

in old times.

In about 1901 a team of the country side was instigated at Ingleside while the family were all together. So a surry with the fringe around the top and three seats plus a buggy for one horse were collected. The team and surry were rented from Harbison, I think.

I was in the summer at full moon time. Grand father Gibson and Grand mother, Uncle Hart + Aunt Deeds Mother, Father, Addison and I. There may have been two others but I don't remember of Yes Uncle Bud and possibly Aunt Lily.

we started out for Harrodsburg. After the sun had gone down and the moon was full we crossed over High Bridge. The Palisades of the Kentucky river were especially lightened and awesome with shadows and the depth was intensified by this clear silver light. As this was one of the highest bridges in this country at that time it made an indelible impression at my tender age.

A little later we arrived at Shaker town where we stayed the

might as guests of the
Castlemans. This was
at a time when there
were still shakers
living there.

The massive
along stone which
was used in the ^{construction} building
of the Main buildings.
The next day we went
on to Harrodsburg and
from there a stop at
the old town place
Blawie Springs where
Grandfather was born.
(It is now owned by the
Bonta brothers). Here we
picked up gourd. The
large ones were used
as ladles to drink from

by cutting the top
section off, cleaning
out the seeds and drying
out thoroughly. The small
ones were seasoned and
kept in the sewing basket
to darn socks on.

Visit at Clefton
in 1917.

After having finished
officers Training Camp and
being commissioned 2^d
Lt. with two weeks to
get uniforms and report
for duty at Camp Lee
Virginia, I was invited
to visit Uncle Hart and
Aunt Fede on their
farm at Clefton. Va

Kay Burnett was
to be there also. On figuring
it out I bought one
clean pound roast and
a few other items. Got
the trolley via Keybridge
Falls church etc. Uncle
Hart met me in a buggy
to carry us to the farm.
Well I was a

but taken back as I
had expected a somewhat
level land. (Uncle Ritchie
had steered the deal), but
this was on a ravine. Pocks
were abound. The little
house was adequate, but
very meager. But side well
and a check sole bracketed
job. Reverence lamps
made it a bit rustic
even at that time.

Uncle Hart was cheery
and full of raising
tamworth Hogs. If they
faced you you could not
see 'em, but when they
turned sideways they looked
like a hell of a big hog.
It was a most pleasant

visit albeit the fact that I was depressed over the fact that there seem to be no future in any way. The land was a rock farm and the labor to clean it up was insurmountable. Besides if it were cleaned up there was no way to raise anything as a plow would just push up more rocks.

In spite of all this Uncle Hart was cheerful and full of optimism. We were regaled with the local lore filled with superstitions and oldest supersticity. Uncle Hart got along with everyone

and with his usual quality
to help others was a real
boon in that part of the
County.