

Kentucky Progress magazine



Blue Grass Automobile Club
Lexington, Kentucky



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PROGRESS COMMISSION

Big Sandy Edition

WINTER 1935

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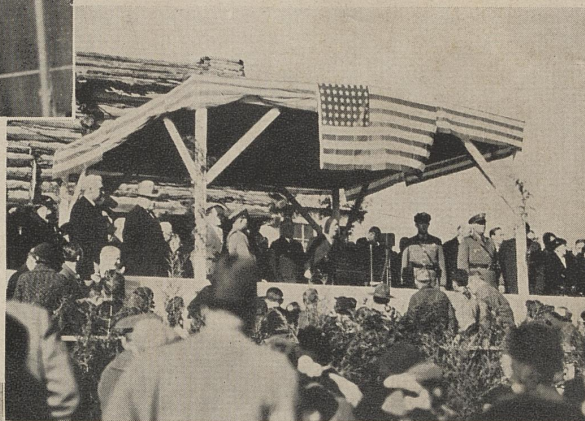
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When President Roosevelt Came to Kentucky



Above, President Franklin D. Roosevelt is seen speaking at the unveiling of the monument to the First Permanent Settlement in the West, at Harrodsburg, on November 16, 1934. Mrs. Roosevelt is on the President's right. On his left is Mr. James L. Isenberg, who invited the President to Harrodsburg. Right, Governor Laffoon is speaking.





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BARBARA T. ANDERSON, *Editor*

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"God Almighty, what a place for a man to LIVE in!" cried Saul Pattern, almost one hundred and fifty years ago, when he viewed for the first time the valley of Gannon Creek and the fat bottoms of Wolfpen, in the mountains of eastern Kentucky. With four thousand square miles of mountain wilderness to choose from he selected the bottoms of Wolfpen as the future home of the Patterns. There he, his family and descendants erected as fine a native culture as has existed anywhere in America. The impact upon this culture of the rising tide of competitive industrialism is the theme of a remarkable novel, **THE PATTERNS OF WOLFPEN**, by Harlan Hatcher. The geography back of the story is shown on this map. The domain of the Patterns is indicated by a broken line in the lower left section.



The Big Sandy Valley in Eastern Kentucky

"What a Place for a Man to Live In"

By HARLAN HATCHER

Author of "Tunnel Hill" and "Patterns of Wolfpen"

VIEWED from the valleys of Virginia, the jagged line of the Cumberland Mountains is a prodigious row of black dominoes toppled over on one another by the finger of God brushing about in the blue. This great wall of purple and green is neither inviting nor forbidding; it is just inescapably and beautifully there, removed from the ambitions and worries of men. In the morning the notched shadows crawl obliquely up its northern slope; they linger at noon on the faulted uplifts; and then hurry obliquely down the darkening south slopes in the early evening.

A hundred miles to the north lies the Ohio Valley, flat and fertile between its borders of low hills. The willow-fringed river sweeps in a long, leisurely curve around the southern-most tip of Ohio, receives the waters of the Big Sandy at the corner of West Virginia and Kentucky, and then bends languidly on toward the Mississippi. It is both inviting and forbidding; inescapably and beautifully there in the midst of the ambitions and worries of men. The spring rains swell it to the limits of its ample banks, and send it muddy and churning toward the west. The summer droughts relax it into a somnolent stream of limpid green tranquility.

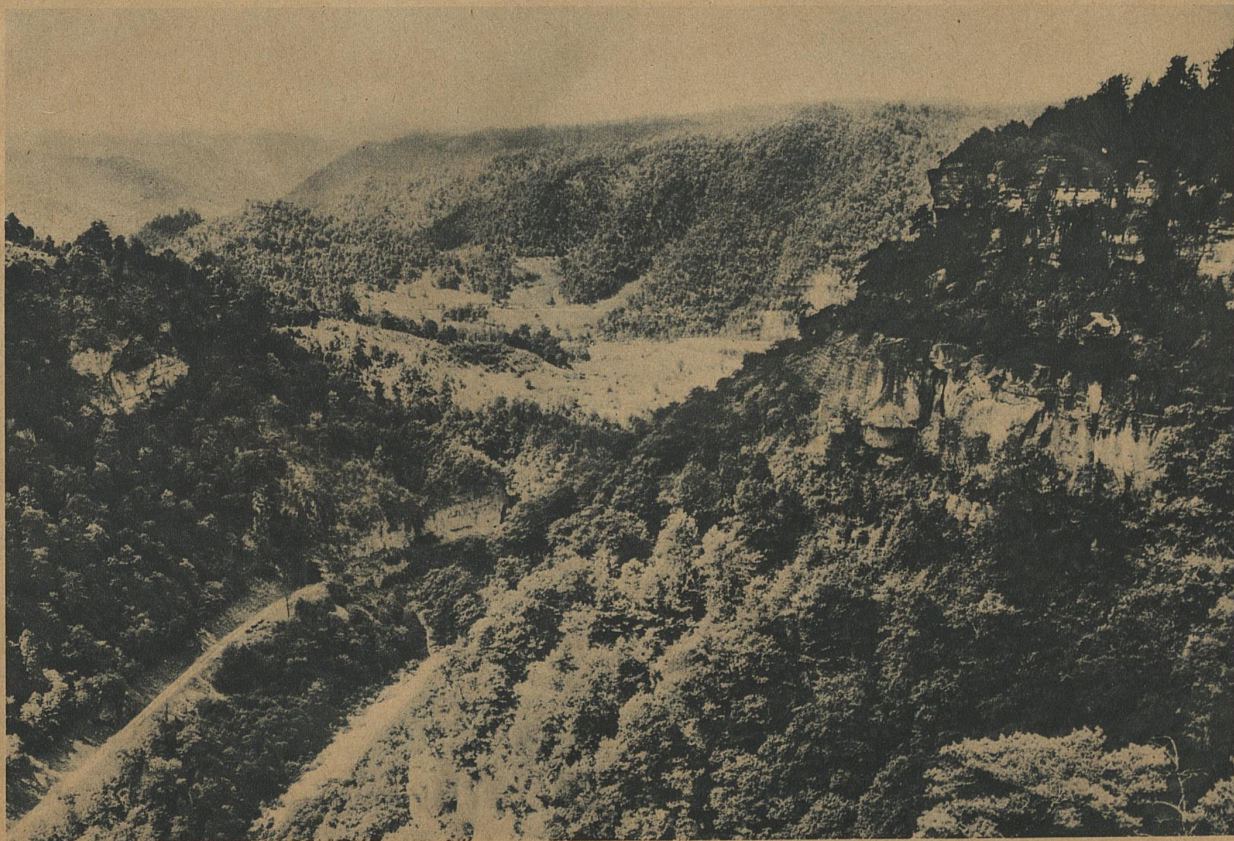
Between the river and the mountain range lies the Big

Sandy Valley. Its hills rise slowly from the squat bluffs on the Ohio to the blue peaks of the Cumberlands; its valleys widen progressively from the precipitous canyons of the Breaks on the south to the sweeping flatlands on the Ohio to the north. And the Big Sandy River with its forks and its tributary creeks veins the whole region like the ribs in a papaw leaf.

Guarded on the south by the Cumberland Ridge, protected on the north by the lure of the great river and its level bottoms, fenced in on the west and on the east by row upon row of rugged hills, the Big Sandy Valley pocket preserved its isolation until the encircling territory was conquered and cleared. Traveling westward through the eighteenth century, the immigrants stared at the great barrier of the Cumberlands and continued the easier road down the Clinch River into Tennessee, leaving the mysterious beyond to the desperate Indians, struggling against dispossession. Paddling down the Ohio, the pioneers peered at the bright highway of the Big Sandy, bending into the unknown, and continued down the easier road toward the

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above is quoted from *Patterns of Wolfpen* by special permission of the author, Harlan Hatcher, and the publishers, The Bobbs-Merrill Company. See page 303 for a review of Mr. Hatcher's book. The map on the opposite page is used by courtesy of the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Breaks of the Big Sandy





On the Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River

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rolling blue-grass country, leaving the legend-haunted pocket to the frightened wild game fleeing extinction.

But its protection was not permanent. The solid-looking wall of the Cumberlands proved not to be unbroken when assaulted by a few daring men who were determined to explore it. One by one they spied out the four gateways to the north; the canyon-like water-gaps at the heads of Tug River and Dry Fork; the thousand-foot gorge in the Breaks of Sandy; the twenty-five-hundred-foot windgap in Pine Mountain. Each gateway proved to be an Indian trail from north to south; a turnpike creek which led, fork by fork, to the full stream of the Big Sandy at Louisa, and then like a broad highway into the Ohio. Fork by fork—the Elkhorn to the Russell, the Russell into the Levisa, then the Levisa joins the Tug and becomes the Big Sandy. The mysterious pocket was open at both ends to those who would risk its perils.

The perils were menacing. The Shawnees held on to the Big Sandy Valley after all other hunting-grounds were captured from them. It was both a game preserve and a colossal fortification, with a moat on the north over which they could strike at the whites on the Ohio and posterns on the south through which they could raid the rich settlements in Virginia. They held on until 1795, while the immigrants filled up the outside flats and encamped against the walls surrounding it. Then the Indians were trapped and defeated, and the valley was taken. . . .

A few brave souls had already looked at the land and established claims. Saul Pattern had explored the country in the late spring of 1785, crossing the mountains from Tazewell County, Virginia, and following the Indian trail through the Breaks to the mouth of Gannon Fork, as it was afterward named. There he was halted by fresh signs of war and scalping parties littering the trail. He had to re-

treat. He left the Big Sandy and returned southward by way of Gannon Fork which bends to the southeast, and then parallels the Big Sandy. Thirty miles above its mouth, he saw a great bare pinnacle of yellow sandstone protruding from the trees above the creek, and overlooking the valley. He toiled upward through the underbrush, and there standing on a jutting ledge, he had his first comprehensive view of the finest district in the entire country.

Gannon Creek, nearly as large as the Big Sandy River, came in sweeping curves through the rich valley which held the chain of hills from five hundred feet to a fifth of a mile apart. It lay there virginal and undisturbed in its primeval quietude, surrounded by endless acres of forest. As far as his eye could see into the blue mists on the horizon, undulated the timber-land, folded and wrinkled by the contours of creeks and hollows.

At the foot of the Pinnacle began Wolfpen Hollow, making with Gannon Creek a Y in the hills. It was only a little more concentrated than the valley of the Gannon Fork. Rising in a rock spring near the hilltop a few miles up the hollow, the little stream, only ten feet wide in repose, fingered its channel toward the great Pinnacle and merged with the waters of Gannon. The two valleys made a wide flat place among the hills for a man to rest on and take root.

Saul Pattern was not given to emotion. But as he stood there on the rock looking up and down Gannon Creek and at the bottoms up Wolfpen, he felt a glow of pride and an eagerness to possess it. With some four thousand square miles of mountain wilderness to choose from, he selected these bottoms at the mouth of Wolfpen, crying aloud to the deer and the wild turkey: "God Almighty, what a place for a man to live in!"

In the Breaks of Sandy
where honey-suckle and
rhododendron bloom





Kentucky

By JESSE STUART

*Author of "Man with a
Bull-Tongue Plow"*

Jesse Stuart's
bull-tongue plow

*I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.*
—Psalms 121:1

In the Beginning

IT HAS been rumored by many people, polite and impolite, that the eastern Kentucky mountains were settled by an eastern riff-raff (from Virginia and North Carolina) of law-breakers, killers, debtors, men fleeing from justice, vagabonds, ne'er-do-wells, tramps, what-have-you and so on. If these were the seeds planted among the Kentucky mountain rocks, then from such seeds the harvest is stalwart and surprising. More of such seeds should be planted.

My friends, the hills of eastern Kentucky were settled by some of the finest pioneer blood in America. And that same pioneer blood, those same family names, are still in the hills of eastern Kentucky. Of course there were settlers among these early eastern Kentucky pioneers who had killed, thieved; there were settlers among them who were fleeing from justice, debts and so on. There were vagabonds, adventurers and tramps among them. But the majority of these people came to Kentucky to build new homes, to have religious freedom, to move westward following the sunset and to find new fields of game to hunt. The pioneer spirit was in them. They were not content to remain settled to quiet village life in the Virginia tide-water region and the North Carolina hills and valleys.

The people who settled the east Kentucky high-hills were people mainly from the east or the southeast. Very few people north of the Ohio River came down to this hill country when there was the broad expanse of level and almost level northwest territory to be explored, captured and colonized. The settlers who came via the Ohio River settled in the Bluegrass section of Kentucky. They came to Maysville, Kentucky, and took the old Wilderness road to Lexington, Kentucky. However, the Bluegrass section of Kentucky was settled by a steady stream of settlers from North Carolina and Virginia. And many mountain people did go down from the hills and westward to the fertile, central part of this state.

The Virginians and North Carolinians that settled Kentucky were mountaineers and tide-water region people who saw their hill slopes cleared of timber, saw the rapid advance of eastern civilization, the rapid cluttering up of houses, the disappearance of wild game. A civilization that they did not like was knocking on their very doors.

There was nothing left for them to do but move farther west to heavy timbered lands and better hunting grounds, to new rivers filled with fish. They sought a new country and found it. Many, like the Boones, stayed a while in this new country, then moved on westward to Missouri where there were new lands to conquer, new timbered lands, new hunting grounds, where the roar of the wild beast, the crack of the rifles and the wind in the trees were sweeter music to their ears than the click of the ax, the thug of the sprouting hoe, the buzz-buzz of the cross-cut saw. The green mansions of the primeval forest was a better home to these pioneer hunters than the shelter of the clapboard roof on the rustic mountain shack.

The pioneers of eastern Kentucky mountains were mainly of Scotch, English and Irish descent. They were hard fighting, hard drinking, God-fearing poor people, handy with ax, mattock, spade and hoe, accurate with the old flintlock hunting rifle, steady behind the handles of the bull-tongue plows. This was the kind of people Kentucky mountains were settled by. Many remain the same as their forefathers in the hills of Kentucky today. It is an evident fact that it will be many years before the mountaineers of eastern Kentucky develop into a polite tea-drinking, polite, hand-shaking group of people. The heritage they have behind them is not what a great-great-grandfather or a great-great-uncle did. If they start tracing back in family history they usually find more than they like to make public. The heritage they have is a sturdy race of people, made different by their surroundings of dark hills, their honesty and independence, their rested and often dormant minds, their good marksmanship, strong love for the home, their religion and, above all, the freedom of the hill country.

Holding to Their Highlands

For nearly one and one-half centuries the east Kentucky mountaineers have clung tenaciously to their mountain earth. Many have passed on farther west during the early middle nineteenth century, while the majority became rooted like the trees in the mountain soil. Many of the people living in the hills moved from farm to farm, clearing land, farming it, and then moving on; clearing land in some other hollow and farming it while many contented themselves on ancestral acres. Many of the log houses among the Kentucky hills have cradled five generations of people; plenty of these log houses have cradled four

Mountain People

generations of hill people and just any number of houses have nested three generations of people. And remember this, wherever there is a house that has had four generations of the same family of people, there will be a family graveyard on a hilltop near by that will hold four generations of mountain dead.

There is a tradition that goes like this: "When you leave Kentucky lonesome waters in your youth, you will return to drink of these Kentucky lonesome waters before you die." This seems to be true of many Kentuckians that leave the hill country and the Kentuckians that have left the hill country. Many returned from the migration westward, returned to the hill country to die there. If they did not return to die, many requested before they died that they be hauled back and buried beside their kin-dead in Kentucky mountain graveyards. This is often done. While the late migration has come since the World War, and it has been a migration to the rich industrial cities of the north, Akron, Ohio; Detroit, Michigan; Flint, Michigan; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and other industrial cities in the north, these people have been the mountain youth that have sought a more lucrative and congenial employment than the hill country affords. They sought something with more future than cutting sprouts on the mountain hillslopes, plowing corn—or teaching the village school. But they came back with that high tide of people that over-rushed back to the soil during the years from 1929 to 1935, that period of years known as "The Depression."

They were glad to be back teaching the village school and cutting sprouts on their father's farm. I'll never forget what I heard an old man say before "The Depression" about the youth leaving the hills and going to the mills and rubber plants in the northern cities. Said he: "People from the hills—our young folks is a-gettin' above

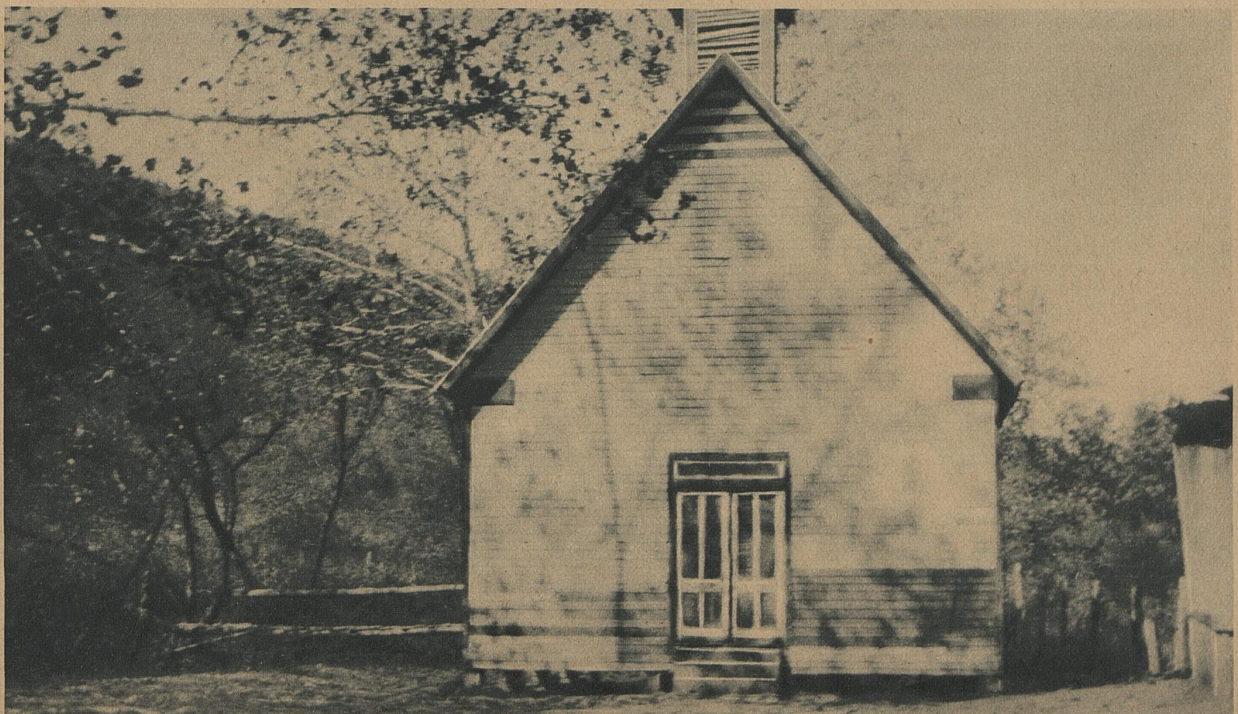


Jesse Stuart
and his dogs

their raisin'. They ain't content with what they have. They want more. They are goin' away to get it. And you will see them all come back one of these days and glad to get back. A blue time is ahead. Chickens come home to roost and you'll see the bunch that has got above their raisin' galavantin' home to roost."

I have seen the house nearly rot away in many instances where two old people live. They have lived in this house all of their lives, let us say. Now they will not move. They will stay in the house long as it will stand, in other words, grow old and die with the house they live in. They will stay on the farm they were raised on. There is something like this that they are loyal to, something that holds them. Someone has said that all civilization depends on the home. The home-unit in the hill country is the strongest home-unit, I believe, in America today. The families are usually large, from one to twenty children. The children are expected to mind their parents until they

Cane Creek School where
Jesse Stuart taught when
he was seventeen





A field of farewell-to-summer in Eastern Kentucky

are twenty-one and often are corrected by them throughout life. The family-unit is a strong clannish unit. They fight for each other. And oftentimes they all vote for the same man in an election. At the head of one family I now have in mind is the old grandfather. The way he tells the family to vote is the way the family votes. I know of politicians fishing for this vote in the primary. They vote only for one party; even if the Saviour would be running opposite the man of their party, they would not vote for Him. We have plenty of this among our hill people. They know only one party. They vote what is called the "straight ticket." Some say, "We'll put in under the Rooster and let him do the scratching." While others say, "My people ain't put a vote down but one way since Grandpap fit back yander in that Rebellion—that is under the log cabin. If I'd vote any other way Grandpap would turn over in his grave."

Somehow it seems to me that the hill people are poor (have always been poor) and it is not money they are after. They are contented with their hillside farm. They are contented to live and die on these farms and be buried on them. They wrestle with the soil and the seasons for their subsistence, little or much as it is. They hold to their farms if they can; plant the same fields until they have grown too thin to raise corn, oats, cane, tobacco, wheat. Then they clear another field and revert the worn-out cornfields into cow pastures to grow up in blackberry briars and sprouts. A living is about all the hill man is after. What more can anyone ask? "Shrouds are pocketless." The mountaineer has plenty of leisure time living on his hill farm as compared with the man working in the coal mines or men working in the mills. "We work like the devil during the crop season. We gather the crops and hunt during the fall. In the winter we rest. In the spring we begin all over again with the crops."

I have heard people in cities pity the poor man of the hills for the way he had to work and had to live. The man of the hills doesn't need that pity and if he knew how

many of the men of the mills had to live, he would pity them. That is why he loves the soil because it gives him food and freedom. Tell me if a man has freedom when he is afraid of his job? The hill man is not bothered with such—he raises what he eats and eats what he raises. He goes to his church in the hills. He sends his children to the district school. He votes for the party his fathers voted for. He is loyal to his state and his country. He believes in freedom regardless of law. He usually gets this freedom that he enjoys. Why should anybody pity the poor hillbilly? And why should he seek the fertile lowlands where the throngs of humanity drift to find the path of the least resistance?

Living On the Land

Just how does a hill man wrest a living from his soil? And just what does this "living" include?

I am speaking now of the average hill man. I am speaking of the one-horse farmer who owns his fifty, sixty or hundred acres of land. We have land barons who own thousands of acres of hill land where there are coal and timber and plenty of natural resources left. Land barons are usually not mountain men, but men from big cities, men connected with "Big Concerns." I am speaking here of the average mountain farmer, and not the share-cropper.

The mountain farmer, say owner of sixty acres of land, owns a couple of mules, has a couple of cows, has his hogs to make his own meat. He has chickens, geese, turkeys and ducks about the place. He farms ten acres of corn, let us say, on the hillside, farms an acre of potatoes usually in a patch near the barn where he can get plenty of barnyard manure, farms a patch of sweet potatoes down in the hollow somewhere in the low ground. He raises a patch of oats and a patch of cane hay for roughness for the cows, perhaps six or seven acres of sowed grain. He raises a couple of acres of tobacco for a "money-crop." Then he raises a couple of acres of cane to make sorghum for his own use and to sell. Say that

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these crops produce the average yield, then this farmer can rest assured that he has meal to grind cornbread for the family.

He has potatoes, molasses, beans, pumpkins and apples for winter food. He has tobacco to sell for the money crop, and sorghum molasses to sell, let us say. He has feed for his cows, mules, chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. He has feed for his cattle. The cows give milk and butter for home use. He has corn to fatten the hogs on and from the hogs the family obtains winter meat, lard for seasoning. The hens lay eggs for use and to sell. There is some money to be made from poultry, milk and butter. There is some money to be made from the tobacco crop and the cane crop. I say if these acres are taken care of and managed right there is a living to be had from the roughest, barren, rocky Kentucky mountain land.

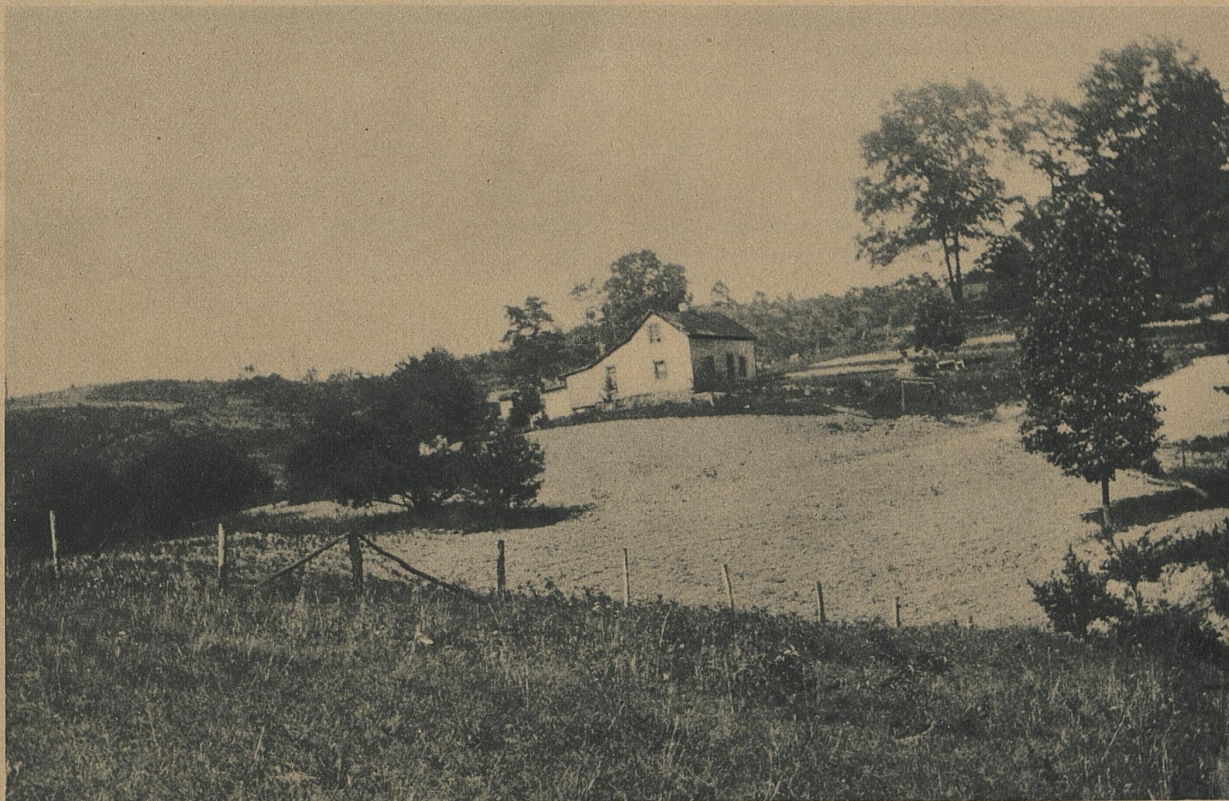
Now in addition to the food stuffs mentioned, let us take into consideration that there are blackberries to be picked and canned, apples to be dried, sulphured and canned, and apple butter to be made. There are apples to be picked and put away for winter use. Pumpkins are to be made into delicious pumpkin-butter. Pumpkins can be kept far into the winter before they freeze. They make good pies. They make good feed for the cows. They are good to feed fattening hogs. There are cherries to be canned and jelly to be made. There is wild plum jelly, tame plum jelly, blackberry jelly, apple jelly, wild grape jelly, strawberry (wild and tame) jelly, service jelly, quince jelly. And there is blackberry jam. Tell me, who are you from the hills not familiar with the taste of blackberry jam? How many of you have not taken it to school smeared between the layers of biscuit bread? These are the foods

that come, directly or indirectly, from the soil. The hill man can have these foods. There is some wild game left. There are fish in the mountain streams. There is no need of the mountain man going hungry. How many of you have eaten in shacks that looked from the outside as if the people who lived there had but little to eat. But when you went in and put your feet under the table you found something to eat. The people from the hill country believe in eating and they have something to eat.

It is not always there is a favorable season with plenty of sun and rain. It is not always that food for people of the hill country is abundant. In the 1930 summer drouth when all the country suffered crop failure the production on the hill farms was a pitiful production. It is not always easy living for the hill share-cropper when he has to give one-half or one-third of his crop to his landlord for the use of the land. It takes work in the cropping season for the whole family until the season is over to make a living on the mountain acres. Only a little of this can be given away for rent and the share-cropper still provide for his own family.

The kinds of recreation provided for the hill people are of pioneer fashion. There is the mountain church with its graveyard on the hill slope in the rear of the church house, or on a hill top above the church house. Church going is a recreation in the hill country. There are "Children's Days," big event, during the early spring when the people assemble for an all-day church program of preaching and singing and "Dinner on the Ground"—not lunch but "Dinner" on the ground. There are bean

Jesse Stuart's home in W Hollow



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stringings, apple peelings, corn huskings, house "raisins," "bellings" and square dances. Usually on the last day of the district school there is a program for the community. Hunting is one of the favorite recreations among the boys and the old men. Fox hunting, possum hunting, rabbit hunting and squirrel hunting are enjoyed by the boys and the old men alike. One must admit it is great fun to hear the pack of hound dogs bringing back the fox, around the ridges, over the cliffs, through the pastures and the timber in early April when the weather has grown warmer and the fox is at his best wind. The music of the barking hounds should be music to any hill man's ears.

It must not be forgotten that the people from the shack in the hill country are not people on charity, not at all. They don't need missionaries to reform them. They need to be left alone. They don't need birth control. They need to have more children. Often the family in the shack has more good staple food to eat than the people living in better houses. Yet they come from what they call "civilization" and from the pommels of their own high saddles look down on the mountain man and his surroundings. How they can say these things and have a condescending attitude toward a section of people living as close to nature as the hill people do is more than I can see. The hill people, like their native oaks, are at least rooted in some soil. They have their farms, their landmarks, their old mills, corncribs, cattle—all of these things that are a pleasure to have. They have their children and homes. These are the greatest things that one could have and something every able-bodied man and woman ought to have, home and children. They raise their foodstuffs and have their freedom where nature is bountiful and kind to them, or is very unkind. They do not tamper with nature. They are children living on the land and they understand it does not pay to tamper with nature.

Patriotism of Mountain People

*"We trusted in the God of battles
and kept our powder dry."
—Epitaph on a mountain tombstone.*

There are few mountain graveyards one can visit without seeing a weather-faded, storm-riddled flag suspended to a mud-colored staff, waving from the head of a grave. Perhaps this is true of all other cemeteries—that they have flags waving from the graves of soldiers—but I have never seen as many in other graveyards as I have seen in mountain graveyards. Their living kin take pride in keeping flags waving over their graves.

There has been fighting done by mountain Kentuckians, in feud wars, Indian wars and wars made by our country. It does seem that the hill Kentuckians are a little fearless in time of war or in time of peace. It does seem that they are schooled in a sort of non-disciplined warfare—such as "shootin' it out—" among themselves without the Law entering into the fracas. Barren as the population was at the time the Indians were molesting the settlers, the hill man enlisted his services to fight the Indian. He likewise enlisted to fight the British for the American Independence.

During the Civil War nearly every able-bodied mountain man bore arms. He was either in the Southern Army, Northern Army or in the guerilla warfare at home. The guerilla warfare was of the bitterest kind of fighting. It is with horror that one listens to the tales of guerilla warfare fought by hill Kentuckians during the Civil War, father against son, neighbor against neighbor. The mountain men fought mainly in the Union Armies because they detested the idea of slavery. I know of nothing more hard to imagine than slave-holding mountaineers.

During the World War Kentucky was the only state in the Union to have a county where not a man was drafted. It was a mountain county in Kentucky, Pike County, where every man volunteered his services.

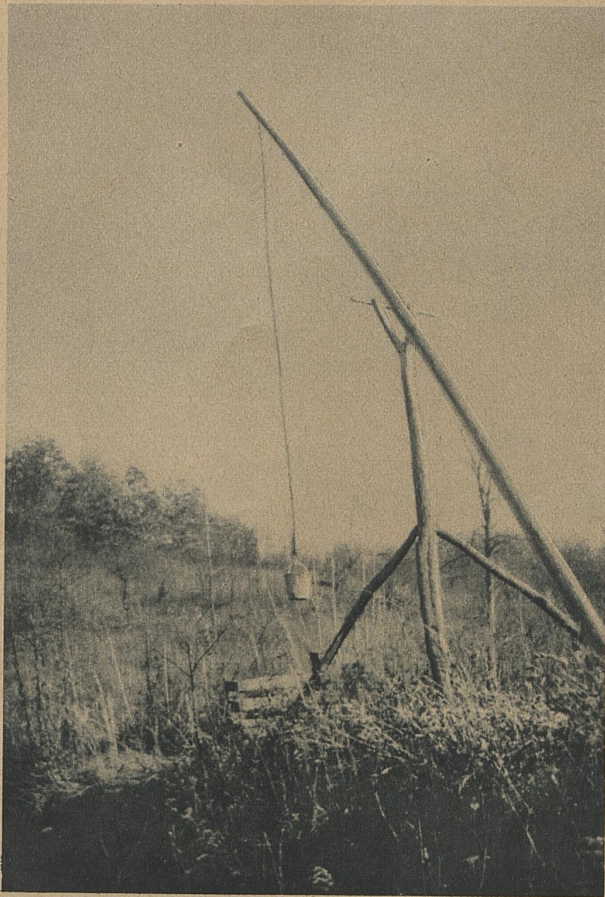
It is an impressive remembrance I have of seeing the soldiers board the train for training camp. I shall never forget seeing them happily climbing on the train, some of them expressing regrets that the war was not on this side of the "pond." I cannot forget hearing them sing "Tipperary," and loading the drunk men on the train. Many were so drunk they started a fight on the train. Some were saying "we ain't coming back." And they never came back.

I don't believe there are more patriotic people in America than our eastern Kentucky hill people. They love their homes, their kin and their land. They love firearms and know how to use them well. Most of the hill boys are familiar with firearms at an early age, and are never without them. They make good marksmen with rifles because they use rifles to shoot squirrels from the tall timber.

Amid all this terrible disgust for war that the American people are conscious of now, I believe if another war were to come, the hill people would send their quota of men as they have always done, and send them without draft. This is only a belief. But I know how well the hill Kentuckian loves to fight if he thinks his freedom is in danger.

One of the oldest houses in Eastern Kentucky





A well-sweep

Over-Publicized Mountain People

By newspaper publicity outside of this state, Kentucky still holds the name given to it in pioneer days, "The Dark and Bloody Ground." This is especially true of our eastern section that comprises about one-fourth of Kentucky's square miles and about one-eighth of her population, this section running from Bell County in the southern part of the state, narrowing down wedge-shaped to Lewis County in the northern part of the state. When an outside world hears of Kentucky mountains they hear of smoking pistols, men drinking hard licker and making it, packing pistols to church, fighting with knives, pistols, clubs, fists, rocks. They hear of big feasts and lean-fox ignorant people singing romantic ballads under the shades of the trees, people in a religious frenzy, sacrificing one of their flock to the Lord. Of course this makes interesting reading. This makes good news for people to read and comment on. Although, these things do happen they are not typical of the hill-country.

For my life I cannot look upon Kentucky mountains as only a source of illegitimate news. I look upon the hill country as a section of America that has not lost its local color yet. It is a section of America with unlimited sources of writing material for the native hillsman. His sons are yet to be born, and are already born, to write the true legitimate fiction and legitimate news as he sees them. This patch of mountain local color seems, to me, similar

to Scotland for its clannish, fighting people, for its love of swift dance music and love of song. There is something about it to remind one of Ireland, for the temperament of the hill people is most like the temperament of the Irish people. The mountain country has fiction for a Sir Walter Scott to write, poetry for a Robert Burns to write folk tales, witch-tales and superstitions for a William Butler Yeats to tell. We have the local color of an Ireland or Scotland, but not the traditions.

And why can't some of our old dance tunes with the swift music in them be made national? Why can't the pretty graceful movements in some of our dances be made national, instead of something to be laughed at? Why can't somebody spring from our midst to do it:

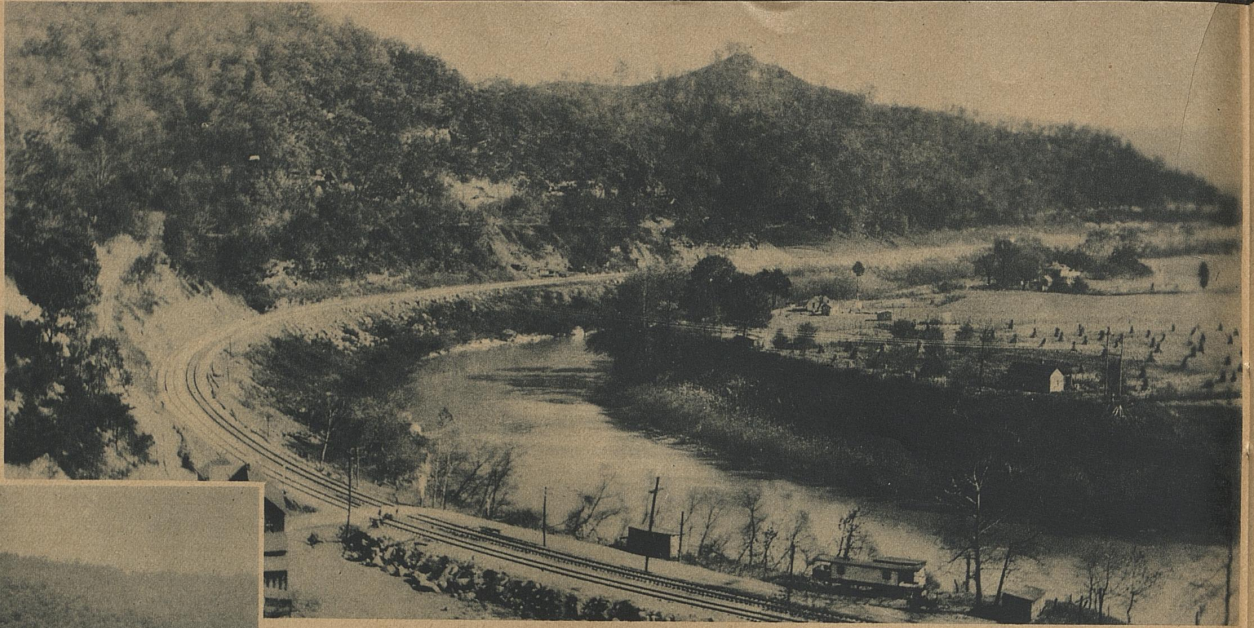
"—my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent,
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
An stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle."

Passing Mountain Institutions

Will it be only a question of time until the mountains lose their local color? It is a positive fact that once the people of the hills were the same as all others but the hills changed them. Now will the outside world change the hills, we wonder? Public schools have replaced the missionary schools. Educated preachers have largely replaced those "called by God" to preach, those who could not even read the Bible. Good highways have penetrated the dark interiors of the hill country. Automobiles have taken the place of the surrey, hug-me-tights, rubber-tired buggy, express and jolt-wagon. The radio has brought voices from the outside world, news, music, church and speeches. These things have almost revolutionized the hill country in the last decade.

We do not hear of bean stringings, apple peelings, corn huskings, house "raisins," log rolling (scarcely ever heard of any more), workings (where every neighbor goes in to help a farmer out of the weeds in his crop) wood-choppings, clearings, fencings, railsplittings—even the "Children's Days" (with Dinner-on-the-Ground) are not plentiful as they used to be. We do not have the big spring "revivals" which the whole district attends as we used to have. The square dance goes on to some extent but not as it used to. Cane strippings and gay parties are not plentiful over the neighborhood as they used to be. Any of the old timers can tell you this.

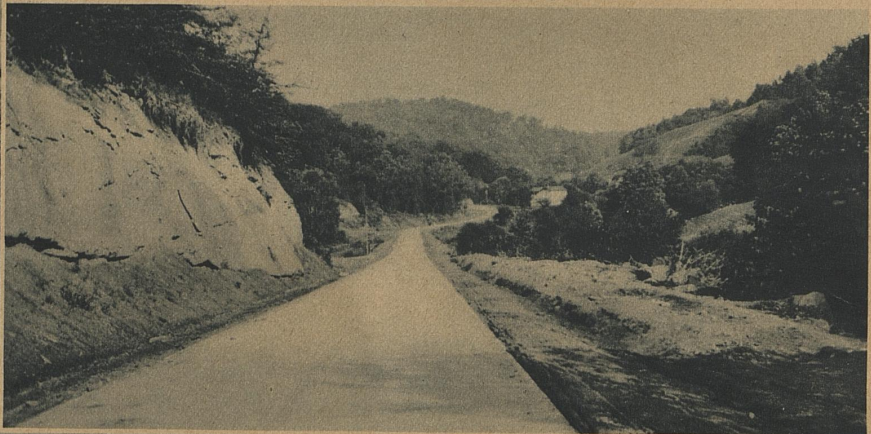
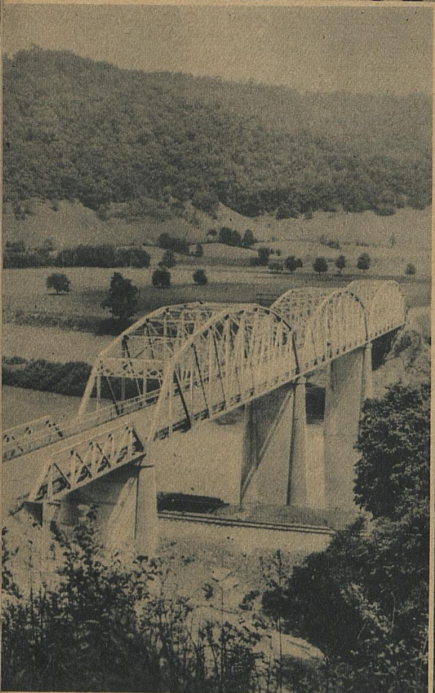
Good high schools are coming to the hills and students are attending them. They are learning not to say "hit" for "it", "hoped" for "helped." But there is one thing positive, regardless of how many teachers the hill children have, they always drop the letter "g" in words ending in "g" like "going" (goin) and "coming" (comin). This certainly makes the language more musical. Customs are changing. Even the cigarette in some instances is replacing the long stemmed clay pipe. Some of the youngsters in county-seat towns in mountain counties of Kentucky don't know what a bull-tongue plow is. The old men laugh at their ignorance. Wonder if the legal, distilled whiskey will replace the mountain distilled dew? I often wonder if the faith of the mountain youngster of today is great as his fathers' and forefathers' in belief of



Above, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad following the Big Sandy near Paintsville

Left, a bridge over the Big Sandy near Prestonsburg

Below, the Mayo Trail (US 23) in the Big Sandy Valley



The Paintsville Golf course



A Big Sandy oil well

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God with His promise of life after death. Their religion is so close to poetry. I have heard such sentences in a hillman's prayer as "Father let not our children stumble on the green mansions of eternal death." "Let not the fire consume the seed of you, for fire is to burn the wind-strewn useless chaff." I have heard sheer lines of poetry come from the prayers of mountain preachers.

The house with the old-fashioned parlor and wooden beds with good feather bed-ticks is gradually disappearing. How many of you remember the old-fashioned parlor or "the best room?" This was the place the "courting" was done. How well do I remember the place I had to leave at nine o'clock, not a minute after for I heard the shoe-heel tap above us on the upstairs floor the note of warning. The "ketch-all" too is gone—the place that caught all the rubbish. I wonder how many families still have their old Bibles made in England and Scotland and carried down through generations by family members? I wonder in how many homes they still have family prayer? It seems to me these things are passing, passing gradually as a morning mist before the sun.

Passing of Mountain People

This flesh is eternal Kentuckian
Walking among her hills, breathing her air;
Plowing her soil, feeling her wind and sun
That stream as gold and silver in the fair
Blue days of Spring and summer corn-field haze.
Surely, I am eternal Kentuckian—
My people have lived here all their days,
Plowed the same soil, felt the same wind and sun.
They have been sons and daughters of the soil
And made their living by an honest toil.
This flesh will not go down eternal dust;
At least, I proffer to the Gods and trust
It won't—but I do think that this flesh must
Be one eternal Kentuckian's dust.

(From "Man With A Bull-Tongue Plow").

I know of nothing sadder than a mountain funeral. And nearly everybody in the community turns out to a "burying." It is "paying the last respects" to the dead. The

funeral sermons are usually lengthy. They are preached in the district church or the home. The graveyards are on hilltops, generally speaking, under a cluster of oak trees. Many of the people are buried without headstones because the people are too poor to buy them. In many places one finds rude field stones whittled out with epitaphs "rudely writ" and gradually fading to the beat of rain, wind, snow and time.

Though the young do go away to live their lives elsewhere, they return at death to be buried beside their kin in the mountain graveyards. Clannish in life. Clannish in death. One can see whole families buried side by side and the next of kin buried by their side and the next of kin buried by the side of their kin, and so on. Yes, the young that go away and the old that go away to find life easier elsewhere, if they don't return to drink of lonesome water they return in wooden clothes to sleep in their native mountain earth. And for the people that never leave the land—the land that grows the food stuffs that give them the strength of life, this land holds them in the end. It is the land that gives them life and holds them in death, this native land that is their bosom friend.

The hands that are lifted to God in prayer; the hands that wield the axe, the sprouting hoe, the cross-cut saw and guide the handles of the bull-tongue plow; the hands that milk the cows and darn the socks and run the spinning wheel; the hands that use the knife and gun, all come at last to:

Rich sleeping dust, the builders of the nation!
They sleep—their houses are a-tumbling down.
The worm rail fences built by them are rotten.
The fields they tilled grow green with sprouts again
While they lie in their graves and are forgotten.
A yellow wind is spilled in briars above them.
Cobwebs are woven with a thread-like sound.
In these tall weeds the spiders make their home.
Spiders may whistle to these men they love them.
The moles may write the same in mellow mounds
While the new crop of youth turn back new loam.

(From "Man With A Bull-Tongue Plow").

EDITOR'S NOTE: The poems included in this article are copyrighted and are not to be quoted without the author's permission. A review of "Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow" will be found on page 303.

Big Sandy River at the mouth of Paint Creek

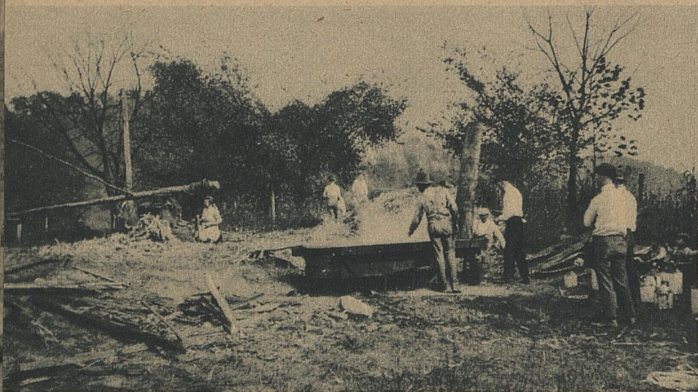


HERITAGE of

Strange valley of contrasts where the past
lives on to color the present



Horse trading



Making sorghum



Going to a footwashing

IN SPEAKING of the Big Sandy two pictures come to mind; one of a winding, deep channeled mountain river that empties into the Ohio at Catlettsburg, Kentucky, and has its source deep in the Cumberlands where the Virginia and Kentucky state lines meet. The other, a picture of a country known as the Big Sandy, a rugged, majestic panorama of scenic beauty where today exist such interesting contrasts that the heart of the seeker after strange facts exults at the treasures that await discovery in this picturesque region.

In a remote hollow, far off the beaten paths, may be found a lonely cabin where life is as primitive and simple as in the time of the ox cart and spinning wheel. But these are isolated pictures. The real Big Sandy of today is a region of hard surfaced highways, modern hotels, excellent schools and churches.

In dress, in modes of thought and in their daily intercourse, the people of the Big Sandy are, outwardly, little different from any other cross section of the country at large. But beneath this exterior lies a common character that is distinctive and unique. It is a character handed down to them by the heritage of a race of people who were isolated for many years by the barrier of mountains, a life that forced them to be entirely self sustaining, sufficient unto themselves. In those primitive years they lived close to the soil, hewing their homes, their school houses and their church houses from logs; cutting their ox roads through the wilderness, fighting a grim and ungenerous Nature for their daily bread.

From this simple, plain life came a people whose habits are plain and unpretentious, a people of homespun honesty and directness. When a stranger comes among them with unassuming ways he is received with that whole hearted mountain hospitality that extends from the finest home to the most humble cabin. But for the one who comes "putting on airs" there is nothing but a distant, tolerant politeness.

It is the casual and careless writer, the person who

Fourteen yoke of oxen hauling merchandise



the BIG SANDY

By E. W. DONALDSON

gathers material through hearsay or from a desire to be sensational, who has presented a distorted and false picture of this beautiful region and its people. It is useless to deny these stories. They will be more capably refuted now that the Mayo Trail is a part of the national route that joins Miami, Florida, with Mackinaw City, Michigan, forming the most direct and the shortest highway between the Lakes and the Gulf. Tourists are coming in greater numbers each year as the remarkable grandeur of this scenic route becomes known, and will see for themselves.

The traveler of 1935 speeds swiftly along over a concrete highway, passing through county seat towns with their conveniences and luxuries, and the day of the ox cart seems remote and dim. Yet, as the car sweeps on and the view shows tier after tier of mountain crests, on and on until the distant ridges become blue and merge into the deep azure of the sky, the romance of this charming country becomes a real thing that grips the imagination with a delicious thrill of excitement.

It is easy, then, to bring back to reality the ancient glamour of the feuds, the sweet lure of the Trail of the Lonesome Pine and June, its lovely heroine; those tales of moonshining and the quaint legend of Kentucky Mountain Dew seem alive and one sights a thread of blue smoke rising from some far off hollow and wonders if some picturesque moonshiner might be at work there far from the inquisitive eyes of the "revenooers."

It is impossible to evade the spell of the mountains. Finally the air has become crystal clear and pure to the senses. A vast silence and the feeling of immense space and loneliness take hold of the mind. Far down in some deep shadowed valley a lonely cabin is seen and for an instant there is felt the poignant sadness that must have been the lot of those who came across the mountains as pioneer settlers, to build their homes in the wilderness.

Then another picture moves silently before the eyes. It is an awe inspiring glimpse down into a deep cleft valley where the tops of pines and cedars are like toy trees far below. In the valley is a mountain stream that winds and rushes its way over great boulders, its waters churned into a welter of white lace and its tiny voice subdued to a murmur by the distance.

This is the region of the Breaks of Sandy, where the Big Sandy river begins life as a mountain brook. Campers from down along the flat lands of Kentucky come here in the hot summer months for the fishing, and to spend a few happy weeks in the coolness and quiet of a remote spot.

So these are the contrasts of the Big Sandy. A remarkable country where one may spend the night in a comfortable hotel and the next day stand in a spot not ten miles distant where the surroundings suggest the past so vividly that the pioneering days seem to live in reality again.

Looking back, it is easy now to understand the conditions that shaped the trend of events at the time Kentucky was being settled and the westernmost frontier was the Ohio River. By Cumberland Gap and other low passes through the mountains the settlers came by pack train and

on foot, seeking new homes in the land that was reported to be richly fertile and teeming with game.

Wealth was measured by the fertility of the ground and thus the broad bottom lands along the Ohio and the rolling country of the Blue Grass, in Central Kentucky, were the goal of the newcomers, while the mountainous country of the Big Sandy proved of little attraction to the pioneers. Thus many of them tramped on over rich beds of coal, stratas of fine clays, pools of oil and gas, through heavy timber of rare walnut, in search of wealth.

If Mother Nature has a sense of humor it is most certain that she smiled as she saw those pioneer settlers, seeking their dream of wealth, pressing on across a country that was a veritable storehouse of fortune.

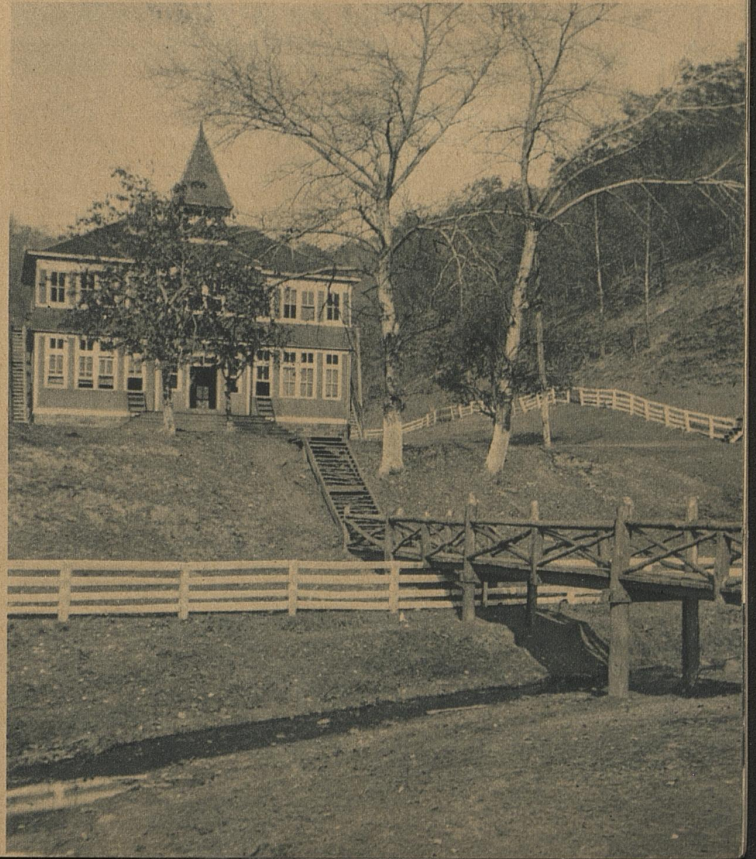
As the course of events so shaped themselves, it was the land along the Ohio and in Central Kentucky that developed earliest. During those years when commercial and industrial progress boomed apace, when men crossed the prairies to California for gold or went to New York where opportunity lay in abundance, the wealth of the Big Sandy lay fallow, guarded well by rugged hills and dense forests.

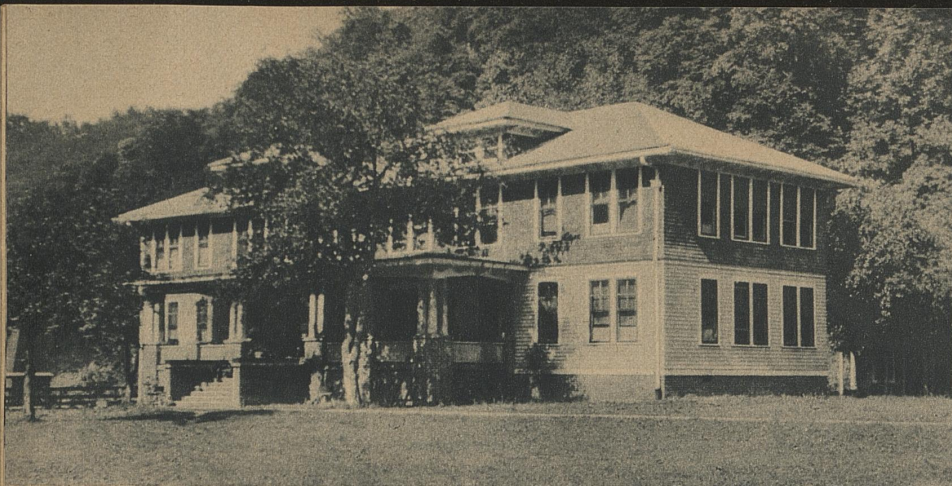
One slender tentacle of commercialism reached its way into the Valley, and that by way of the river. A fleet of small packet boats, built to withstand the swift currents, steamed its way back and forth on the freshets, carrying provisions in to the county seat towns that were then developing.

Then came the demand for timber, and the first resource of the Valley sprang into quick value. The sound of saws and axes rang through the hills and the face of the river was covered, for many years, by a carpet of logs, as the virgin growth went sweeping down the stream in rafts.

Grandsons of pioneers turned raftsmen and manned the

A mountain school





Clubhouse at a mining camp

sweeps. Timber floated down the river and wealth in dollars flowed back into the mountains, the first thin stream of a volume that grew as the years passed.

Coal, closest to the top of the ground, came next. Smoke was billowing from factories and mills throughout the North and where there is smoke there is coal. First the extension of the railroad from Catlettsburg up to Whitehouse, on the Big Sandy, where mines were opened and seams tapped. Then discovery of still greater beds of fine bituminous coal on up the Valley and the extension of the railroad until it had crossed the divide on into Virginia.

Eventually, the clays and the oil and gas. The early comers lived and died on the land without ever knowing of the wealth all around them. Perhaps cursing fate for the meagre living they wrung from the soil by unending toil.

It was the river, the Big Sandy, that determined the direction that the influence of the Valley should take. It was down to Catlettsburg and not across into Virginia, that the trend of commerce took its course. Catlettsburg became the "Gateway City," the focal point, for the Valley trade.

It is stirring times such as these that linger in memory and grow mellow and rose-colored with age. Catlettsburg remembers the days of the steamboats, of the palatial show boats that stopped at the wharf; Saturday nights when the mountain train brought its full quota of passengers to town, the hearty backslapping of men seeing each other after months, laughter, high spirits and boisterous, good natured horseplay.

At the time of the timber, Catlettsburg ranked for several years as the greatest round timber market in the country.

But with the development of the coal came a turn of fate, one of those eventful happenings that change the entire course of a city or a nation. Officials of the American Rolling Mill Company selected Ashland, Catlettsburg's neighbor, as the site for a new plant. A new process had been developed for the continuous rolling of steel sheets and it was because of the coming of this great mill that Ashland adopted its significant slogan, "Where Coal Meets Iron."

Thus Ashland, with its potential room for expansion, became the second center to feel the influence of the Big Sandy's natural wealth. In ten years' time the population of Ashland doubled, due chiefly to the fact that iron must have coal before it becomes useful and the inexhaustible fuel resources of the Valley gave the needed future assurances for the processing of steel.

Another angle is noteworthy in speaking of coal and iron. One of the vital points in any venture that pertains to manufacture is the availability of workmen, of labor. In the case of American born, home-loving ground of the Big Sandy Valley, with its convenient supply of American born, home loving man power that was a contributing factor in the location of a major manufacturing plant in that city. And, as subsequent events proved, this factor turned out to be as promising as the reports indicated. So the grand-

sons of pioneers turned their talents into the channels of industry and became good steelmen.

Nature's storehouse had proved a bounteous treasure chest for the descendants of those who had had the hardihood to brave a life of hardship and toil. But there was another important treasure yet to be disclosed. The discovery of oil, in paying quantities, came just after the World War. Previous to that there had been prospecting for the valuable fluid and small pools were tapped here and there.

In the Johnson-Magoffin field oil was discovered over a wide area and was piped away to various markets. Laboratory tests showed this crude, Somerset, to be especially fine for the manufacture of gasoline. Although the sale of crude oil caused new wealth to flow into the mountains, still another advantageous commercial enterprise followed as a natural result.

Local capital organized and within a short time thereafter a refinery was erected on the Big Sandy River, just a short distance above Catlettsburg. Crude oil from the Johnson-Magoffin field had been pumped away to outside markets, but now was transported down the river by pipeline, direct to the refinery.

In the ten years that have elapsed since that beginning, the product of the Ashland Refining Company, Pepper Gasolines, have become firmly established over an area including Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky, the nucleus of their sales area. Thus a gasoline manufactured from Kentucky crude oil, a resource of the Big Sandy, has earned for itself a place among the leading motor fuels of the Nation.

Likewise, gas produced throughout the Big Sandy is piped to various markets, both commercial and domestic, and plays an important part in the business and home life of the Ohio Valley.

In retrospect, it is seen that the influence of this little mountainous valley, one hundred and fifty miles in length, has been of tremendous importance in the course of events of many neighboring states.

It has still another influence still to be realized. And this last chapter is even now being written. The rugged country, the towering ridges and deep cut valleys, that for a long time served as a barrier to prevent the development of the valley, is now coming to be seen as an inducement to the outside world.

Many who have traveled the Mayo Trail from the Virginia line to the Ohio River, state unreservedly that the scenery is unsurpassed for grandeur of beauty and impressiveness, and that this region is soon to take its place among the major scenic attraction of the country.

Kentucky Progress Magazine

The Geologic History of The Big Sandy Valley

By WILLARD ROUSE JILLSON

Author of "Oil and Gas Resources of Kentucky," "The Coal Industry in Kentucky," etc.

LAST of the great natural provinces of Kentucky to be wrested by the pioneer from the savage Shawnee and Cherokee, the Big Sandy Valley region is literally an unexplored treasure-trove of documentary history and romantic tradition. Out of the age-old darkness and mystery of an unpeopled wilderness, down through the dawn of prehistoric times to the days of our grandfathers, runs the continuous thread of a story of stirring adventure and noble sacrifice. In the flight of the unnumbered years the occasional and indistinct forest trail became a well-defined path, and then a public road. Canebrake and natural meadow gave way before the advancing fields of golden corn, and idle mountain streams lolling along from their craggy sources came to take up their burden of industry at many an improvised splash dam and old log mill. The subdued, half-hidden smudge of the dusky savage, faintly painted against the forest wall, became in time the welcoming hearth fire of the hardy homesteader. Herds of cattle and sheep replaced the wild, nomadic buffalo, and close to the confluence of the larger streams, outlying stations and rude log forts, hastily raised by the hands of daring

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scouts, grew into settlements and towns with a thriving industry based upon the rich forest, agricultural, and mineral wealth of the region. At last the painted aborigine departed; his favorite hunting ground usurped and turned to nobler ends, there came to stand in his heritage a conquering race of almost pure Angle-Saxon blood which, as the years have passed, has concerned itself, not so much with the heroic deeds of its fathers as with the absorbing problems of an extended civilization, conscious of its growing importance in the social and economic fabric of the Commonwealth.

Situated in the easternmost part of Kentucky, the Big Sandy Valley is an integral part of the Southern Appalachians. It reaches northward from the Cumberland Mountains on the southeast through a broad, maturely dissected region known as the Cumberland Plateau to the lowlands along the Ohio River. The valley of the Big Sandy, including those parts which lie in Virginia and West Virginia, comprises an area of 4,182 square miles. It is a unit within the Southern Appalachian coal field, its rocks being composed of sandstones, shales, coals, and a few thin limestones, all of Pennsylvanian age. These sediments are referable in ascending order to the Pottsville, Conemaugh and Allegheny formations, or the productive Coal Measures.

The Breaks of Sandy, Pike County

©Caufield & Shook





Looking down on the Breaks of Sandy from a mountain height

A single outcrop of limited extent which takes exception to the above statement, is found on the north flank of Pine Mountain, in Pike and Letcher, from the Breaks of Sandy to Pound Gap, where limestones, sandstones, and shales of the Mississippian and Devonian age have been exposed by the Pine Mountain thrust fault. These formations are not coal bearing. The surface rocks in the Big Sandy region are composed of sediments deposited in shallow water. The occurrence of the numerous coal seams indicates that in the far off Coal Measure time this area was one which bordered closely upon a brackish water embayment, perhaps of the lagoon type. For countless ages, Pennsylvanian sediments continued to be deposited in this region until they reached, in the southeast, the enormous thickness of 3,000 to 5,000 feet.

As the Pennsylvanian (Coal Measure) period drew to a close through crustal movements initiated by the oncoming Appalachian Revolution, emergence took place in the upper Big Sandy Valley and some contiguous regions. The uplift marked the birth struggles of a broad interior continental area which was later to enclose all of Kentucky. The new land lay about 100 miles to the southeast of the old Cincinnati Island—the Bluegrass region of central Kentucky which had existed in insular figure at various intervals from the Middle Ordovician (Trenton) period. Emergence and erosion, depression and sedimentation in cyclic sequence with a positive uplift throughout the latter part of the Paleozoic era, had given it a well defined physical relief with which to face the emergent Coal Measures of the Southeast.

Coincident with the uplift of the region now occupied by the upper Big Sandy, erosion began, the waters flowing generally to the north and northwest over a widening plain. The highest points or headwaters at this early time were

undoubtedly within the western portions of the states of Virginia, North Carolina, and eastern Tennessee. Topographically the headwaters region of the Big Sandy River, as we know it today, was then a part of a broad lowland backed by a sinking hill and mountain country to the southeast, known as the "Lost Appalachia," a large elongated continental body of Paleozoic times, the central axis of which was about coincident with the Piedmont belt, and extended to a distant, though undefined eastern boundary in the Atlantic. Its known northern limits were in Newfoundland, while by the way of Florida and the West Indies it connected with South America.

The rising interior lowland faced a great shallow inland sea on the northwest. An arm of this sea occupied a portion of Kentucky, and covered in particular that region which is known as the western border of the Eastern Coal Field. Shore marshes, inland swamps, and a few small lakes occupying slight depressions formed during Coal Measure time were characteristic figures of the landscape. All of the newly exposed strata were soft and unconsolidated. Nowhere in the Big Sandy Valley, then taking form, were there any high elevations. The boundaries of all drainage areas were poorly defined. A vegetation closely resembling that of the Coal Measure covered the lowlands, but the highlands to the southeast were probably more or less barren, due to low temperatures, an inconstant moisture, and thin soil.

Along the Kentucky-Virginia line the Pine Mountain was slowly taking anticlinal figure, but in the soft surface sediments of that period its structural outline was at first but slightly reflected in the topography if at all. The major drainage crossed this embryo mountain of elevation at the Breaks of Sandy and at the Pound Gap without difficulty. Minor streams also undoubtedly crossed it at many a point long since effaced by the tireless hand of erosion. Ages

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passed. The Pine Mountain fold grew in figure as pressure exerted by the mountain-making forces in the southeast continued. Finally it became an overturned anticline and then by two distinct movements was thrust faulted to the northwest a total distance of several miles. In the course of these great dynamics, the great Russell Fork fault, to which the river by that name in Dickenson and Buchanan Counties, Virginia, became consequent, was developed. As these crustal changes approached completion, a new drainage pattern in the western headwaters of the Big Sandy slowly adjusted itself. A score or more of streams which had originally crossed the Pine Mountain region and had been beheaded during that great uplift were turned back upon themselves or otherwise diverted to form Elkhorn Creek and the Pound River.

Up to this time the Tug and Levisa Forks were undoubtedly separate streams emptying into the elongated Northeast-Southwest upper Pennsylvanian embayment of eastern Kentucky. At first little more than creeks they gradually extended their lower courses to the northwest as the Appalachian uplift continued. In due course, as the semi-marine waters receded, these streams grew to be rivers of large figure. The Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy River extended its lower course to the northwest until it encountered the Paint Creek Uplift then in progress of emergence in Johnson, Morgan, Magoffin, Lawrence, and Floyd Counties. This relatively small structural feature occupied at the time an insular and strategic position. It exhibited an independent and somewhat radical drainage.

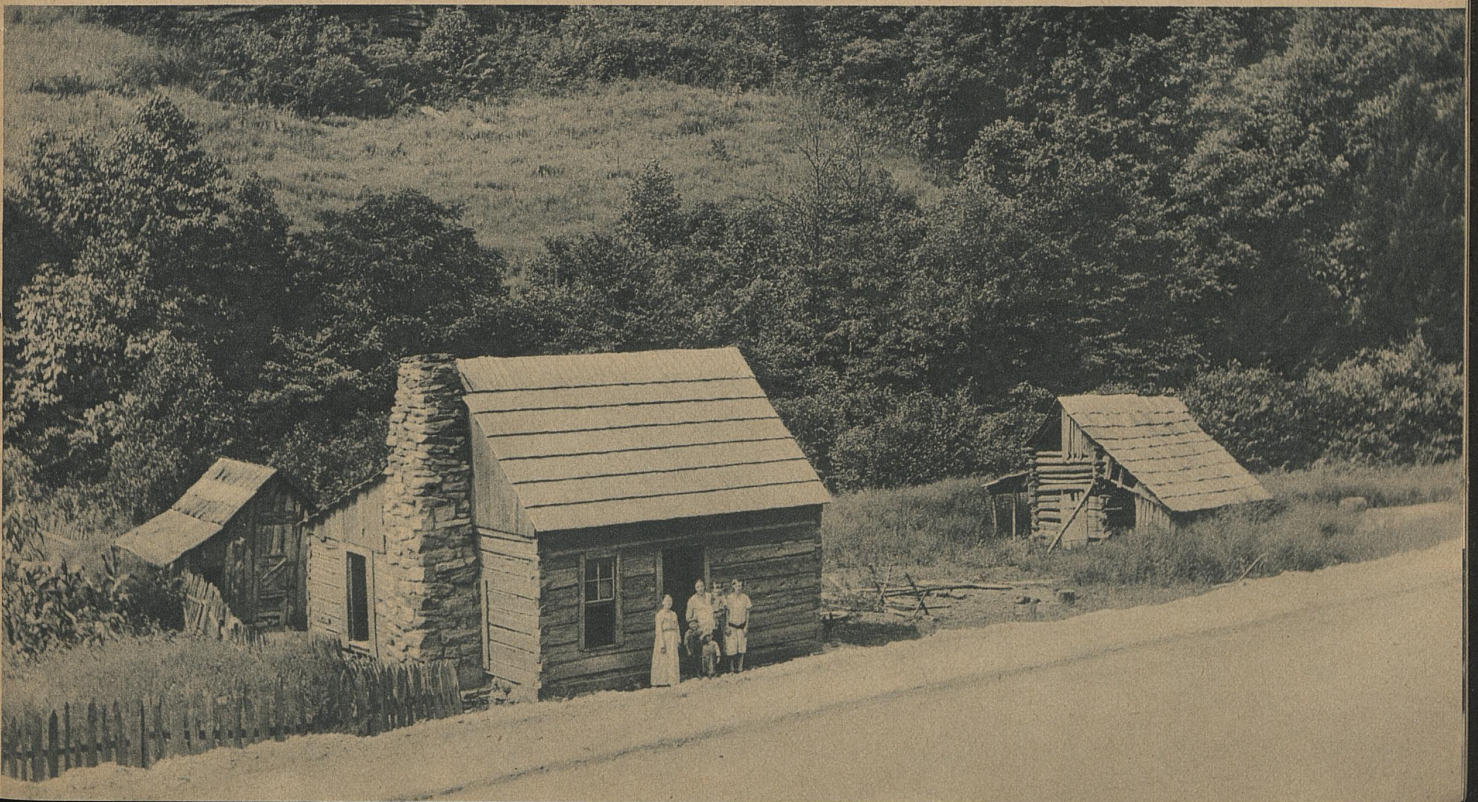
In due course the Paint Creek Uplift contributed a part of its drainage to the Levisa Fork, and shunted the major stream to the northeast. The result was the juncture of the Levisa and Tug Forks and the formation during the early Permian of the infant Big Sandy River. The period was unique. The entire State stood for the first time in all geological history a unit land area. River systems were taking figure everywhere. The new major stream of far

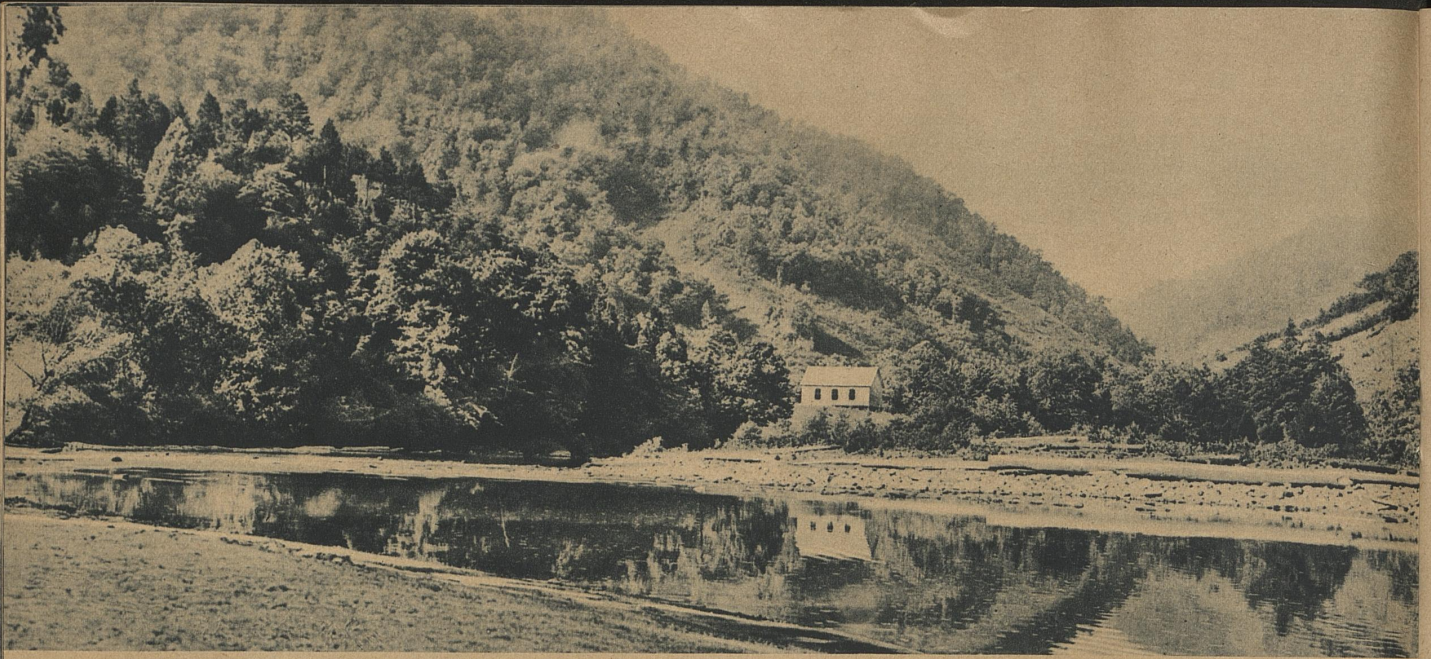
eastern Kentucky was similar in its geographic character to the Big Sandy of today, but because of its youth it lacked the present closely meandering and deeply entrenched characteristic, except at the "Breaks of Sandy." At this point the present thousand-foot gorge was in progress of formation with the recession of the ancient Russell Fork Falls, which was probably one or two hundred feet high when it broke over the uplifted Pottsville conglomerates of Pine Mountain.

In the course of Mesozoic time the original headwaters of the Big Sandy were gradually reduced in area by the transverse piratical advances of the headwaters of the Clinch and Blue Stone rivers. These streams extended their main headwaters along favorable structural lines which were developed during the early period of Appalachian Mountain making. Compensating itself for these remote headwaters losses, the Big Sandy at the same time, and later well through the Cenozoic era, played thief with the drainage of some of its neighbors in both its upper and lower courses. The headwaters of the North Fork of the Kentucky River south of Pine Mountain were diverted to the Pound Fork of the Big Sandy during the folding which resulted in the elevation of this great mountain range. The Pound Gap was left as a record of the modification. Further down, the Levisa Fork near Prestonsburg extended the upper waters of Right Middle Creek, thus effecting the capture of a part of the Burning Fork of the Licking. As a result creek waters which originally flowed to the northwest were reversed to the southeast. One of the most notable of these several piracies is that of upper Paint Creek—the old Elk Fork of the Licking River. In effecting this gigantic piracy the Levisa Fork added not less than 100 square miles to the drainage area of the Big Sandy River.

Had it not been for the occurrence of the extraordinary uplift in the Paint Creek region during these early post-Pottsville times, the Levisa River would most certainly have been the principal headwaters fork of the Licking. The

Novelists and poets find romance and beauty in the mountains





A little school house on the mountainside is reflected in the Sandy

Big Sandy, greatly reduced in size, would have been confined to the Tug Fork and its tributaries. These geological facts are worthy of serious consideration, for the early deflection of this stream from its intended course has had a permanent effect on eastern Kentucky. If the Levisa River had not been thwarted in its attempt to join the Licking, waters now passing through the "Breaks of Sandy" would have first mingled with those of the Ohio at Cincinnati. A high barrier ridge would have effectively separated Paintsville and all up-river points from Louisa, and the Ohio at Catlettsburg and Ashland; and all subsequent history for this broad region of eastern Kentucky would have been vastly different from that which has been recorded.

As the regional uplift continued, and the drainage of the Big Sandy River and its tributaries perfected itself, the first soft sediments were worn away, leaving the harder underlying rocks exposed. At the same time a flora transitional between that of the Coal Measure period and that which we know today came to take its place over the newly carved low hills and broad valleys. Through the succession of the ages, while a well rounded cycle of slowly changing climates perpetuated itself, hundreds, perhaps thousands, of feet of loose and semi-consolidated sediments were removed by the streams tributary to the Big Sandy River. As Mesozoic time sped on, the mother river and its numerous progeny of creeks and branches became old. The intervening hills and plateaus which were born of the post-Paleozoic uplift gradually melted away. The Pine Mountain, the only ridge of structural elevation in the Valley, alone remained following this long beveling process as an outstanding topographic feature.

A broadly meandering habit slowly fixed itself on the Big Sandy and its larger creeks, presaging the advent of the Cretaceous period and regional peneplanation. Shortly following the beginning of Cenozoic time widespread uplift again took place. This resulted in the rejuvenation of the entire Big Sandy drainage system and brought about the entrenchment of the streams in their now well defined meanders. During this vast lapse of time, an old and grotesque group of reptiles and amphibia arose, occupied and dominated the land, and then departed. Coincident

with their decline, came the first birds, the early mammals, and the ancestral broad-leafed plants and trees.

Gradually, as the innumerable seasons came and went, the figure of the hills and the streams became much the same as it is today. Then there was ushered in the last great cold period, which brought down high walls of glacier ice into the Ohio Valley. With it, for a time at least, an arctic fauna and flora came to possess the Big Sandy Valley, as it did all of eastern Kentucky. In the fiord-like waters of the lower Big Sandy icebergs broken from this great continental glacier carrying igneous pebbles of Canadian origin floating many miles South of Louisa before they melted and disappeared. When later, in the course of time, the ice finally disappeared, the various species of animals and plants known to us today, and others not distantly related, gradually migrated and took possession of the land. In the interim between the first uplift of this region and the present there had passed away the entire Mesozoic and Cenozoic eras, a lapse of time so great as to preclude accurate determination, but probably not less than fifty million years, and possibly much longer. During all this time the Big Sandy Valley had been a land area.

With the retreat of glaciation, there was ushered in the latter part of the Pleistocene period, during which an equitable climate brought into the Big Sandy Valley a flora and fauna which, with the exception of domesticated animals and man, has been designated as native. Who can adequately describe the awe-inspiring silence of this great hill and mountain region into which no human foot had as yet penetrated? Nature played her hand in the open. Forest animals, except for their natural enemies, felt no fear, and throughout the countless days and nights, as became their habit, sought out their food and their mates, unconscious of coming disaster in the slow but certain migration eastward across the North American continent of the nomadic aborigine.

At length in the fulfillment of the years man came, not as a queer, contorted, grotesque race of low humans, but as a rather high paleolithic ancestor of the Indian which we know as of yesterday. The first inhabitants of the Big Sandy Valley, like those of the central portion of the State to whom they were closely related, were sturdy.

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copper-colored tribesmen, possibly the ancestors of the Cherokee Indians. These "Mound Builders," as they have come to be called, were essentially an agricultural people, dependent upon the soil for their chief food supply. They probably made their first entrance into Kentucky and the Big Sandy Valley about two thousand years ago. That they were largely agricultural as indicated by their remains which, in the form of mounds, tumuli and other earth works used for burying grounds, fortifications, and ceremonial purposes, are always found in the region of good soil. There was however, no great difference in the game found in such regions and that of the more sterile or rocky sections.

Of the many mounds that have been found in the Big Sandy Valley, the five discovered above the mouth of Paint Creek in the Big Sandy bottom are probably the most important. Excavations made in some of these during recent years have shown skeletons, arrowheads, stone axes, charcoal, and other paleolithic remains. Farther down on the Big Sandy about its mouth, and in the Ohio River bottoms adjacent, there have been located from time to time a number of mounds from which have been taken several skeletons and many crude native utensils. The same region has also been so prolific in its production of human skeleton material as to indicate that it may have been a prehistoric battle-ground.

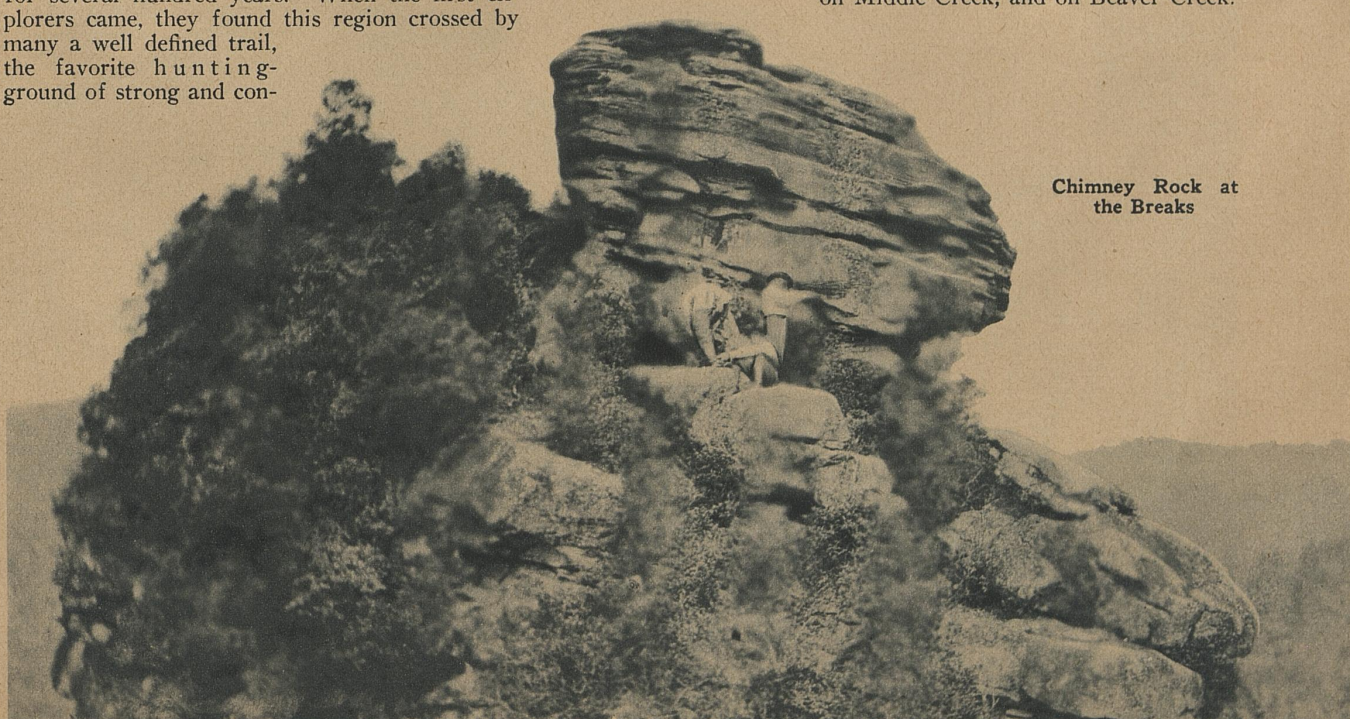
With the advent of the buffalo into the eastern United States and Kentucky about the year 1000 A. D., a great change came over the Mound Builder. The necessity of tilling the soil to secure his living became less and less important. The prolific development of the buffalo, the ease with which it was captured, and the bounteous supply of food it provided, turned the thoughts of the industrious ancestral Plains Indian from agricultural pursuits to those of the chase. The inherent blood-loving characteristic of the savage came to dominate him, as the practice of stalking and killing game for food developed. In the end there came to exist a group of warlike tribes in the eastern United States, which gradually forced its way into each agricultural recess occupied by the peace-loving Mound Builder, and finally exterminated him.

With the passing of the Mound Builders, permanent human occupation of the Big Sandy Valley ceased for several hundred years. When the first explorers came, they found this region crossed by many a well defined trail, the favorite hunting-ground of strong and con-

stantly warring Indian tribes, chief among which were the Shawnees and Cherokees. Later the Mingos and Delawares also joined their neighbors and came into this territory.

Although the Indians used the Big Sandy Valley as a hunting-ground, they frequently came into the region and situated themselves in more or less permanent camps for varying periods while engaged in their hunting and warring expeditions. The Shawnee warpath led up out of the Little Sandy Valley across the southwestern portion of Lawrence County into Johnson County over Mud Lick Creek. At the confluence of Little Mud Lick and Big Mud Lick, north of main Paint Creek, the Shawnees had an old village. Here in the bottomlands many Indian implements have been found. At an early day there were painted at this place on the clifted sandstones of the creek gorge a number of odd figures of buffalo and deer done in red and black colors. Various other undecipherable hieroglyphics also accompanied the drawings. All evidences of these primitive mural decorations have become entirely obliterated through natural weathering processes in the course of the last twenty-five or thirty years.

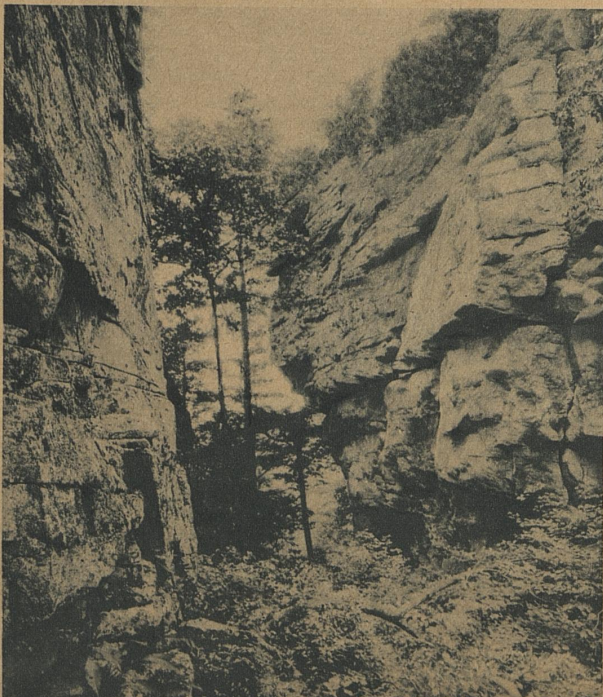
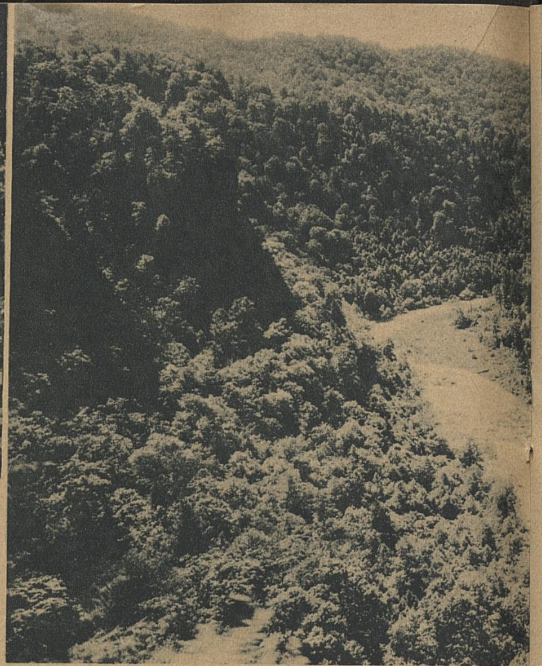
In the vicinity of main Paint Creek early settlers found many of the large trees skinned of their bark with drawings of birds and animals done in red and black on the smooth undertrunk of the tree. About the lower waters of Paint Creek, situated generally on the higher hills, have been found a number of Indian graves. A little farther down the Levisa Fork, about seven or eight miles above the juncture with the Tug River, there existed in early times an old Indian town on a small creek which entered the Big Sandy River from the west. These may have been in part at least the remains of the Totera or Shattera villages or burial places. With the cunning and understanding of woodcraft possessed by his race, the Indian generally located his camps in the Big Sandy near the natural salt licks, where the buffalo, deer, and other animals might be easily stalked. This was the case on Mud Lick Creek, where an old salt lick, which gave the creek its name, existed a short distance above the old encampment. Other salt licks known and frequented by the Indians were found along the Big Sandy from its forks to the Ohio River, on the Tug Fork near Warfield, on Middle Creek, and on Beaver Creek.



Chimney Rock at the Breaks



Above, Main Street, Pikeville. Below, Scott Avenue and, right, a portion of the Breaks of the Sandy. Pikeville on the Big Sandy River, the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway and Highways U. S. 23 and U. S. 119, is twenty-six miles from the "Breaks." Long, narrow streets, stretching between two lengths of hills, give Pikeville a remarkably picturesque aspect. It is one of Kentucky's most individual towns



The Pike County Courthouse in Pikeville is shown above. At the left is a closer view of the "Breaks." Geologists, botanists and tourists find this region rich in interest and beauty



The Breaks of the Big Sandy

By FRANK W. STOWERS

THE Big Sandy Valley is about one hundred and fifty miles in length, extending from the Breaks of the Sandy to the point where it empties into the Ohio between Catlettsburg and Kenova, the latter being a city in the tri-state section, in the corner of West Virginia, yet bordering on Kentucky and Ohio.

The Big Sandy flows north through Pike, Floyd, Johnson and Lawrence counties and its mouth at the Ohio is in Boyd county.

Louisa is at the junction of the Tug Fork and the Levisa Fork of The Big Sandy River, the Tug Fork being the boundary line between Kentucky and West Virginia. These two Forks by their junction really form the Big Sandy, proper, although the Levisa Fork is known as The Big Sandy River and it forks again about ten miles above Pikeville where the Russell Fork, coming out of Virginia, flows into it. That fork is known as the Russell Fork of Big Sandy River.

The name, "Breaks of Sandy," has been given to a cut or break many feet in depth through Cumberland Mountain, which the Russell Fork has made.

In other words, the Russell Fork of the Big Sandy rises in Virginia beyond Cumberland Mountain, and has cut its way through Cumberland Mountain. The cut or break is two or more miles in length, making one of the most wonderful of the areas of natural scenery in the United States.

Prior to the construction of the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway steamers from the Ohio ran up Big Sandy as far as the Forks above Pikeville, which was then the head of navigation on this river, but since the construction of the railroad its placid waters are never disturbed by the driving keel of a steamer.

The Chesapeake & Ohio Railway connects with the Clinchfield line at Elkhorn City, a town 23 miles south of

Pikeville, and the Clinchfield line extends south through the "Breaks" and on to Spartanburg, South Carolina.

The "Breaks" are about twenty-six miles south of Pikeville and there is a highway via Elkhorn City extending to the "Breaks" making this section and scenery accessible to tourists.

The best times to see the "Breaks" are in the spring before the leaves fully come on or in the autumn after the leaves have somewhat fallen. In mid-summer the heavy foliage may somewhat obstruct the view.

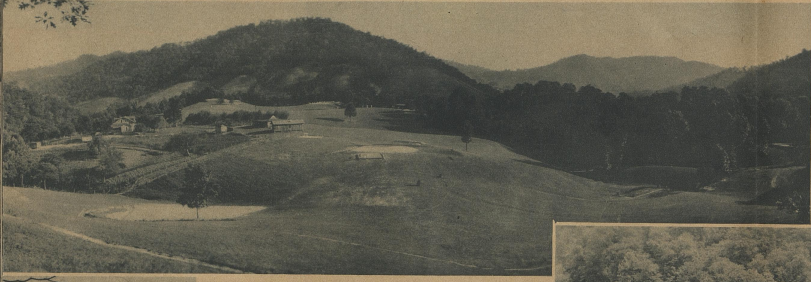
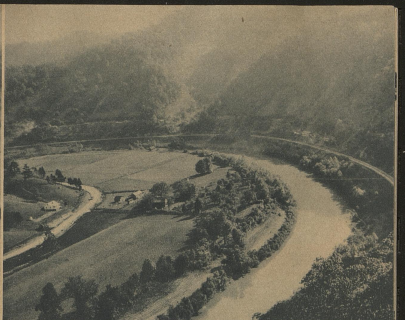
There are excellent fishing waters, especially on the Levisa Fork of the Big Sandy in Pike county. The Russell Fork also provides good fishing.

At the base of Cumberland Mountain on Elkhorn Creek, a pure mountain stream flowing from beyond Jenkins into the Russell Fork at Elkhorn City, and within a few miles of Elkhorn City, is a rearing pool for fish which covers about five and one-half acres. Very small fish are brought from all sections of the country and reared until they are large enough to be placed into the Levisa Fork and the Russell Fork of the Big Sandy. Consequently these waters in Pike county and throughout the Big Sandy Valley are becoming rapidly stocked with the best fish in the land.

There is an effort in which Kentucky, Virginia, and others unite to make the thousands of acres in the "Breaks" a national park. When this is accomplished the preservation and enjoyment of this glorious region will be forever assured.



In the Big Sandy Valley

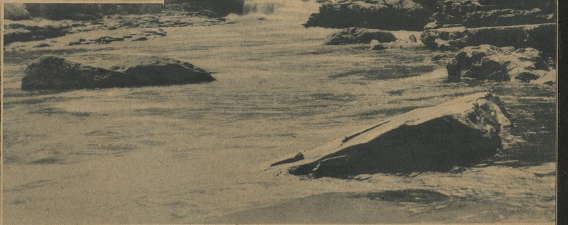
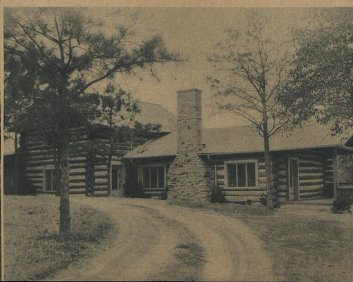


Reading from left to right the photographs above are the residences of E. E. Shannon, Louisa; General Garfield's Civil War headquarters; the residence of Mrs. J. A. Pritchard, Buchanan. Directly above, a bend of the Big Sandy near Pikeville

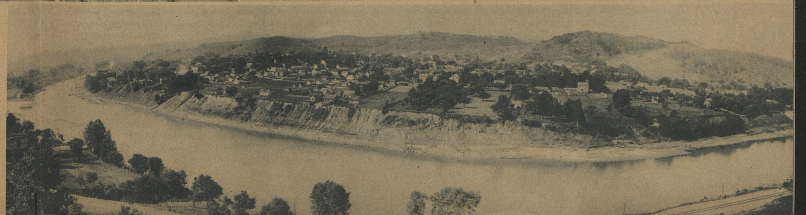
Left, looking down on Jenkins
Below, the Breaks of the Sandy



Above, grounds of the Pike County Country Club. Left, A gigantic rock at Adeline. Below, the residence of J. M. Jolliffe, Louisa



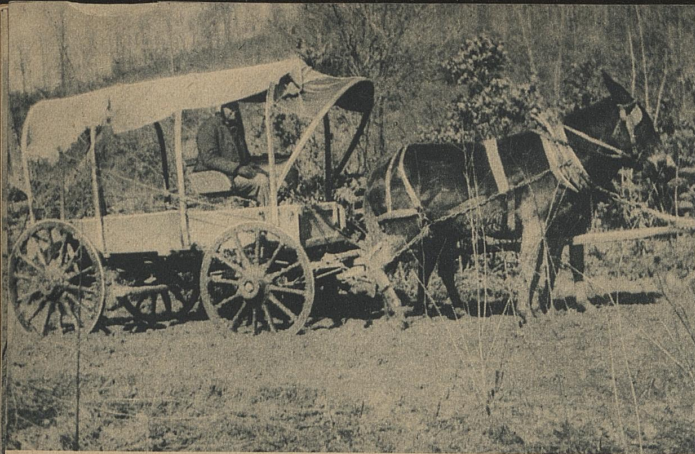
Above, a bridge near Paintsville. Right, Louisa, beautifully situated where the Tug and the Levisa meet to form the Big Sandy proper. America's first needle dam was built at Louisa forty years ago



They Have of Their Anglo-

By JEAN THOMAS

Founder of the American Folk Song Society and author of "Devil's Ditties" and "The Traipsin' Woman".



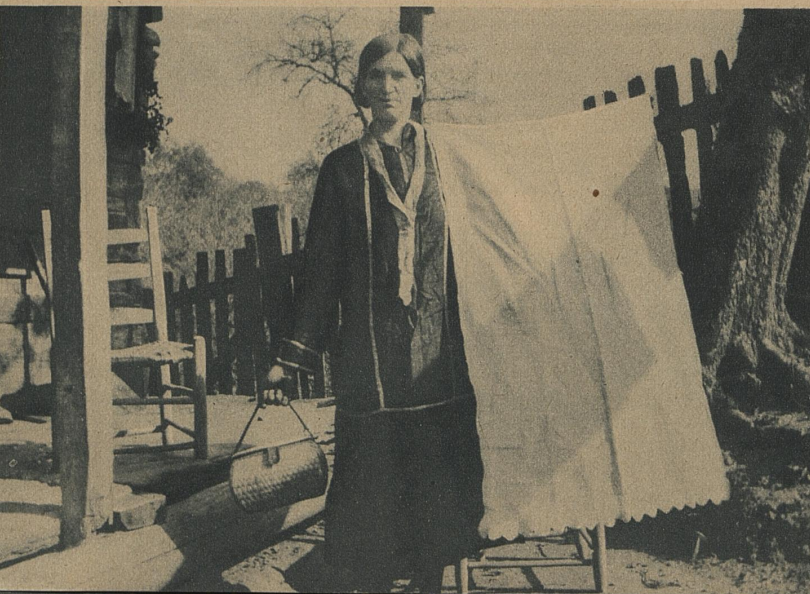
A jolt wagon in the Kentucky hills



PASSING fast are the simple delights, the quaint ancestral customs of mountain folk, for the juggernaut of progress is crowding into the hills. Dying too, is the Elizabethan speech of the hill child. Soon his precious heritage will be forever lost. But if you would glimpse a bit of heaven upon earth before it is too late climb into a jolt wagon and journey along the creek bed road deep into the mountains of Kentucky where the traditions, the song, the customs and handicraft of our forbears still survive. Let us note first the speech. In these days of sophistication it is refreshing to find a spot like "Lost Hope Hollow" back in the mountains of Kentucky where families continue to live in the selfsame place in the selfsame way as their Anglo-Saxon forbears who climbed deep into the wilderness of the Appalachians. To this day they cook at the open fireplace and cut pumpkin in rings and dry it on a stick suspended from the foir-board (the mantel). When you enter the windowless cabin, it is the men-folk who will first greet you: "Drag up a cheer and sot a spell." A man will tell you, too, chewing his home-made twist contentedly, "A pipe ties a body down. Hit's all right for the wimmin to smoke a pipe, but hit's a heap more comfortabler for us men-folks to chew. We can step around where we're a-mind to not wearyin' about a hot coal from the foir-place to keep the pipe a-go'in'."

One day Jilson Setters was telling me about a young man up the holler (hollow) who was a "right ditty singer, and when it comes to strummin' the dulcimore, Jason don't valley no man." When I pressed him for an explanation of *valley* he replied blandly, "Well Jason can jest nacherly *outstrum* ary feller in the holler."

He tells me frankly, "I don't mind the cold weather nary wight; I'm naturalized to hit." Proudly he escorted me to the well in the front of his cabin. (The well is generally located in front of mountain homes—apparently the mountain man is more thoughtful or considerate of the passing stranger than of *the woman* [his wife] who does the cooking. Rarely have I observed a well located near the kitchen door convenient for her use.) Speaking of his well, Jilson Setters said, "This is lasty water," meaning that it was supplied by a spring that never



Left, Alliefair with a home-made linen towel and split cane basket bound with calico

Above, Alliefair's father with home-made bread bowl, gritter and gun

Preserved the Arts Saxon Forbears

had been known to go dry. On one occasion he remarked about a neighbor, "Hezekiah flouted Eph's woman. I can't fairly master hit either, all the critter done was to putt on a fair-pink calicker apron over her black dress and wear hit to meetin'. I taken notice she had on her same old black bonnet, with nary a grain of starch in hit and hit retch plum out over her face same as ever. She's not fixy like that young widder-woman over on Brushy." He leaned closer with scandalized expression on his face, "That widder-woman wears pink sun-bonnets starched stiff as a plank."

Again the old minstrel commented after he had broadcast on the blue network in New York City and I had told him proudly "Now millions have heard your priceless ballads," "Well," he drawled in his slow mountain way, "I don't credit nothin' I can't see with my own eyes. That thar leetle fryin' pan contrapshun (the microphone) standin' up on a stick and me—a-standin' in front of hit fiddlin'—however could it carry off a body's ballets from one ocean to tother."

Speaking of a neighbor who had complained because Setter's cow had gotten over in the neighbor's pasture: "My cow-brute uses whar the grass grows greenest. But it were unbeknownst to me, and Obadiah had no call to fault the woman (Setter's wife) for what my property (the cow-brute) done; he had no call to pelt my piedy heifer with the battler." It seems that Obadiah's folks still wash clothes at the battling bench, and his wife being so engaged when Setter's cow transgressed, Obadiah up with the battling stick and drove his neighbor's spotted cow out of the pasture. "Obadiah is techeous," Setters told me afterward.

Recently upon his return from England the Singin' Fiddler told me, "I everly had a favorance for the Englishers. You see my grandsir come from that country. And when it comes to song ballets (ballads) and lively ditties they're a mighty knowin' race. What's more they're a powerful friendly turn (hospitable). Bless me, the elder (the Vicar) cyarved me a fleek (slice) of ham-meat the size of my pam (palm) spread plum wide (indicating with wide spread hand). And that young striplin' that stood afore the foir-board and sung that Riley ballet; eh, law, he were for a fact a doughty fellow" (a well dressed gentleman).

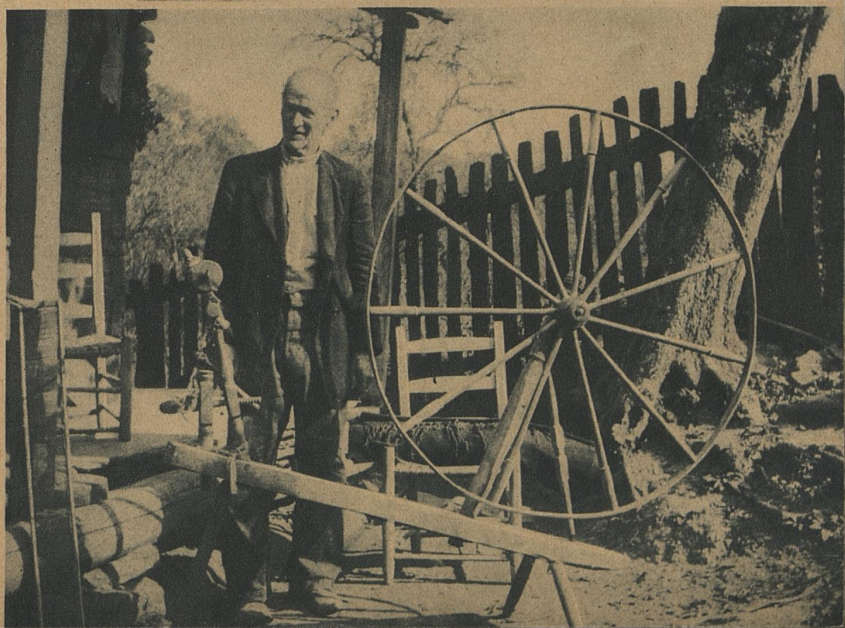
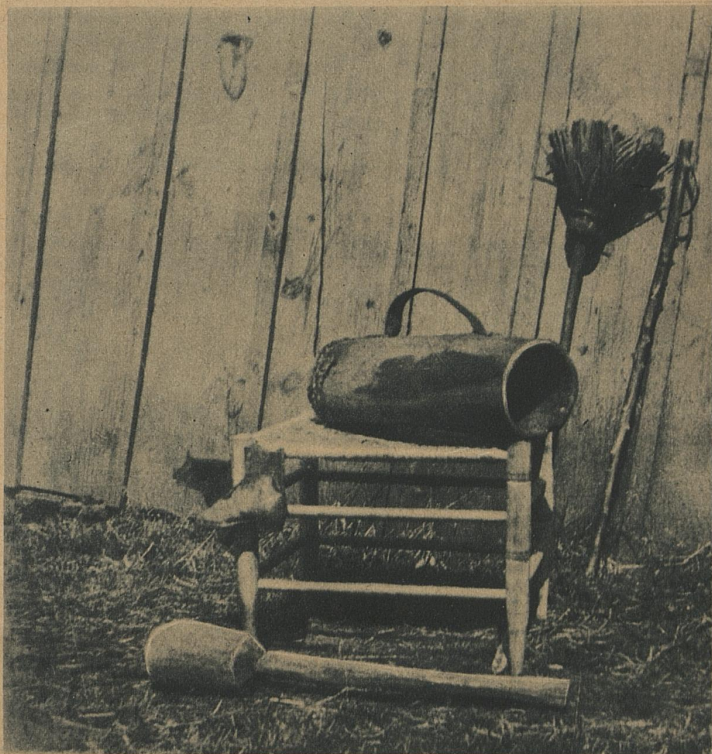
It is not unusual to hear complaints of

Right, this spinning wheel has been in use for two generations. On the chair behind it is a bolt of lindsey-woolsey woven at home and dyed from native herbs and bark

Above, a "dump bull", broom and shoes made by Alliefair's father. The maul came from Raccoon Hollow

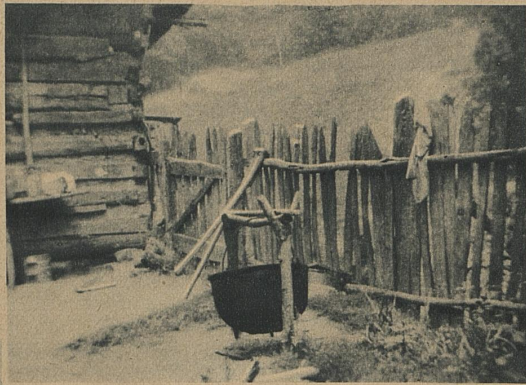


A carpet bag that dates back to the Civil War





Wash day at Lonesome Creek



neighbors who are *contrarious* (contrary) and *witchy* (claiming power to cast *haynts* and bewitch people), and others who are *flighty and drinlin'* (fragile and failing). The women still made *gritted* bread by rubbing the corn on a large grater, and still use for *sweetnin'* wild honey kept in piggins.

Not so long ago I made a journey into the mountains in quest of a weaver. I found her, and more too.

"This is as fur as the road goes," Still Tongue halted the team and let fly a stream of tobacco juice from his shaggy mouth.

Without ado I climbed out over the muddy wheels, brief case in one hand, camera in the other I stood a moment waiting, while the driver of the jolt wagon pointed with his whipstock. "Now foller the branch off yon course and ginst you come to the first left hand fork, that's Turkey Fork. When you come to whar you can't go no furdur on foot that's whar Alliefair and her Paw is a-livin'." Still Tongue clapped the reins on the backs of his mules and disappeared into the forest while I turned to "Foller the branch off yon course."

There was not even a foot path but I did pass, after a long time, a corn patch on the mountainside. I was despairing of ever coming in sight of a house when suddenly I spied the footprint of a woman in the sand. I followed the trail and finally reached the log house almost hidden in a wooded hollow.

Alliefair and her father greeted me cordially. "We're proud to see you," said the girl in a musical voice, and her father stepped forth graciously and relieved me of my luggage. "Come in, you're welcome to what we have. Alliefair will have a hot snack o' vittals afore you in the twinkle of an eye," said the white-haired father. And so it seemed to me. 'In the twinkle of an eye' there was ham-meat and shucky beans and sorghum and gritted bread spread upon the table.

It pleased Alliefair's father, Ephraim, to have me sit close by on a straight hickory chair which he had made while he "gritted the corn for the bread. "I fashioned this gritter too," he told me matter-of-factly "and this bread bowl that you see Alliefair a-mixin' hit in." And when dinner was over Ephraim took me about the place showing his own blacksmith shop where he made and mended his own farm implements, wagons, plows.

And later, to my delight, Alliefair sat at the spinning wheel and loom and permitted me to "take her likeness" with exhibits of her handicraft. A linen towel—she had grown the flax and spun it herself and then wove the linen on her own loom. The lace too for its trimming, Alliefair and her sister, long since dead and gone, knitted with their own hands. The bolt of lindsey-woolsey that is shown on the home-made chair behind the spinning wheel was woven also on their loom. Alliefair's father shown with the wheel, and the card, built the cabin in which they live. He also made the wood-bread-bowl, the gritter on the stoop beside him, and the gun which he holds. He has his own anvil and makes his own farm implements. He even filled with silver Alliefair's tooth all of twenty years ago and the filling is still there. The shoes hanging on the stool he also made and the "rived oak" broom, the dumb-bull which in early days the "prank" of the community ever carried to a "shiverree" to frighten the young wedded couple for it was "a racket makin' contrivance" that sounded "pint blank like a steer a-bellerin'." The maul I found far up at the head of Raccoon Hollow where a mountain lad was building a fence.

But to get back to Alliefair and her father. The old fellow proudly sat for his likeness and held fast to the

Above, a bilin kittle
Left, a cellar house

carpet bag which had belonged to his father. It is in almost a perfect state of preservation despite its years of service. Alliefair is shown also with the linen towel on which she "fashioned the pretty," that is to say she knitted the lace trimming. The basket she made of strips of cane woven into mats and cut to shape and bound with bright calico.

I "took the day" on Turkey Fork and then journeyed on before sundown for women folk do not travel the mountains by night.

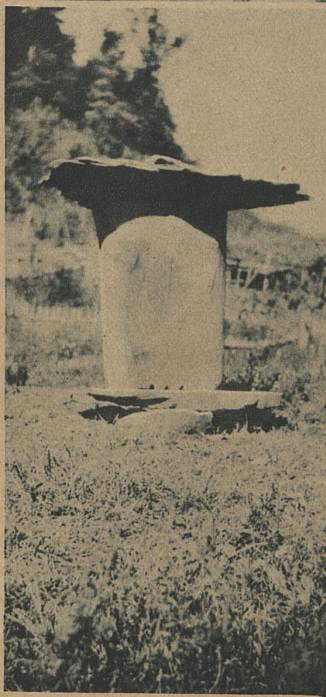
I was delighted when I came upon Aunt Arimathie's "granduns" washing in "Lonesome Creek" with the ducks and geese gliding gracefully by.

A "battler" with which Euphemia had beaten the clothes upon the "battling" block lay near at hand, seeming strangely out of place beside Euphemia's new zinc tub. But the "battler" and the cakes of gray home-made soap, and the ash hopper nearby which provided the lye for the soap were like old friends in the primitive scene at the creek. I was proud to lend a hand in carrying water from Lonesome to the "bilin' kittle" standing in Aunt Arimathie's "fore yard," the same kettle which she uses to this day for making soap and boiling dyes. Her house, with its original chimney of mud and sticks and stones, is at the "head of the holler" on Pig Pen Fork of Puncheon, a forsaken fork of Lonesome Creek. The spring house, or cellar house, shown in the accompanying picture, is still covered with the rived oak shingles which Aunt Arimathie's man "rived outen the log with his own hand." The stones which form its walls were brought from mountain side and creek bed.

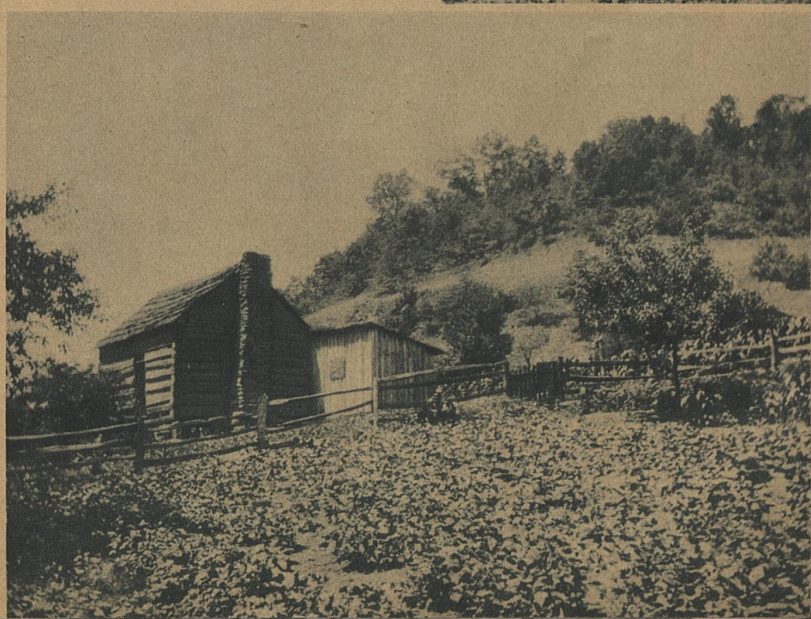
The old box well with its bucket and beam are happy reminders of a bygone day.

The bearded doctor riding by on his mule with his saddle bags well filled with medicines sweeps away the years and reminds us of the time when the mountain doctor riding forth on his mission of mercy was comforter, advisor and friend; of the day when the mountain doctor sat by the bedside of the suffering and afflicted and, in order to help the patient forget his misery, told stories of pioneer days, and quoted no end from Shakespeare while the patient listened, forgetful of pain and fever and anguish.

But what a joy it is, to one like myself who has never yet learned the art of her mountain forbears to "back a nag," to see coming up the hollow the old covered wagon that will bear the traveler safe on his journey along quiet creeks, into lonely hollows. A scene that impressed me in a recent trip through the eastern Kentucky mountains was one I came upon quite by chance in Rowan County. Always there have been "sang diggers" in the mountains. Often I have seen a patient man or woman, even little children, with a short handled "eye" hoe digging on mountain side and in deep ravine for the precious "ginseng" roots that ever bring "cash money" in return for their medicinal value. But it took a mountain man from Rowan County to conceive the idea of having a "sang" patch close by his house. He made an arbor and covered it over with boughs so as to shade well his "sang" garden which he is here shown defending with a long barrel squirrel rifle not against the ruthless hand of man, for mountain men do not destroy, but the "varmint" that might steal down from the mountain and burrow under the roots and lay waste the "sang" crop. The old powder horn that Jethro wears has served him many a long day before the improved Midland Trail cut



At the top of the page is a mountain doctor with his pill pockets or saddle bags. Below it is a bee gum. Right and below, a "sang" garden





across the wilderness and Jethro still has his ancient bee gums, hollowed-out logs set upon a rock and covered with a slab of native stone.

Music has always been near and dear to the heart of mountain people, indeed it comes next to their religion. William Ely says in his volume, "The Big Sandy Valley": "A man of the most marked peculiarities in the ministry was the Rev. Henry Dixon of the Baptist Church. He was a fine fiddler, and in his old days always took his fiddle with him to church, carrying his Bible under one arm and his fiddle under the other. He would introduce the service by playing several tunes, and close it in the same way. The novelty of such service always attracted the people, and the old man always gave them wholesome advice."

But one who carried the Gospel of Christ deep into the mountains was the Rev. Zephania Meek, an imposing figure in wide brimmed felt, the favorite head-dress of the mountaineer, dark homespuns and high boots. He rode the unbeaten trail with his precious Bible in the saddlebags that hung over the back of his horse. Zephania's resonant voice intoned in many a windowless cabin the Songs of David. Zephania Meek was born in Johnson County in the year 1833. From his father he inherited a fine mentality and from his mother the Christian spirit which influenced, if not dominated his entire life. He was the second son and married in his youth Mary Jane Davis, a daughter of the Big Sandy. "By systematic study, consecutively pursued," said William Ely in his book, "he was at thirty superior in knowledge and mental culture to almost any of his age in his native county. His religious independence in his early youth was so marked as to cause him to pass by the door of the church of his own people to enter the communion of one more liberal and broad in doctrine and discipline."

The Blue Grass has had its Clays and Breckinridges, but it is to the mountains of Kentucky that the world has turned a listening ear to the matchless eloquence of a mountain man such as the late Walter Scott Harkins of Prestonsburg, Floyd County. He was a magnificent as well as a picturesque figure. In the early days he rode the circuit, mounted on a sure-footed steed, carrying in saddle bags tossed over the "nag's" back the needed Law Reporters and a few personal effects as he rode through the unbeaten wilderness to attend courts of law.

The wisdom of Harkins had a great deal to do with making the Big Sandy Valley the gateway through which passes vast wealth in coal, timber, gas and oil to the far corners of the earth. He was born September 25, 1857, and lived and died in the heart of the Kentucky mountains which he loved. Since the year 1839 there has been a Harkins law office in Prestonsburg, Floyd County, and up to the day of Judge Harkins' death, February 20, 1920, he followed his father's profession, the law. Judge Harkins organized the Bank Josephine in Prestonsburg which is reputed to be the only bank in the United States named for a woman; that woman was Walter

The youth at the top of the page is playing a three-string dulcimer made by his grandsir from a walnut tree that stood near his log cabin; below him is Grandma Rice, widow of Nelson Tatum Rice who doctored on Little Baline for more than fifty years. The chair, basket, spinning wheel, coverlet, broom and dulcimer were made by hand

Left, Jilson Setters, the singin' fiddler of Lost Hope Hollow. The lindsey-woolsey quilt beside him was made from the wearin' clothes of his ancestors

Scott Harkins' wife, Josephine Davidson, also a daughter of the Big Sandy Valley. The Harkins law offices rank with the foremost legal establishments in the country.

Judge Harkins was a staunch and lifelong friend of the late Judge William Arnold Young of Rowan County whose natural gift of oratory marked him early in youth for leadership. "Will" Young, as he was affectionately called by his people, devoted his powers to aiding the down-trodden and defending the helpless whom fate ensnared in the toils of the law.

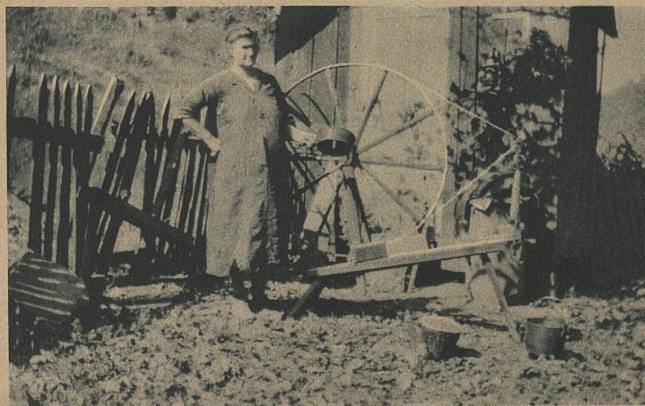
While their "wimmin folks" have preserved the arts of their Anglo-Saxon forbears in handicraft, it is to the mountain man chiefly, we must give credit for having safeguarded the song of his fathers. It fell to the pioneer father's lot to sing to the "least uns" while "the woman" (the wife) prepared their simple food at the hearth. He sang, generally, not a lullaby but daring tales of the sea or of an old miller, while he rocked the crude "bee-gum" crib with heavy booted foot. Betimes he took from its wall peg the primitive three string dulcimer which he had made and stroked the strings with a turkey quill while he carried the melody with the "noter," a small stick of wood held in the left hand. The dulcimer lay upon his wide-spread knee as the father strummed and sang lustily some such ballad as—

*There was an old man in our town
He was a man of great renown
He took sick and made his will
And all that he had was a hanged old mill
Sing high fly-fo-ol-de-die-dee.*

To this day there is to be found in the mountains of Kentucky the wandering minstrel who trudges along quiet creeks, into lonely hollows to bring cheer with his fiddle and his song. News of his coming passes swiftly by word of mouth just as it did centuries ago and neighbor folk gather in to hear his ballads, his lively ditties and frolic tunes that have been locked safe in mountain fastnesses since the time of Elizabeth. Indeed the old folks handed down to the "least uns" this precious heritage unchanged in its pristine beauty, the unwritten song gathered by their Anglo-Saxon forbears from the wandering minstrels of Shakespeare's time. On Otter Trail I came upon the ancient cook vessels shown on this page. They belonged to the present owner's mother as did also the old spinning wheel. Note the feet on the iron cook vessel which Martha holds. This is placed on the hearth and covered with an iron lid on which hot coals are heaped.

The day I went to see Grandma Rice—widow of the late Dr. Nelson Tatum Rice—on Little Blaine in Lawrence County, she delved deep into an old hide-covered trunk and brought out the rare kiverlid which is shown here hanging upon the back of Grandma's old chair. Her man, neighbors will tell you, "follered doctorin'" fifty odd years on the same creek. In his early day, when "cash money" was scarce folks paid the doctor with various things—a dulcimer, a hand-made broom, chairs. The kiverlid shown was woven in the days of the Revolution by Grandma's Granny and the dyes she made with her own hand from "mather" and walnut bark and herbs. The colors are still beautiful and distinct in this kiverlid. The rail fence in the background was made also in pioneer days and leads up to the old burying ground on the hill top

Right, Aunt Ailsie, wearing her breakfast shawl; above her is Martha with her ancient cook vessels and at the top is Blanche Preston Jones, a descendant of the first Moses Preston who came into the Big Sandy Valley



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where sleep four soldiers of the revolution under crumbling tombstones upon which remain the faint tracing of the soldiers' names and the battles in which they fought.

The great shawl worn by Blanche Preston Jones in the picture on page 281 was brought into the wilderness by her sea-going ancestors shortly after the Revolution. Nautical designs are woven into the pattern in an intriguing fashion and the colors of deep red and green and brown are still unfaded.

My rarest discovery in the Kentucky Mountains was the old lindsley-woolsey quilt which belonged in the family of the Singin' Fiddler. The quilt is made of patches of lindsley-woolsey and jeans made from the "wearin' clothes" of the old fiddler's ancestors. He will point with trembling finger to a bit of bright striped shirting, "Hit were Fiddlin' Rance's infare-shirt," he will tell you, "and that dark jeans were his infare breeches and tother piece his work-a-day garmin'ts." The old quilt is put together with hand made thread. The dyes were all made by the Singin' Fiddler's own blood kin. The wool from which the cloth was woven was

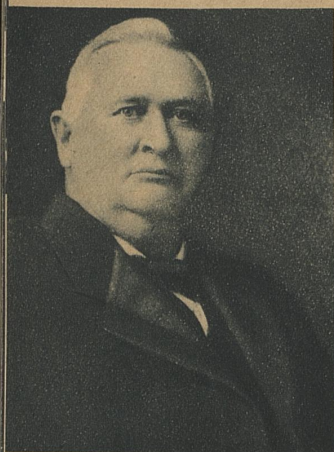
sheared from the backs of sheep which were originally brought across the sea in sail ships two centuries ago. It is the old fiddler's intention to present the quilt for safe-keeping and as he says a "curiosity" to the Daniel Boone Memorial at Boonesboro. The accompanying picture of the lindsley-woolsey quilt and the fiddler was made by a Wide World photographer during the Fiddler's recent visit to London.

A few weeks ago I went into Wolfe County to talk with an old man, Uncle Zeff, we call him, whose cabin is hidden between high mountain spurs. On his stoop stood an ancient hand mill, a hollowed log in the top of which revolved, by hand power, a great stone which grinds the corn fed to it through a small opening in the center. Against the rough log wall of the cabin was stretched the hide of a great black bear. The old fellow took me and his daughters deep into the hollow to show proudly the bear pit where he had slain the beast long years ago. And then nothing would do but that I go along with him to look on while he and neighbor men-folk made sorghum. "Mind the pranking' youngins," he warned, "lest they tote you off to the skimmin' hole. Hit's aggravatin' to sot foot in the gorm and hit sticks tighter'n eech!" We looked on for a while as the boys and men folks fed the sugar cane to the mill. I even tasted the sweet green sticks just to be "sociable." Even the babes were on hand and the young daughter of the house. "Hit is lasty sweetnin'," said old Uncle Zeff, who was chewing on a stick of cane, and I heartily agreed with him. It would be "lasty" in my house for I had had my fill of sorghum molasses in childhood when father with eight to feed did well to supply sorghum and beans, bread and coffee.

A "far piece" from "Pig Pen Fork of Puncheon," indeed it was all of a day's journey by wagon and a-foot, I came upon Aunt Ailsie's little windowless cabin that looked for all the world as though it had nestled there in the hollow on Pigeon Roost for a century or more. The hand-made shingles were warped and weather beaten and the logs were nearly two feet wide. You would know they were ancient from the manner in which they were notched and fitted together. Aunt Ailsie told me her "grandsir" had "cyarved" the wooden latch on the door, a crude affair, though deftly whittled at the proper grain of the wood to insure its durability. Even the chain and loop her "GRANDSIR" had "beat out on the anvil." Aunt Ailsie still uses a home-made broom and basket. The hickory chair which she brought out for me had assumed a wax-like luster from long usage. Even the pickets on the fence around the kitchen-house door were hand split. The newest thing on the place was old Tab and her kittens which Tab was guarding jealously in their corn shuck bed near the churn which Aunt Ailsie had placed in the warm chimney corner.

The "breakfast shawl" around Aunt Ailsie's shoulders in the picture on page 281, was made by her ancestors long ago and so long has it been worn by her "wimmin folks" the shawl has become almost as thin as gauze. It is grey, striped with white. It is called a "breakfast" shawl because the old "granny wimmin" wore the likes about their shoulders at breakfast time when the cabin with its chink holes was cold which made the "old wimmin to shiver and freeze" until the log fire was "whoopin' up warm and bright" again.

One of the most interesting things about her place is the primitive wash basin that stands near the old well. And of course the old well bucket, iron-bound and moss-covered, is as fascinating to me as it was that day long, long ago when I was a child. Behind the well beam and hang-

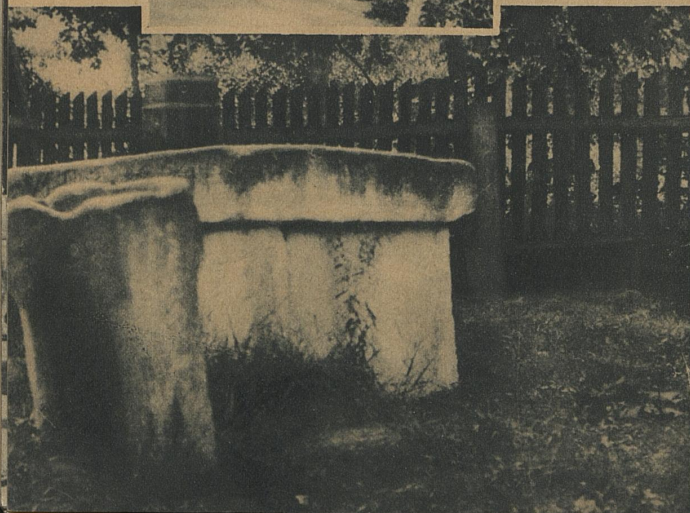


Above, the late Walter Scott Harkins

Left, an old oaken bucket, well sweep and farm bell



Below, a primitive wash block is standing conveniently near the well. It is made of hollowed-out stone plugged at the side with a corn cob which can be removed for draining the basin

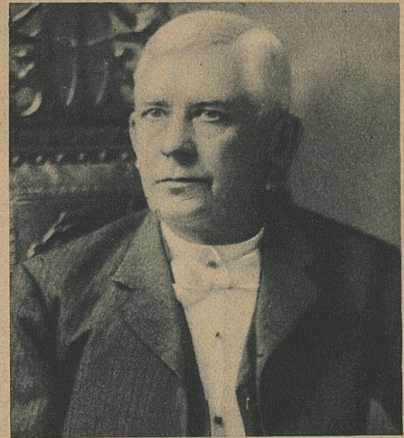


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ing from a post near the fence is the farm bell that in its day has rung merrily to call the workers from the field for dinner, and sounded too a dismal signal in time of danger to property such as fire and flooding creek and grave illness or death in the family.

I took the night with Aunt Ailsie, next day being Sunday and the "Elder" having "published" a year ago that he aimed to "funeralize" one of my distant kin folks it was well I was in the community. Bright and early next morning Aunt Ailsie was up to "swinge" the chickens and make pies for there would be a "passel" of folks from "hither and yon" she told me and she meant to have plenty of "vittals to putt afore 'em." . . .

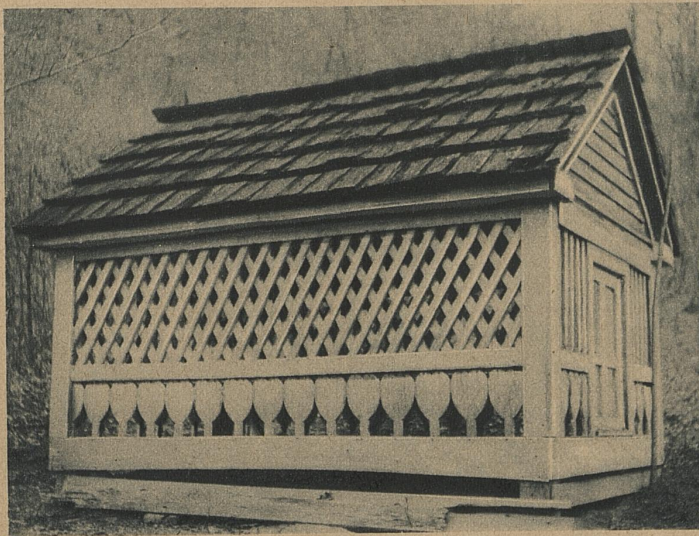
There is still to be found in the mountains of Kentucky the itinerant preacher who keeps his "appintments" preaching the first Sunday of the month on Otter Trail, the second Sunday on Brushy, the third Sunday on Possum Trot and the fourth on Squabblin' Fork. There is still the sacred and impressive ceremony in the mountains of foot washing and the solemn singing of "You Must His Precepts Keep" while earnest men "gird" their lions with the cloth and wash the feet of their brethren. And if you're so minded you may journey on from this ceremony to the "grave house," atop the hill in the old buryin' ground, and see for yourself that the loved ones, long dead, have not been forgotten; there's a flower, perhaps a trinket that belonged to the dead babe, even a picture of a loved one in a glass covered box at the head of the grave. If you tarry long enough dear brother Joshua of the flowing patriarchal beard may trudge along, he who has baptized more people than any other man in his section of the mountains, so it is said. It is faith like brother Joshua's that has brought peace and the burial of hatred and vengeance in the mountains, despite the tales in the "level land" to the contrary. Indeed it is of the passing of the "feud," as level-landers term it, that we of the mountains are proud to boast. Truth to tell in this instance the "preserving" of the traditions of their Anglo-Saxon forbears is the "preserving of loyalty to each other," their love of mankind, and, above all, forgiveness of transgression. "When learnin' and a Singin' Gatherin' comes in, fightin' goes out."



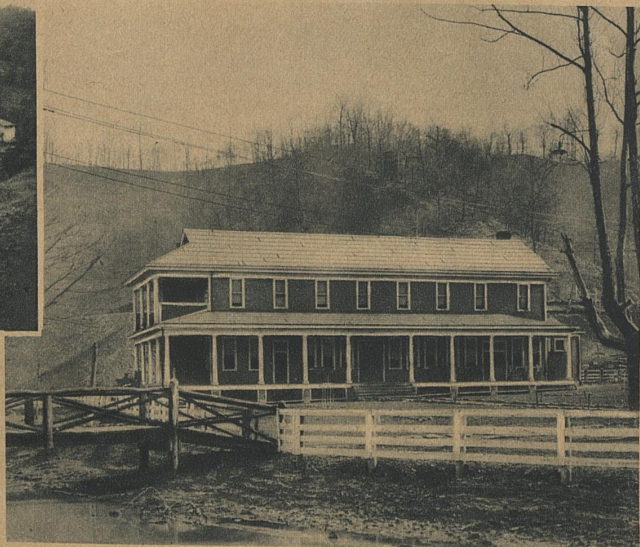
The late
Zephenia Meek
of the Big
Sandy Valley



Above, the Reverend Joshua Damron who has baptized the living and funeralized the dead. His wife is standing beside him



Left and below, grave houses in the Big Sandy hills



Ohio, West Virginia and Kentucky are shown in the photograph, at the top, taken at Catlettsburg; directly above is a part of the mining town of Thealka, near Paintsville; at the right is a recreation building in the Big Sandy mining section



The Romance of Coal

By C. J. NEEKAMP

THE Romance of Coal is based upon the development and growth of the Big Sandy Valley, located in Eastern Kentucky, a veritable storehouse of diversified raw material resources, chief of which is bituminous coal, the essential raw material resources upon which the industrial life, human comfort, and welfare, of not only our nation, but the world at large is dependent.

Not only is the Big Sandy Valley famous for its highly desirous raw material resources but it is likewise noted for its historical lore, dating back to the days when the sturdy pioneers migrated from the Colonies formed in Old Virginia, immediately following the founding of the territory now known as the Mid Atlantic Sea Board of the United States, led by that fearless explorer and hunter Daniel Boone.

In the primeval days the entire Big Sandy Valley, from its northern extremity, Catlettsburg, Kentucky, at the confluence of the Big Sandy and Ohio Rivers, to its southern extremity, the Breaks of Sandy, located on the crest of the Cumberland Mountains; the headwaters of Big Sandy, where the state boundary line of Virginia and Kentucky follow the topmost ridges of the picturesque Cumberland range, was a dense virgin forest.

During the first part of the last century, coal was discovered in the Big Sandy Valley, and mining operations started in a very small way. The crude facilities of that time made the factor of volume production impractical. The coal mined was transported and distributed up and down the valley in flat boats the only medium of transportation, other than sleds and wagons drawn by horses, mules or oxen. This method of transportation prevailed until the use of steamboats and railroads. The steamboats would operate only in periods of water ample for their movement.

The first railroad constructed in the Valley was a narrow

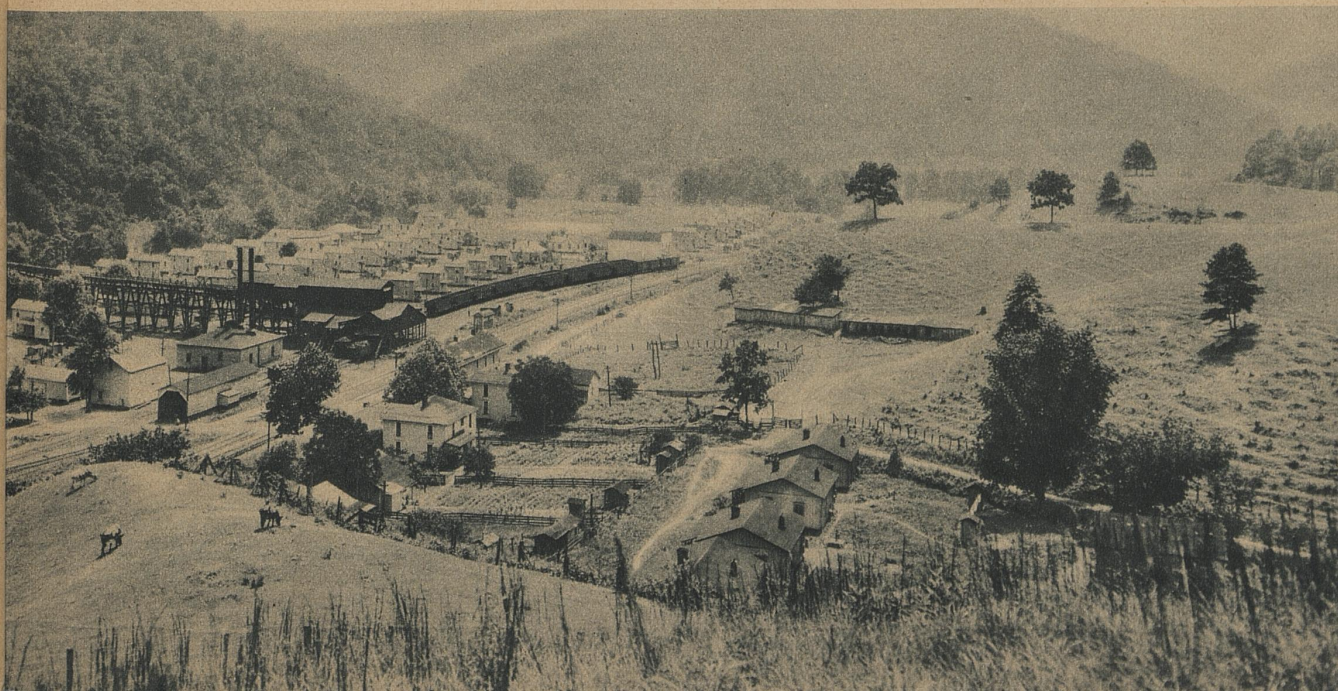
gauge railroad, known as the "Chattaroi Railroad." Its tracks extended from Ashland, Kentucky, paralleling the Ohio River to Catlettsburg, a distance of five miles, then 46.2 miles paralleling the Big Sandy River to Peach Orchard, Kentucky, where the first "commercial coal mining venture in Eastern Kentucky was established and placed in operation."

The primary article in the prospectus issued for the organization and incorporation of the "Chattaroi Railroad Company," was that it would transport "Quality Coal" from the company mines located at Peach Orchard, to Ashland, Kentucky, where the coal would be dumped, transferred onto barges, and transported via Ohio River to consuming destinations. This was the initial project for the advancement of commercial production and transportation of coal to consuming markets. This narrow gauge railroad with its Ohio River Terminal was operated until the entry of a standard gauge railroad.

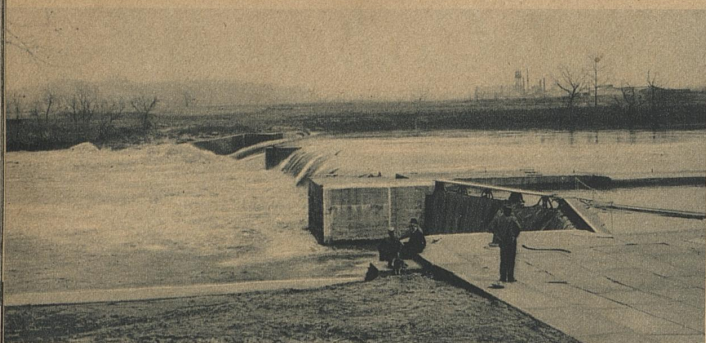
May we digress for a moment here to make note of one fact, a prediction made by the pioneers of this narrow gauge railroad. It was as follows: "Some day this railroad will form a part of a complete railroad connection from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, providing the shortest mileage through-route between these great waterways of the North and the South." This prediction made approximately eighty years ago is an actuality today. We have the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway from the Great Lakes to Elkhorn City, where it connects with the Carolina-Clinchfield and Ohio, which in turn connects with practically all Southern trunk lines to the Gulf of Mexico.

The standard gauge railroad came with the extension of the Ohio and Big Sandy Railroad from Cincinnati, Ohio, to Catlettsburg, Kentucky, and the consolidation of the

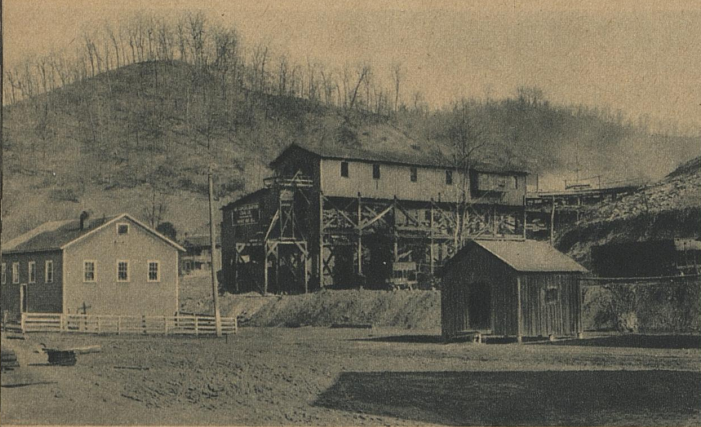
A portion of Auxier, mining town in the Big Sandy



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The dam at Catlettsburg



A mining tipple

Ohio and Big Sandy, with the then existing Newport News and Mississippi Valley Railroad, extending from Newport News to the Ohio River, at Huntington, West Virginia, and other short lines, forming what is now known as the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, one of our nation's outstanding class one trunk line railroad systems. The Chesapeake and Ohio Railway absorbed the "Chattaroi Railroad Company," and converted Big Sandy's narrow gauge railroad into a standard gauge road.

Immediately following this acquisition the railroad was extended to Whitehouse, Kentucky, 15.4 miles farther into the Big Sandy Valley. This extension was brought about by the discovery of a thicker and richer vein of coal, more attractive for commercial operation and marketing. After operating to Whitehouse for a few years the railroad was extended on to Pikeville and Elkhorn City, the latter now forming the Southern Terminus of the Chesapeake and Ohio, and, at which point the physical connection previously referred to herein has since been made by the construction of the Carolina-Clinchfield and Ohio Railroad to Elkhorn City from the South, thus providing through transportation from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico via a route approximately 150 miles shorter than any other route from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Following the completion of the main line of the serving railroad, 128.7 miles from Catlettsburg, Kentucky to Elkhorn City, Kentucky, discoveries of immense coal deposits were made over a large square mile area, both east and west of this main line railroad. As a result of these dis-

coveries six branch lines have been constructed, involving the installation of the approximately 90 miles of railroad. Consequently, from an humble beginning consisting of 51.2 miles of narrow gauge railroad, there is now in use and operation 218.7 miles of standard gauge modern high type railway, 80 miles of the main line of which is double track, capable of hauling millions of tons of coal per year.

The first year's production of commercial coal tonnage for shipment by standard gauge railroad for all rail delivery, of which there is any official record was in the year 1906. The record shows 124,570 tons shipped. The largest single year's record to date shows 11,701,075 tons. Big Sandy Coal Field has shown a consistent growth from the date of its inception and primary shipments to the present day. This is not incidental however, it is due to the slogan of its progressive and wide awake operators whose policy has been "Quality Coal." The phrase "Quality Coal," has been the guiding star of the Big Sandy Valley coal producers from the day the first shipment of coal was made from Peach Orchard via the narrow gauge Chattaroi Railroad approximately 80 years ago, to the present day.

As a result of this far-sighted aggressive policy of quality production the names Elkhorn, Kentucky Block, Millers Creek and Kentucky Cannel have become synonyms for the very best procurable in bituminous coals for by-products, coking, metallurgical, gas, steam and domestic purposes. These famous Eastern Kentucky coals of super quality, produced and shipped from the Big Sandy Valley of Eastern Kentucky, are as distinctive in character as pure white diamonds are under the classification of precious stones.

Resulting from this great development of the bituminous coal industry the immense area included in the Big Sandy Valley watershed has been transformed from a veritable wilderness into a succession of modern municipalities, chief of which are Louisa, Paintsville, Prestonsburg, and Pikeville, all thriving communities forming the central hub around which has been builded the numerous mining centers.

The old mountain trail and creek bed roadways have been transformed into beautiful concrete standard highways, well graded and protected for the safety of tourists and citizenship. The route which consumed a full month by horse back for the round trip in the primitive days can now be made within a very few hours by motor. U. S. Route 23, extending from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, traverses the entire Big Sandy Valley from the Ohio River at Ashland and Catlettsburg, to the Kentucky-Virginia State Line and, like the serving railroad, provides the shortest through North to South primary highway route by approximately 150 miles.

Modern fire proof hotels, with every modern convenience, have supplanted the old time wayside inns and taverns, still maintaining that old-time hospitality for which Kentucky is nationally famous, namely: "The latch string is always hanging out in our old Kentucky home."

High type graded schools, accredited high schools, several colleges, each with a curriculum that offers every educational advantage for the childhood and youth of the area, are provided. Athletics and proper physical training is supplied along with the technical and theoretical training. These advanced facilities extended the youth of the area have supplanted the antiquated cross roads school.

Hospitals and their attendant nursing facilities for the sick, injured and infirm have been installed and are so distributed over the entire area of the Big Sandy Valley,

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that provision of this highly desirable service in the interest of humanity is made immediately available. These hospitals are equipped with every modern device known to medical science for the rendering of humane service to its citizenship.

The spiritual life of the area is amply provided for by the maintenance of churches which include representation of all denominations. So that in fact it can well be said, the entire area has been transformed into a modern community, with the most ideal conditions conducive to highly desirable home life.

This great transformation of a veritable forest wilderness into a thriving industrial mining district now referred to as the Northeast Kentucky Coal District actually started on its forward trend in the year 1896. It was during this year that the Pioneers of the real coal development, after years of patient struggle, saw the realization of their vision. Eastern capital came to investigate the proven coal deposits underlying the entire area of the Big Sandy Valley and immediately acquired large holdings which have since developed into large operating units.

As previously stated the year 1906 saw the opening of commercial production and shipment of coal from the Big Sandy Valley under a program of development which has resulted in the Northeast Kentucky Coal District becoming the outstanding one of the production of all-purpose bituminous coals. Its growth has been consistent and continuous for the past 28 years and is a complete confirmation of the predictions made by those sturdy pioneers, who in the first half of the last century first discovered its high grade fuel deposits.

The major development of Northeast Kentucky Coal District gained effective headway in the year 1910. The branch line extensions of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway were under construction. However, those actively engaged in this development utilized the primeval-day method of transportation for the movement of machinery and equipment, in order that the mining operations would be in position, upon their completion, to take advantage of the transportation facilities made available by the construction of these branch lines. The heavy machinery and equipment was hauled over almost impregnable mountain trails by heavy wagons pulled by oxen and mules, consequently, immediately upon the completion of these branch line connections, shipments of coal via railroad were started.

Its coal resources can best be described by saying they are unlimited. Less than one-half the area is under development, and it will require additional railroad mileage equal to at least, if not more than the present installation, to make possible the full development of present proven deposits. The Big Sandy Valley has been referred to by the recognized geologists and mining engineers of national repute, as the greatest individual storehouse of fuel energy within our national border. In addition to its immense coal deposits, high grade crude oil, natural gas and hardwood timber are available and being produced in large volume over the same area.

However, coal, the economic and universally accepted fuel, adaptable to all purposes and under all conditions, is the primary and principal industrial activity of the entire Big Sandy Watershed. The great strides which have been made in its advancement, growth, and progress, have been brought about by the development of its almost limitless source of bituminous coal supply, which will continue to bring remunerative returns to its people, in addition to a further increase in population, culture and industry.

Undoubtedly, the early pioneers of this major industry



Loading coal into cars



Entry way in a mine



John C. Mayo and others interested in Big Sandy coal areas examining a vein of coal (35 years ago)

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of the Big Sandy Valley, would indeed experience a deep sense of gratification were they living today to see the fruition of the project which they introduced almost a century ago. The great changes which have been brought about in the methods and forms of coal production, transportation and distribution during the many years that have passed since the opening of the first coal mine at Peach Orchard, the Southern terminus of the Chattahoochee Narrow Gauge Railroad, would indeed be a revelation far beyond their anticipation.

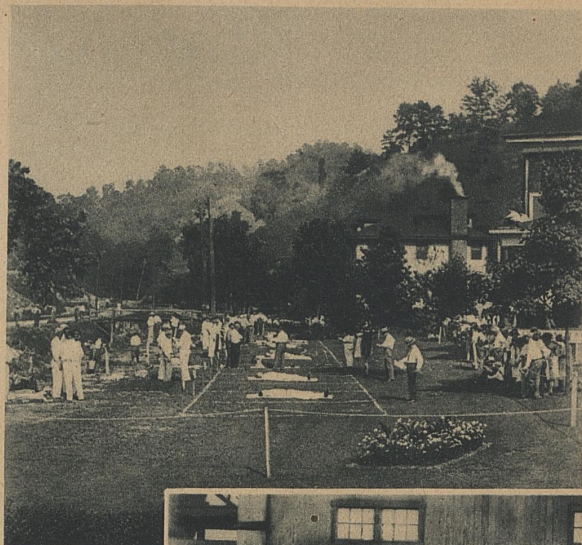
In the place of small cars and flat boats, we now have cars of 50 to 100 tons capacity, hauled in enormous trains of 5000 to 7500 tons revenue freight capacity, large steel barges of 1000 to 3000 tons capacity, and boats capable of handling from 15,000 to 25,000 tons cargo capacity. Single mines produce coal in daily quantities equal to an entire year's production for the whole area in those pioneer days of the coal industry.

This progressive advancement, growth, development, and betterments have been phenomenal, especially in the past 25 years.

In this great march of progress, Northeast Kentucky Coal Field through the keen manifestation of interest on the part of its aggressive leaders in coal production, has kept abreast with the progressive advancements made in the coal industry, and thereby maintained for the Big Sandy Valley, with due reverence to those sturdy pioneers, the right to still hold and maintain their acclaimed slogan, "Quality Coal."

As a result of the continuation of this well applied policy, Eastern Kentucky coal is looked upon as the basic standard for the determination of coal fuel values, also for the by-product values, which extends over a very broad field of products and uses, to which coal may be applied in the final analysis.

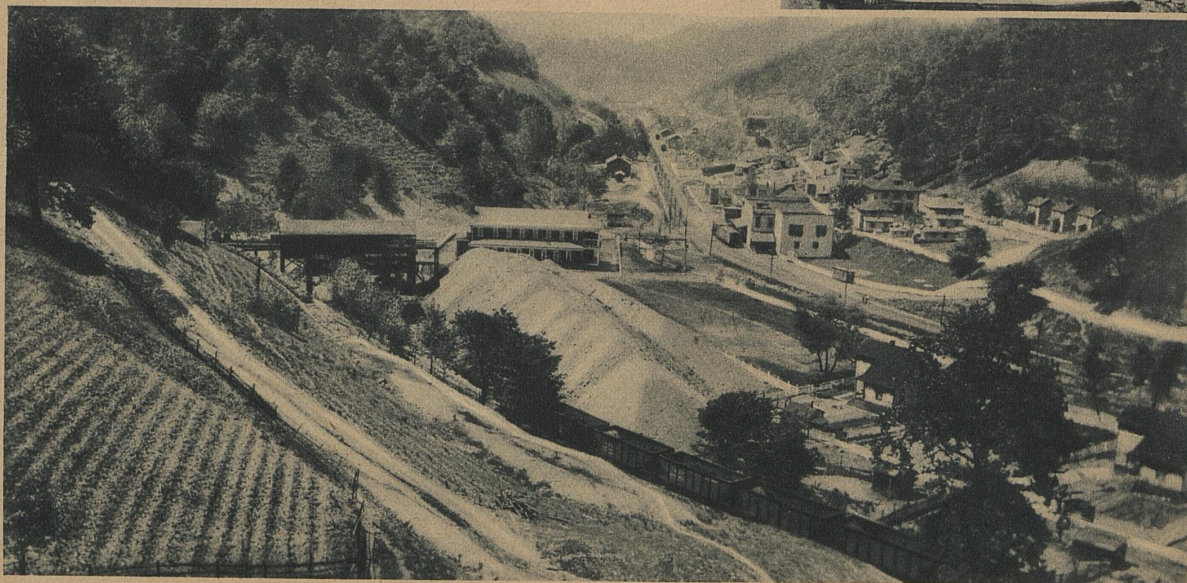
In conclusion let it be said, that the Big Sandy Valley of today, and the Big Sandy Valley of the future, Eastern Kentucky's prize industrial area, owes its importance primarily to nature's greatest gift to man, coal.



Above, a first aid contest on a mining camp recreation field
Right, a car of coal from the Big Sandy Valley



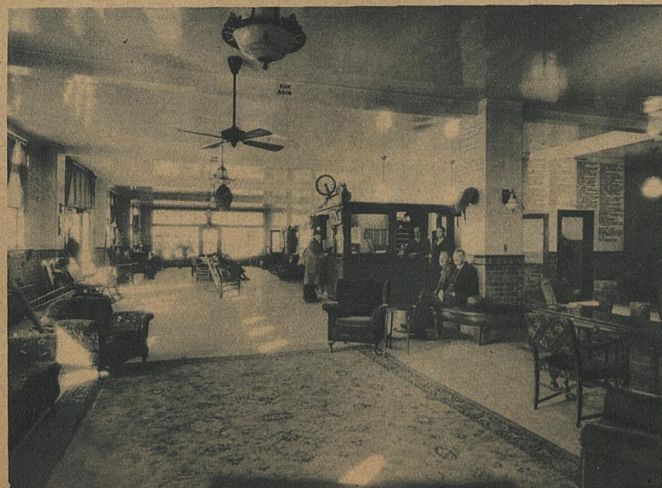
Below, a mining camp village





Unique Hotel Hatcher

IN A DAY of standardized commercial hotels, the James Hatcher Hotel in Pikeville offers many delightful surprises to its guests. Its lobby is an amusing and amazing museum of the diverse interests of its host, "Colonel Jim," and its walls are covered with quotations, epigrams, and the philosophy and humor of this grand "old man of the mountains" who humored himself by building a hotel that offers modern metropolitan comforts along with salty expressions of his own personality.



The Schools

IT IS probable that nowhere else in the State of Kentucky has educational progress been more rapid in the last fifteen years than in the mountain counties of the Big Sandy Valley. This is all the more striking in view of the fact that this section of our State was sadly neglected in school opportunities for more than a century. It is no wonder that educational advantages were lacking when one considers the ruggedness of this mountain area, the remoteness from centers of communication and transportation, the absence of passable roads and the frugal manner of living imposed by necessity on most of the people. School terms were short, buildings were inadequate, textbooks and equipment were almost entirely lacking.

Today, however, the situation is rapidly changing. Twenty-nine well-equipped, accredited four-year high schools and two junior colleges now dot the five counties, Lawrence, Johnson, Martin, Floyd and Pike, which comprise the greater portion of what is known as the Big Sandy Valley in Kentucky. Seven high schools and one junior college have the highest rating possible, membership in the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. In the larger towns, of course, the advance has been especially noticeable, but even in the rural districts growth in educational interest and appreciation has been most encouraging. Steadily the standards of teaching have been raised, keeping pace with educational progress in the State. The advent of surfaced roads has made successful consolidation possible in many instances. The compulsory attendance laws are now a matter of serious consideration, and the time is not far distant when all of the nearly fifty thousand children of school age in the Valley will actually be in regular attendance.

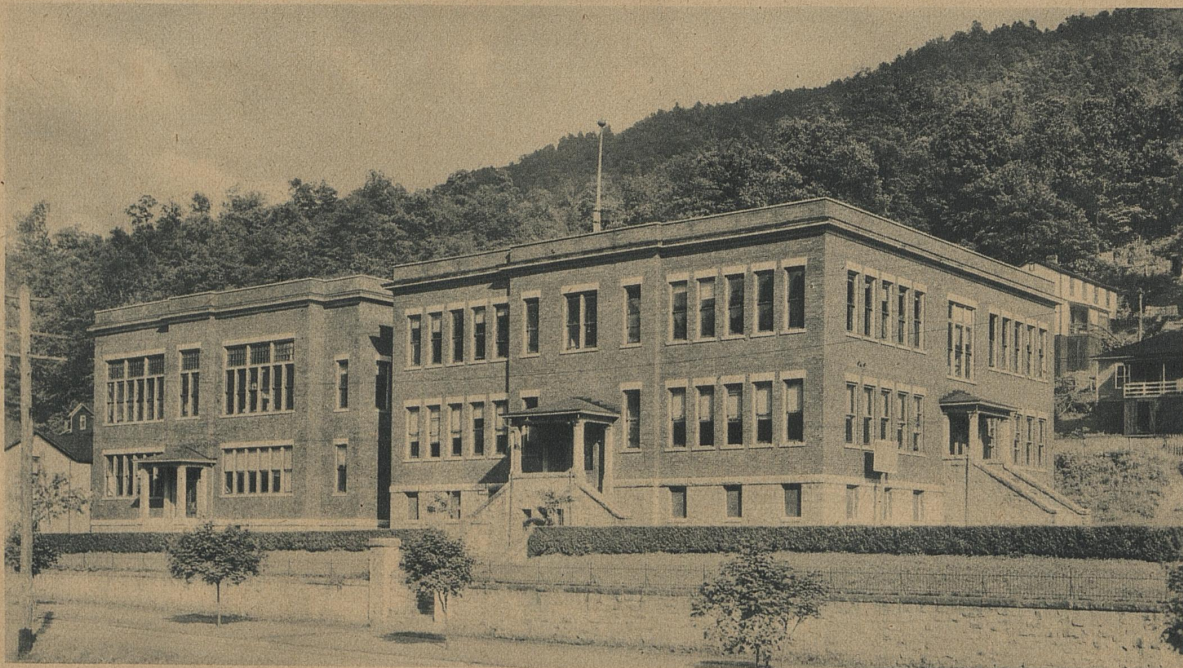
Several factors have contributed to this rapid and en-

couraging growth. One of them, no doubt, is the building of good roads, making consolidation and supervision possible. Increased assistance and direction by the State Department of Education have furnished a great incentive to educational progress. During the past year, the provision of free textbooks has been of inestimable help. Most important of all, perhaps, has been the growth in more progressive communities of certain schools, colleges and other influences which have awakened an educational consciousness throughout the entire region. Even now we have hardly touched the educational possibilities of this sturdy and intelligent people, sprung from a strain of pioneer Anglo-Saxon stock as pure as is to be found anywhere in America.

Certain of the county and city school systems in the Valley are worthy of especial mention. Situated in the Cumberland foothills at the junction of the Tug and Levisa Forks, the Lawrence County and Louisa systems are effectively ministering to the needs of nearly five thousand school children. The Louisa High School, under the direction of Superintendent H. L. Ellis, is a member of the Southern Association and is furnishing a high type of secondary training. There are two other high schools in the county.

In the Johnson County schools, headed by Superintendent A. H. Johnson, ninety per cent of the census enrollment of nearly six thousand children is now in attendance. Two school buses are used to transport rural pupils to the six consolidated schools. Inaugurating an extensive planting program, nearly two thousand trees were set out on county school grounds during the past semester. Three

Jenkins High School



in the Big Sandy Valley

By FRANK D. MCCLELLAND

Smith-Hughes agriculture teachers give instruction in the various phases of agriculture, such as horticulture, animal husbandry and forestry, from which Johnson County will eventually derive her chief support. An excellent county high school at Flat Gap, under the supervision of Principal Edwin G. Jesse, is a member of the Southern Association.

The Paintsville schools, under the leadership of Superintendent Arville Wheeler, have a census enrollment of more than one thousand children. Paintsville High School, with nearly four hundred pupils, is a member of the Southern Association. Vocational courses are offered in addition to the regular curricula. An independent high school, under the supervision of Principal Hargis Ison, is maintained at Van Lear.

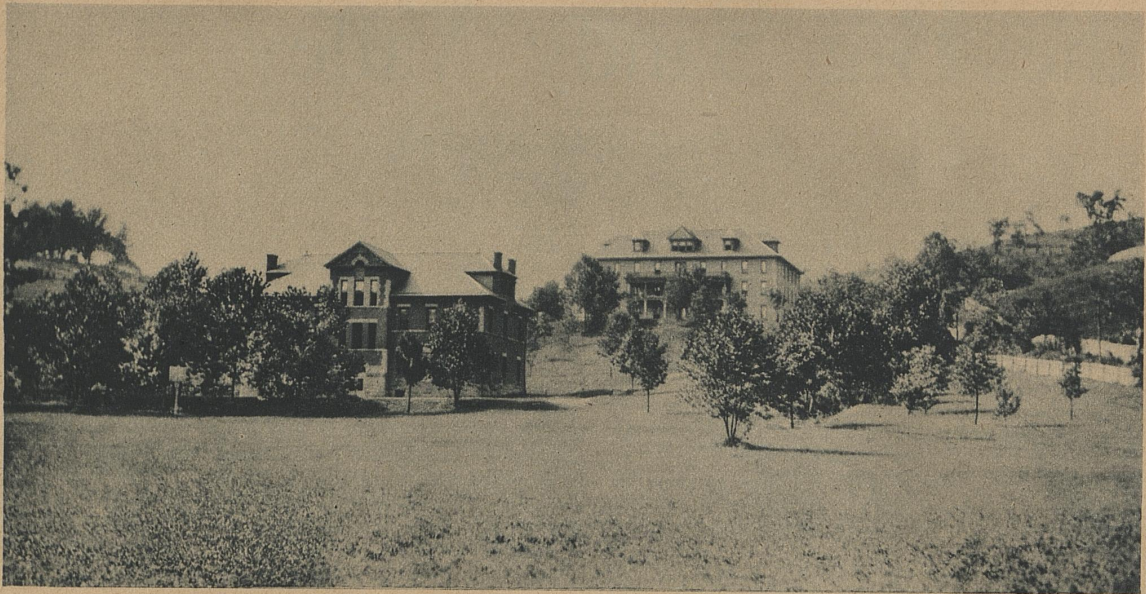
Martin County has a census enrollment of nearly thirty-five hundred children, with five consolidated schools. The county contains two public high schools, one at Inez, another at Warfield, and a private academy at Inez.

Twenty-one consolidated schools, eleven four-year high schools and one two-year high school are included in the Floyd County system, headed by Superintendent Ballard Hunter, which has a school population of more than thirteen thousand. In addition, there are independent districts at Prestonsburg and Weeksbury. The Prestonsburg and Floyd County High School, under the supervision of Superintendent Ishmael Triplett, holds membership in the Southern Association.

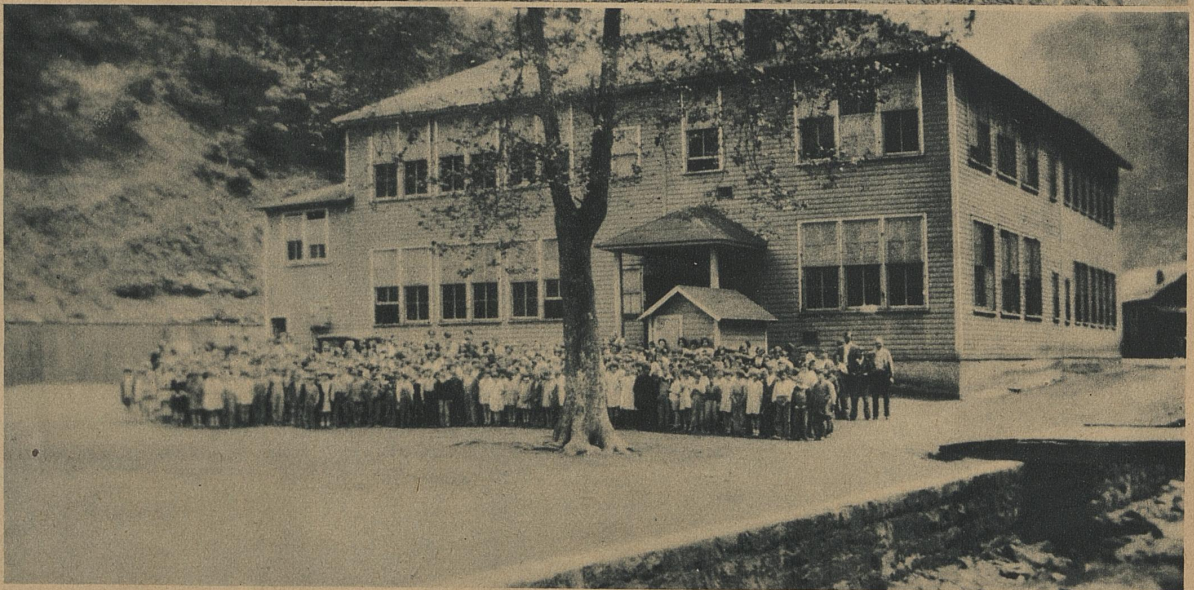
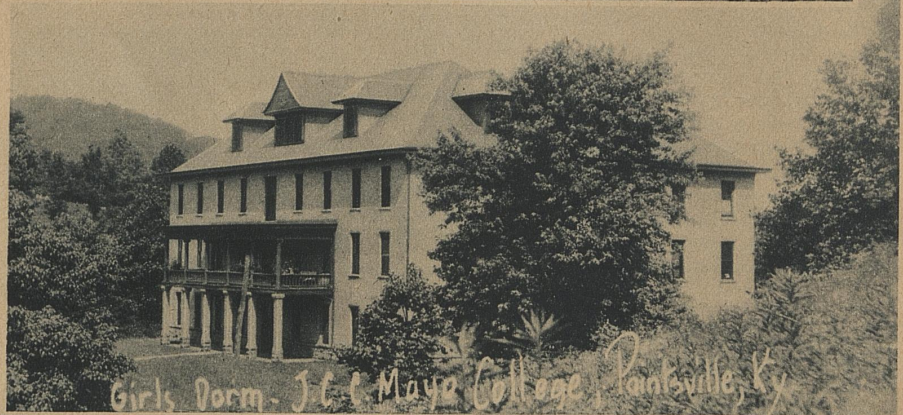
Pike County, in the eastern-most portion of the Big Sandy Valley, is the largest county in the State, with a school population of over twenty-one thousand. In 1912 there was but one high school in the entire county. Today the county system, headed by Superintendent Claude H. Farley, contains sixteen consolidated schools, eight four-year high schools and two three-year high schools. In addition, there is an excellent independent high school at McVeigh, under the direction of Principal William M. Justice, and a private high school, Pikeville College Academy. Although the rugged nature of the county is a tremendous handicap, the attendance officers are having remarkable success in stimulating attendance. Careful supervision has greatly increased the quality of teaching and a county-wide

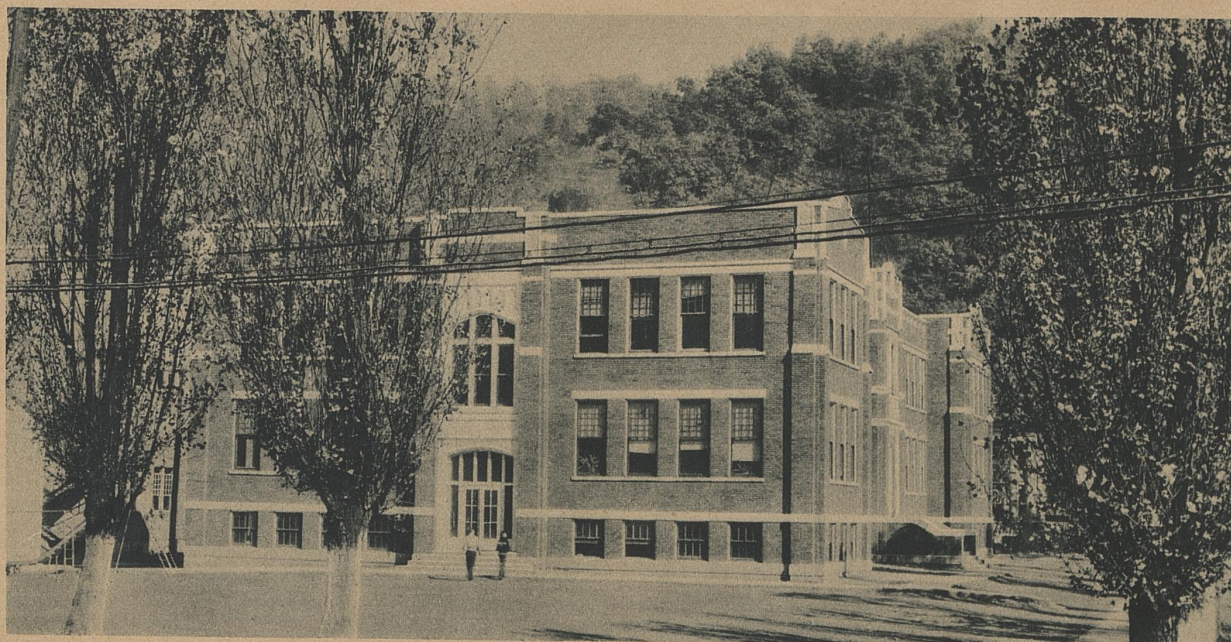
Wickham Chapel, Pikeville College, is shown at the right; below is the girls' dormitory





Above, Mayo College, Paintsville
Right, girl's dormitory, Mayo College
Below, McVeigh graded school





Pikeville High School

system of health education is producing excellent results.

The Pikeville City School system, headed by Superintendent T. W. Oliver, is one of the most progressive in the entire Valley. This excellent school plant serves a school population of more than thirteen hundred. Pikeville High School, under the joint support of city and county, is a member of the Southern Association and furnishes secondary training for approximately five hundred students. In addition to the regular curriculum, specialized courses in auto mechanics, business and home economics are offered. A unique feature of this school is a beautiful, well equipped dormitory for girls from the rural districts.

At Jenkins, in Letcher County, under the very shadow of Cumberland Mountain, an excellent high school is maintained under the direction of Superintendent C. V. Snapp. The Jenkins system, which includes five schools with an enrollment of more than 2,600 pupils, uses two buses to transport children who do not live within reasonable distance of the schools. A strong program of health education is carried on. Jenkins High School is a member of the Southern Association.

Two institutions of college grade are located within the Big Sandy Valley. Caney Junior College, at Pippapass, founded in 1923, is a part of the Caney Creek Community Center under the direction of Mrs. O. S. C. Lloyd. Here needy mountain boys and girls are given an education with practically no cost to themselves. The college has been given an "A" rating by the University of Kentucky and enrolls approximately one hundred and thirty-five students. This institution is rendering a fine educational service in one of the most remote sections of the Valley.

Pikeville Junior College, located at the county seat of Pike County, was established by the Ebenezer Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church in 1889, although regular college work has been offered only since 1919. Both the Academy and Junior College are fully accredited members of the Southern Association. The College has an average annual enrollment of more than four hundred students,

practically all of whom come from the surrounding mountain counties. The well equipped buildings and laboratories, with endowment, are valued at approximately \$700,000. Excellent dormitories are provided for both young men and young women. The annual expense per student is about \$250, although many reduce this by student labor. More than fifty per cent of the graduates have entered the teaching profession, and more than sixty per cent of the public school teachers of Pike County received training at this institution. It is generally recognized that Pikeville College has made an important contribution to the educational advancement of Eastern Kentucky. This contribution is due in a large degree to the devoted service of Dr. James F. Record, now president emeritus, a truly Christian educator, who served as head of the institution for twenty-nine years.

Much remains to be done along the line of educational progress in this fascinating mountain region. The deep springs of potential native ability have as yet only been tapped. But it requires no prophet to see the dawn of a new day in the schools of the Big Sandy Valley.

Boys' Dormitory, Mayo College, Paintsville



General Garfield's Campaign in the Big Sandy Valley

By JUDGE S. S. WILLIS

THE BIG SANDY is a land of tradition. The population, until recent years, was entirely native, and consisted largely of descendants of early settlers. Among the most prominent, and certainly one of the first historical facts to be vouchsafed to visitors or newcomers is the story of General Garfield's Campaign in the early months of 1862. The subsequent distinction of General Garfield as President of the United States lent an abiding interest to his early career in the army.

The facts, as recorded in the biography of General Garfield, are here recited.

"On the 14th of December, 1861, the Forty-second Ohio received orders to take the field. The regiment was ordered to Catlettsburg, Kentucky, and Colonel Garfield was directed to report in person to General Buell, of whose army his command was to form a part. He did so promptly, and was cordially received by General Buell, who, though holding opinions diametrically opposed to those of Colonel Garfield, was a true soldier, and at once recognized that his young subordinate was made of the right kind of material.

On the 17th day of December, Garfield was assigned by

General Buell to the command of the Seventeenth Brigade, which consisted of the Fortieth and Forty-second Ohio, the Fourteenth and Twenty-second Kentucky Infantry, six companies of the First Kentucky Cavalry, and two companies of McLaughlin's Ohio troops.

The first duty to which Colonel Garfield was ordered, was the task of driving Humphrey Marshall's Confederate forces out of the Sandy Valley in Eastern Kentucky. Up to this time the interest of the war had been confined mainly to the country east of the Alleghanies, and but little had been attempted in the Ohio Valley. The principal engagement, that of Belmont, had been unsuccessful, and even in the east the disasters of Bull Run and Ball's Bluff had spread a gloom over the loyal states. General Buell was collecting a strong force in Kentucky for the purpose of advancing upon the Confederate position at Bowling Green, but his movements were hampered by the presence of two co-operating forces skilfully planted on their striking distance of his flank. These were the command of General Zollicoffer, who was moving from Cumberland Gap toward Mill Spring, and the forces of General Humphrey Marshall, who was leisurely moving down the Sandy Valley and threatening to overrun Eastern Kentucky. These forces were a serious menace to General Buell, and until they could be driven back an advance upon Bowling Green would be hazardous in the extreme, if not impossible.

"Garfield Place," the home of Mrs. R. H. Leete, Prestonsburg. The place is so named because it was headquarters for General Garfield. His men were camped about 300 yards north of the house



Kentucky Progress Magazine

Brigadier-General George II Thomas was ordered to drive Zollicoffer back, and Colonel Garfield was directed to force Marshall out of Kentucky. The fate of the whole campaign depended upon the success of these movements.

Some persons were inclined to think that the choice of Garfield for his delicate and important service was rash. He had never seen a gun fired in battle, or exercised the command of troops save on parade, or in camp, or on the march. But he now found himself at the head of four regiments of infantry and eight companies of cavalry, and was sent upon a service the success or failure of which would aid or defeat the entire plan of campaign on the part of General Buell. Opposed to him was one of the most trusted and accomplished of the Southern commanders, and a veteran who had won high distinction as the colonel of the heroic Kentucky regiment at Buena Vista, in the war with Mexico. He had under him nearly five thousand men, with artillery and cavalry, and was strongly posted at the village of Paintsville, sixty miles up the Sandy Valley. Marshall was ordered by the Confederate Government to advance to Lexington, unite there with Zollicoffer, and establish the authority of the Confederacy over Kentucky. It did indeed seem that Garfield was over-matched; but Buell had measured his man, and was satisfied that if success could be won, the young Ohio colonel would win it; and he was content to await the issue.

Upon receipt of his orders, Colonel Garfield at once joined the bulk of his brigade which was stationed at the mouth of the Big Sandy River. He at once broke up camp, and advanced up the valley, sending orders to the rest of his forces at Paris to move across the country and join him a short distance below Paintsville. The force with which he began the movement up the valley was about twenty-two hundred strong.

Marshall was promptly informed of Garfield's movements by the Southern sympathizers of the valley. He left a small force of cavalry to hold his old position to act as an escort and protect his trains, and with the rest of his forces fell back to a stronger position near Prestonsburg, where he awaited attack. On the 7th of January 1862, while pressing his advance up the valley Colonel Garfield was informed of the position of Marshall cavalry, and at once sent a detachment of his own mounted men to attack it, while the rest of his command he pushed on to make a reconnoissance in force of the position he still supposed Marshall's main body to occupy. To his surprise he found the Confederate forces had retreated. Being anxious to capture the cavalry left behind by Marshall, he sent orders to the office commanding the troops he had dispatched to attack it, directing him not to bring on the action until the main body had seized the Confederate line of retreat. The courier who bore this order was detained, and the Union cavalry in the meantime attacked the Confederate cavalry and drove it back in confusion after a short but sharp encounter. In the meantime Garfield pushed on with speed towards the road by which the Confederates must retreat. Upon reaching it, he found it strewn with overcoats, blankets, arms and cavalry equipments, which showed that the Union attack had been successfully made, and that the Confederates had already retreated over the road and in great confusion. He at once threw forward the cavalry with him in hot pursuit, and continued the chase until the outposts of Marshall's new position were reached. A brief reconnoissance was made, and then Colonel Garfield drew back his whole force, and encamped at Paintsville. The next morning he was joined by the detachment that had marched overland from Paris. This brought his whole

force to about three thousand four hundred men but he was without artillery. The troops remained in camp throughout the 8th waiting for rations, which were obtained with the greatest difficulty.

On the 9th of January, Colonel Garfield advanced upon Marshall's new position near Prestonsburg. He was obliged to leave about one thousand of his men at Paintsville to secure rations for them, but with the rest of his force he made a vigorous attempt to develop the enemy's position, and by nightfall had driven in the Southern pickets and completed his dispositions for an attack. He now ordered up the rest of his command from Paintsville, and prepared to open the attack the next morning. That night the troops bivouacked on their arms, and in the midst of a heavy rain.

By four o'clock on the morning of January 10, 1862, the Union forces were in motion. Marshall was believed to be stationed on Abbott's Creek. Garfield's plan, therefore, was to get over upon Middle Creek, and so plant himself in the enemy's rear. But in fact, Marshall's force was upon the heights of Middle Creek itself, only two miles West of Prestonsburg. So, when Garfield, advancing cautiously westward up the creek, had consumed some hours in these movements, he came upon a semi-circular hill, scarcely one thousand yards in front of which was Marshall's position, between the forks of the Creek. The expected re-enforcements from Paintsville had not arrived; and conscious of his comparative weakness, Colonel Garfield determined first to develop the enemy's position more carefully. A small body of picked men sent dashing up the road drew a fire from both the head of the gorge through which the road led and from the heights on its left. Two columns were then moved forward, one on either side of the creek, and the rebels speedily opened upon them with musketry and artillery. The fight became somewhat severe at times, but was, on the whole, desultory. Garfield re-enforced both his columns, but the action soon developed itself mainly on the left, where Marshall speedily concentrated his whole force. Meantime Garfield's reserve was now also under fire from the commanding position held by the enemy's artillery. He was entirely without artillery to reply; but the men stationed themselves behind trees and rocks and kept up a brisk though irregular fusillade.

"At last, about four o'clock in the afternoon, the re-enforcements from Paintsville arrived. As we know now, these still left Marshall's strength superior to his young assailant, but the troops looked upon their opportune arrival as settling the contest. Unbounded enthusiasm was aroused, and the approaching column was received with prolonged cheering. Garfield now promptly formed his whole reserve for attacking the enemy's right and carrying his guns. The troops were moving rapidly up in the fast gathering darkness, when Marshall hastily abandoned his position, fired his camp equipages and stores, and began a retreat that was not ended until he had reached Abingdon, Virginia. Night checked the pursuit. Next day it was continued for some distance, and some prisoners were taken, but a farther advance in that direction was quite impossible without more transportation, and indeed would have been foreign to the purpose for which General Buell had ordered the expedition."

This brilliant success was won by the Union forces with the loss of but one man killed and seven wounded. Two of these were members of Colonel Garfield's own regiment, and died of their wounds shortly after the action. Thus was the first campaign of the young Ohio colonel a handsome success. Speaking of the battle of Middle Creek,

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sometime afterwards when he had learned more of war, Garfield modestly said, "It was a very rash and imprudent affair on my part. If I had been an officer of more experience, I probably should not have made the attack. As it was, having gone into the army with the notion that fighting was our business, I did not know any better." Captain F. H. Manton, in his history of the Forty-second Ohio Regiment, furnishes us with a juster view of this battle than the modesty of the Union commander allowed him to indulge in. He says:

"The battle of Middle Creek, skirmish though it may be considered in comparison with later contests, was the first substantial victory won for the Union cause. At Big Bethel, Bull Run, in Missouri, and at various points at which the Union and Confederate forces had come in contact, the latter had been uniformly victorious. The people of the North, giving freely of their men and their substance in response to each successive call of the Government had long and anxiously watched and waited for a little gleam of victory to show that Northern valor was a match for Southern impetuosity in the field. They had waited in vain since the disaster at Bull Run during the previous summer, and hope had almost yielded to despair. The story of Garfield's success at Middle Creek came, therefore, like a benediction to the Union cause. Though won at trifling cost it was decisive so far as concerned the purposes of that immediate campaign. Marshall's force was driven from Kentucky and made no further attempt to occupy the Sandy Valley. The important victories at Mill Spring, Fort Donelson and Henry, and the repulse at Shiloh followed. The victory at Middle Creek proved the first wave of a returning tide.

"But though they had defeated the enemy a very serious peril threatened the Union forces. An unusually violent storm broke out. The mountain gorges were all flooded, and the Sandy rose to such a height that steamboatmen pronounced it impossible to ascend the stream

with supplies. The troops were almost out of rations and the rough mountainous country was incapable of supporting them. Colonel Garfield had gone down the river to its mouth. He ordered the "Sandy Valley" a small steamer, which had been in the quartermaster's services, to take on a load of supplies and start up. The captain declared it was impossible. Efforts were made to get other vessels, but without success.

"Finally, Colonel Garfield ordered the captain and crew on board, stationed a competent army officer on deck to see that the captain did his duty, and himself took the wheel. The captain protested that no boat could possibly stem the raging current, but Garfield turned her head up the stream and began the perilous trip. The water in the usually shallow river was now sixty feet deep, and the tree-tops along the banks were almost submerged. The little vessel trembled from stem to stern at every motion of the engines; the waters whirled her about as if she were a skiff; and the utmost speed that steam could give her was three miles an hour. When night fell the captain of the boat begged permission to tie up. To attempt ascending that flood in the dark he declared was madness. But Colonel Garfield kept his place at the wheel. Finally, in one of the sudden bends of the river, they drove, with a full head of steam, into the quicksand of the bank. Every effort to back her off was in vain. Mattocks were procured and excavations were made around the embedded bow. Still she stuck. Garfield at last ordered a boat to be lowered to take a line across to the opposite bank. The crew protested against venturing out in the flood. The colonel leaped into the boat himself and steered it over. The force of the current carried them far below the point they sought to reach; but they finally succeeded in making fast to a tree

It is said that the oath of office as Brigadier-General was administered to Garfield in this house in Pikeville by Squire John C. Charles of Raccoon Creek



Kentucky Progress Magazine

and rigging a windlass with rails sufficiently powerful to draw the vessel off and get her once more afloat.

"It was on Saturday that the boat left the mouth of the Sandy. All night, all day Sunday, and all through Sunday night they kept up their struggle with the current, Garfield leaving the wheel only eight hours out of the whole time, and that during the day. By nine o'clock Monday morning they reached the camp, and were received with tumultuous cheering. Garfield himself could scarcely escape being borne to headquarters on the shoulders of the delighted men."

The months of January, February, and March, 1862 were comparatively uneventful. Colonel Garfield continued to hold the Sandy Valley with his forces. A number of encounters took place between his troops and the Confederate guerilla bands. The Union forces were generally successful, and the confederates were gradually driven from the State.

In spite of these successes, however, Humphrey Marshall managed to maintain a post of observation in the rugged pass through the mountain known as Pound Gap, situated just on the border between Virginia and Kentucky. (This is near the present town of Jenkins). This post was held by a force of about five hundred men. Garfield determined to break it up, and accordingly set out on the 14th of March with about five hundred infantry and two hundred cavalry, to carry this purpose into effect. He had to march forty miles over a road that was scarcely passable for a single horseman, but he pushed on with energy and by the evening of the 15th he reached the foot of the mountain two miles north of the Gap. On the morning of the 16th he moved forward to attack the post sending his cavalry directly up the road through the Gap to divert the enemy's attention from his real attack, while the infantry he moved by an unfrequented footpath up the side of the mountain, his march being concealed by a heavy snow storm. The movements of the cavalry so completely absorbed the enemy's attention that Garfield was enabled to advance his infantry to a point within a quarter of a mile of the Southern position without being perceived. Having gained this point safely he hurled his men like a thunderbolt upon the enemy, who, unsuspecting of an attack from that quarter were taken by surprise and were soon thrown into confusion by it. A few volleys were exchanged, and then the Confederates retreated in disorder down the mountain side, followed by the cavalry, who pursued them for several miles into Virginia. The infantry at once occupied the captured position and secured a considerable quantity of stores. The entire Union force passed the night in comfortable log huts of the enemy. The next morning all the structures connected with the post were set on fire; together with the stores that Colonel Garfield was unable to carry away, and the Union forces returned to their camp in the Sandy Valley, well satisfied with the success they had won.

The oath of office as brigadier-general was administered by Squire John C. Charles, Sr., of Raccoon Creek, in a fine old residence that still stands at the south end of Main Street in the City of Pikeville. John C. Charles was a Justice of the Peace of Pike County for forty years and was a pioneer of great distinction. In 1932, Hon. James R. Garfield, of Cleveland, a son of the General, addressed a large audience from a platform erected in front of the building. A son of Squire Charles sat on the platform holding a large portrait of his father.

Col. James Hatcher of Pikeville is skeptical of the story that Gen. Garfield piloted a boat up Big Sandy in high

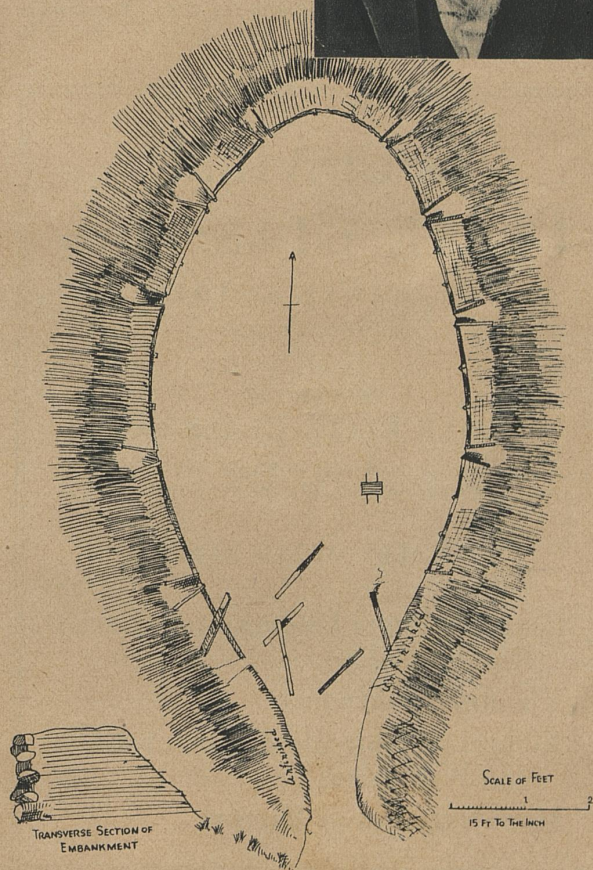
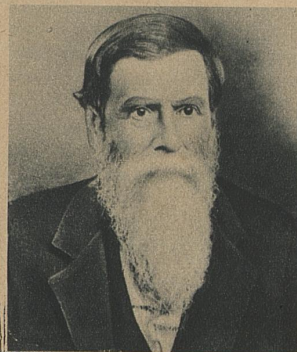
water. The Colonel says it is hard for him to believe that a man whose experience as a pilot was on a canal boat pulled by a mule, could take charge of a steamboat on the Big Sandy in unknown waters and steer it safely into port. The Colonel was trained with an ox-team and it took him several months to master the technique of steering a river steamer.

General Garfield purchased a farm in what is now a new addition to Prestonsburg and disposed of it after he was elected President. The fine old residence where he had his headquarters in Prestonsburg is still in good order and is owned by Mrs. R. H. Leete. The assistant U. S. District Attorney, Claude Stephens, is her son-in-law.

The Mayo Trail, now Highway No. 23, passes all the points of interest and it is to be hoped that historical markers may be placed along the way for the instruction of travelers and to preserve the local aspect of an important historical campaign.

Right, Squire J. C. Charles of Raccoon Creek

Below, Gen. Garfield's map of Gen. Marshall's fortifications





General view of the Tri-state section of Kentucky, West Virginia and Ohio, where the three states meet at the junction of the Big Sandy River with the Ohio. Catlettsburg is located on the left of the Big Sandy, where the two rivers meet, and Kenova, W. Va., is on the right, just across the river

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Two of the Season's Most Successful Books Come From the Region of the Big Sandy

Man with a Bull-Tongue Plow, by Jesse Stuart.
E. P. Dutton & Company, \$3.00

THE sensation of reading this volume of poems by Jesse Stuart, who was a graduate student at Vanderbilt in 1931-32, is akin to that I had in reading Kipling's *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*, or Robert Frost's *North of Boston*, or Housman's *Shropshire Lad*. Here surely, in the midst of much of the sophisticated and even decadent poetry of our time, is a volume that is fresh, original, vital, and vibrant. We think inevitably of Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. The author is a man who has tasted life and lived dangerously, and has the power to communicate to his readers, in comprehensible and often beautiful terms, his own radiant personality and the life of the people of the mountains.

Many authors have written about the mountaineers, but here is the voice of the mountaineer himself, who has lived close to his people and shared their struggles with the soil, with each other in fierce fights of the clans, or in the Civil War, with the law, with the battling elements, and with Death. He does not write *about* the vast panorama of natural beauty and splendor; he is a part of it, sensitive to every changing aspect of trees, rivers, skies, seasons, mountains. He has not read *about* the life of the people; he has lived it, absorbed it, transmuted it with his imagination. I do not hesitate to call it one of the most significant volumes of modern American poetry. It is raw, crude, primitive; there are defects of form, syntax, phrasing, but these are forgotten in the total effect. Here is "God's plenty." The author has fused his life's soul with the prodigious mass of observation, experience, imaginative realization.

But it is not nature or animal life that looms largest in this volume; it is the wealth of human life, the revelation of human nature in all its varied phases and types. In the section which naturally reminds one of the *Spoon River Anthology*, and yet which is so different in its blending of realism and idealism and in its rhythmical beauty, he reveals the various types of men and women whose graves are in the old mountain cemetery.

The procession passes by of figures as they lived and died—moonshiners, judges, constables, jailers, good shepherds, old and young mothers, pioneer farmers and soldiers, Indian chiefs, prostitutes, fighting clans, lovers of every description dominated by lust or by unconquerable love, men pursued by mobs, musicians, poets, "laughers," tramps, and side by side with them the poet himself, his mountain mother and father and brothers. A constantly recurring theme is that of the place of the pioneers in building Kentucky and America—men who cut the forests, plowed the rooty hills, spanned the rivers and built the towns. Their blood is in Stuart's veins he hopes to keep their heritage and speak for them. . . .

I can only express the hope that this poet of such great promise and possibilities may live long. This volume ought to be the precursor of others with a surer technique and a more abundant hope. As it is I greet Jesse Stuart at the dawn of his poetic career. As he has so often conquered defeat, I trust that he may meet the test of success.

Patterns of Wolfpen by Harlan Hatcher
The Bobbs-Merrill Co., \$2.50

ON THE first page of his new novel, that tells the story of the Pattern family in Kentucky, Harlan Hatcher says:

If there were surviving anywhere in America in 1885 anything resembling a native culture, it was represented by the life of the Patterns now in their fifth generation on their six thousand acres of hills and valleys surrounding Wolfpen bottoms. But a new steam-mill would not be indigenous.

Sparrell Pattern, 18-year-old Cynthia's father and the present head of the family, is installing on Wolfpen Creek a steam-mill for grinding the grain his forbears had handled first with a hand-mill, then with a horse-mill and then with the water-mill Sparrell had used himself until his capable mind grasped the advantages of steam. Cynthia has climbed the Pinnacle to look down on the gathering of doubtful men ready to jeer at the failure of the new machinery, and to be present unseen at her father's triumph.

Mr. Hatcher uses the stream-of-consciousness method with Cynthia as its exponent to orient his story and define its atmosphere and intention. But he does not draw on it too heavily after the novel is under way. The book is not written for the sake of its story and is not strong in characterization, but the story interest is well sustained and the characters stand up.

Sparrell and Julia Pattern are exceptional and fulfilled people in their love, their separate beauty, their dignity of character, and in the serenity of well-done and fruitful work. Cynthia, with her parents and her three brothers lives, with a delicate perceptive sense of her heritage, in the spacious farmhouse that has grown and gathered importance through five generations. . . .

Mr. Hatcher's work presents a new regional study of Kentucky. He has written, from his own knowledge, of a pioneer type that belongs neither to the illiterate mountaineers nor to the great planters. And there is of course a double meaning in the title of his book. The lives of this family of Patterns show forth the strong patterns of life that shaped themselves for those early literate settlers who had cultivated the river and creek bottoms in the mountain hollows and held the mountain woodlands for their descendants. They are patterns of living that should not be lost to memory, and there is much beauty in Mr. Hatcher's detailed treatment of them. His book is deliberate. It does not change its tempo to heighten the incidents of murder and death and love but weaves everything into the perspective that is the contemplation of life. Elizabeth Roberts is the chief influence to be felt in the book, but only as an influence. This reviewer liked and enjoyed "Patterns of Wolfpen." There is a philosophic wholeness in the way new designs are shown growing out of the old under the strait pressure of tragedy and loss—there will, for instance, be no more cheating of the Patterns since "outside," now that the time is ripe, has beckoned Jesse to the law.

—ROSAMUND MILNER
in the *Louisville Courier-Journal*.

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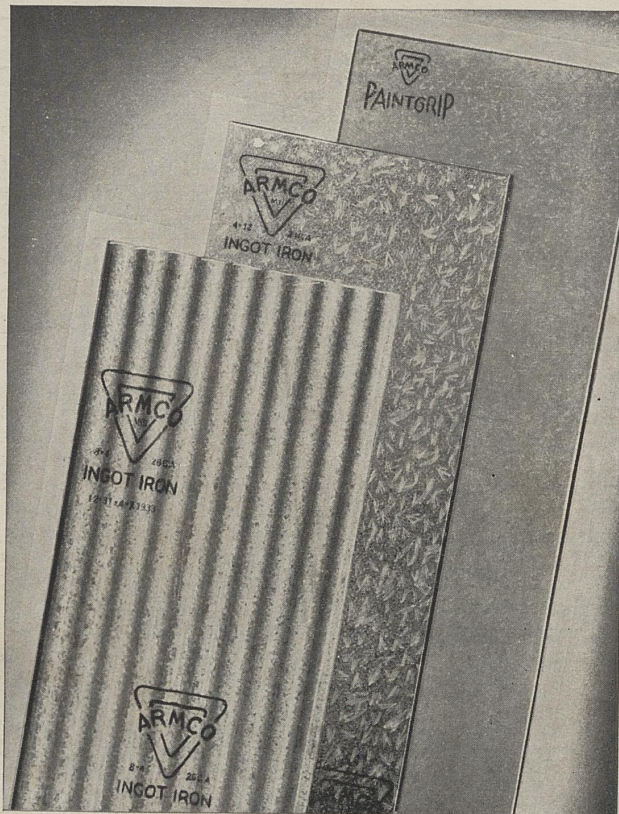
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