

John Robertson
 Teges, Kentucky
 Clay County, Kentucky
 October 9, 1974

Dr. Garrett: October 9, 1974. I'm near Oneida, Kentucky heading down towards the narrows heading down toward Booneville on the South Fork of the Kentucky River about 1:30 P.M. in the day, a gorgeous day. This is the 10th of October, 1974 and I want to interview an old man down here at Teges Kentucky. We are sitting on the front porch of a house by the narrows, the home of a Mr. Robertson who is a descendant of old Ad Allen and he says that the grist mill mentioned in the will of Adenheim Allen is in the narrows of the South Fork of the Kentucky River by Teges. Teges apparently got it's name because Adenheim Allen was known as tedious. River Jim was Jason's Allens brother James. Frank Allen, son of Daniel, Jason's brother had the grist mill when he was young. This was Rachel Allen of Ohio who told me this. We would walk two miles to see the timbers go down in rafts over the cascades. Timber was run in rafts of wood, put together with long roughly split hickory limbs with wooden pins to hold the logs. Holes were bored with augers. The scenery was rustic. The river was narrow at this point and high with cliffs, solid rock walls. The water came real swift in big waves. The mill was just below it at the foot of the cascades. The big wooden wheel was turned by water. There was vibration every time the little wheel stopped. The latter turned the rock that ground the corn. They would take a toll of so much out of a bushel. Many times big fish would get in and stop the mill. The dam was built to run water in when it got low. And I told you in my other letter that my grandpaw Jared Wilson went to live with someone else after his mother Nancy Allen Wilson married again to Silas Grigg, and I learned recently that the place where they lived they had a mill. So I got the story about Adenheim Allen having a mill. It made me think this was the place for sure. It described the old Adenheim Allen farm where you live then. I am as tickled as can be. This was from a woman in Texas and so forth.

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John Robertson: On the Allen side we are.

Dr. Garrett: You are kin to the Isoms?

John Robertson: Yeah

Dr. Garrett: Which Isoms are you related to?

John Robertson: Well, there was a Jim, and a John that used to be in the country way back.

Dr. Garrett: Are you kin to Gid Isom over in Letcher County?

John Robertson: I Don't know.

Dr. Garrett: Tell me something about the narrers here. Just tell me something about it here. What in the world is the narrers and tell me about the rafting down through here.

John Robertson: The rafting you mean what we used to do?

Dr. Garrett: Yeah

John Robertson: Well, we rafted here when the river got, I guess, about the stage the water is now, about a 6 foot rise. We run them out of here.

Dr. Garrett: When did you make your rafts up, in the winter?

John Robertson: We started rafting about the first of February after the danger of ice tides being on, and on up till, we run them till July.

Dr. Garrett: There used to be a lot of them go out of here didn't they?

John Robertson: Yeah, all kinds of them.

Dr. Garrett: Now the Kentucky River starts, the South Fork starts right up here above you doesn't it?

John Robertson: At the bridge up here. Where the rivers come out at Goose Creek and Redbird.

Dr. Garrett: They run together there.

John Robertson: Yes, I've got a map here.

Dr. Garrett: Does Bullskin run into Redbird?

John Robertson: No, Bullskin runs in just below where it forks.

Dr. Garrett: Just below where the two form the river. Bullskin runs into the river just across that bridge there. Used to be a lot of big timber in this country?

John Robertson: Yeah, they was all kinds of big timber in here, used to be.

Dr. Garrett: Well now, did the government at one time bust part of the narrers out of here to open it up? It was dangerous was it?

John Robertson: Yeah, that was about 1800....I've got the date over here when they were somewhere but I don't know. They shot off a lot of Paddy's Rock down here. About 60 feet and then they built what we call the "New Chute" up here, between here and Oneida. They cut a chute on the left side of the river as you come down so the rafts come straight, not run under a cliff. When you come around there you couldn't go under that sticking-out cliff there, 60 feet sticks out, that you'd have to go under if you went that way. If there was much of a tide, you'd have to lay down on 'em to get under it.

Dr. Garrett: Likely to get killed huh? That would have been kinda scary. You lived on a raft pretty much didn't you going down?

John Robertson: Yeah, you stayed on a raft. I never did make but one trip, and I passed Heidelberg down here. I made one trip out to what we call the "Old Landing" down yonder. I made one trip when I was fourteen year old down there.

Dr. Garrett: But you rafted a lot otherwise. You went down on a lot of other rafts.

John Robertson: Yeah, I went down on 'em from the time I was fourteen year old. I made sometimes as high as 8 or 10 trips a rafting season. Started rafting about the first of March. We'd log all winter up till then.

Dr. Garrett: Was it pretty dangerous?

John Robertson: You mean the raft? Well, it looked dangerous but there never did many people, I never knowed of but two that got drowned in the narrers down here or about the narrers. One right at the basin down there got drowned and one feller got drowned down here right below the narrers. He went on down to what we call "Heighten's Down" down below Aldrich's Rock.

Dr. Garrett: Above where?

John Robertson: Aldrich's Rock. It's on down the river about 4 miles down here.

Dr. Garrett: There's a pool above that rock?

John Robertson: Well, not too much of a pool, just a small stretch of water. Then the boat landed in what we call the "Boat Landing" above that. The basin between here and there.

Dr. Garrett: Did rafts break up ever?

John Robertson: Yeah, they did. Broke pretty bad sometimes on a bad tide or something, or where they had to lay over for a right smart bit before they was run after they was rafted.

Dr. Garrett: Did they sink on quite a few of them?

John Robertson: Well, they didn't any of 'em ever sink. They had 'em floated up.

Dr. Garrett: What was the worse job on it, the man on the sweep?

John Robertson: Well, the man on the.....it usually took about 4 or 5 men on the front end of 'em called the bow. Back end was called the stern. There was usually about two men on it.

Dr. Garrett: What did the men on the front do? What was their job?

John Robertson: They pulled, used an oar to keep them from bowing, keep them in the right place.

Dr. Garrett: You had an oar up front and in back? Those are monstrous big things weren't they?

John Robertson: They hewed them out. They were 36 feet long, the shortest was and it was 40 feet long for the longest.

Dr. Garrett: How did you have those fastened onto the raft?

John Robertson: Well, they took what we call meat poles and head blocks and then a tickle pin, they called it. It went down through the head block into the front log and hold to their oar, and the oar just set down on that.

Dr. Garrett: A tickle pin, huh?

John Robertson: Yeah, a tickle pin they called it. They'd make it out of dogwood or sarvice or something just about the right size. Go to the woods and cut 'em, 7 quarter or 8 quarter sometimes. Go and cut your tickle pins out of the woods.

Dr. Garrett: Why did they call it tickle pins, I wonder?

John Robertson: That's not my....I guess it's because it's in the center of the raft and the oar played on it. Where it's back and forth.

Dr. Garrett: What other peculiar names did rafts have?

John Robertson: Well, one we had, we called it a snake raft. What was called a snake raft was where the whole trees was cut and rafted lengthways up and down the river.

Dr. Garrett: Lengthways? Was it fastened together?

John Robertson: Yeah, pinned together just, it'd make 'em about 14 or 16 feet wide with the whole tree.

Dr. Garrett: And fastened together end to end?

John Robertson: Pinned them together crossways. They was harder to handle than the others.

Dr. Garrett: How long would make these, just the length of one log?

John Robertson: No, make about 4 or 5 trees length, about 80 or 90 feet long.

Dr. Garrett: Then they were pivoted so they could follow one another. That the reason they called them snake rafts, huh?

John Robertson: They's hard to handle. You had to point.....

Dr. Garrett: Did the river get too big for you to raft?

John Robertson: Yeah, yeah. They called it 8 and 5 or 8 and 10 foot over a log tide. The river would get real full.

Dr. Garrett: You'd want it 6 8/5 to get out.

John Robertson: You'd want ABOUT ORDINARY TIDE. It took about A 4 FOOT RAISE BUT THE WAY THE river is now it'd take about 6. The rivers low.

Dr. Garrett: The river's lower now than it was then?

John Robertson: Yeah, I mean it's lower that than it would be in rafting season. It took about 6 or more foot raise for a salt boat. They used to run salt boats up here.

Dr. Garrett: Oh, a saLT BOAT. Oh, now they made salt above Manchester.

John Robertson: And up here right across from Oneida, they made salt.

Dr. Garrett: Was this a wooden boat? Did they bring it up the river or just make them and send it down and get rid of the boat?

John Robertson: Now they made the boat, some of them. My great-grandfather, they sawed the gunwales right down here at this old narrers mill, and they'd make the boats in the basin, a deep hole of water. Make 'em bottom upwards. They'd pile sand this side outen in the river and hook yokes of steers to 'em on the other side and turn them over when they got them built. They'd take them boats up these shoals in the river with cattle put on with 'em.

Dr. Garrett: Boy that was work wasn't it? You mean they'd pull it one...they'd pull it up through the deep water then take another yoke of cattle and pull it through it again?

John Robertson: Get up above and pull through these shoals.

Dr. Garrett: Gosh, that was work. Were cattle good working animals? How do they compare with mules?

John Robertson: A mule was faster but you couldn't hardly beat a steer in the mud.

Dr. Garrett: Did you work steers?

John Robertson: Yeah, I worked steers.

Dr. Garrett: Were they hard to break?

John Robertson: No, they weren't too bad.

Dr. Garrett: Well, looks to me like the way they pulled all the weight was just right on their neck.

John Robertson: And back in their shoulders, yeah. Yeah, i've broke cattle.

Dr. Garrett: Could they pull as much as a mule?

John Robertson: Yeah, a yoke of cattle could pull as much as two pairs of mules ordinary. A good big yoke of cattle can. It's awful slow but they.....

Dr. Garrett: They're worth a lot of money, huh? A lot of the logging then was done with.....

John Robertson: Cattle. Back in the early days most of it was done with cattle. Of course, the wagon out of these creeks was mules mostly.

Dr. Garrett: How big were the logs when they come in here. Do you have any idea, Mr. Robertson?

John Robertson: You mean when they first started logging in here. They claim the six foot saw would just saw. I've been told there's a tree cut in this holler here, they was so big you couldn't haul it out. They had to roll it out. White oak.

Dr. Garrett: But six foot was pretty common?

John Robertson: Now, Frank Allen, a boy that was raised here, I've heard my dad say he'd seen him up here walk up to a...end of poplar logs, 6 foot and 2 or 3 inches tall, and be almost level with them.

Dr. Garrett: Was a walnut that big too? Now did they raft all that kind of stuff out of here, the big logs?

John Robertson: Yeah, they rafted them. Of course it took a bigger tide than just ordinary timber. Yeah, they rafted that stuff away.

Dr. Garrett: Was there a lot of deer and elk and stuff when they first come in here, and bears?

John Robertson: They claimed there was. That's what I've always been told. All kinds of deer, bear, wolves.

Dr. Garrett: And I imagine the rivers were full of big fish wasn't it?

John Robertson: Yeah, it was narrer too in most of...that's the reason the government widened it, straightened it the best they could. Down here at this rock they shot off about 60 feet.

Dr. Garrett: Well, now your grandfather was one of the first men in here wasn't he?

John Robertson: My great-great-grandfather. I'm the seventh generation.

Dr. Garrett: You're a Robertson.

John Robertson: But my grandfather Robertson married a Allen. I've got 3 or 4 grandfather Allens.

Dr. Garrett: I guess this was originally log cabins in here, weren't there?

John Robertson: Yeah, old man Anedarm Allen's first house was built right over here. He built a two, what we called a two pen lot of a building. He hired the first school teachers they had in here. He hired them and let the other children come to school and the upstairs room in the building that he let them have school in.

Dr. Garrett: Were there any Indians here when he came in?

John Robertson: Well, there were a few of them I think they claimed. they was kindly.....

Dr. Garrett: This country was kindly bad country for awhile wasn't it?

John Robertson: Must have been.

Dr. Garrett: Used to be a lot of feuding up in this part.

John Robertson: Yeah, now my great-great-grandfather Abner married an Indian girl.

Dr. Garrett: He Did, from here?

John Robertson: Yeah, from back in this Buffalo country back here.

Dr. Garrett: Oh, now tell me about him. Abner, according to Fred Gabbard, in Booneville was the first man to settle the mouth of Buffalo. That was your.....

John Robertson: Mr great-great-grandfather.

Dr. Garrett: Well, tell me something about him.

John Robertson: He settled over there and when they got in that feuding....they had a feud in that country way back you know coming in there. He left there and come to New Found over here, and from there, he went into Burning Springs over there near Jackson County.

Dr. Garrett: Who were the Abners feuding with over on Buffalo then?

John Robertson: He wasn't afeuding. The Abners wasn't. Your Gabbards, and the Bakers and first one thing and another. It got out amongst them.

Dr. Garrett: Well now, there's an Abner Baker I've known all my life over there. The first two people over there were Abner and Baker. Now the way I heard it there were three Indian families living at the mouth of Buffalo and they killed all.

John Robertson: Now, my great-great-grandmother was supposed to have been an Indian.

Dr. Garrett: What tribe, do you have any idea?

John Robertson: Cherokee, I've been told.

Dr. Garrett: They were living on Buffalo?

John Robertson: They lived on the Pea Ridge.

Dr. Garrett: They lived on Pea Ridge on Buffalo.

John Robertson: That's what I've been told, and then my.....

Dr. Garrett: What was Mr. Abner's first name?

John Robertson: Buxton.

Dr. Garrett: Buxton Abner. Do you have any idea what year he was over there? What year he moved in over there?

John Robertson: It was in 1700 something. I haven't got much record on the Abners.

Dr. Garrett: That was the first.....

John Robertson: He came in here from the Revolutionary War. He was out of Virginia. The Abners come out of Virginia. Him and his brother Sam I believe was his brother's name. But I think Sam, during the War, he got killed. On the head of Goose Creek or somewheres back in here, but they come in here together.

Dr. Garrett: By whom, guerillas or somebody?

John Robertson: Yeah, and the Abners, the late generation of them ended.

Dr. Garrett: Well, I'll be darned. That's all right. I didn't know that. They must have been two of the very early settlers of this part of the country.

John Robertson: Well, the Abners was. The Robertsons was and the Allens, the Jones, and the Bakers. The Allens was the ones that brought the Bakers into this country.

Dr. Garrett: Well, the Bakers were in a lot of feuding up here in Clay County weren't they?

John Robertson: Yeah, thAT was kindly the offspring of some of them but this generation of Bakers, I mean the ones that come in here with my Allen generation of people, I never heared much out of them.

Dr. Garrett: But John Baker and let's see , you know.....

John Robertson: Was wild. John was wild and his boys, they was kindly off.

Dr. Garrett: Hell, there have been a lot of people killed in this country.

John Robertson: Yeah, there have been a lot killed. See the old man Dan Baker married, I mean Jeff Baker he married old Teges Adenarm Allen's daughter.

Dr. Garrett: You don't know who or why the Gabbards were feuding over there on Buffalo do you? Do you have any idea why they were feuding?

John Robertson: Well, they just got in a...over election, over the property some way or another. Land.

Dr. Garrett: Bullskin and Redbird used to be pretty tough country didn't they?

John Robertson: Yeah, Bullskin belonged to old Adenarm Allen at one time. He deeded that to the girl that married old man Mert Combs.

Dr. Garrett: Did you ever know of Napoleon Bonaparte Combs, old man Boney Combs?

John Robertson: Boney? No.

Dr. Garrett: That was my great-grandfather. Where did Bullskin get it's name, do you have an idea?

John Robertson: Well, I've heard that some feller stole I believe old man Combs, one of the old fellers, stole his bull and skinned it up there about the forks of Bullskin. Course it could be something else.

Dr. Garrett: There ~~were~~'t many roads in here when you were a boy. What year were you born, Mr. Robertson?

John Robertson: I was born in 1906. Yeah, there wasn't no roads atall only these here wagon roads. High as number 11 was out here.

Dr. Garrett: Used to be if you wanted to go to Booneville, Manchester or anywhere you had to ride in.

John Robertson: You rode a mule or drove a wagon. It was pretty rough back in the early days. We took a mule or horse most all of our transportation. They was kindly rough but I guess pretty good most time.

Dr. Garrett: Back before you fertilized, how much corn did you make an acre on these bottoms?

John Robertson: Well, on these bottoms here?

Dr. Garrett: Yeah, and how much do you make now with fertilizer?

John Robertson: Well, Well, back 46 years ago, I farmed these bottoms here with my uncle Willie Allen. I done the plowing and him the hoeing and we went halves. We got about 20 bushels to the acre.

Dr. Garrett: What do you make now?

John Robertson: About 130.

Dr. Garrett: Now that old corn then was called flint corn or something wasn't it?

John Robertson: Well, they called it old Blue, blue and white speckled, and blue country white, Johnson County white.

Dr. Garrett: But now you are raising hybrid.

John Robertson: Hybrid. I'm growing the 82 Funk this year.

Dr. Garrett: And doing a hell of a lot less work, aren't you?

John Robertson: Doing no work. Yeah, I got 10 acres in this year now.

Dr. Garrett: Make 1,000 bushel this year.

John Robertson: It'll make over a thousand. I had three row gathered around and three rows one way will make a pickup truck a 30 bushel load. Now that's the outside rows. It may be a little better. But I'm satisfied with it that way.

Dr. Garrett: Well, people lived pretty well in this country didn't they?

John Robertson: Yeah, they lived good. They had plenty of hog meat and corn. Beef if they wanted it. Had about everything they wanted.

Dr. Garrett: I see you raise bees.

John Robertson: Yeah, I got bees. Most of them belong to some Gay boys in the head of buffalo. Do you know them? John Gay runs that big mill and his boys. Him and my wife are related. They wanted a bee lot over here.

Dr. Garrett: Do you ever see any big fish in the river here?

John Robertson: Yeah.

Dr. Garrett: How big have you seen come out of here?

John Robertson: Oh, about 4 feet.

Dr. Garrett: What were they, cat fish?

John Robertson: Catfish, salmon. I've seen salmon 48 inches.

Dr. Garrett: What kind of salmon was it?

John Robertson: It was just plain old salmon. The original native of this part I guess.

Dr. Garrett: What would a 4 foot catfish weigh?

John Robertson: Weigh some over 100 pounds I guess. They got one in the old mill down here once that's mouth would stretch over an 8 inch railroad tie.

Dr. Garrett: Darn, that's something isn't it.

John Robertson: There was two washtubs cut up. That's my grandfather running the mill at that time. Got that fish out and cleaned it and invited the neighbors all in. He said there was 100 or so people eat out of it and plenty of fish left.

Dr. Garrett: Well, i've never seen one of these salmon. I guess the pollution had killed them all out. Do you ever have sturgeon in this river.? Do you remember sturgeon?

John Robertson: No, I don't remember fish by that name.

Dr. Garrett: Any fish in it now?

John Robertson: Well, there's some. I wouldn't know how many. I haven't fished in several years. They catch some pretty good ones most of the time. Boy went through here a while ago. I guess agoing fishing. Had a motorcycle. He was areel-ing down there someplace.

Dr. Garrett: Well, it's now 2:30 P.M. That was a conversation I had with a Mr. John Robertson who lives at the old Allen homelace at Teges, Kentucky at the lower edge of Clay County near the narrers or the narrows of the South Fork of the Kentucky River and you boys will recall that we found those mill stones laying in the river there from the old mill run by the old

Dr. Garrett: (Cont'd) Man Coondog Bill Allen. Now according to Uncle Tom Moyers, Coondog Bill Allen was married to one of Grandpa Moyers sisters, I recall, so I'm going to have to check that out but I haven't been able to verify that yet, but there is a family tie here. It is interesting that Fred Gabbard had told me that Abner and Baker were the two early families that had settled at the mouth of Upper Buffalo and I do hope he writes his paper on Owsley County. I am anxious to read it. But they killed the three Indian families that were living there. Now this makes little different story where this man said Mr. Abner was his great-great-grandfather. It's also interesting today that at the end of the Chestnut Flats road outside of McKee, I ran into AN old gentleman that had returned from Ohio and said he had raised his family in Franklin and had moved back here in 1959 and had bought a farm right at the end of the road whose name is Abner who said he had uncles and aunts and relatives in Owsley County and in this end of Clay so obviously these people are some of the same people.

I stopped by to see Kelly Morgan who had written the books on the early families of Clay County and I found that he had moved to Florida and I was lucky enough to stop and ask some kid about it. He knew where he lived and he said "I got a postcard from him yesterday", so I dropped back to his house and he gave me his address in Florida. I want to write him a couple of notes.

I am heading now toward ^{Pond} Farm Creek. I am going to visit Uncle Tom's and Aunt May's farm and look around and see what is going on around there and who knows what after that.

Well, it's along about dark. I did go by Uncle Tom's and Aunt May's old place. The window had been broken out of the back kitchen door however all the doors were closed and locked. It does not appear that anyone had been in the house recently therefore I made no effort to go in. It was sort of lonesome looking place without them there. The ropes were gone, the buckets from the wells and so forth. I rambled around the place for a little bit and picked up three little brown bottles out of a shed. They had told me to take anything at the house that I could see loose that I wanted. I backed my truck up to one of his walnut trees and threw in a large number of walnuts and headed back to McKee. I stopped at Gray Hawk too or Tyner rather to fill with gasoline. I asked this fellow where I might get some firewood and he said right on top of the hill so I drove up on top of a little hill there and there's a stave mill where they are taking their four foot long scraps and bundling it in 1500 pound bundles and they will load them in your truck for \$2.00 and hell, you can't beat that so I put one bundle on and I'll have to saw right down the middle

Dr. Garrett: (Cont'd) of it and I'll have starting wood for the fireplace at home. Then I stopped at McKee to see Mrs. Henry Hughes, old Dr. Hughes wide Isla Gambell who grew up with mother and Uncle Tom and knew all their family quite well. She's from Owsley County and I guess Isla is up in her eighties. She looks real good. Her oldest daughter Louise who is married to Ed Hayes, a lawyer, now lived on the Winchester Road at Lexington and Marie was slightly behind me in school one year I guess who married a fellow I was in college with is still at Horse Cave, have three daughters, and her son Henry, Jr. who retired about 5 years ago from the Air Force and was a pilot for 25 or 20 years or whatever and lives in Panama City, Florida. Isla wanted to know all about Uncle Tom and Aunt May and I gave her their address in New Trenton, Indiana. And I decided, what the hell, while I'm this close the only way I'm ever going to get anything on the Stewart portion of the family is to find somebody who has it and a Mrs. Wood on the Kirksville Road at the old Gus Stewart place, the daughter of old man Gus Stewart, apparently had a lot of this information. Now Gus Stewart was a relative of mothers and when I was a little boy there at Richmond, early teenage I guess and younger, we would visit Uncle Gus Steawrt's place. He was 90 some odd years old, had his teeth, mounted and saddled his horse and rode over his property every day. Lived in a beautiful huge, old colonial house. And apparently his daughter, Mrs. Wood, still lives at this property. So after I left Mt. Vernon. correction, after I left McKee I came across to Berea, Big Hill rather, then over to Berea and I'm now across highway 21 to intersect Lancaster Pike north of Paint Lick and then when I hit the Kirksville Road I'm going to find the Gus Stewart place and if Mrs. Wood will see me at this time of night just about dark, I'm going to go in and get some information. At least have a smattering of ignorance about the Stewart part of our family. Mother was always high on the Stewarts so I'd like to find out something.

At McKee, I stopped at a telephone and called Nell and asked her if there was a chance that she and Martha Anderson might meet me tomorrow at Keeneland racetrack in which case I would stop and spend the night with Eversoles but she reminded me that in the morning is the Jewish womens booksale in Cincinnati and theres a great chance to find some real good books at this out at the Kenwood Shopping Center, so I've decided to go in after detouring by to see Mrs. Wood. This has been a wonderful day. I have thoroughly enjoyed seeing these people. I've gotten a little bit of oral history down. It's interesting that this next month the Northern Kentucky State College will initiate an oral history section in the charge of the head of the History Department, I've forgotten his name, I believe it's Dr. Lutes. Isetta Steeley who met me at the airport while waiting for Nell last week told me about this and I told her that I was doing some of this and apparently she told her husband Frank Steeley, the president of the University, who came over and told me about this and he wants this gentleman to meet with me. Now Stuart has been copying some of my tapes.

Dr. Garrett: (Cont'd) I am now carefully taking the tabs out of the back of all the tapes I make because they cost too little to take the chance of being erased and we have had some unfortunate experiences of erasures so now when I complete a tape I am taking the tabs off AND IF ANYONE after hearing them wants to reuse them they can cover these little areas with cellophane tape and reuse them.

I am travelling across Highway 21 which has been greatly improved since I was over it oh 25 years ago I guess. This too is beautiful country. It is open farm country. Now a lot of this country is shalely around Berea and not the greatest agricultural country. It lays beautifully and its fine grazing country and had reasonable agriculture not absolutely the best. We moved to Berea in 1924 or 1925 as a family. When my oldest brother Leslie finished grades in Booneville, Kentucky Dad had an absolute mania to get the children an education so he sent Leslie to Berea at board at the Academy. This was a fairly expensive item to expect to do for seven children so after that one year there, or 4 years, I've forgotten which it was, Dad bought a house in Berea at 43 Prospect Street. It was about a block and a half towards the Berea mountains from Boone Tavern and we had a real nice piece of property where we lived and where I entered the, with Marvin, entered the Kindergarten at the Union Church. Following That, we finished four grades at Berea Training School at Knapp Hall. I got though that the college did not want local students in, they wanted mainly people who boarded and from Appalachia which of course we were from so in 1930 Dad built A HOUSE IN Richmond. We moved to Richmond where we entered the Training School at Eastern and where I finished college in 1941. We liked Berea very much. It was a great school. Leslie finished his pre-med here and went on to Vanderbilt and made Honors there. MARTHA graduated here, rather did several years of college work here as Martha Garrett. Many, Many years later, 20 years later or so, she called for her credits and was furious with the college when they couldn't find any record of Martha Eversole and she finally recalled that she had been single, had been Martha Garrett. Norma went to the Berea High School instead of the Academy, Fruit Jar High they called it. The principal and someone got in a brawl and one broke a fruit jar over the others head so it was forever after known as Fruit Jar High. Now when we lived at Berea and went to school there, there was absolutely no smoking by the students. It meant instant firing. There was no radio, there was no going into a restaurant, there was no going to a movie. Any of these events was fireable. The girls wore middies and bloomers, cotton. No silk or rayon ALLOWED. There was no nylon at the time. No makeup was allowed on the theory that some with money might make others feel inferior. We had class on Saturday. We were out on Monday. It was interesting that Cowbell Hollow was the Berea Lake that furnished all the water

Dr. Garrett: (Cont'd) to the entire city; that the electrical current was furnished by the generator at the college. Every afternoon at something like 5:45 P.M. there would be a minute blackout while they switched from the small daytime generator to a larger night generator. The college also ran the fire department and had a fire truck which would never run, had to be pushed to the scene of a fire periodically by students.

Boone Tavern was a place of great notes. All the notables met there and when I was a little boy I can remember seeing two old men in rocking chairs sitting on the front porch of the Boone Tavern with shawls and hats and long, long white hair and these were Thomas Alva Edison and Henry Ford who met there frequently. And the college had no building at that time except for one small prefab building they had bought from Sears Roebuck made from their own money. Otherwise all the building were donated. An interesting fact is that Henry Ford would never donate money to Berea for a building because they taught history and he was against the teaching of history and yet probably he had done more for preservation of history through Deerfield Village and he had an absolute mania for anything that Edison did and I think this was great. He preserved everything relating to Edison but he would never make a donation. It is said that a cousin of ours Ed Ray and Rhoda Ray whose wife and he used to come and visit us in a wagon and who lived north of Berea were making molasses one day that a black Ford automobile stopped and a gentleman got out of the car, walked over to where the stiroff was taking place and ate a little of the molasses and said, "I would like to have some". Ed Ray said, "Go to the house and tell Rhodie to give you a jar". The gentleman did and he filled it. The gentleman said, "How much?" and Ed said, "Oh, nothing at all. You are more than welcome". The fellow said, "If you could have one thing what would you like?", and he said, "I would like one of them black automobiles just like you are driving." about two weeks later, a Ford automobile showed up on a flat car at Berea for delivery to Ed Ray. This had been Henry Ford, and Ed had a new car.

We had a fair number of relatives at Berea, the Flannerys, and so forth, and the Clark family. Uncle Sam Clark who married Dad's Aunt Mattie Clark, lived there. His son Mark lived there and worked at the college. Uncle Sam is credited with having MADE MORE LOOMS THAN ANY OTHER KNOWN MAN IN THE HISTORY of the world. This is written up in some book I've read. I cannot remember which. Maybe it is in the book written by Raines from Berea called "The Land of Saddlebags". But it is a very fascinating town anyhow. He had a pistol which some of his family killed Dad's great-uncle Putnam Garrett with and Dad used to get furious when he would see that gun. Uncle Sam would show it to me occasionally, and Uncle Sam was a very benign man. I don't know why he would do tthis.

Dr. Garrett: (Cont'D) Well, this is some little while later. It is dark. I have been around one way into Kirksville and out another. It is so dark, I cannot recognize landmarks. It has been since 1936 or 1937 since I was out here so I do not identify or cannot find the Stewart property and the younger people whom I asked know nothing about it so I'm going to have to wait till a later date. I want to call Norma and have her get ahold of Mrs. Stewart cause she is getting pretty old herself and get this data as quickly as possible.