My early school days at that log house (I was only five) were a continuous feud. (Irvin S. Cobb has since put us in the "pure feud belt" of Kentucky.) I rebelled against the primitive, harsh schoolmaster, against rules—against everything, against rules—against everything, against rules—against everything. My mother says I "sent all the other children off to Coventry," and played by myself, staying out of the house all day at a time, and acting "strange." I was pulled out of the water time and again, drowning. Almost daily, during the summer-time, I carried home a huge bull-frog firmly clasped to my bosom. I do not remember, to this day, just how I succeeded in "corralling" so many of these aquatic specimens.

We lived on Carr's Fork six years. Hindman, the county seat, was only ten miles distant. Father decided to remove to Hindman, where he could put us in a better school. I was seven years old. That journey over the mountains was a revelation. Hindman, a town of 300, was the first village I had ever seen, since I could remember. Everything seemed strange, and the people acted "strange." Hindman was at that time a comparatively new town. Jackson, in Breathitt County, was our nearest railway point—45 miles. Hindman is a typical little mountain town, located at the confluence of the Right and the Left Forks of Troublesome Creek. The pioneer that named this stream seems to have had a knack for the fine art of nomenclature. When we came to the little town, the Hays-Jones feud had not long since quieted down. Such was Hindman when we came to it—Hindman, now the scene of "The Heart of the Hills" by John Fox Jr., "Mothering on Perilous," and "Sight to the Blind," by Lucy Furman.

I was put in the village school. Two of the lady teachers became my most sympathetic friends. One of them was from Western Tennessee, and the other from the "settlements," in central Kentucky. A "professor" was in charge of the School, and the "curriculum" extended scarcely beyond the "three R's." I went to this school for nine years. I must have gone through the "common school branches" so often that I could almost have reproduced them, word for word, had they suddenly become lost to the world. When one of these texts was "finished" for the first time, we would go right through it again, *ad infinitum*. This was the "professor's" system. Exams were unknown. I did "stellar" work in everything but mathematics, which I detested. Pretty soon I was sent upstairs, to the professor's advanced department. Here I felt uneasy and embarrassed, for most of my classmates were grown-up boys and girls. I reveled in history and English, and devoured everything I could get hold of relating to these subjects. I could spell everything in the speller—yes, spell till I became breathless.

My embarrassment at this time grew and grew, for I was fast gaining the reputation as a "pyore scholar," as the hillmen say. I was reading everything in sight—except novels. The mountaineer has



Josiah H. Combs about 1913

an inborn prejudice against the reading of novels. Very few books of fiction were to be found in the mountains at that time. History, biography, and the classic poems in Greek and in English literature—a bull rode past our home and shouted out at my mother, "G—d—! Yawlor! how d'ye like that?" Apparently my mother did not like that; for, quickly seizing a revolver, she took five chances at the bully, who immediately allowed no grass to grow under his horse's feet. And my mother is one of the gentlest little women in the world.

The year 1900¹ was an eventful year in my own life, and also in the life of Hindman and Knott County. The "women" had come to town and put up two or three small tents—a camp, where they were to do rural settlement work, and teach the mountaineers how to sew and cook better. These ladies were from Louisville and Lexington. Here I saw an opportunity to increase my little store of reading and books. Miss Katherine Pettit, one of the "women," met me in the road barefooted one day, reading a book. She said to me, "Well, what are you reading now?" With as much composure as Lincoln as I answered, "History." These ladies gave me a decided boost, and we soon became fast friends; they did many things for me.

The ladies established the school at Hindman in 1902, and came back to stay. It was difficult to induce the boys to take industrial work—especially work indoors—work which they thought belonged to the "women folks." They would say, "We ain't never seen no folks of no kind do no work like that before, fer hit belongs to the women folks."

The year after the school was established at Hindman, it was decided that I was to be sent to Lexington to have my eyes treated. I was 17 years old, and had never seen a railway train. Strindberg's "Lucky Pehr" could not have contemplated with wilder joy the thought of breaking out of his isolated environment to behold the outside world—than did I at the thought of going down to Lexington. We left Hindman in a "jolt-wagon," my father making the trip with me. Jackson, our nearest railway station, was 45 miles away, beyond a number of mountains. We were almost two days making the trip to Jackson. I

walked nearly all the way—the wagon was too slow for me, so anxious was I to see the train.

The next day we were in Lexington, the wonderful Bluegrass city. All the streets and houses looked alike to me. I wondered how in the world so many people kept from getting lost, trying to find their way over and through the streets. I heard a "dago" advertising his "wares" by crying "Ban-nan! ban-nan! ban-nan!" and thought he was giving the highlander's sheep call. "Goo-nan! coo-nan! coo-nan!" That afternoon I was led into an "eye-doctor's" office, where my eyes were examined. A few drops into my eyes, and I was sent out of the office to return later. After wandering aimlessly about over the streets for a time, the pupils of my eyes became dilated, I could not read the big signboards, and decided that my eye sight had been destroyed forever. I wanted to get back to the mountains. But the next morning I found that I was all right, before starting back home. Before leaving Lexington, I chanced to hear a stentorian voice somewhere on Main Street, in a store. The people were gathered about him, and I caught these words:

"He fought a thousand glorious wars, and more than half the world was his; and somewhere now in yonder stars, Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is."

I walked boldly into the store, and found the auctioneer haranguing the crowd, and brandishing a copy of Gibb's "Napoleon's Military Career" high above his head. It was right on the square where Chad, in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," had bid for and bought the old mare. I outbade everybody, and put the "man of destiny" under my arm. I had never seen so many books in my life—and wanted to carry them all back home with me. I did carry back quite a load over the hills on my back.

I had never seen a college or university, but now began to want to go to school at one. I did not have the necessary money, and began to figure how I was going to manage it. The school at Hindman did not offer a full preparatory course for college. Latin seemed to fit me like an old shoe. I easily worked up the first year of it, and Caesar, by myself. With a little more work I set out for old Transylvania University, then known as Kentucky University, in Lexington. This old school was hoary with age and tradition, and I could hardly wait to enter. But I had no money, no job. Also, that *maladie du pays*, always strong in the hillsmen, laid hold of me. I nearly died of homesickness for the hills, and thought I had never seen anything so ugly and uninviting as those wide stretches of level country. One of the professors was looking after me. On a dreary September morning I slipped off down to the station, and was soon on my way back to the mountains. I think I closed my eyes till the train began to approach the hills. I was so anxious to get back home that I walked from Jackson to Hindman in one day—a good trip for a horse! As I neared the little town, I stopped below it, and waited till darkness came, for I well knew I would never hear the end of teasing from the boys and town wits. "Under cover of darkness" I slipped into town.

This experience sorely tried me. I soon began to lay plans anew to enter college. The following September I went back to Lexington, and began to carry a paper route on the Lexington Herald, Col. W. C. P. Breckinridge's paper. I made it pay my expenses, and soon I was ready to enter the old college. The college had just awarded me the first scholarship from the school at Hindman. That September morning, when I walked out to

the college campus, I stepped into a new world. I knew that I would have to make a radical change in my entire code, that I acted and thought differently from those people—and I could not but wonder how it was all going to come out. Far away in the distance I thought I could discern a dark cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand." It was a premonition of coming friction. A genial student (and a senior, at that) met me on the campus, and asked me if I had "matriculated." Had it not been for this kindly man's mer and bearing, I would have "fell a foul" of him, for I thought he was "kidding" me. Stammering out something, and scratching my head a moment, I told him I didn't know whether I had or not. J. Randall Farris (that was the senior's name) became my fast friend. I finally matriculated, entering without examinations. The young president was a genial man, and a great man. He called me by my first name, and it pleased me.

It was taxing my patience to adapt myself to my new environment. During all this time I was studying till late at night, and getting up at 5:30 a. m. to carry papers. I was strong, but this was too much for me. In January I had an attack of cerebral spinal meningitis. My father, who was at that time in Frankfort (not in the penitentiary, but in the state Senate) hurried to Lexington to see what was the matter with me. I had been in bed nearly a day before I knew what the trouble was. I survived this attack, and within little more than a week was back in my classes.

One result of college life, and my new way of looking at things, was that I was beginning to read fiction. I soon plunged into the study of English, body and soul, and decided to take everything in it that the catalog offered.² I was reading everything from Robert Allen Chambers up to James Lane Allen. In my third year in college I was taken into Sigma Upsilon, a national literary fraternity, and soon became editor of *The Transylvanian*, the college magazine. I edited the magazine for two years in succession. The young head of the English department, whom I had taken for a student on my arrival at the college, always stood sponsor for me, and encouraged me in every way. I introduced him to the folk-lore of my people, and showed him my "dulcimore," an antique musical instrument of the hills. Since that time we have done considerable work in American folk-lore together.³

In the mountaineer's lingo, I "A. Bd" from college in 1911. Since that time I have been teaching languages in the high schools of Kentucky, Tennessee, Oklahoma, and Virginia.

The summer and autumn of 1913 found me back in Kentucky. My pocket book at that time has been beautifully described by Dickens in Barnaby Rudge. In a fit of desperation, hoping to gain solace, I plunged into Scandinavian drama. Strindberg nearly upset me. As a last resort I wrote a little book on the Kentucky highlanders; which for a time bridged me over, financially. But that little book brought down upon my defenseless head the "vials of vituperation" from the Primitive Baptists all over the Southern Mountains.

In November of the same year, The Kentuckians, of New York City, asked me to come up there and deliver the annual address at their banquet, which took place at Delmonico's. At the close of my speech I was explaining the peculiarly sharp dulcimore, which I always carried with me. One of the Kentuckians broke in, "Can you pick that thing?" I replied, "I wouldn't pack 'er if I couldn't pick 'er." I cannot say that I liked

Continued to COMBS, Page A18

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John L. and Arminta Stewart Triplett — John L. was a farmer, school teacher and ran an old water mill to grind corn. Arminta was the daughter of Dr. Jasper and Nancy Mullins Stewart. They lived on Ball.



Sprattle Bud Combs.



John and Bertha Fields and Family (1924).



White and Elemeander Martin in Beaver before 1900.



John Fuits and Beth Watts on Pinetop (1911)



Shilo and Cora Hunt in 1919.

Combs From Page 16

New York. Everybody seemed to be in too big a hurry—whether his business was urgent or not. Even some of the Kentuckians had acquired the "New York way," said "Noo Yo'k," talked fast, and always were in a hurry. During the Christmas holidays I journeyed up to Cleveland, read a paper before the American Dialect Society, and picked my dulcimore at the evening "smoker." Wherever I went, the people always gazed at the strange musical instrument I carried under my arm. During the Christmas holidays of the year just passed, I read another paper before the Modern Language Association and Dialect Society, at Princeton University.

Such is the great, outside world as it appears to the curiosity of a young Kentucky mountaineer. Its people are not like my people, yet they are "mighty interesting." Wider social intercourse, and constant contact with the world and its

problems, has given them more tact than my people have; but they have no more talent. In the end, I am led to the conclusion that the Southern Highlanders have become the butt of so much untoward criticism because the outside world has not known and understood them. The feuds of my people are traceable neither to moonshine whiskey nor to "bad blood." The primitive conception of honor and justice, the idea of individual, personal revenge for redress of grievances is back of the clan instinct. It is a sort of development theory of ethics, which the mountaineer will in time work out for his own salvation. A well known mountaineer, "Burns of the Mountains," once made the remark that "too much hoggrease in the mountaineer's food caused the feuds!" Well, there must be something in that, for a man feels like fighting somebody when his stomach is out of order.

1. "Bad" Tom Smith was later hanged in Jackson, Breathitt

County, Kentucky. (Editor's note).

2. Refers to "Professor" George Clark, early educator in Knott County. (Editor's note).

3. 1900: unknown to him, that March 1900, his future wife was being born in France—Old Burgundy. (Note written in the margin of the manuscript by Mrs. Josiah Combs).

4. Refers primarily to Katharine Pettit and May Stone who founded the Hindman Settlement School in 1902.

5. Already I had discovered that the mountaineers were using much of the English of Chaucer's and Shakespeare's time; that their folk were almost entirely English in origin; that their ancestry was pure, Old English. (Author's note written in at the bottom of page 6 of the manuscript).

6. Refers to Prof. Hubert G. Shearin, I am sure. (Note written in by Mrs. Josiah Combs.)

7. "The Kentucky Highlanders from a Native Mountaineer's Viewpoint."



Back row-left, Jethro Higgins, P. Cody, front row-left, Elizabeth Higgins, Cinda (preacher) Watson Combs, and Jessie Amburgey; (Am-burgey) Adams and Betty Amburgey.

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Slone's eye view of Knott

By COMMODORE SLONE

According to legendary historical background, Caney Creek was first settled mainly by two families—Greasy Sparkman, father of Goff (Geof) who took a land patent on the head of Caney, and Little Granny Sizemore and Hi Slone her husband, who took residence lower down on Caney—below the mouth of Hollybush—near Hemp Patch. Little Granny seems to have been very prolific.

In previous marriages she acquired three families of Stephens, Halls, and Adkinses, respectively, before she married Hi Slone. Hi and Little Granny brought this assortment from somewhere in Virginia and turned them loose on Caney Creek, so named from the canes or reeds that grew abundantly on the creek banks. The four sets of children all took the name of Slone.

Little Granny had only one son by Stevens and one by Hi and those two went back to Virginia. The Halls and Adkinses took over Caney Creek in the name of Slone. The Sparkmans were not so prolific; there are not so many left, but as for the Slones, you might safely say that anyone living on Caney Creek for any length of time is either a Slone or married to a Slone.

They took up farming for a living, each having a fertile "cove" or "bottom strip" for a corn "crap" and a garden to provide "sass." No one need go hungry and they seldom did. Some became quite well-to-do.

There is a misconception that these settlers and their offspring means being unable to read, write and do the fundamentals of arithmetic, this is not so. Nearly every one, whether he had attended school or not, had acquired these fundamentals. The Bible, the Blue Back Speller, the Old Third and Fifth McGuffey Reader were necessities in every home.

The men were craftsmen as well as farmers. They made their own tables, chairs and bedsteads. Many called themselves cooper's—they made "pickling barrels" for the

housewives and liquor barrels for the distilleries. There was moonshining then as there is now, but it was just as illegal as now and probably frowned upon more so.

Each man was his own architect, the designer of his own home, usually built of logs consisting of a big house with a "loft," a kitchen and dining room in back with a "dog run" between. The logs were "snaked" to the site with a mule or oxen and made ready or hewn to size with a broad ax; then a house raising was called and the neighbors came in to notch up the house. Often this house raising was followed by a square dance in the neighborhood or accompanied by a quilting party by the housewives of the neighborhood.

The roof of the house was made of boards, i.e., shakes riven with a floor from white oak bolts. The trees were either punchcoers or whipsawed boards handplaned and matched (jointed).

Three or four old style colonial type houses were built entirely of whipsawed lumber and are still in existence. These were two stories with an upper and a lower porch with usually an outside stairway.

A whipsaw, a two-man rip, was similar to the "cross cut" with a narrow blade and about six feet long. The log was rolled on a saw pit and cut lengthwise into the desired size planks.

The circular steam driven saw was introduced in the early 1900's. The first one I remember was owned by Uncle Dog Hall of Hollybush. My, what a wonder that was to me!

Going back to my lineage of Little Granny's progeny, Billy Jaw Bone (her son and Hi's stepson) was my great-grandfather. You will note a tendency to nickname from Little Granny down to the present generation. We enjoy these names and no one is insulted by their use. I like to be called Summer—no offense at Straw Neck Summers. I hope we don't run out of nicknames. Billy Jaw Bones' male line of descendants were Fiddling Shade, Stover John, Summer Jim, Caney Hard, and Jailler Isom. Incidentally, Jailler Isom was the first jailler of Knott County. He was also a very devout and energetic Baptist

preacher. Fiddling Shade was a school teacher as well as a musician.

All the others had various trades by which they could support their families with the aid of their corn "crap" and garden "sass." My grandfather, Summer Jim, was a cooper. He was also an expert chimney builder, using quarry stone (soapstone).

Almost all the families had at least one school teacher, usually the one who dreaded the hot sunshine and was allowed to lie in the shade and study his books and arithmetic while the others were out hoeing corn. I've spent many such hours.

Each family also had its Bad Man. Bad Man to us did not mean one who would rob or steal, but a member of the family who would avenge the wrongs or supposed wrongs of the other members and took delight in slugging it out fist and skull with anyone who dared give offense.

In Billy Jaw Bones' family, strange as it seems, Jailler Isom (preacher) was the Bad Man. He would step down from the pulpit, slug it out with an opponent, then go back and finish his sermon. In Summer Jim's family, Uncle Mat Summers was our Bad Man. In many instances when I did not want to get involved myself, all I need say was "I'll tell Uncle Mat."

To my way of thinking, the pride of the mountaineer is more or less fictitious. We especially of Caney Creek are sensitive, emotional, and intelligent, but very much lacking in pride and independence. I dare not say more on this subject because we still have Bad Men.

From an educational point of view, from the first settling of Caney Creek until the Knott County High School and Alice Lloyd College came into being, Caney Creek had far more qualified teachers than available positions. Fiddling Shade, Uncle Caney, Isom's Andy and their contemporaries took examinations before an educational board of examiners and if qualified morally and scholastically were given licenses to teach. Three local trustees—one elected each year, hired the teacher. They and the county

superintendent, as now, took care of the physical aspects and supervised the scholastic activities.

The school houses, most generally of hewn logs, were comfortable enough. The old pot-bellied stove, centrally located, gave ample warmth on the coldest day. We used to delight in making ours as red as a beet from the shaker to the blue base. Our seats were made by craftsmen with desks for our books, each large enough to seat two students. They were comparable in utility to the desks in use today, with much more room for writing and carving names.

The worst feature was a lack of toilet facilities. I don't know how the girls made out, but for the boys the wooded hollow just back of the playground was and still is preferable to the old stinking outside "johnnies" now in use.

There was strict sex segregation. The girls came in and sat on the right side of the aisle, the boys on the left. The only intercommunication was smiling at each other. A wink was considered an improper advance. If the teacher caught you at it or the girl told on you, you got a whipping (with) no questions asked. The playground was zoned, one area for the boys and another for the girls. The boys usually got the best playground.

Round Town was our usual game—similar to softball except our ball was made of yarn (woolen) twine sewn tightly on the outside to keep it from coming unraveled.

The school term started in the middle of July and continued through autumn and into mid-winter. The three months term advanced later to five, eventually to six months, and now to more than nine months.

The manner of issuing teachers permits was changed not long before I began teaching in 1911.

The State Board of Education issued the examination questions and the applicant spent about two days taking a written examination before a board of examiners appointed by the state board. Three types of certificates were issued, viz., 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class according to the grade made. A grade under 60% was failure, between 60 and 75% was 3rd class, between 75 and 85% was 2nd class and 85% or over was first class.

The school districts were classed according to the number of children living in the district—30



Some of the earliest settlers on Caney Creek (1895).

and under was 3rd class, from 30 to 60 was 2nd, and from 60 to 100 was first. When the number grew to 100 it was time to cut the district or employ two teachers.

The school schedule was: 8 a.m.—ring the bell, take up books; first class—reading for advanced pupils, text McGuffey's Fifth Reader.

ABC Class—beginners and intermediates up to the third reader (the fourth reader was omitted as usually). Advanced History; recess—15 minutes.

Ring the bell—take up books; Spelling—upper and intermediates; Civil Government—upper grades; ABC Class and primary readers; Arithmetic—intermediates and eighth grade.

Noon hour dismissal. Ring the bell—take up books; Physiology—upper grades; ABC Class and reading—lower grades; Grammar—(Harvey's) orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody; Recess—15 minutes.

Ring the bell—take up books, ABC Class, etc., Geography; 4 o'clock—school dismissed.

Geography was the controversial subject—very few would accept the theory that the earth is a globe and turns on its axis. Many advanced students, no matter how much they respected the teacher, would take issue on this subject. I remember one saying "I know it's not so—you ask Ma, she knows—she's in the church."

I might add that a teacher's cer-

tificate, until about 1916, qualified an applicant to enter medical school or any other higher professional institution.

About this time the Eastern State Normal School at Richmond for teachers' training and the Mayo State Vocational School at Paintsville for learning trades became popular. Many high schools were being built under the Smith-Hughes Act. Junior colleges were and are being established in various mountain sections. The old one-room log school houses were being torn down in the more densely populated sections, and replaced by the "Rosen Wall" type which is now being replaced by the present modern and highly efficient type of building with modern plumbing and Aero-Flow sewage disposal systems. We are progressing. I taught from 1911 until 1917 under the old certificate method. I have taught since under various types of certificates and permits, in grade schools, high schools, and in our Alice Lloyd College. I spent five years teaching building trades in the Hazard Area Vocational School. I am now on teacher's retirement and social security retirement. I feel that now I am about ready to go to work.

I must add that my fondest memories are of the days spent in the old log school house on the head of Caney, as a student and a young teacher.

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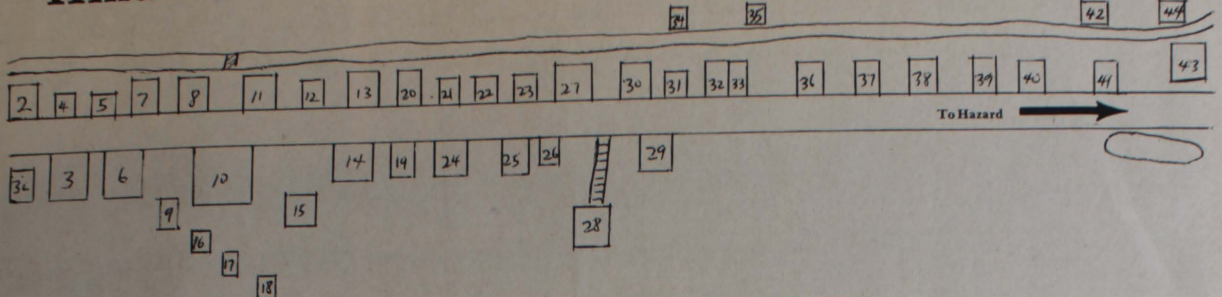
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Hindman 1915-1920 as recalled by Clarissa Hicks



Key to Main Street, Hindman, about 1915-1920

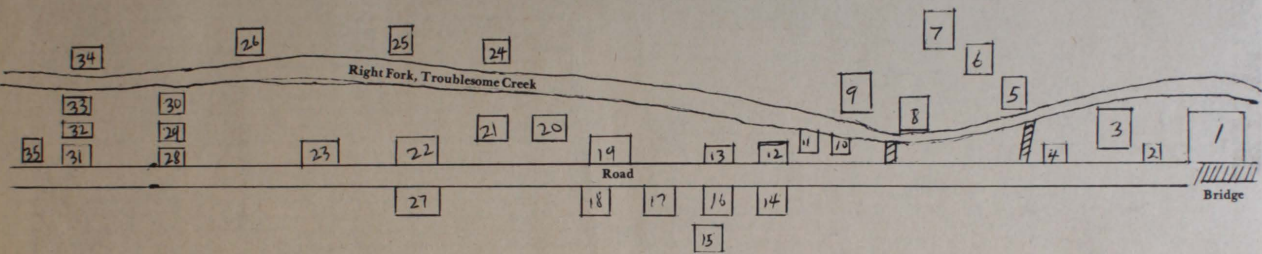
You are standing in the forks of the road in front of Elijah Hicks' store and post office (No. 1 on the map). Turn and look across the bridge to Main Street. The Elijah Hicks Store is now on your left. Now walk across the bridge.

- R. H. Amburgey, Irving Napier Store
- a. Hubbard Francis Store
- a. Laters Sam Maggard Store
- c. Ice house
- Lunchroom, Dan Sturdivant
- Barber Shop, Jim Sturdivant
- Hotel, Taulbee and Hattie Cody Bailey
- Bank of Hindman, Kate Smith, president
- Hotel, Irving and Jenny Napier
- Jail, right corner of courthouse square
- Courthouse
- Store, W. M. Sturgill
- a. House where I was born
- b. Henry and Sue Gibson Sturgill

- Store, Taulbee Bailey and Kelly Day
- Dr. J. W. and Evie Hayes Duke residence
- Sam and Dora Kilgore and Roscoe and Attie Everage Kilgore
- John and Mallie Newland Sturgill
- Mr. and Mrs. Tom Waddell
- Peyton and C. B. Ritchie residence where they moved from No. 20 on Main Street.
- Jim and Ellen Dickson Sturdivant (moved during this period to a home below town), Leroy Sturdivant's parents.
- Peyton and C. B. Johnson Ritchie, their first home in Hindman after he was elected jailer.
- a. John D. and Sarah Tignor Smith
- Dr. Robert and Hattie Sturgill Combs (He was a dentist.)

- Uncle John and Aunt Tina Cody Combs. (My mother's uncle)
- Adam and Josie Campbell lived in one of these houses when they first moved to Hindman.
- Dr. M. F. and Rhoda Kelly (Now the Baptist parsonage.)
- Dr. Kelly's office.
- Baptist Church, Masonic Hall upstairs
- Methodist Church on the hill
- a. Mr. and Mrs. Garland Thorpe
- Rental property
- Now the Methodist parsonage
- Mrs. Kate Bolen Bailey
- Mr. and Mrs. Ransom Baker
- Blacksmith Shop, Johnny Parks Sr.
- Johnny and Elizabeth Parks
- Will and Sarah Duke

- Mr. and Mrs. Gilford Bolen
- 56, 57, 58. These houses were below the old road
- a. Mr. and Mrs. Jim Sturdivant moved into one on No. 10 in town
- Willie and Dora Collins Francis
- Hiram and Lucinda Francis Taylor moved here when he was elected school superintendent.
- John Henry and Callie Perkins Niece
- Mr. and Mrs. Vardy Collins
- a. Joe and Sallie Adams
- b. Andy and Serena Ritchie
48. Silas and Sylvia Combs
45. R. H. and Lucinda Amburgey (elementary school building now)
44. Elijah and Lucinda Whitaker Hicks farm.



Right Fork of Troublesome 1915-1920

You are still standing in the circle at the forks of the road, facing the right fork of the road

- The Elijah Hicks Store and Post Office
- a. Dave Wallen, postmaster
- b. M. C. Bray, postmaster
- Dave Wallen Building
- a. Dr. Rich and Effie Allen Duke
- John M. and Nan Childers Baker
- Rental property
- Barn which we children thought was haunted
- Little Girl's House, Settlement
- Hillside, Miss May Stone and teachers
- Hospital
- Orchard House, dining room and kitchen, Miss Elkins
- Hillside, dormitory for older boys

- Cabin, weaving and home economics
- Manual training, later the high school
- Kindergarten
- Grade and high school building
- a. Mrs. Patsy Fugate
- Rental
- M. C. (Crawford) and Mollie Combs Bray
- Mrs. Tiah Roach, daughter and son-in-law
- a. Mrs. Eliza Martin
- Harlan and Rebecca Frances Cornett
- Wiley and Rose Blessing Craft (There was another house between Nos. 16 and 17. I think it later became the home of Dr. and Mrs. Amburgey. He was a dentist.)
- The Practice Home, Settlement
- The Little Boy House, Miss Lucy Furman

- 20 and 21. One was the Settlement's barn, the other the DeLoe light plant run by Willie Hale and his son, Winton
- Home of Hubbard and Melissa Pigman Francis
- Home of Bent and Mallie Newland
- John and Linnie Parks Perkins
- Marion Coburn, a widower and two sons, Mr. Coburn was lame.
- Uncle George and Aunt Jane Childers. Much later, Tom and Lottie Cody, Max Cody's parents.
- H. H. and Dicie Francis Smith
- Uncle Bob and Aunt Sallie Pigman. She was the mother of Mrs. Dicie Smith. He was the father of Mrs. Melissa Francis
- 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, Frogtown. I don't remember who lived in which house but some of the people who lived here were:

- Andrew and Maggie Sturdivant Combs. He was the sheriff
 - Dan and Polly Sturdivant
 - Will and Polly Sturdivant
 - Will and Martha Mullins
 - Charlie Young's parents, Alonzo and Mandy
 - Jiddy and Martha Hayes
 - Aunt Betty Jane Smith, mother of H. H. Smith Sr.
 - Mr. and Mrs. John B. Smith, parents of Eddie B. Hammonds and Oma Smith
- When I was in the fourth grade, Curtis and Hattie Hayes Pigman lived up the hollow near the home of Brother and Mrs. Bell. They were Arthur Pigman's parents.

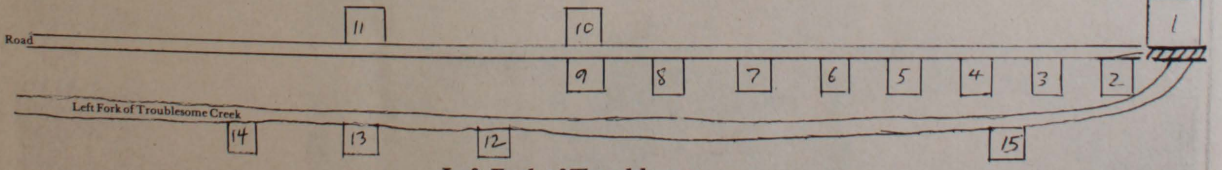
Several Hindman families moved after 1920

During the years between about 1915 and 1920, there were several families who lived in Hindman and after a time moved away. Some who left Hindman and did not return were:

- Dr. Rich Duke (Floyd County)
- Mr. John M. Baker (Tennessee)
- Mrs. Patsy Fugate (Carr)
- Mrs. Tiah Roach
- Mrs. Eliza Martin

- Mr. Harlan Cornett (Stanford, Ky.)
- Mr. Hubbard Francis (Floyd County)
- Sheriff Andrew Combs (Jackson)
- Trachoma Hospital (Pikeville)
- Mr. Lee Stewart
- Marion Moore (Stayed in Knott County)
- Mr. Dial Williams (Montgomery Creek, Knott County)
- Mr. Ambrose Taylor
- Mr. Hen Moore (Hazard)

- Mr. John D. Smith
- Dr. Robert Combs
- Mr. Garland Thorpe
- Mr. Will Duke (Hazard?)
- Mr. Willie Francis (Carr Creek)
- Mr. Collins left following the death of Mrs. Collins
- Mr. Joe Adams
- Mr. Andy Ritchie



Left Fork of Troublesome

Imagine you are standing in the circle at the forks of the road, facing the two forks. You are standing near the Elijah Hicks Store and Post Office, No. 1.

- Site of Professor George Clark's dormitory
- Residence of George and Lucinda Hayes Clarke
- Trachoma Hospital (1)
- Paris and Lina Tolliver Hazges
- Elijah and Lucinda Whitaker Hicks
- Woods Wallen house (now rental property) (2)
- Mr. and Mrs. Lee Stewart

- The Methodist parsonage
- a. Mr. and Mrs. Marson Moore
- Mr. and Mrs. Dial Williams
- Mr. and Mrs. Henry Howard
- Bill and Cora (Perkins) Sturgill
- Ambrose and Cora Taylor (5)
- Hers and Jenny Moore (5)
- Mr. and Mrs. Ked Williams
- Carl's and Bevie's parents, James and Dora Calhoun Perkins
- Karew and Mary Belle Baker Smith (4)
- Dave and Girlie Hayes Wallen (5)
- B. and Ellen Dyer Pigman
- Mr. Winne Lawson Perkins

- Nos. 8 and 9 - Ambrose Taylor and Hen Moore were Civil War veterans. I think, One was Union and one Confederate. They didn't like each other. Hen Moore forecast the weather by the breastbone of a wild goose.

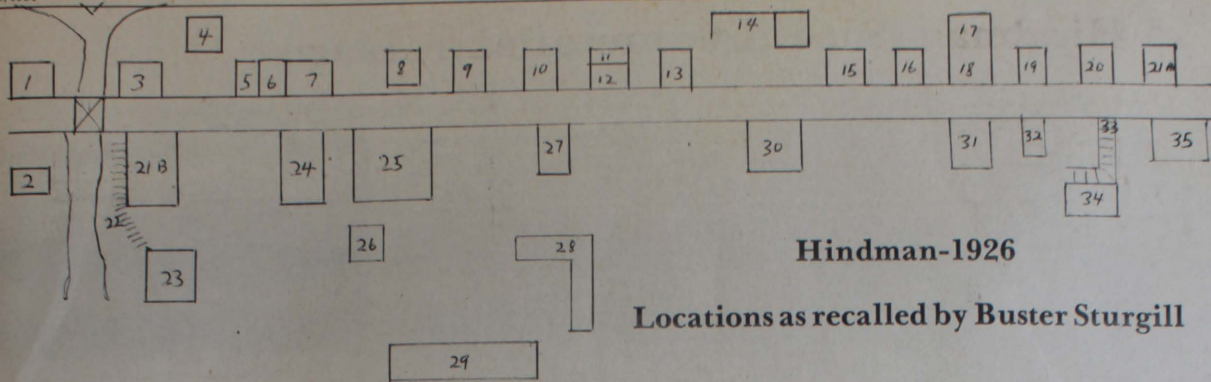
- (1) No. 3 was built by my Uncle John Combs, the father of French, Burnham, Munroe and Josiah Combs
- (2) The Woods Wallen house was rented to Lee and Lucinda Everage Stewart at the same time during the period of 1915-1920. Later purchased by Elijah Hicks.
- (4) Karew Smith was president of the Bank
- (5) Dave Wallen was postmaster.

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Hindman-1926

Locations as recalled by Buster Sturgill

- 1. Elijah Hicks General Store
- 2. Professor Clarke
- 3. R. H. Amburgey General Store
- 4. Gasoline Grinding Mill
- 5. Jim Sturdivant Barber Shop (shave 15¢, haircut 25¢)
- 6. Dan Sturdivant Grocery-Restaurant
- 7. Bank of Hindman
- 8. Barn
- 9. Irving Napier Hotel (room \$1, meal 50¢)
- 10. William Sturgill General Store

- 11. Dr. J. W. Duke's office upstairs
- 12. Kelly Day and Taulbee Bailey General Store
- 13. Hindman Post Office (Mitchel Johnson, postmaster)
- 14. Callow Napier's barn
- 15. Dentist Robert Combs' home
- 16. Tina Combs' home (mother of Josiah, French, Monroe)
- 17. Lodge Hall upstairs over Baptist Church
- 18. Hindman Baptist Church
- 19. Kate Bailey's Boarding House

- 20. Johnnie Park's blacksmith shop
- 20. Johnnie Parks' home
- 21A. Company Store, grocery, dry goods, hardware, patent medicines, ready-to-wear, caskets, furniture, show house in basement.
- 21B. Company Store (Huck Francis, Sam Maggard)
- 22. Tram road from ice house
- 23. Ice freezing house
- 24. Taulbee Bailey Hotel

- 25. Courthouse
- 26. Jail
- 27. Dr. J. W. Duke's home
- 28. Sam Kilgore's home
- 29. Bailey's barn
- 30. Calloway Napier Hotel
- 31. Dr. M. F. Kelly's home
- 32. Dr. M. F. Kelly's office
- 33. Steps to Methodist Church
- 34. Methodist Church
- 35. Methodist parsonage



A light snow covers Hindman and the cornfields surrounding it in this view from the Hindman Settlement School grounds in 1917.



A wagon passes the Sam Maggard Store (Ritchie, Maggard and Co.) prior to 1920.

Hindman Ben Franklin

Since 1948



Building erected in 1913 by Hillard H. Smith



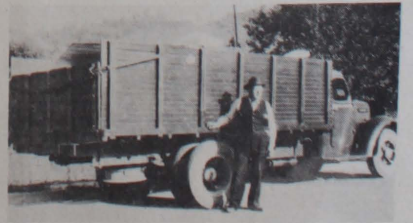
Early view of town bridge and Main Street in Hindman (Ben Franklin building on the right.)



Wilson Young, Shelby Young and Denzil Gayheart



Ben Franklin employees today — Ennis Davidson, Ruby Jean Gibson, Shirley Louise Conley, Robert C. Young, Victoria Faye Young, Robert Wilson Young.



L.C. Young

Brief History

- This building has served Hindman since ...
- 1913 Ritchie & Maggard
- Smith & Frances
- Francis & Day
- 1940 Young's Grocery
- Young's Furniture & Appliance
- 1948 Ben Franklin "L.C. Young & Sons"
- July 1, 1984 Ben Franklin Store
- Young's Variety Inc.

Incorporated July 1984 As

Young's Variety Store, Inc.

Knott County homes, one hundred years ago

By CHARLES E. MARTIN

A few days ago, a large truck pulled a house trailer down Canyon and a work crew set the trailer on blocks in a matter of hours. After the electricity, water and septic were connected, the people who owned the trailer were ready to move in. Home building has changed in Knott County in the last 100 years.

In 1884, there was no mortgage money, no prefabricated housing, no building supply store, and no contractor to build your house for you. The materials for home construction largely grew wild on the hillsides, and the people who helped were your relatives, friends and neighbors. The house's design came from tradition (it was the basic design of your father's house and his father's house before him) rather than the floorplans listed in the Wick's catalog. If the house burned down, there was no insurance company to cover your losses. Instead, you began again, using the same design, types of materials and, hopefully, the same volunteer help.

Today, many families with only four or five members live in ranch style houses with over 2,000 square feet of living space; one hundred

years ago an extended family of eleven or twelve often lived in a house of about 600 square feet, including an uninsulated sleeping loft.

Because people back then had only the environment and each other to rely upon, they built homes based on practical concerns rather than stylistic ones — how the house kept in the heat and kept out the rain, and whether it was built to last a long time, so that the house could be passed down through the family like a coverlet or a gold watch. This sense of architectural longevity came only as a result of careful workmanship and an in-depth knowledge of the materials at hand.

When a Knott Countian built his home 100 years ago, he often lived during construction in a temporary shelter which had walls of notched poles over a tamped dirt floor and was covered with a board roof. Since there were few nails in the county then, the roof boards were held down by weight poles or by rocks. The fireplace consisted of available stones which were held in place with mud. A pole house could be built in a few days and relieved the pressure of time on a farmer building his permanent home, for he knew that his family was warm

and out of the weather.

With his permanent house, though, he took more time, carefully picking a site with good sun and water. Once he had chosen his location he called for a "working," where his friends and relatives assembled to help him accomplish what he could not, in this case, do alone.

First, foundation stones were split with chisels and wedges so that they would fit snugly one on top of the other. The bottom stones were buried in the ground for surer footing. The rest were stacked about two feet above ground so that a breeze could later pass under the house and remove dampness which might rot the flooring. The stones were positioned to support the house in the corners. Most of the older homes were about 16 by 20 feet, large enough for three beds to fit along the wall opposite the fireplace and still leave enough room to gather chairs around the fire.

The logs went up next. The straighter trees were picked with the fewest knots. A tree with too many knots was left where it was cut down, while the acceptable ones were pulled to the house site by mule. Oak and chestnut were used for the bottom logs because of their

strength. They would sag only slightly after the weight of the walls and roof was placed on top of them.

Yellow poplar was usually used for the walls because it was durable and easily shaped with bladed tools. A poplar log, after being cut to length, was hewn flat on two opposite sides. To do this, a string soaked in pokeberry juice was stretched along the length of the log in two places about six inches apart. When the strings were snapped, the two visible guidelines served to guide the builders as they swung their broadaxes into the tree, leaving a long, massive log flattened on opposite sides. If a log was wide enough, it was split down the center with dogwood or oak wedges, called "gluts," and hewn on the outside edge. Generally a hewn log measured 20 inches by six inches wide. As the logs were stacked, alternating the gable end logs with the long wall logs, they were fastened together on the ends with half-dovetail (or "scribe") notches, preventing the logs from pulling apart. The half-dovetail notch was cut out by laying an un-notched log over a notched one and outlining on the log end, with a pencil or sharp object, the required shape to make the two fit tightly together. In addition to its secure fit, the half-dovetail notch had all its angles pointing down, allowing little moisture to collect and rot the log.

As the level of logs rose, it became more difficult to lift each log to the top of the stack. Therefore, skinned poles were angled between each new top log and the ground so that the next log could be pulled by ropes and pushed by hand up the slick incline. As the stacked logs reached up about eight feet, the loft floor joists, usually made of cucumber (chosen because it was a lightweight but strong wood), were square notched into the logs. Once these joists were set in place, the wall logs were stacked an additional three feet and capped by the plates, the top logs on both long sides of the room. The plates were larger and were allowed to overhang the rest of the wall. This done, the spaces between the logs were filled with a mixture of clay and pebbles, which kept out the



Hewn logs held together by half-dovetailed notches.

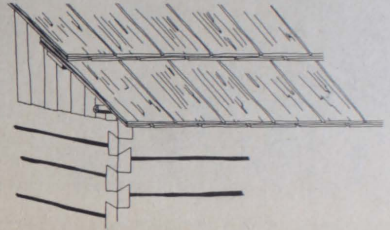
wind and rain.

The roof usually went up next. Wooden shingles, or "boards" were used as roofing material, with white oak being favored since it was believed to resist moisture longer than any of the other oaks — lasting about 20 to 25 years. The boards, split out of tree sections with a froe, were six to eight inches wide, two and one-half to three feet long, and one-half to three-fourths inch thick. They were nailed or pegged onto the roof rafters beginning at the eave. After the first row was in place, either a long board was tacked or a pokeberry-covered string snapped across the row about two feet from its bottom edge. The next row of boards overlapped the first in this line, a process repeated many times, first up one eave and then the next. The boards on one eave, however, were

allowed to extend up over the ridge about four inches, preventing rainwater from leaking into the house through the ridge.

Once the house's interior could be kept dry, the floor was made. Sleepers, or floor joists, made from oak or chestnut since they could better support weight, were notched and fitted into the spaces between the first and second wall logs at 15-inch to 2-foot intervals. There were two types of flooring used to cover these joists: puncheon and whipsawed. A puncheon floor was usually made from 12-inch wide poplar logs, split and smoothed with an adz and drawknife to a three-inch thickness. Whipsawed floorboards were cut with longbladed two-man saws. One man stood on top of a

Continued to Early Homes, P. 23



Double layered board roof.

Board roof held in place by roof poles, circa 1890.

Lee Paul Coal Company, Inc.

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Congratulations, Knott County,

On Your

100th Birthday

Knott County and coal: a brief history

By Wm. TERRELL CORNETT

Although Knott County has long been recognized as a part of the Eastern Kentucky coalfields, its participation as a full member in the group called the "coal counties" has been relatively recent.

The Feb. 25, 1982, edition of the *Troublesome Creek Times* reported a study that showed that only about seven percent of Knott County's coal had been mined through 1980. When compared to Floyd's 23 percent, Perry's 23 percent and Letcher's 29 percent, Knott's depletion figure seems almost minuscule. But truth "the times, they are a changin'." On Aug. 10, 1980, the *Courier Journal* Magazine called Knott County a "craggy giant" now on the threshold of awakening. Modern visionaries (now called "futurists"), such as Harry M. Caudill, presently see a boom very likely in the offing. Knott County then just might have a bright road to the future — one paved by coal.

The story of Knott County and the story of coal are inseparable, even though the mining of coal here is of relatively recent history. Coal in Knott County is almost

altogether found in various "coal measure" seams of bituminous quality, most of which were formed from 280 to 320 million years ago, according to the best estimates, during the so-called Pennsylvanian Period of geologic history. Coal is a form of carbon that has been made from the pressure of layer upon layer of the earth upon materials that were originally plants, or were at least plant-like.

Coal's presence was known by the earliest explorers in the region and certainly by the earliest settlers, but as was true in one case in Letcher County, where as late as 1877, some residents came to see "the earth burn" when a forest fire ignited a coal seam, its use was not always understood. Oil and gas were likewise known about, but this awareness was gained through happenstance, and no "development" was undertaken.

By 1885, the year following Knott County's creation, geologists had made public (in such documents as the *Kentucky Geological Survey* series) something of the extent of Knott County's mineral resources, but almost no one locally seemed interested. In 1885 coal speculators

such as T.P. Trigg and W.J. Horsley from Abingdon, Va., began some lukewarm investigations. The renowned John C.C. Mayo (1864-1914), the "King of the Speculators," displayed some interest a bit later, but sent his brother, Washington, to do the actual checking out. (One story has it that Washington Mayo lost interest quickly once in Knott County, and enjoyed becoming inebriated rather than hunting for coal.) The reason for much of this reluctance to launch a full-scale survey study was because of the inaccessible nature of the land.

As late as 1920 the noted geologist Willard Rouse Jillson (1890-1975) wrote: "No automobile roads and very few good wagon roads are found in Knott County." Thus it was left more for the state-employed geologists to spell out the extent of the coal than for privately-capitalized ones. (In 1982 the county's coal resource estimate was cited three billion, 24 million short tons, mining here already having removed about 210 million tons through 1980.)

By the mid-1920s coal was being produced on Yellow Creek at the

Knott/Perry border both by locally-formed companies (like Perkins-Bowling Coal Co.) and by outside firms (like Wisconsin Coal Co.). Yet, essentially, Knott County had no railroad and few roads (as did most surrounding counties by then), and so the building of extensive coal camps which were home to hundreds of miners never occurred. The coal seams found in Knott County, including the newly named Hindman Seam, were promising, but it was obviously difficult to interest investors in a long-term outlay of capital in what was considered a remote region, which had little immediate prospect of becoming less remote.

By 1930 an all-weather road system was developing in Knott County but it was not until the 1960s that the National Mines facilities on Beaver Creek and Cane Creek would entice serious railroad construction.

Over the decades most of the deeds conveying the mineral rights to the several companies were carried out under the "long" or "broad" form procedure. With the introduction of strip (officially, "surface") mining in the 1950s, the

time was right for reaction against what was often seen as unfair advantage and unfair treatment. By the late 1960s the Widow Combs' story and Dan Gibson's experiences had received national attention, especially (shortly afterward) with such writings as Harry Caudill's *My Land Is Dying*.

Soon Knott County got the name of being a center of the anti-strip-mining movement in all Appalachia. Camera crews and reporters came in. There were shootings and dynamitings. Tempers flared. Some went to jail. Others united in a variety of ways. Jim Branscome, Mart Shepherd and others organized The Appalachian Group to Save the Land and People. The sentiments mounted almost to crusade-level. And when a Virginia coal operator threatened to lay claim to Knott County's bounty by means of an ancient English colonial land grant, widespread violence was narrowly averted.

The Arab oil embargo of 1973-74 moved events toward a fever-pitch again, but this time a more general prosperity prevailed and there was seemingly less call for battles between landowners and

coal operators. (However, most Knott County mineral resources are still very definitely controlled by non-local groups and corporations.)

Now in the 1980s, the near-certainty of an all-but war in the Persian Gulf and the twin needs for coal-gasification and synthetic chemicals while hostilities last, have some economists and futurists predicting, as indicated earlier, a gigantic coal boom — perhaps the biggest ever — within the next three or four years. (Alongside this occurrence would also be a frantic demand for untapped local oil and gas and the quick reopening of older wells.)

Perhaps with these real possibilities in mind (and the 93 percent reserve), we may soon say that the history of coal in Knott County has only begun to be written. The foolishness or sensibleness of what that history records will be left to us.



Carlos Combs (left) and John D. Smith (second from left) at the Carrs Fork Coal Co. Mine, Allcock, Perry County, circa 1929.



John C. Mayo (seated left with cigar) and other mineral speculators on a fact-finding mission in Johnson County around 1910.



Teach Slone and son at family coal bank on Reynolds Fork, Mallie, Knott County, Kentucky.

Coal camps no longer boom towns

Editor's Note: The most dramatic change in the mountains occurred with the development of coal and the presence of coal camps that overnight caused urbanization in the rural mountain region.

Coal camps in Knott County were built in the Anco area and in Lackey (Porter) near the Floyd County line. The Porter camp was adjacent to a string of camps at Garrett, Estill and Wayland.

By VICKY HAYES

A long curtain brushes the window sill in the old boarding house at Anco. Slowly weathering, the high-ceilinged frame structure provided room and meals to workers in the Anco camps during the Depression.

Winnie McLain used to take in boarders and now lives in a few rooms toward the back of the house. The well on the back porch still has clear, cold water, the cookstove stands ready, but almost everything else in the camp has changed.

The Sasafas, Anco area, on Yellow Creek, was home to three once successful coal companies.

Wisconsin Coal Company, Perkins-Bowling, and Knott Coal Corporation employed nearly 300 men in the early '20s.

In 1927, 661,750 tons of coal were produced in the Anco area.

Mountains of "gob," creeping slowly across the tracks and into the narrow, broken road, now targeted for clean-up by the office of Surface Mining, are a testimony to the tonnage produced.

Three camps were built along side the tracks to house the workers in the heyday of coal.

It was a lively town, and one lifetime resident, Mabel Slone, knew could not last.

In 1953 Wisconsin Coal closed its doors. In 1957, the largest company, Knott Coal, pulled out. Perkins-Bowling, bought out by Bluebird Coal, also closed in the 1950s, according to Slone.

Prior to the introduction of the coal industry into Anco, only a few homes, mostly log, rested in the hollow. The Ben Gibson and the Jim Polson families are two early families Slone recalls.

Reared in the Knott Coal Camp, as a small girl in a family of 12, Slone recalls the construction of the railroad. Both black and white workers lived in rail cars similar to "mobile homes" while they lay the rails.

Her father, Anderson Combs, was a one-time foreman of Knott Coal and operated one of the first stores. Polly Ann Combs, her mother, took in boarders attracted by the work available in the mines.

The companies brought a lot of firsts into their homes. Mrs. Slone recalls milking a cow one evening

when the first electric light was turned on in her mother's kitchen. It was almost blinding.

Fields that her father planted in corn were sold to the company for housesites.

A company house rented for \$6 a month and a man could draw up to \$1.35 per day in wages during the Depression, according to Slone.

A large wooden building, now gone, served as a school, with the upstairs used as a church and a theatre. There residents could pay their dime and view a movie.

The main change that coal brought to the people was one of dependency, according to Slone.

Before the camps, a family could raise everything they needed, buying only flour, coffee, salt and sugar. After moving into the camps, the families learned to buy what they needed with company scrip.

Each camp had its own school and doctor. According to one Hazard, an undertaker from Hazard would come to care for the dead.

Men were frequently killed in the mines, and Slone said her father "feared the mines" and encouraged her brothers to find work elsewhere.

Slone recalls the deaths of two local brothers, Manuel and Arvi Combs, who were crushed in the mines.

Blacks, who worked beside the

mountainers in the mines, sent their children to a separate school in "Little Garden Hollow," according to Slone.

"After World War II, I knew it would all go," said Slone, who had not pictured what Anco would become — the coal tipples rusting, the buildings only shells, and the town only a shadow of a former life.

Rubbings of scrip used in two coal camps.



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Large corporations control destiny of Knott's resources

Matewan Minerals, Kentucky River are top coal holders

By RON DALEY

It is pretty certain that at least 80 percent of Knott County's coal is owned by out-of-county, and predominantly, out-of-state corporations.

The percentage is probably closer to 90 percent. However, the loose record system initiated by the state to record coal resources for tax assessment and the lack of enforcement by the state concerning those records make it difficult to pinpoint the ownership of coal resources in a particular county.

The poor recording system is caused by the very low assessment on unmined coal; so low, in fact, that it is not financially feasible to enforce accurate reporting of those resources. Coal is taxed at one-tenth of one percent (\$10 per \$1 million assessment).

The two largest coal holders in Knott County are Kentucky River Coal Company based in Lexington and Matewan Minerals owned by General Electric.

Kentucky River, which reported 27,839 acres of coal valued at \$3,385,248 in 1982, was assessed \$30.25 in taxes on that coal. Kentucky River paid \$5,163 in taxes for their surface land in 1983 which was listed as 7,593 acres.

Matewan Minerals has the largest unmined coal assessment in the county, \$5,865,261. The Times has not been able to ascertain an accurate listing of that company's coal acreage.

Matewan has filed that it owns 58,000 acres of coal in the county. However, there is the possibility that their listing refers to acreage of various seams of coal and, therefore, would have counted some acres more than once. Matewan is at least the second largest coal owner in the county and could possibly be the largest.

Matewan purchased most of its coal holdings from National Mines in April 1980 with the exception of some metallurgical coal in that acquired boundary. At the same time, Matewan took over leases of Western Pocahantas, 21,000 acres of surface and what mineral holdings that firm had.

Bethlehem Mines is the county's third largest mineral holder with 15,436 acres of coal, according to tax records. Bethlehem is the mineral holder for Beth-Elkhorn Coal owned by Bethlehem Steel.

Western Pocahantas, the county's largest land owner is the fourth-largest holder of coal. The subsidiary of CSX, a national energy conglomerate, claims 11,214 acres of coal rights. The firm is based in Charleston, W. Va.

Harkins Minerals listed 6,880 acres of coal in 1982. The coal property is located in the Jones Fork, Beaver and Rockfork area. Not much is known about the owners except that in September 1983 they put their property in the Browning Family Partnership. The transaction was initiated by a party in Harris County, Texas. Their coal may have been purchased by Matewan or National Mines.

Ky Cago, owned by L.D. Gorman in Hazard, records 4,536 acres of coal.

Inspirational Coal purchased the coal holdings of Island Creek (Wheelwright Mining) to become one of the county's largest owners. They have 3,945 acres.

The Dovie Combs heirs own 4,102 acres of land and coal. Their claim to the property is believed to be in litigation.

National Mines' coal is valued at \$5,600,000. The exact acreage figure is not available. National is owned by National Steel.

National Consultants, a firm based in Cleveland, Tenn., which claims 3,600 acres of land in Knott County, values their coal holdings at \$700,000.

Two large mineral tracts are tax exempt. The federal government owns the Carr Fork Lake (Army Corps of Engineers) area with its 3,394.8 acres of surface and coal. The University of Kentucky owns 3,316.8 acres, called the Robinson Forest, adjacent to the Breathitt County border. The remainder of the approximately 10,000 acre unmined woodland is largely in Breathitt County and a portion of it is in Perry County.

VICC Land Company (Virginia Iron Coal Company) which owns 1,267 acres of surface in the county, values its coal at \$2,195,000.

Elkhorn-Hazard Coal (Roy Crawford, Whitesburg) which listed 956 acres of surface in the county this last year, values their coal holdings at \$500,000.

National Mines is the county's ninth largest landowner with 2,917 acres. National Mines is the largest underground mine employer in the county. It is owned by the fourth largest steel producer in the nation, National Steel. The firm, which reported over \$3 billion in sales in 1982, recently changed its name to National Intergroup Inc. "Investment Survey" gave no information about the firm's coal holdings.

Matewan Minerals' 2,504 acres makes it the tenth largest landowner in Knott County. Their ownership is probably greater since the company appears to be the county's biggest land purchaser during the last two years. Matewan bought numerous parcels of land in the Jones Fork and Ball area.

Matewan is the land and mineral holder for Sierra Coal Co. They are owned by Utah International, an energy conglomerate subsidiary of General Electric. General Electric is the \$26 billion firm that is trying to sell its coal and other natural resources. GE is expected to sell Utah International's assets for \$2.4 billion to an Australian firm. Utah's land and coal in Knott County will be a part of the deal. GE will keep Utah's coal holdings in Australia which account for 20 to 25 percent of Utah's worth.

Beth Elkhorn is eleventh with 1,318 acres. It is owned by Bethlehem Steel, the nation's second largest steel producer.

VICC Land Co. is next with 1,267 acres. It is owned by American Natural Resources, a \$3 billion-plus energy and pipeline company based in Detroit, Mich., which also explores for oil and gas.

Elkhorn Hazard Co.'s 956 acres makes it the twelfth largest landowner in the county. Roy Crawford of Whitesburg is the president of the firm. It has been reported that some of Crawford's holdings have been bought by Golden Oak, which in turn, is owned by Redding and Bates based in Tulsa, Ok. Redding is an energy conglomerate and pipeline construction firm that receives 60 percent of its revenues from foreign nations. It is not known if the Redding and Bates were obtained from Elkhorn Hazard or another business interest of the Crawfords.

There are 227,840 acres in Knott County.

Top 14 coal owners in Knott County

Mineral Owner	Coal Acres	Value
Kentucky River Coal (Lexington)	27,839*	\$4,500,000
Matewan Minerals (General Electric)	38,000	\$5,865,261
(Matewan reported approximately 38,000 acres of coal to the PVA's office. Some of the acreage may refer to seams of coal acreage and, therefore, be duplicated. National Mines kept the metallurgical coal seams when they sold the huge coal boundary to Matewan. Matewan is at least the second largest coal holder in Knott County and could possibly be the largest. Additionally, Matewan has leased Western Pocahantas's coal and surface.)		
Bethlehem Mines (Bethlehem Steel)	15,436	\$1,971,400
Western Pocahantas (Detroit, Mich.)	11,214	\$3,364,359
Harkins Minerals (Harris County, TX)	6,880	\$2,500,000
KY Cago (L.D. Gorman, Hazard)	4,536	\$1,360,983
Dovie Combs heirs (Breathitt County)	4,102	\$2,000,000
Inspirational Coal (formerly Island Creek, Wheelwright Mining)	3,945	\$1,500,000
National Mines (records incomplete)		\$3,600,000
National Consultants (Cleveland, TN)	3,600	\$700,000
Corps of Engineers (federal government, Carr Fork)	3,394	tax exempt
University of Kentucky (Robinson Forest)	3,316	tax exempt
Vice Land Co. (Detroit, Mich.)	1,267	\$2,195,000
Elkhorn-Hazard Coal Land Co.	957	\$500,000

Top 13 surface owners

Surface Owner	Acreage	Property Value	Tax Assessment
Western Pocahantas (CSX Minerals, Richmond, VA)	20,661.00	\$1,721,784	\$9,018.03
Southern Realty (Harbert Construction, Standard Oil of Indiana)	10,762.50	\$7,709,780**	\$3,554.63
Kentucky River Coal Co.* (Lexington)	7,593.82	\$811,090	\$5,268.97
Dovie Combs heirs	4,102.00	\$225,000	\$1,496
National Consultants (Cleveland, TN)	3,600.00	\$400,000	\$2,311.56
Corps of Engineers (fed. gov't - Carr Fork Lake)	3,394.80	tax exempt	
University of Kentucky (Robinson Forest)	3,316.00	tax exempt	
National Mines (National Steel Corp.)	2,917.00	\$989,000*	\$9,073.68
Matewan Minerals (Utah International - General Electric)	2,504.00	\$1,783,095	\$2,268.24
Beth-Elkhorn	1,318.00	\$87,800	\$572.54
Vice Land Co. (American Natural Resources, Detroit, Mich.)	1,267.00	\$126,130	\$835.49
Carr Fork Corp or Engineers**	1,217.00	\$52,504	\$310.08
Elkhorn-Hazard	957.00	\$455,152+*	\$3,093.93

**Based on recent purchase price

*Kentucky River Coal Company acquired the majority of the Carr Fork County stock earlier this year. Carrs Fork was a Pulaski, Va., based firm with boundaries adjacent to Kentucky River Coal. Much of the Carrs Fork coal is leased to Kodak Mining.

+Includes mining equipment and tipples.

•Includes tipple.

Housing, control of economy are serious future problems

By RON DALEY

Knott County's population is expected to more than double its present size of 17,900 in the next 40 years.

This new generation will face two critical problems — the absence of available land to build housing and a lack of control over the local economy.

The problems are apparent after looking at the statistics presented in the Times land issues series.

Eighty to ninety percent of the coal in Knott County is owned by large landholders, primarily companies operating outside of this county, and in most cases, based outside the state. The four largest coal holders together account for about 30 percent of the coal resources in the county.

Decisions will be made in distant boardrooms, perhaps overseas, when or whether to mine the coal lying beneath Knott County's hills, coal which makes it one of the richest areas in the world.

An Australian firm, with the help of European banks, will be purchasing most of the assets of Utah International which owns thousands of acres of coal in Knott

County. These Australian financiers probably do not know much about Knott County and the needs of the people. They will be in a position to significantly influence the local economy and the environment in the county.

In some instances, the Knott coal possessed by some out-of-state corporations is so insignificant to their other financial interests, the property is nearly forgotten by its owners. Energy conglomerates could possibly cutback or stop coal production because of greater demand for their oil, gas or nuclear energy resources.

Coal properties in this county change hands fairly frequently. It is hard to say who ultimately will end up with this area's most precious natural resource and what their plans will be to develop it.

Nationally, it has become routine for major coal producers, especially steel firms, to get out of the coal business. For instance, recently in West Virginia, the state's fifth largest coal producer, Armo Inc., and the state's largest utility, Appalachian Power, announced their intention to sell their

Western Pocahantas is Knott County's largest landlord

By RON DALEY

The twelve largest Knott County landholders own over one-fourth of the county's surface acreage, according to records in the property valuation administrator's office.

All of the owners are based outside of this county.

The two largest owners, accounting for 31,000 acres, are both national energy conglomerates, while the third is a Lexington-based company which is also the largest mineral holder in the county. The other large surface owners are energy conglomerates, steel companies and individuals with questionable claims to the land they purport to own.

Western Pocahantas is the largest landowner in the county with its 20,661.4 acres. Western Pocahantas is a subsidiary of CSX Minerals stationed in Huntington, W. Va.

Southern Realty, a land-holding company, follows with 10,762.5 acres. Its resources are owned by Standard Oil of Indiana. Southern Realty is associated with Harbert Construction. The Standard Oil coal companies mining in this county are Star Fire Coal and Lost Mountain Mining. Another name used by the company in holding their resources is Amoco Minerals. Southern Realty bought the land owned by Franklin Realty.

Coal is not the predominant financial interest to these two firms. In fact, a study made by "Investment Survey," a publication describing major U.S. corporations to potential investors, does not list coal information for Standard Oil of Indiana. The \$29 billion firm is the nation's sixth largest petroleum producer. It has large national gas holdings also.

CSX is a \$7.5-billion holding company that merged the C&O and L&N railroads (Chessie System, Seaboard Coastline) approximately two years ago. CSX owns 27,000 miles of track. They lease their coal to other companies to be mined and probably include arrangements to haul the coal with their railroad system.

Dennis R. Henrix, 45, of Owensboro, is CSX's vice-chairman. He joined CSX when Texas Gas Resources (Texas Gas Transmission), which he led, was acquired last summer.

Kentucky River Coal is the third largest landowner with 8,110 acres. Tax records list 7,593.82 acres, however, the firm purchased Carrs Fork Corporation this year which has 1,217 acres listed on the tax rolls.

Kentucky River Coal has offices in Lexington and Hazard and is reported to only own land and minerals in Eastern Kentucky. Catesby Clay and his family in Lexington are the largest stockholders in the corporation. Kentucky River acquired most of its property holdings in 1915 when the firm bought five or six smaller companies.

Dovie Combs heirs claim 4,102 acres, according to the PVA records. Several people knowledgeable about land and mineral ownership in the county informed the Times they were not familiar with the claim or the parties involved. Knott PVA Carl Stone reports that a former Breathitt PVA, Silvers, brought the claim to his office saying the Silvers family had an interest in the property. Stone says he believes the property may be included in the University of Kentucky's Robinson Forest area and that UK may have paid the heirs for an overlapping claim. Stone states

the Dovie Combs heirs claim is under litigation. They did not pay their taxes last year.

Likewise, 3,600 acres of property are listed in the PVA office under the ownership of National Consultants. No one seems to know anything about this group that gives a Cleveland, Tenn., address. They owe \$2,542.72 in delinquent taxes.

The sixth and seventh largest landowners are the federal government and the University of Kentucky. Both pieces of property are tax exempt.

The federal government owns 3,394.8 acres of land and minerals as part of the Carr Fork Reservoir and recreational area. The land was obtained by the government through purchases from local residents in the early 1970s when the government condemned the property through the right of eminent domain to construct the dam site for flood control and recreational purposes. The federal Department of the Interior is accepting bids presently to allow underground mining on the federal land.

The H.H. Smith heirs claim 400 acres of minerals and value the coal at \$175,000. A couple of sources interviewed believe the holdings are really quite a bit more than 400 acres. The tax bill is sent to Phil Smith in Jackson.

The tax records indicate that many of the large coal producing firms in the county do not own significant amounts of coal or land, but rely on lease arrangements for their coal.

Falcon Coal Co. claims 536 acres of surface in their property tax filing, but do not list coal reserves. Falcon is owned by national energy conglomerate Diamond Shamrock.

Kodak Mining (Allied Coal Co.) is listed with 212 acres of surface. Kodak is owned by Airco Co. of Dayton, Ohio.

Likewise, River Processing, although valued at \$2,318,848 in 1983, does not list coal or surface ownership. It was announced in October 1983 that five Perry County men would buy River Processing for an estimated \$50 million in cash from the company's owner, Pargas Inc., in Baltimore, Md., a propane supplier. The men are L.D. Gorman, Andrew Adams, Edward L. "Buggy" Clemons, Roscoe Clemons Jr. and James Bowling.

Southeast Coal lists just 12 acres of land and no coal.

AKP Coal, owned by John Preece, lists 160 surface acres.

KEM Coal of Hazard claims just two surface acres. The company was assessed at \$2,178,700 in 1983.

The ownership of large tracts of minerals have changed hands several times in past years. Usually, the owner of the surface property that overlies the coal, never hears about the transactions.

In the past two or three years, many of the companies that own the coal through a broad-form deed, have been trying to purchase the surface of the landowner. It is a matter of time before legislation is passed and upheld by Kentucky's court system limiting the power of the broad-form deed and, thereby, giving surface owners more say in mining operations. Companies believe it will be cheaper in the long run to purchase the surface.

These articles are reprinted from the Dec. 7, 1983, edition of the Troublesome Creek Times.

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Population, personal income increases in last decade

By RON DALEY

Knott County has witnessed a significant amount of economic progress in the last 20 years, but like most other Eastern Kentucky counties, remains one of the poorer counties in the nation, offering a quality of life below the state and national norm.

The population boomed in the last 15 years indicating the increased availability of jobs in the region. In 1980, Knott County's population had risen to 17,940. That was an increase of 22.1 percent from the 1970 census figure of 14,698.

Many former Kentuckians returned home because they had lost jobs in the Indiana, Ohio and Michigan factories because of the national recession. However, many job openings occurred in Knott County and Eastern Kentucky caused by renewed growth in the coal industry. The oil embargo of 1973-74 caused a boom in the industry not seen in decades. At the

same time numerous jobs were made in retail businesses as shopping centers, fast-food services and other businesses opened in the area.

Knott County's population growth in the 1970s, however, was not as great as in adjoining counties. Floyd County's population jumped 35.9 percent, 35,889 to 48,764. Perry County's population increased 28.6 percent, from 26,259 in 1970 to 33,763 in 1980. Pike's increased 32.9 percent, 81,123 from 61,059; Magoffin's jumped 10,443 to 13,515 for a 15 percent hike; and Letcher's climbed from 23,165 to 30,687 for 32.5 percent.

This increase followed the significant outmigration in Eastern Kentucky during the 1950s through the 1970s.

These other counties realized greater diversified economic growth. Knott County remains one of the few counties in the state without a shopping center or fast-food chain restaurant. A Druthers

Restaurant is expected to open in the fall of 1984 and a shopping center developed by Knott County coal operator John Preece is being planned in Mallie. It will be called the Hollie Hills Shopping Center.

Like most Eastern Kentucky counties, Knott County is classified as a densely populated rural area. Again, it is not as densely populated as most of its neighbors. The county has 352 square miles of land area. This is slightly larger than Perry County (341) and Letcher (339), and slightly less than Floyd (393). However, those counties have much larger populations.

Knott County's rugged terrain, caused by being the headwaters of so many larger creeks, has made flat land a rare commodity, thus retarding population and economic growth.

The shopping habits of residents have not helped economic growth. Only 35.4 percent of the available earned income of Knott Countians is spent in the county. The figure for adjoining counties is above

60 percent. New businesses in the county and the proposed shopping center will undoubtedly improve this situation.

There is still a housing shortage in the county. The 1970s saw improvements in this area. While population increased 27.1 percent, the number of housing units improved 34.3 percent. Many of the new units were mobile homes. The mobile home has been to the increased population what the log cabin was to the early settlers in the county.

There were 5,461 households in 1980. That represents 3.23 persons per household, the sixth highest number in the state. This indicates larger families and the willingness to let other members of the immediate family reside in those dwellings.

Male residents outnumbered females in 1980, 9,027 to 8,913. The median age for Knott males was 25.1 years compared to 27 years for females.

Females 45 years and older out-

number males in that same age group, 2,447 to 2,110 indicating a large number of widows in the county.

The population in the county is reasonably young; 7,705 of the residents were 21 years old or younger in 1980 compared to 4,557 over 45 years old.

The county has a projected population of 34,176 for the year 2020, according to the Kentucky Department of Commerce. The population is expected to grow to 21,752 in 1990 and 25,704 in 1990.

The per capita personal income in Knott County was \$5,265 in 1980. This compares to \$7,552 in Kentucky and the national average of \$10,491.

An increase in personal income occurred, however, in the late 1970s for Knott Countians. Per capita income in Knott County increased by the second highest percentage in the state during 1976 to 1980. Income increased 61.55 percent, from \$3,259 to \$5,265.

The bulk of wages produced in

1981 came from the mining industry, \$28,069,000. Other wage categories were: state and local government, \$6,539,000; services, \$3,260,000; wholesale and retail trade, \$2,324,000; transportation, communication and public utilities, \$2,163,000; contract construction, \$1,929,000; finance, insurance and real estate, \$719,000; and manufacturing, \$406,000.

In 1980 there were 5,457 passenger cars, 3,655 commercial trucks and 46 farm trucks registered in the county.

Knott County census reports

Year	Population
1890	5,438
1900	8,704
1910	10,791
1920	11,855
1930	15,230
1940	20,007
1950	20,356
1960	17,362
1970	14,698
1980	17,940



Low-income Knott residents waited outside the American Legion hall in 1983 to apply for federal energy (heating) assistance. 1983 and 1984 were years witnessing long lines of unemployed and poor people applying for cheese and other government commodities.



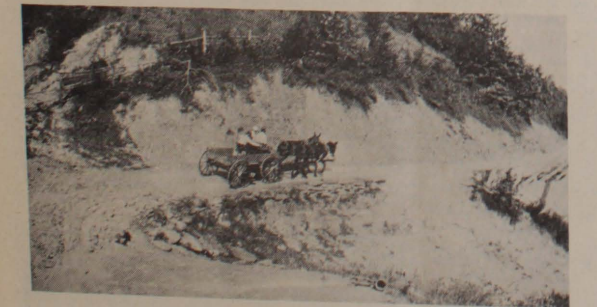
Beaver men measuring logs (1941) on Dry Creek. They worked for Mongel Lumber Co. (l-r) Hampton Ratliff, Troy Mullins, and Mort Combs.



Snow covered the deep wagon ruts on Hindman's Main Street in 1919.



Knott County Courthouse yard around 1905, Bailey Hotel on right (now Cody's Hardware) and horses tied on the courthouse fence.



Considered a good stretch of road in Knott County by the photographer in 1910



Liberty bond rally in front of Hindman Courthouse during World War I in 1917.

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Knott County's most famous citizen

Carl D. Perkins — our man in Washington



By BILL PETERSON

HINDMAN, KY. — Near the foot of a mountain in Knott County, Ky., 425 miles from the power centers of the nation's capital, sits a small clapboard house, undistinguished and honey-looking. At 6:30 a.m., a white frost hangs heavy on the surrounding hillsides, a mule and two farmers stir in the tobacco barn and bacon sizzles on the gas range.

Mrs. Verna Johnson Perkins, who grew up in nearby Mouse, Ky., and first moved into the house in 1939, is at the stove. Her son, Chris, is dressing. Her husband is at the cluttered desk in the front room.

The place has changed little in 36 years. With its white walls, linoleum floors, and makeshift furniture, the farmhouse is unpretentious, deceptively plain. There are no signs of wealth or power about, few clues of the interests, or personalities, of the occupants.

An unknowing visitor might assume they were hill-country farmers. But the farmhouse belongs to U.S. Rep. Carl Dewey Perkins, the most powerful Kentuckian in Congress, a man whose deceptive down-home style and tenacity have outflanked his more urbane colleagues for 34 years.

At 72, he is a big bulk of a man broad-shouldered and muscular-looking. His face has a worn, leathery look and a warm, off-center smile. In Washington, his baggy suits and mountain twang have long been the object of newsmen's jokes. But here, he looks at home, his black hat pulled hard over his ears.

He is the elemental man, the total mountain politician, a man of relentless ambition, tireless drive. The plowboy with the huge hands. The country lawyer who went to Washington and never changed a lick.

He is different from most congressmen. Unpolished, yet remarkably effective. Unsophisticated, yet cunning. A creation of the conservative Southern Democratic seniority system, yet a liberal and architect of some of the most progressive legislation of the 1960s.

He is attracted to power, yet unimpressed with its trappings. He has rubbed shoulders with the great and near-great for a generation. But their pretentiousness has never rubbed off on him.

He sat on the same House committee as young Rep. John F. Kennedy, often held his proxy and told him he was foolish to run for the Senate. One of his first battles in Washington in 1949 was with another young congressman, Richard M. Nixon, whom he never learned to respect.

When Sen. Robert Kennedy, eyeing the Democratic presidential nomination, visited Eastern Kentucky in 1968, Perkins was his escort.

Lyndon Johnson and Perkins shared the same wave length. Both were creatures of congressional and back-country politics, men who never shed their regional accents and mannerisms. Johnson depended on Perkins's support and understood his needs. When a crisis arose, Perkins would telephone the White House, at times in the early morning hours.

Perkins's past is rooted in politics and the hills. His boyhood was a genuine frontier experience, hard and unsparring. His friends were the sons of miners, farmers, and moonshiners; his teachers were missionary ladies from Radcliffe and Wellesley who taught him at the Hindman Settlement School. His models were the lawyer-politicians who visited his father.

Born Oct. 15, 1912, in Hindman, a remote Appalachian hill town with 800 residents, he was one of four children. His family was

prosperous by mountain standards of the day. His mother was a school teacher; his father was a lawyer and prominent political figure in Knott County, who had been school superintendent and county attorney.

A husky six-footer, Perkins was known as the town's "best plowboy" and spent weeks each spring and fall behind a mule. "In those days, everybody in the community had a cow and some pigs and raised their own produce. I plowed just about everyone's garden in town. I'd get up before daylight, plow a garden and go to school at 8 o'clock," he says. "I'd stay in school 'till 3, then plow 'till dusk. I made a little money. My daddy learned me a little business sense when I was young."

Perkins's father died in 1932 when Carl was 19 and had completed two years at Caney Junior College, now Alice Lloyd College. He became a teacher that fall in a two-room school on Montgomery Creek, to which he commuted by horseback. His salary was \$59.54 a month.

He quickly determined that wasn't enough to live on, so he entered the Jefferson School of Law in Louisville. He was graduated in 1935 and returned to Hindman where his brother-in-law, Clark Pratt, a lawyer, funneled him workmen's compensation and estate cases. He married pretty Verna Johnson, right out of high school, three years later. He appealed to her as "a young man on his feet going places," she recalls. "I considered him quite a catch."

She is still a handsome, slim-waisted woman with gray, coiffured hair, a young face, and a streak of self reliance. When her husband went to war in 1944, she went to college. When he went to Congress, she quickly tired of working in his office without pay and took a teaching job at the W. T. Patterson Elementary School in southeast Washington, a predominantly black area.

"I think being a teacher and living my own life made me a better person," she says.

They were married 15 years before the birth of their only child, Chris, who now practices law in Hindman. "Verna did a good job raising the boy," Perkins says. "They've been alone a great deal. She's taken him to church when I was home in the district, cared for him. I really can't take any of the credit for him."

Mrs. Perkins worries about the pace her husband keeps. She'd like him to slow down, relax a little, take a vacation.

"He's ambitious. He's always been ambitious," she says. "He really cares about what happens in his committee and in the district. He has to or he couldn't drive himself so. He's killed himself being ambitious."

He made his first race for county attorney in 1937, during the Depression. The race was against another young lawyer, Dan Martin. Both were young and ambitious, and the race went right down to the wire.

In the end, Martin won. The lesson of defeat stuck with Perkins. He never lost another election, successfully running for the state legislature in 1940, county attorney in 1941 and 1945, and for Congress in 1948 and every two years since.

In Washington, Perkins is known as a New Deal liberal, a friend of labor and education, a skilled cloakroom maneuverer, and a tenacious (and somewhat autocratic) committee chairman. Back in the days when he always wore white socks, the Wall Street Journal called him a "country bumpkin." The late columnist Drew Pearson once described him as "the most honest man in the House."

As chairman of the Education and Labor Committee, he controls one of the House's largest payrolls (the committee staff numbers 76) and presides over an unruly group of 38 big-city Democrats and rural Republicans. The committee is one of the House's busiest and most sensitive.

His leadership of the committee has been neither as colorful nor as stormy as that of his predecessor, the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell. It has thrust him in the middle of controversial battles over anti-poverty, school-lunch, minimum-wage, black-lung, pension-reform, and education legislation. But he has never developed into a national figure.

He still considers his greatest achievement the passage of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965. The first general federal aid-to-education bill in history, it climaxed a 16-year struggle for Perkins and sent millions pouring into underprivileged school districts in big-city ghettos and places like Eastern Kentucky.

Carl Perkins — Mr. Education

Of the 435 members of the U.S. House of Representatives, some are better known nationally. Many are more urbane and polished. Many are better speakers. And some have a better day-to-day grasp of the great cosmic issues of which front pages and evening newscasts are made.

But conduct a secret poll of the House on who is the castiest, the shrewdest legislative operator, who knows more about organizing coalitions in behalf of a bill, who knows best what trade-offs are possible and when they should be made, who is the most dogged in pursuit of his objectives, who keeps the sharpest eye out for the interests of the homefolks who elected him — and the answer would surely be Carl D. Perkins, Chairman of the Committee on Education and Labor.

Education, employment, social security, coal mining, agriculture, the well-being of coal miners and of the elderly, flood protection, public facilities, economic development, medical care, roads, utilities: these are the things that affect the lives of 526,000 people in the 23 Eastern Kentucky counties that constitute the center of Carl Perkins's world and universe. And these are the issues upon which he has built an extraordinary political career.

Sometime within the next year (the mathematicians can figure it precisely if they wish), Carl Perkins will quietly pass a milestone of sorts. On that day, exactly half of his life will have been spent as a member of Congress. He is now serving his nineteenth two-year term, and it is believed by some who comb the statistics for records that in the 191 years of the Kentucky statehood, no Kentuckian has served longer in the House of Representatives — not even Henry Clay.

If there is such a personage as "Mr. Education" in the Congress, it is Carl Perkins. The Education and Labor Committee was his first committee assignment from Speaker Sam Rayburn in January 1949, and it has never changed.

Perkins's interest in education stems in part from his early experience as a student at the Hindman Settlement School and as a young schoolteacher back home in Knott County. That experience told him that the young people from the Eastern Kentucky mountains could never hope to compete in the mainstream of American life.

Even earlier, he had written and sponsored the Adult Basic Education Act in 1961. And he was a principal sponsor of the 1956 Library Services Act, providing aid to public libraries in rural areas. He was an active participant in

children of poor states and poor areas had to make do with a lesser standard of education.

Perkins's innate sense of justice and fairness rebelled at that. He could not accept the idea that children in one part of the country were not treated the same as children from another. The answer, it seemed to him, was to get the federal government, with its vastly greater revenue resources, into the process of bringing the educational systems in the poorer areas up to a decent national standard. Every American child should have access to a decent education.

Federal aid to education was then an intolerable idea to many people, who felt that federal control of local education would surely follow in the wake of federal dollars. But Perkins and like-minded congressmen rejected that fear, feeling that federal assistance could be provided without the kind of stultifying control that others abhorred.

So early in his Congressional career Perkins began to beat the drum for a program of federal aid to education. Year after year the proposal failed. But every year, the support grew as the inequities in the existing systems became more apparent.

Finally, fortified by the landslide election of President Lyndon Johnson in 1964, Perkins and others were able to push through the Congress the Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 which brought prompt federal assistance to school districts with larger numbers of educationally disadvantaged children. Sixteen years of hard work by Carl Perkins had finally paid off.

Two years later, the House chose Carl Perkins as chairman of the Education and Labor Committee.

Before his elevation to the chairmanship of the full Committee, Perkins was chairman of its Sub-Committee on Elementary, Secondary, and Vocational Education. In that capacity, he sponsored and piloted to a successful vote the Vocational Education Act of 1963. That legislation combined elements of the much smaller vocational programs then in effect, and broadened federal participation into the vast national program it is today.

But Carl Dewey Perkins will have none of it. He goes his weaving, hand-shaking, smiling way, working for his people in the only way he knows, keeping his eye on his special star. It is located directly over Knott County, Kentucky.

writing the National Defense Education Act which permitted secondary schools all across the land to strengthen their science and foreign language curricula.

Perkins was a prime mover in the nation's child nutrition programs and sponsored the School Lunch Amendments of 1968, 1970, 1975, and 1978.

His work in education would be career enough for any member of Congress, but the Kentucky Democrat's interest ranged to broader spheres. For instance, he wrote the black lung benefit provisions of the Coal Mine Health and Safety Act of 1969 which for the first time gave federal recognition to coal miner's pneumoconiosis as a compensable industrial disease.

Perkins knows instinctively — no one ever had to tell him — that his real political strength comes from the people of Eastern Kentucky.

Carl Perkins is a familiar figure on Capitol Hill. In some ways he is an anachronism, a character out of Congress's more leisurely and rural-dominated past.

Occasionally, some of the new members, those who haven't been around more than a term or two — "youngsters," he sometimes calls them — will snicker at his country ways and his old-fashioned style of speaking. The newcomers don't always take him seriously, reasoning that anyone so devoid of slickness and generally lacking in urbaneness can't be all that important.

But that kind of derision doesn't last long. It may not give way to affection, but it virtually always gives way to respect. Because they soon discover that Perkins can beat them hands down in just about any legislative game they want to play. An opponent may underestimate him once, but rarely twice.

"Rough-hewn" is a term sometimes used by Congressional writers to describe Carl Perkins. Perhaps it is as good as any, because it suggests he was cobbled from the stuff of his Kentucky mountains and stuck together with the integrity of his people.

The modern Congress and the modern electoral process do not produce "rough-hewn" characters much any more. The emphasis is on suaveness, glibness, slickness: the stuff of the television studio.

But Carl Dewey Perkins will have none of it. He goes his weaving, hand-shaking, smiling way, working for his people in the only way he knows, keeping his eye on his special star. It is located directly over Knott County, Kentucky.



Carl D. and Verna Perkins

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Bill Weinberg & Family

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McCoy Coal Company

Knott County officeholders

County Court Clerk

- 1884 Lewis Hays
- 1886 G. P. Combs
- 1891 Henry Combs
- 1895 R. H. Amburgey
- 1915 W. T. "Willie" Francis
- 1917 Curtis Pigman
- 1921 John Sturgill
- 1925 John Sturgill
- 1929 Hattie C. H. Pigman
- 1933 Arthur Pigman
- 1937 Arthur Pigman
- 1941 John Sturgill
- 1945 Roy Mullins
- 1949 Roy Mullins
- 1953 Roy Mullins
- 1957 Roy Mullins
- 1961 Archie Everage
- 1965 Archie Everage
- 1969 Archie Everage
- 1973 Dillis Combs
- 1977 Jim Rose
- 1981 Jim Rose

Circuit Court Judge

- (Early judges from Floyd and Magoffin counties.)
- 1884 H. F. Finley
 - 1885 John Dishman (special judge)
 - 1888 James Breeding
 - 1891 H. C. Lilly
 - 1894 J. S. Patton
 - 1902
 - 1904 D. W. Gardner
 - 1915 D. W. Gardner
 - 1916 A. J. Patrick
 - 1921 A. J. Patrick
 - 1922 W. W. Williams
 - 1928 C. B. Wheeler
 - 1934 John Caudill (Hollybush native—elected from Floyd)
 - 1940 Henry Stevens
 - 1946 Edward P. Hill
 - 1948 Walter Prater (Magoffin, died in office)
 - 1950 John Chris Cornett (appointed)
 - 1951 Cornett elected
 - 1970 Ben Manns
 - 1976 John Chris Cornett
 - 1984 Robert J. Morgan

County Attorney

- 1884 Fieldon "Babe" Johnson
 - 1921 Jim Perkins
 - 1925 Adam Campbell
 - 1929 Jim Perkins
 - 1933 Clark Pratt
 - 1937 Dan Martin
 - 1941 Carl D. Perkins
 - 1945 Carl D. Perkins
 - 1949 Afon M. Smith
 - 1953 Dan Martin
 - 1957 Dan Martin
 - 1961 Cordell Martin
 - 1965 Cordell Martin
 - 1969 Bobby Morgan
 - 1973 Bobby Morgan
 - 1977 James Bates
 - 1981 James Bates
- ### Commonwealth Attorney
- John D. Smith (First commonwealth attorney elected from Knott County—probably before World War I)
 - 1922 Claude Stevens
 - 1934 O. C. Hall (died 1938)
 - 1938 Carl D. Perkins (finished term)
 - 1940 John Allen
 - 1941 John Chris Cornett
 - 1948 Earl Cooper
 - 1952-to present Afon Smith

Circuit Court Clerk

- 1884 Lewis Hays
- 1893 R. H. Amburgey
- 1900 L. C. Slone
- 1909 J. B. Smith
- 1919 Mitchell Johnson
- 1924 Ballard Slone
- Mrs. Lourainie (Ballard) Slone
- 1945 R. B. Bates (3 terms)
- 1963 Carlos "Jake" Huff

Sheriff

- 1884 Madison Pigman
- 1885
- 1887 Jephtha Watts
- 1895 Robert Bates
- 1897 Evern Napier
- 1901 C. L. Napier
- 1905 George Hays
- 1909 Farris Hays
- 1913 Dou Hays (D. W. Hays)
- 1917 Andrew Combs
- 1921 Dan Hays
- 1925 Lonzo Young
- 1929 Farris Hays
- 1933 Henry Sturgill
- 1937 General Fugate
- 1941 Rube Watts
- 1945 Elmon Watts
- 1949 Rube Watts
- 1953 Merd Slone
- 1957 Carlos "Jake" Huff
- 1961 Bud Hylton
- 1965 Kelly Draughn
- 1969 Taulbee Pratt
- 1973 Hylton "Cuch" Chaffins
- 1977 Conley Anderson
- 1981 Tommy Adams

County Judge

- 1884 Dr. David Calhoun
- 1887 David Martin
- 1893 David Martin
- 1895 William Baker
- 1897 Samuel Francis
- 1901 W. M. Roberts
- 1905 W. M. Roberts
- 1909 W. A. "Wiley" Combs
- 1913 Ervin Napier
- 1917 John B. Smith
- 1921 W. M. Roberts
- 1925 Ernest M. Moore
- 1929 W. A. "Wiley" Combs
- 1933 Ernest M. Moore
- 1937 Robert Combs
- 1941 John Chris Cornett
- 1945 C. B. "Lum" Bates
- 1949 Merd Slone
- 1953 Dennis Sturgill
- 1957 Dennis Sturgill
- 1961 Clark Slone
- 1965 Morgan Slone
- 1969 Merd Slone
- 1973 Sid Williams
- 1977 Foster "Tubby" Calhoun
- 1981 Sid Williams

Tax Assessor

- Assessors
- 1884 Hiram Maggard
 - 1887 Lindsey Mosley
 - 1901 Alford Amburgey
 - 1905 John Alvis Jones
 - 1909 Clabe Mosley
 - 1913 Nathan Maggard
 - 1917 Curt Hurt
- Commissioners
- 1921 Lee Hall
 - 1925 Lee Hall
 - 1929 Ruby Watts
 - 1933 Bruce Martin
 - 1937 Green Slone
 - 1941 Lee Hall
 - 1945 Green Slone
 - 1949 Audrey Collins
 - 1953 Audrey Collins
 - 1957 Delmar Draughn
 - 1961 Delmar Draughn
 - 1965 Delmar Draughn
 - 1969 Robert Hamilton Smith
 - 1973 Ford Jacobs
 - 1977 Carl Slone
 - 1981 Carl Slone

Jailer

- 1884 Isom Slone
- 1885 Gabe Hudson
- 1889
- 1893
- 1897
- 1901
- 1905
- 1909
- 1913 Peyton Ritchie
- 1917 Peyton Ritchie
- 1921 Hannah (C. B.) Ritchie
- 1925 Dick Adams
- Dobson
- 1933 Shaird Sturgill
- 1937 Jason Engle
- 1941 Lourainie Hays
- 1945 Floyd Watts
- 1949 Calvin Huff
- 1953 Calvin Huff
- 1957 Lemuel Amburgey
- 1961 Buddy Calhoun
- 1965 Buddy Calhoun (died and his wife Hanna took over)
- 1969 Worley Slone
- 1973 Worley Slone
- 1977 Worley Slone
- 1981 Tim Amburgey

County judges



David Calhoun



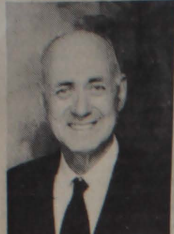
David Martin



Wiley Combs



R.H. Amburgey



Ernest Moore



Robert Combs



John Chris Cornett



C.B. Bates



Merd Slone



Dennis Sturgill



Morgan Slone



Clark Slone



Sid Williams



Foster ("Tubby") Calhoun

VOTE FOR




JOHN CAUDILL
FOR
COMMONWEALTH'S
ATTORNEY.

VOTE FOR

ELDER W. T. FRANCIS
FOR
CLERK
KNOTT COUNTY COURT
Primary Election, August 4, 1917

The man who is your friend without money and without price.
Listen! Why vote for Curtis Pigman?
Why vote against me?

—VOTE FOR—
LUM BATES
—FOR—
COUNTY JUDGE
KNOTT COUNTY
Democratic Primary
Saturday, Aug. 4, 1945
Your Influence and vote will be appreciated



This section of photos submitted by the officials or their families.

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Hindman

785-4938

Sheriffs



Alonzo Young



General Fugate



Elmon Watts



Bud Hylton



Kelly Draughn



Hylon Chaffins



Conley Anderson



Thomas Adams



Curtis Pigman



Hatti Pigman



John Sturgill



Arthur Pigman



Archie Everage



Dillis Combs



Herma Calhoun is sworn in as jailor to replace her husband, Buddy Calhoun, who died.

Mountain chiefton

Judge L. Caney Slone makes news

By GERALD GRIFFIN
The Courier-Journal
East Kentucky Bureau

Reprinted from a Courier-Journal article published May 18, 1952.

A man of many parts is frail, good humored L. Caney Slone, of Hindman, proud chieftain of a mountain clan of virile men and fertile women.

Approaching 94, he has outlived his first wife and eight of his 10 children, but his name is carried on by 278 living descendants, even unto the fifth generation.

The old gentleman claims to be the oldest practicing attorney in Kentucky, and believes he is the only county judge pro tem in the country serving under his grandson.

He has held that office since his grandson, Merd Slone, was elected Knott County judge three years ago. And it's not just a nominal office. When Merd is out of the county, his grandpa takes over the bench and tries cases.

His last case in court was one of the kind that comes up in court so often in the mountains—two men lawing each other over the ownership of a nondescript hound dog. Tempers were at boiling point when Judge Slone decided the case to everybody's satisfaction.

The old judge broke an arm and a leg in a fall last year. The arm knit perfectly, but he still had to get about on crutches before illness forced him to stay at home.

He has remained in his bed most of the time since he became ill, but he got out of there March 22 when old Troublesome Creek, true to its name, went on a rampage, surged over its banks and surrounded his modest frame house with muddy water four feet deep.

Then a few of his descendants backed up a high-wheeled truck to his front porch and carted him off to the home of his son, I. B. Slone, on the high ground up the road a piece. But as soon as the water went down he made them take him right back to his house on the left bank of Troublesome, just outside of Hindman.

There were plenty of grandchildren to carry the old man. In fact, there are enough of them to move half a county. He boasts 168 living grandchildren besides 80 great-grandchildren and 30 great-great-grandchildren. And every one of them has a tender affection for the white-haired, regular-mustached head of the populous Slone clan.

Once a year the descendants gather at the judge's home to honor him on his birthday, October 28, an event to which he looks forward from one anniversary to the next.

The birthday party he gave last year, when he reached 93, must have been a sight to behold, to hear him tell about it. The party began at midmorning and continued until dark, culminating in an old-fashioned Regular Baptist prayer meeting with kinsmen and friends all over the place.

They left him enough birthday presents to stock a men's clothing store with ties, Sox, hats and shirts, besides something like \$400 in cash. In return, he fed all of them, with hog meat the *piece de resistance*.

"It shored a sight," the old man chuckled. "They were lined up way up that road. They filled up the house and all of the yard. I butchered a 400-pound hog just for that one dinner, and they ate up every bite of it. Fact is, I guess some of them didn't get any meat."

Then he chuckled again behind his big mustache. He expects to kill a bigger hog next October.

Age hasn't impaired the judge's faculties much. He has become hard of hearing, but he can see, with glasses, well enough to read his favorite daily newspaper and he doesn't have any trouble manipulating his false teeth. His mind is as clear as a bell and he has a remarkable memory.

Born in 1858, he can remember Civil War soldiers stopping at his father's house. They were Confederate soldiers, no doubt, as his father was in the Rebel army. That could be one reason why L. Caney Slone has been a red-hot Democrat all his life.

He was born and grew up on the

Right Fork of Beaver Creek at a place now called Pippa Passes. There wasn't even a settlement there then. His county of Knott was a part of Floyd County then, before it was divided to honor Kentucky's Gov. J. Proctor Knott in 1884.

Like other youngsters in the backwoods, the judge attended a little one-room school with a dirt floor and puncheon benches. But he picked up enough learning to start teaching school himself when he was 17. He taught school for 22 years and still draws \$40 a month pension as a retired teacher.

Although he has retired as a teacher, Judge Slone isn't even thinking about retiring as a lawyer. Even during the three months that he has been bedfast, the old man has been fairly busy, mostly with divorce cases.

Fat be it from L. Caney Slone to brag on himself. He lets others do it for him.

"The judges tell me," he glowed, "that I'm just about the best divorce lawyer in the state."

"But I always take the woman's side in a divorce case. That is, most of the time I do. But once in a while I represent the man. You know sometimes women get so hard on us men that we just have to get shed of them."

Then he laughed out loud and so did Mrs. Slone, his second wife, whom he married when he was 75.

After he quit teaching school, the judge dipped into politics. He's been circuit court clerk, county court clerk, master commissioner and county assessor as well as judge pro tem.

It was during his first term as circuit clerk, more than half a century ago, that he decided to become a lawyer. He didn't attend a law school, but read a lot of law books.

The old judge has done a lot of things to make money. He once drove a mail route between Hindman and Hazard while operating a general store. He was a successful merchant, according to his county judge grandson, and he accumulated a big tract of land. It extended for a mile and a half on both sides of the road leading into Hindman from the east. But he gave it all to his children.

When the judge acquired his land, long before there was a traversable road in the county and there was no railroad, his acreage was covered with virgin timber. Beautiful big white oaks and yellow poplars. He went into the timber, business, using Troublesome Creek as a medium of transportation. Slone owned a couple of saw mills, too. In these he would cut cross ties for the railroads that were being pushed through the mountains.

He recalls that Troublesome always has been troublesome, but it's more troublesome now than in the long ago when the forests held back the runoff waters to some extent.

Then there was mighty good fishing in that stream. But no more.

And there was good hunting all around the place where the county seat now stands. He can remember when his father shot a deer, but he never did. There were plenty of coons and squirrels. "And, partridges. Law, what a sight of 'em, every place." It takes good bird dogs and plenty of tramping to flush a covey now.

The old man took his sense of humor to bed with him. Not long ago his friend, Dr. J. W. Duke, one of the oldest practicing physicians in the mountains, called on him.

"Doc," the old lawyer asked, "have you got any more of them kidney pills you gave me last time I got sick?"

"Yes," replied the veteran physician, "but not with me. They are down at my office."

The patient turned to his grandson.

"Merd," he quipped, "run down to Doc's office and get me them pills. You can't ever tell when something's likely to happen to an old feller like him."



L. Caney Slone, Doc Kelly and Kelly's wife



Jim Rose



This project was funded in part by the Kentucky Humanities Council and the National Endowment for the Humanities.

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Graham Martin

Knott County District Court Judge

County attorney



Fieldon Johnson



Adam Campbell



Clark Pratt



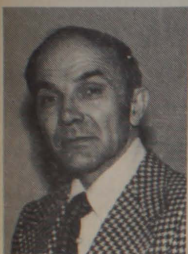
Dan Martin



Cordell Martin



Robert Morgan



James Bates



Ballard Slone



Louranie Slone



District Judge Graham Martin



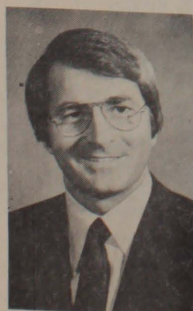
State Representative Bill Weinberg



State Senator Burnis Martin



State Senator Benny Ray Bailey



Dr. Grady Stumbo candidate for governor in 1983



Congressman Carl D. Perkins and son Carl Chris Perkins (now state representative) with President Lyndon Johnson.



Andrew Jackson (AJ) Dobson and William (Banjo Bill) Cornett with their hunting dogs, Wheeler and Bob. Knott County, Kentucky, c. 1930.

RE-ELECT

W. R. SMITH



Experienced and Qualified



Opposed To Any Additional Taxes We Must Control Strip Mining

Democratic Nominee for

REPRESENTATIVE

Knott & Magoffin Counties

Re-elect Smith as Your Representative and send a man to Frankfort Who is experienced in Legislative procedures, having served three previous terms in your Legislature.

1905 poster



Carlos "Jake" Huff



JOHN D. SMITH For Commonwealth's Attorney "He has Tempered Justice with Mercy—let us keep him."



Judge C.B. Wheeler

This Page Sponsored By John Robert Morgan

Circuit Court Judge
Former County Attorney and Former District Judge

D10

County seat named after James Hindman

The county seat for Knott County was named after the lieutenant governor at that time, James R. Hindman.

Hindman was born in Adair County, Kentucky, February 4, 1839, a son of Alexander and Margaret A. (Walker) Hindman. His father, Alexander Hindman, was a native of Virginia and emigrated to Kentucky about 1803. His mother, Margaret A. (Walker) Hindman, was from Adair County, Kentucky. James R. Hindman received his education in the schools of Adair County, and later studied law. He lived at Columbia, Adair County.

Chronology: 1859, born; attended the Adair County public schools and studied law, 1861, September 2, enrolled and became second lieutenant in Company B, Thirteenth Kentucky Volunteers, United States Army. He was mustered into service December 31, 1861, at Camp Hobson, Kentucky; 1864, August 16, promoted to the rank of captain, Company H and mustered in the same day at Atlanta, Georgia; 1864, made chief of ordinance of the Second Division, Twenty-Third Army Corps of the Army of the Ohio, under Major General J.W. Schofield in which service he continued until Jan. 12, 1865; elected to state House of Representatives from Adair County and re-elected to serve continually until 1871; 1879, again sent to the House of Representatives, this time serving one term; 1883, elected lieutenant-governor over Speed S. Fry. The vote, Hindman, 132,334; Fry, 87,578. He was a Democratic nominee for Congress after his term as lieutenant governor but was defeated; from 1896 until his death he practiced law, was active in politics and was his own manager for extensive real estate holdings, much of which was located in Texas.

James R. Hindman married, first, on June 24, 1872, Irmine M. Young, of Barren County, Kentucky. She died in 1881.

He married, second, at Dallas, Texas, on December 19, 1883, Mrs. Fannie M. Rainey, of Simpson County, Kentucky.



Riders meet on the "jockey grounds" for trading behind buildings on Main Street and alongside Troublesome Creek in 1905.



"Fair Day" in Hindman during the 1920s. In the background in a sign indicating Knott County Health Department and Dr. Amberguey (dentist office).



Sally Cornett Simpson, a well known midwife in the county credited with delivering over 1,000 babies, is shown in her homemade casket with three of her children. She was the daughter of Nathanael Cornett and Lydia Caudill Cornett and the granddaughter of William Cornett (1761-1836) who fought in the American Revolution and Mary Everage Cornett. Her children pictured are Price (married Matilda Mullins), Aunt Sab, Nat Simpson (father of Ora Simpson). Picture Oct 3, 1936.

Troublesome Creek DAR Chapter organized in 1976

In 1976, the Troublesome Creek Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, was organized in Knott County with Mrs. Samuel Gayhart, the organizing Chapter Regent. The DAR is a national society founded by women for historical, educational and patriotic purposes. "Any woman is eligible for

membership in the National Society of the DAR who is not less than 18 years of age, and who is descended from a man or woman, who with unflinching loyalty to the cause of American Independence, served as a sailor, or a soldier or civil officer in one of the several Colonies or States, or in the United Colonies or States or as a

recognized patriot, rendered material aid thereto."

Members of the local DAR Chapter, in cooperation with the Knott County Centennial Committee are copying the first marriage books and the first order book to be used as an aid for people doing genealogy research in Knott County and that are used in this centennial edition.



Searls Memorial Presbyterian Church (Jones Chapel) gathering around 1900.

Francis Family Drug



Burnis Napier, Carolyn Click, Karen Stamper, Charlotte Gibson, Patricia Casebolt, Clarence Francis.

Complete Prescription Service Including Patient Profile System, Russell Stover Candies, American Greeting Cards, Cosmetics and Fountain Service

Mountain People Serving Mountain People

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Alvis Draughn (1860's) owned land near Iva Bible Church.



Students play basketball at Vest School prior to 1915. (L-R) Willie Owley, Duke Martin; unidentified, Curtis Gayheart, William (Big Will) Gripby, Tom B. Sutton, John B. Sutton,

Beckham Combs, unidentified, Adam Hays, baby-Chester Sutton, woman-Jane Coburn Sutton, mother of Tom B., John B. and Chester.



"Bad" John Hallon right (1910 in Kite.



County Judge Wiley Combs and John S. Combs (father of Beckham Combs)



Gathering at blacksmith shop at Lint Carr in 1910



Watts Fork school children in 1941



Hindman High School girls' basketball team in 1928-1929



Fifth and eighth grade students in 1936 on Irishman. Their teacher was T. G. Everage.



1928 Hindman High School girls basketball



Ball log dam in 1914.



Moonshine still on Pippa Passes (1935-36). Pictured from left are Claise Short, Randolph (R. B.) Stone, Curt Short, Has Short, Fletcher Stone and Hiram Stone.



Loggers hauling an oak to Hazard, near the mouth of Pigeon Root on Troublesome Creek in Perry County, Kentucky. c. 1930.



Herschel Combs' truck in 1945.



Cab run by John Vernon Jones in the 1950s.



Marion Stone is pictured with his students in 1929 at a one-room school on Ball Creek.



Car on Kite (1926) one of first on Beaver.



Crockett Watson, the Lackey to Hazard mailman, carried passengers inside his car and mail on top. 1930's.



Over 100 people gathered at the old Mill Creek School after church (1915).



Sassafras baseball team (1915-1920).



Carriage travels down Hindman Main Street in 1920. In background is Bailey Hotel and behind it the courthouse.



Anderson Hayes

This centennial edition produced by The Troublesome Creek Times and its staff

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